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THE

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TO

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Volume XXXII: April, 1910—September, 1910

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The Coming Country Life Epoch

By PROF. L. H. BAILEY

President of American Farm Commission and
Dean of Agriculture Department, Cornell University

ONE hundred years ago human society was essentially rural. Since then the great collective interests have developed, and the thought of the world has become largely urban. The present interest in country life is the rising of a tide. It is an unconscious expression of the sentiment lying back in the human mind that society must be neither predominantly rural or predominantly urban. We are now beginning to see that the most fertile civilization must be the result of the attrition of the two great means by which human beings express themselves—as individuals and as collective or aggregate units. Country life typifies the individual self-acting unsyndicated means; city life typifies the associated consolidated and corporate means. Society best expresses itself when both these means are developed; for they are not antithetic or antipodal, but complementary.

* * *

It is often said that the developing of good agriculture, and consequently of a good country life, will be an economic movement. It is true that hunger will drive us to the land. Consumption is overtaking production in the United States. At the present rate we shall soon cease to export certain great staples. But the return to the country began as a distinct movement before people generally recognized the economic necessity of it. It was a soul movement in its inception. But whether economic or otherwise, the final results will be the producing of a new rural society.

* * *

It is essential that a new rural society be developed. The basis of this society must be a better agriculture. I do not want you to feel that American agriculture is decadent, for it decidedly is not; but it is capable of great expansion and development. With the teaching of a better agriculture must come the teaching of a better citizenship; and this must not be merely an exhortation in generalities and in ideals. The coming farmer must be instructed just how he may serve his neighbor and his community. The old agricultural practice has tended to make the man selfish, "close," and devoid of public spirit. It is of small consequence to raise more products, if with the raising of them there is not developed the social sense.

This social life and cohesion must develop out of the country itself, not be transplanted bodily from the city. It is neither the mission nor the function of the city to socialize the open country. The city may aid in the process, as the country may aid the city, and more co-operation between city and country is much needed; but the open country has its own problems and it must be encouraged and enabled to work them out.

The country-life epoch that is now approaching will call for the best leadership. It will need the statesman type of man. We are accustomed to think that Washington, Jefferson, and the older statesmen represented rural affairs; this is true only in the fact that they represented the society of their time, and this society was essentially rural. We are now to develop rural society as one co-ordinate part of all society. This will need its distinctive leadership. This leadership is nowhere developed as yet. Perhaps the time is not quite ripe for it. But within the next generation we shall have governors of states representing this phase of society, and setting it forward by concrete recommendations; and I hope that within that time we may have at least one President of the United States who shall represent rural civilization.

THE YOUNG FARMER

Of course there can be no country life unless it is possible for the young man and woman to make a satisfying living on the land. We are just beginning to organize our new knowledge into profitable plans of farming, and the general condition of trade is now making it possible for a farmer to secure something like an adequate return on his industry. Thousands of farmers are making a thoroughly satisfying living on the farm. They are men who live on the land and who are "on the job"; for farming cannot be done by proxy any more than can journalism or banking. The number of these farmers will increase, but I am interested, not so much that some men may make more money, but that more men may make some money. This is to be accomplished not alone by rearing better farmers, but by making it possible for the farmer to receive his fair and proper share of what the consumer is willing to pay for his produce.

I am convinced that the opportunities to live a satisfying life by means of agriculture were never so good as now. By the nature of the case, these opportunities will increase. I hope that the young farmer may realize his obligation to society as he has never realized it before; that, being free of the personal control of a superior officer, he may think his own way through the problems of the day, and be trained to think them straight; that he may work simply and in vibration with nature; and that the light of the future may be in his eyes as it is in the eye of the engineer or the poet. On the opposite page is given my picture of the young farmer.

HE shall go out to the far green hills
  And he shall go out on the mains,
He shall go north 'long the rock-bound hills
  And he shall go south on the plains.

He shall go forth to the desert reach
  Where the dead winds gather the sands,
He shall go down where the waters breach
  Far out on their weltering lands.

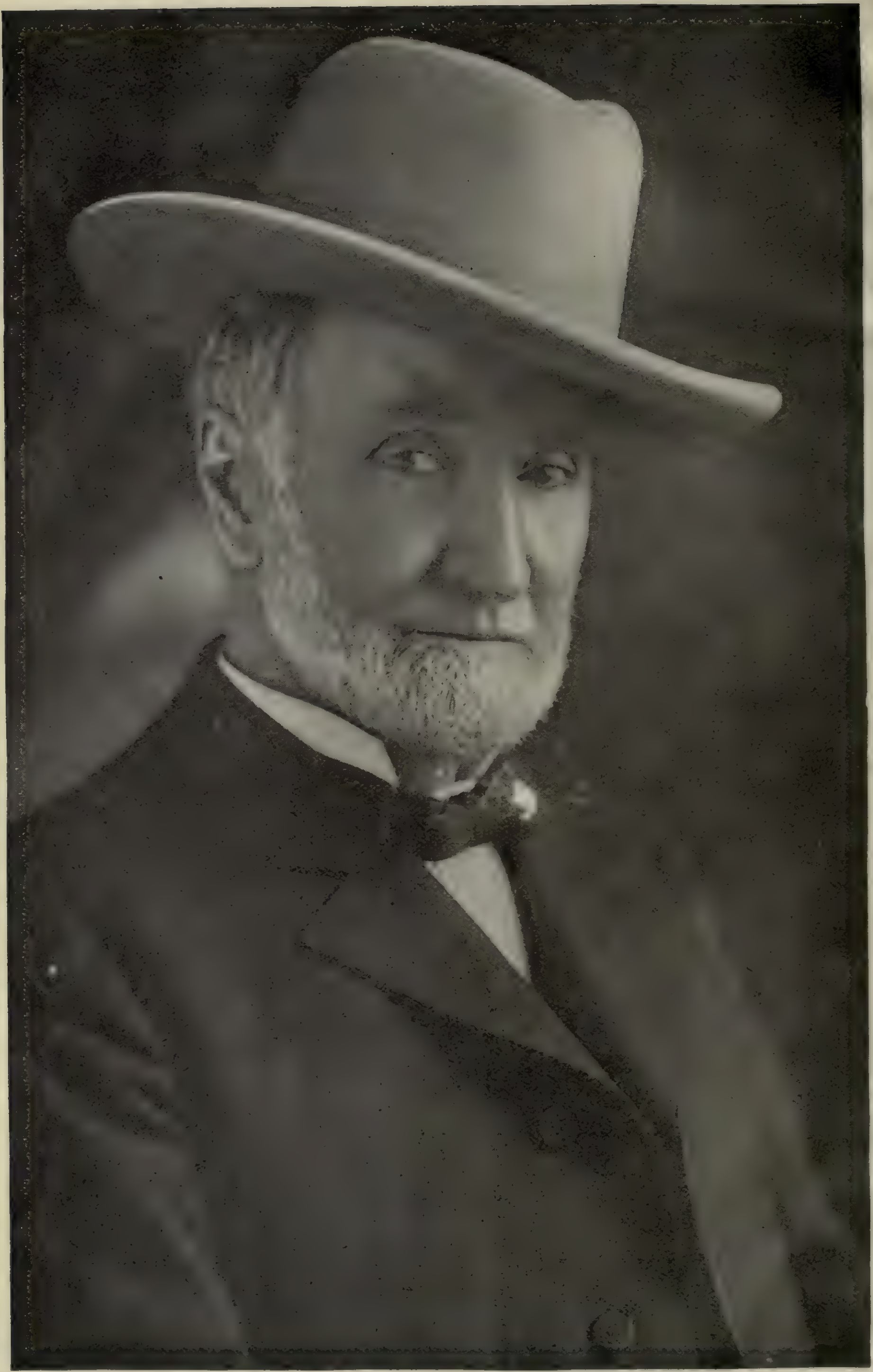
He shall go forth in the winter's rage
  And away in the tropic fire,
And there he shall stand; nor fame nor wage
  Shall defeat him of his desire.

For he shall build on the good stout earth
  That he takes from the hand of God,
And grip his place with a free man's girth
  And shall strike his fires from the clod.

No nature-doubts shall drive him to fear—
  Storm and calm shall he walk with her.
Together joined in their labors clear
  Where elemental pulses stir.

Temples shall rise on the land he smites—
  Visions turn with his good plow-beam,
For steadfastly on through days and th' nights
  There shall rest on his face the Dream.

—*L. H. Bailey.*



"UNCLE JOE" CANNON, HALE AND HEARTY, WHO HELD THE CENTER OF THE STAGE AGAINST ALL COMERS IN THE CONGRESSIONAL DRAMA OF 1910

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

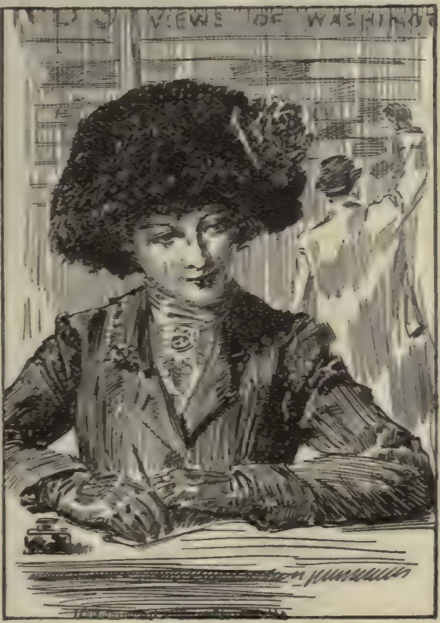
VOLUME XXXII APRIL, 1910 NUMBER ONE

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

SPRING has advanced her skirmish line to the Potomac, and with the scent of new-turned earth, and of burning grass and leaves in their nostrils, the thoughts of the residents of Washington are turning farmwards. Even in the stuffy air of such committee rooms as are the arena of investigations and a continuous and incessant probe for facts, official routine work jogs along at both ends of the Capitol. One predominating phase of vexatious problems is their invariable relation to farm life. A large percentage of the members of the Senate and House of Representatives were born on farms, or have lived on them, and there are few among them who do not dream of some day returning to those quiet and peaceful scenes. The nation was founded by farmers, and the prosperity of the farm has always been coincident with the prosperity of the nation. The trend of thought at Washington is a reflection of popular sentiment all over the country, whether one awaits the lucubrations of the High Cost of Living Commission, which is intimately associated with the supply of and demand for farm products; the Post Office investigation into the cost and desirability of Rural Free Delivery, which means so much to dwellers on the farms; or the forestry embroglio, which may or may not result in opening up more lands for agricultural purposes.

More intensive methods of agricultural production are recognized as the great economic need of the times. The phenomenal industrial development of the nation has outrun the ability of the tillers of the land to produce in like measure. This is not surprising, but may become alarming if the tendency of the last few years continues. It is thus far a recurrence in this country of a world-old problem, which has confronted all the older nations at some time in their history. The United States will meet the situation by developing her alluvial and swamp lands, and by the reclamation and irrigation of lands long considered



About the first thing a visitor in Washington decides to do is to buy a supply of post cards" barren, but now productive. Yes, and by pulling the stumps and felling the trees as our forefathers did.

The controlling factor of the federal and state elections in this country is the farm vote, which may account for the revival of interest in matters of farming among congressmen and senators at this time, for a new Congress will be chosen between the months devoted to ploughing and harvest, and one-third of the Senate returned or rejected. In the meantime Uncle Sam holds firm to both plough handles and sings out "Gid ap!" as the furrows turn.

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MRS. EDWARD McLEAN AND HER FIVE WEEKS OLD SON

The richest baby in the world

* * *

IT seems but yesterday that I sat at the table of the National Liberal Club in London, one dark November evening. There had been a street procession of the wives of the unemployed on the Thames embankment. These were indeed dark days at Downing Street for the Balfour cabinet, and the great lines of women, making their way into the very presence of the ministry, did not lighten their gloom. The reception of the pathetic delegation was not satisfactory and resulted, a few weeks later, almost before anyone realized it, in the overthrow of the Conservative cabinet.

That night, as some of us stood at the entrance of the Liberal Club and looked upon the pictured face of John Bright, we recalled that benign influence and wondered what might have been accomplished had he lived a few years more to face this great crisis.

Later, around the tables of the Club, the affairs of the world were discussed by young men, many of them but recently returned from Australia, South Africa, India or some other British possessions, and imbued with cosmopolitan views of life and action only to be gained by leaving the little Insular Kingdom. A toast was proposed to the memory of John Bright. That popular young member of parliament, Sir Edward Gray, now minister of foreign affairs, and many other Liberals now prominent in the

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GOLD CRIB PRESENTED TO BABY McLEAN BY THE LATE KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM government service were there that night, but few dreamed that in such a short time the Liberals would supplant the ministry at Downing Street.

During recent months the budget of Lloyd George, with its radical, general and social changes, precipitated one of the most notable elections held in England. It was more remarkable for this than for his financial problems or the manner of their solution. Among his suggestions was a provision for government labor exchanges, which had been persistently opposed in the House of Lords; yet those advocating the measures felt that the upper house would not dare to throw down the gauntlet as they did. Most foreigners have an idea that English sentiment is unanimous—in truth, it is far from that. It seemed strange that there could be conflicting opinions on so important a matter as the labor exchange feature, when it is remembered that a million workers are out of employment in England alone every winter, to say nothing of Scotland, Wales and Ireland. Many politicians believed that a labor exchange, as suggested by Lloyd George, would help to equalize the distribution of the unemployed and lessen their number. While American sympathies may have been with Lloyd George, on the other side of the water there was a sharp difference of opinions as to reforms proposed. To many Englishmen it seemed almost anarchy to suggest and even insist that John Smith, the laborer, ought to be taken into account by the government, aside from merely chronicling his birth, requesting his taxes, naming him in the census and recording his death. The purpose to create a system of labor unions did not strike them as likely to be of service in providing employment or solving the problem of feeding a half-starved million every winter. It did not occur to the House of Lords that the best cure might be prevention. The campaign had many picturesque and remarkable features. The dashing daughter of the premier, Miss Violet Asquith, made a speech in connection with the opening of a charity bazaar, which demonstrates that American

Photo by Clinedinst

TROPHIES OF THE ROOSEVELT HUNT
Displayed at the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

women will have to look well to their laurels if this lady appears often on the rostrum. For the opposition also the influence of women was equally effective.

It was a touching scene that was enacted the day Lloyd George, the sturdy Welshman, risen from obscurity to prominence in the great empire, was called upon to give up his beloved daughter, who had been his able helper for years, and who would have rejoiced with him at the end of the struggle in the triumph of his ideas—the great problems on which his mind had been concentrated many years.

Photo by Clinedinst

SENATOR DUNCAN FLETCHER
FROM FLORIDA

* * *

LISTEN attentively to a debate in Congress, or even an argument in a court room, take notes of what is heard and look at them ten or twelve years afterwards. The two sides that seemed then so keenly opposed now appear to converge toward the same point. One wonders what the contention was about, after all, for it seems that both sides had the same purpose in view, though insisting on different ways of going about it.

There are a few persons who can see both sides, without awaiting the lapse of a decade, and it is difficult for such dispassionate observers, associated with the contestant, to have much sympathy with the unreasoning, discordant, and often unjustifiable attacks made upon public men, simply because they are in a high position, and in the "fierce light that beats" upon any public official. The average writer may take a violent dislike to some public man, and although he may never have met him and has never had an opportunity to know anything of him personally or see the other side of the picture, he proceeds to score him roundly with the aid of his little editorial hammer.

The writer of that mental gymnastic, Butler's Analogy, objects to praise and blame alike, as prejudicing the mind of the listener, and because he believes it impossible for the finite mind to grasp motives or to justly mete out either praise or blame. The most that anyone can see is that a man is fair or unfair, careful or careless, in the performance of his public duties. And when you read how men firm in their niche of fame in the nation's history were abused in their day, you begin to realize that abuse is a part of the process.

While walking along, my thoughts absorbed in these ponderous problems, I almost ran into a philosophic friend whom I had often met with at the Capitol. Our talk ran on the scurrilous and unjust abuse that public men have to endure.

"If I should accept a high position (I would not accept one for the world), I should certainly expect extravagant blame for the slightest error; I should expect to be maligned and misjudged, and if I found myself unable to bear abuse manfully, I would resign in favor of a man who could. Abuse is a perquisite of office-holding and public life."

When I inquired if he considered that such a theory would grow a crop of fortitude in the soul of man, that would enable him to withstand the rapier thrusts of the human tongue and pen, he laughed, and said:

"I would suggest the armor of Warren Hastings. When friends inquired how he preserved a calm demeanor all through his long trial before Parliament, he replied: 'I have a motto—This too will pass.' He went on to tell how he had known an Indian rajah who was subject to violent passions of despair or delight, and who insisted on his wise men finding him a soothing remedy. They failed, but on the last day set for the search his daughter asked permission to visit him. She brought with her a ring, on which was engraved, 'This too will pass.' The great statesman said that the rajah was never again seen with any but a calm and cheerful demeanor."

"THE ROSEBUD GIRLS" IN HENRY W. SAVAGE'S PRODUCTION OF "THE LOVE CURE"

* * *

A SUBSCRIBER, facetiously criticising the portraits on the different denominations of bank notes, inquires whose picture appears on the five hundred and one thousand dollar bank notes:

"I know," he says, "that I shall never find out by experience; hence the question."

He admits to a fair amount of familiarity with denominations of from one to ten dollars. It appears that the portrait of Alexander Hamilton graces a thousand-dollar note; but a plan has been adopted by the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, with a view to unifying the portraits on the notes of each class in the same denomination. These new notes, when put in circulation, will be welcomed by the public on account of their simplicity, and the ease with which the different denominations may be fixed in the mind by means of a portrait.

Under the new arrangement there will be little possibility of confusion between the denominations, and at the same time the artistic quality of the work will be improved. All notes of same amounts will be enlarged, and the portrait used will be recognizable by any person who handles money. The dollar notes will bear the picture of Washington; the two-dollar notes, Jefferson; five-dollar notes, Lincoln; ten-dollar gold and silver certificates, Cleveland; twenty, Jackson; fifty, Grant; one hundred, Franklin; five hundred, Salmon P. Chase; one thousand, Hamilton. Portraits but little known to the public, and familiar only to readers of historic literature, will, with the eagle, the Indian head and other figures easily counterfeited, be consigned to oblivion. It is predicted that the back of the new issue of government bank notes may in future be preserved as exact portraitures with just as much assurance as though painted by an "old master" or famous portrait painter.

* * *

THE wag has very aptly remarked that "Life is just one d——n thing after another." No sooner is one vexation vanquished than some other incipient thing, seemingly unimportant at first, takes root and comes to a fruition of troublesome tares. A generation ago the Colorado potato bug, always a rare insect in Colorado, because of unfavorable environments, strayed down from its arid forage grounds and found its Utopia among the potato fields in Kansas and Nebraska. Like a spark falling into dried grasses the devastation rolled eastward. Every farmer knows the voracious pests and has to fight them from the time the tender potato plants break ground until well-nigh harvest time.

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BARON YASUYA UCHIDA
The new Japanese Ambassador

We all recall how the hunt was begun in early days, going between the rows and knocking the clumsy bugs into a tin pan by striking the vines with a paddle. Once in a while, too, it was necessary to give the side of the pan a knock to keep the bugs from climbing out again. But with spraying machines the potato bug trouble was finally reduced to simple expedients.

Now there is a new potato enemy reported from the far East. This time it is the "wart disease." It affects the tubers in the ground, forming large, unsightly warts, in severe attacks completely destroying the crop. It is a fungus growth, and once the soil is polluted with it several years must pass before it is safe to crop the same land to potatoes again.

The disease appeared first in Hungary in 1896. It has spread to other parts of Europe, including England. There is danger it may spread to Ireland. It has been carried to Newfoundland from which there is danger it may be brought to Canada and the United States.

The fungus is spread by using affected potatoes for planting, so it is extremely important that questionable seed should be scientifically treated before planting.

The United States Department of Agriculture has recently issued a circular (for free distribution) giving a brief account of the potato wart disease.

* * *

THERE was a lively debate in the House by Congressman Carlin of Virginia over the Telepost franchise in the District of Columbia. He said that he had received letters from a large number of farmer constituents asking him to support the measure which would connect Washington with the rest of the Telepost system. His experience was the common experience of congressmen from all over the United States.

The spreading of the Telepost system means as much to the farmer as it does to the merchant. It puts the farmer into immediate touch with the rest of the world at a cost and in a way that the farmer will be satisfied with. By means of the rural free delivery the farmer in Maine can drop a Telecard message of ten words into his mail box and have it delivered in California within a few hours for a total cost of ten cents, or in the same way he can give a message to his rural carrier to take to the village, and for twenty-five cents can have fifty words sent by wire to California and answered in time to catch the return trip of the rural carrier.

Nothing has operated so much to place the farmer at a disadvantage in taking action on favorable conditions in the markets as the lack of some means to keep him in quick touch with the centers of population. Now for ten cents he can give orders or make inquiries, and instead of one small market the whole world is his market.

It practically as well as theoretically puts him in touch with a business and a social world from which he has been too often isolated. This effectual linking of town and country, meaning higher prices for the farmer's products and wider opportunities, must also mean more contentment in the home, and a checking of the cityward drift of the young people.

* * *

JUST now political prophets have been studying the omens for the next campaign, and have announced that Ohio, Indiana and New York will be the centre of political conflict in 1912. For many years it has been the fashion to predict that the next census would move the political pivot westward from New York, but on the contrary the Empire State seems to become each year a stronger factor in national politics. Indiana went Republican a year ago, and so did Ohio, but their reversal to Democracy later, on state tickets, has rather complicated the calculations. A Democratic Senator was captured in the Hoosier State, and now the Republican managers are wondering how to make sure of these two states on state issues. Indiana was always normally a Democratic state before the McKinley landslide. Ohio has never been quite certain and New York—one can never tell what will happen in New York. That is why the political telescope continues focused on the great state which has decided so many close presidential contests.

* * *

SOMEONE having remarked rather vigorously at the Capitol that he "would take the hide off" his opponent, a clerk from the Treasury Department, who chanced to be loaded with information, dared to make a joke on recent statistical reports.

"I wonder," he said, "if you gentlemen know how much that word 'hides' means to our government. If hides had not been 'taken off' there would not have been such a falling off in Uncle Sam's revenue. Do you realize that a hundred million hides are brought annually into this country, and that they are the second largest import in value coming to the United States? The importation has increased from three million in 1890 to a hundred million in 1909. One-third of the entire value is in goat skins, which represent a larger proportion of trade than can be assigned to any other one import. The United States has invested over one and a quarter billion dollars in goat skins within the past ten years, and they are a product never 'grown at home.'"

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BARONESS UCHIDA
Wife of the Japanese Ambassador, noted for her wonderful jewels. She is giving very elaborate entertainments at the Embassy

Further conversation divulged that more than one-half of the hides come from Mexico and South America, and a large proportion of the goat skins from British India.

After the genial clerk had delivered this information he joined the party from home entering the Capitol, and the irate Congressman admitted that he would have had a big proposition to contend with if he went into the business of "taking off hides" in the United States of America.

* * *

FROM Paris comes a decree direct from the court of fashion that ladies must cover their ears for some time to come. Passing strange as the edict's issue it is simply the revival of old styles. Just why women should be made to arrange their hair to cover those little pink seashell ears, written of by the poet and novelist, is not clear to the masculine mind. One lady has hinted that this mode of hair dressing is being revived for the benefit of a certain leader of fashion whose ears are too large, and are not shaped to fulfill the ideals of beauty. She looks better when her ears are hidden, dresses her hair to do it, and all the other fashionable women meekly follow. Since the advent of the New Year style, an inventive genius has patented a harness which is especially designed to improve the shape of a lady's ears; this is regarded as a revival of the old fashion of wearing night caps, which were considered an important item of the chamber costumes in our grandmothers' day. It is hinted that the inventor referred to is on the lookout for the time when ears are again permitted to show in public—after they have been trained into good shape by midnight harness and night caps. The wisest philosophers have decided that it is useless to endeavor to trace the causes of the vagaries of fashion in women's attire, but there still remain a few wiseacres who keep on trying.

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM
President, Travelers' Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut

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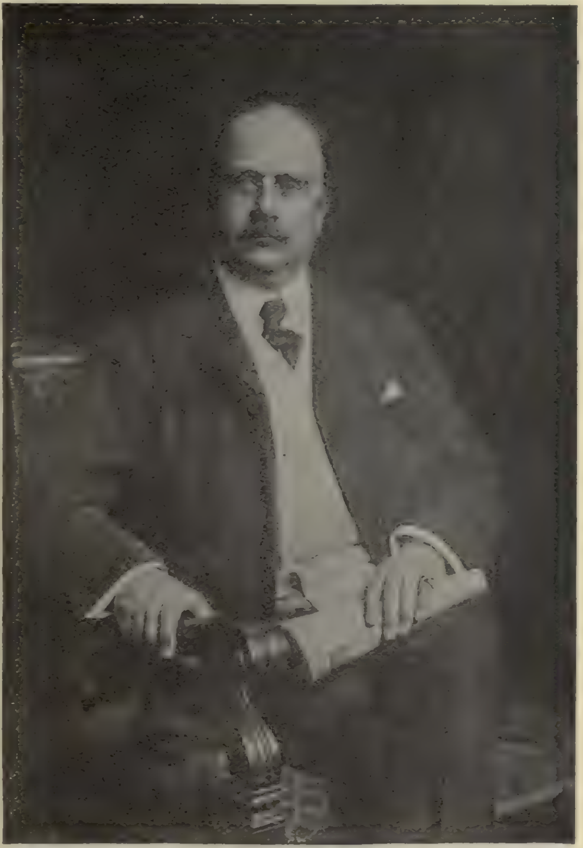
IN the large "red room," just off Peacock Alley in the New Willard Hotel, the Association of Life Insurance Presidents of the United States held one of the most interesting assemblages that has met in Washington for some time. It was their third annual meeting, and the discussion and addresses were couched with plain, straightforward, Anglo-Saxon words characteristic of business men.

President Sylvester C. Dunham, of the Travelers' Insurance Company, was speaking when I entered, and the close attention given to his remarks indicated that no other business transactions are of such vital interest to the people. A brief survey of the assemblage representing the executives of these great institutions convinced any one that their duties called for the highest and broadest ability known in the business world. The address delivered by President Taft advocated measures to ensure uniformity in insurance legislation throughout the country. He called attention to the fact that, owing to constitutional limitations, the best thing to be done was to pass a model law for the District of Columbia to demonstrate what Congress, aided by a scientific commission, could do, and thus influence the enaction of similar legislation in all the states. He promised to give his support to the passage of such a model law. In his audience were the governors of many states, besides several hundred men who are pretty prominent in the life insurance business.

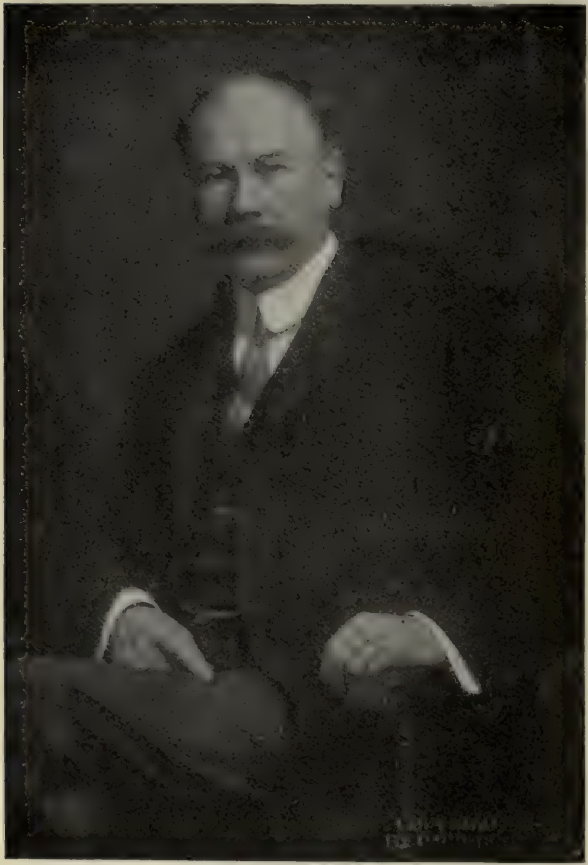
The President briefly reviewed life insurance conditions and strongly expressed his belief that harmony between the various companies would secure the greatest benefits to the policy-holders and the companies alike. President George E. Ide, of the Home Life Insurance Company, made one of the most original and interesting addresses of the occasion, on the subject of prolonging human life. President Paul Morton, of the Equitable Company, always right at home in Washington, where he served as a member of ex-President Roosevelt's cabinet, was genial and witty as usual. President Charles A. Peabody, of the Mutual Life; President Jesse R. Clark, of the Union Central, Cincinnati, and ex-Senator John F. Dryden, of the Prudential Company, formed a characteristic group representative of the men of conspicuous constructive ability who have been prominent factors in the development of the country. Governor Hughes, in sharp contrast to his remarks made at City Hall, New York, during the great insurance investigation—now a matter of history, and which have resulted in inspiring a greater and more unreserved confidence in insurance companies in the minds of the people, than ever—said that general prosperity is marked by increased expenditures for life insurance, and that the new provision making death losses payable in the form of a fixed income for life for the beneficiaries, has made life insurance seem more than ever a necessity as well as a prudent investment.

ABOUT the first thing that a visitor in Washington decides to do is to get a full supply of postal cards to send home. Many have inquired who first set the fashion. At the post office the other day it was revealed that the first post cards ever issued in the world were sent out from Austria in 1869, following a suggestion made in 1865. Professor Hermau of Vienna is the saint on whom the post office clerks visit their benisons when they find difficulty in handling the sheaves of post cards coming in all the year around.



GEORGE E. IDE
President, Home Life Insurance Company, New York

The use of these cards soon became popular and now extends to twenty-two governments, Germany alone using fifteen million post cards annually. The picture cards, strange as it may seem, are almost as old as the ordinary post card, but have come into popular use only within the last decade. This is an invention which is said to have originated during the Franco-Prussian War, when the picture of a gunner was placed on sale at Oldenburg, and became very popular. Today there is no community so small but its historic spots and beautiful scenery are depicted on the cards which spin daily around on the swivel stands. Just now it is a fad among Congressmen to see that all the noted places in their home towns or districts are reproduced on picture post cards, not overlooking the home and birthplace of the aforesaid Congressmen. By means of photography picturesque post card views are often obtained of even a very prosaic place.


PAUL MORTON
President, Equitable Insurance Company, New York

Picture post cards are doing much to familiarize the people with sights and scenes about Washington, as well as with the noted paintings and statuary to be found at the capital. In contrast to the educative feature, a strata of vulgarity and obscenity crops out now and then, which requires the watchfulness of Anthony Comstock and government inspectors. Uncle Sam insists that the post cards passing through his mails by millions must exercise a wholesome influence.

* * *

SITTING in a gallery of the Senate, listening to a debate, the rumor was brought us that something exciting was brewing at the other end of the Capitol. On a question of constitutional privilege, Representative Norris of Nebraska, in a dramatic manner, introduced the resolution that precipitated the insurgents' war on the Speaker. The scene-shifters had no time to draw back in the wings, and the background had an element of incongruity. The roll-call bells began to ring throughout the building. The files of the Congressional Record for a century past show no more picturesque dramatic episodes than those of the afternoon of Thursday, March 17, and "continuing three days thereafter," as the lawyers would say. To eliminate the Speaker from the Committee of Rules, and increase the number of that committee from five to fifteen, was the issue around which the battle raged between the insurgents and their Democratic allies and the regulars. The issue was to have the committee chosen by the House. Uncle Joe, sturdy old warrior, was in the chair and saw the blood in the eyes of his enemies. Representative Norris sounded the opening bugle of the fray when he shouted:

"I have a resolution of privilege."

The resolution, amply interlined with corrections, was handed to the clerk, who smiled as he passed it to the Speaker, who handed it back with his jaws set. The first outburst came from the Democratic side. "Read it, read it!"

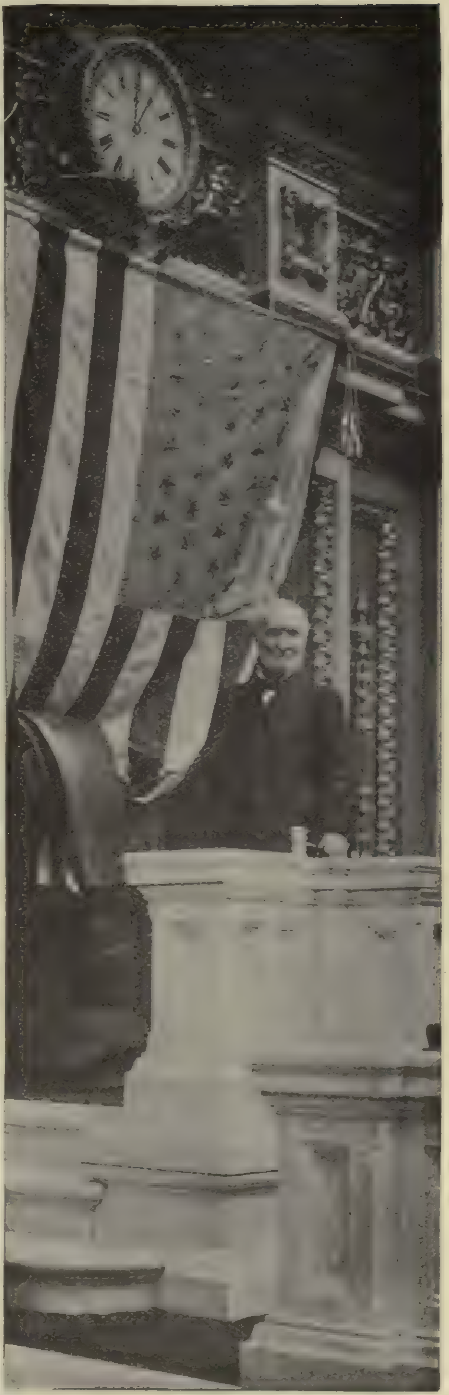
The clerk read the resolution-challenge, and the fight was on.

"The day of your salvation is at hand," declared Champ Clark to the insurgents and his Democratic colleagues, with a wave of his hands.

The confused buzzing rose in a crescendo, and interest grew tense as members passed from chair to chair and Democratic and insurgent leaders conferred, while the regulars hastened for a council of war to Representative Dalzell, who made a point of order against the resolution. Verbal chastisements between regulars and insurgents came thick and fast and the battle raged anew. Representative Hamilton Fish, an insurgent, awakened hearty applause from the Democratic phalanx, who were gathering solidly together for the attack. Representative Fassett, of New York, made a rousing retort to the "mercerized Republicans and assistant Democrats," which was answered by an insurgent gatling fire. The regulars began to keep telephone and telegraph wires buzzing to corral absent members, knowing that the fight would continue. All over the building the jangling of the bells was heard, announcing the succession of roll calls. The time had come to "dethrone the Czar," and the talk grew more and more bitter. The personal onslaughts of Representative Cooper brought Speaker Cannon to the floor, and Representative Gardner was called to witness that he had not been trampled upon in committee appointments by the Speaker.

* * *

Railroad trains were bringing the absent members from all parts with the cry, "On to Washington." Representative Dwight, the Republican whip, was as busy as the umpire of a ball game. Again and again roll calls were taken on the question of a recess, but the insurgents joined the Democrats in voting "no," compelling the Old Guard to face the issue. In the lull proceedings dragged. Representative Keifer, former speaker of the House, attired in the old-time Websterian swallow-tailed coat, looked his part of veteran—he and the older members bore the brunt of a deadlock session with the fervor of old skirmishers. The ex-Speaker tried to awaken



UNCLE JOE WITH A FIRM HOLD ON THE GAVEL IN THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR interest among the younger and more sleepy members in a game of cards in the cloak room. The floor was strewn with bits of torn paper. Now and then someone on the insurgent or Democratic side roused up enough to sing, "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight." The situation grew more exciting, and at times the combatants seemed ready to tear each other limb from limb, but suddenly, amid the livid or ashen faces a flash of humor changed anger to laughter, and instead of a political duel there was the gaiety of baseball fans. The saving grace of humor was like a life-giving elixir in that strenuous session, which otherwise might have suggested one of the days that preceded the dread carnage of the Paris Commune.

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Despite the solidity of the roll call it was evident that some Democrats avowed no personal animosity for Uncle Joe, for several stopped to joke or chat with him in passing. All night long the sturdy warrior kept up the fight, passing up and down from the Speaker's chair to the floor, like a captain on the bridge facing a monsoon. At 2 A. M., for the third time, the motion for a recess was defeated by a small majority. The sergeant at arms was sent out to look up members. At 4 A. M. Representative Hollingsworth, of Ohio, was brought from the Willard into the House; his necktie was awry and the face above it did not offer a study in good humor; the members instantly began to bait him on his cheerful and enthusiastic frame of mind. Representative Nick Longworth arrived from a party, clad in evening suit, with cheery interest in the situation. In the crowded galleries the people were eagerly watching the busy scene below, as the clock opposite the Speaker ticked off the momentous hours. Almost constantly on his feet, whether in the chamber or pacing the rear corridors, Uncle Joe was always ready for action.

No stage scene could be more spectacular than was the House of Representatives, as the rising sun gleamed through the skylight, mingling with the glare of the electric light, and producing a curious and somewhat ghastly tint on the weary faces of the men below. There are neither windows nor electric lights in the chamber, but all light filters through the glass roof. Dignity had been dissipated like the scraps of paper that littered the aisles, and men lounged in all sorts of attitudes. Representative Moore was in the chair and Uncle Joe appeared at the right of the rostrum, standing erect and cool under the fire. A fresh carnation in his buttonhole, and his strongly-marked upper lip freshly shaven and his beard trimmed, the Speaker came forward scenting the battle. Representative Norris, coached by Representative Gardner, had scarcely left the floor, and his bloodshot eyes showed the strain while an unshaven chin was set with grim determination.

When the long night's vigil was over, soon after 7 A.M., the Speaker strolled into the chamber and stood beside the clerk's desk.

Representative Shackleford, of Missouri, rushed up the aisle shaking his fist at the Speaker, as he entered, and standing before the clerk's desk made a dramatic charge of anarchy, to which Representative Payne made a retort.

The early morning conference held across the corridor in the rooms of the Ways and Means Committee followed as the next act in the play. It was evident that Uncle Joe could not remain on the Committee of Rules. At the preliminary roll calls it was clear that two of the regulars had deserted, amid the groans of their colleagues. The final issue was reached on the Norris resolution. Representative Nye of Minnesota, brother of the famous Bill Nye, delivered a stirring appeal to his colleagues to stand by the regular party and the regular rules, under the banner that had floated over them when they enlisted.

"For forty years has Joseph G. Cannon done his duty beside us, and do you seek to sacrifice him now to make a Roman holiday?" he shouted with oratorical effect.

Champ Clark, leader of the Democratic forces, defined his party's position and that of the insurgents.

> "This is not a fight against Joseph G. Cannon personally; it is a fight against a system; I think it is a bad system. It makes no difference to me that it is sanctioned by time. The present rules of the House give more power to the speaker than any one man ought to have over the destinies of this republic.
>
> "We made up our minds, months ago, to work the revolution that we are now making. There is no use mincing words—it is a revolution. I will give no support to a resolution which does not remove the speaker from the committee on rules, and in this I speak for the Democrats and for the insurgents. You can't restore to the members of this House the power each member is entitled to without taking it away from the speaker, for he has had it all.
>
> "If this experiment does not work it can be changed, for it has now been demonstrated that this House can do what it wants to when it makes up its mind to do it."

A cessation of hostilities occurred when a vote for recess until 4 P. M. was passed; the decision was brought about by the physical exhaustion of the members, and the necessity for having the air of the chamber changed and the floor cleaned. The janitors tried to accomplish this during the continuous session of twenty-nine hours, but without success.

* * *

When the roll call on Friday afternoon revealed how the allied forces stood, Uncle Joe prepared his ruling, which was overruled by the vote of the House, and followed by the adoption of the Norris resolution which had been amended by reducing the number of the committe on rules to ten instead of fifteen. Announcing that it was a "constitutional privilege of the House at any time to declare the Speaker's chair vacant," Uncle Joe carefully adjusted his steel-bowed spectacles, began his address, the climax of the thrilling congressional drama.

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives:

"Actions, not words, determine the conduct and the sincerity of men in the affairs of life. This is a government by the people, acting through the representatives of a majority of the people.

"Results cannot be had except by a majority, and in the House of Representatives a majority, being responsible, should have full power and should exercise that power; otherwise the majority is inefficient and not performing its functions.

"The office of the minority is to put the majority on its good behavior, advocating in good faith the policies which it professes, ever ready to take advantage of the mistakes of the majority party, and appeal to the country for its vindication.

ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE RELIEF BY AMERICAN RED CROSS (*See page* 39)

"From time to time heretofore the majority has become the minority, as in the present case, and from time to time hereafter the majority will become the minority. The country believes that the Republican party has a majority of forty-four in the House of Representatives at this time, yet such is not the case.

"The present Speaker of the House has, to the best of his ability and judgment, co-operated with the Republican party, and so far in the history of this Congress the Republican party in the House has been abolished by a small majority, when the test came, to legislate in conformity with the policies and the platform of the Republican party. Such action, of course begot criticism—which the Speaker does not deprecate—on the part of the minority party.

"The Speaker cannot be unmindful of the fact, as evidenced by three previous elections to the Speakership, that in the past he has enjoyed the confidence of the Republican party of the country and of the Republican members of the House; but the assault upon the Speaker of the House by the minority, supplemented by the efforts of the so-called insurgents, shows that the Democratic minority, aided by a number of the so-called insurgents, constituting fifteen per cent of the majority party in the House, is now in the majority, and that the Speaker of the House is not in harmony with the actual majority of the House as evidenced by the vote just taken.

"There are two courses open for the Speaker to pursue:

"One is to resign and permit the new combination of Democrats and insurgents to choose a speaker in harmony with its aims and purposes. The other is for that combination to declare a vacancy in the office of speaker and proceed to the election of a new speaker.

"After consideration, at this stage of the session of the House, with much of important legislation pending involving the pledges of the Republican platform and their crystallization into law, believing that his resignation might consume weeks of time in the reorganization of the House, the Speaker, being in harmony with Republican policies and desirous of carrying them out, declines by his own motion to precipitate a contest upon the House in the election of a new speaker, a contest that might greatly endanger the final passage of all legislation necessary to redeem Republican pledges and fulfill Republican promises.

"This is one reason why the Speaker does not resign at once, and another reason is this:

"In the judgment of the present Speaker a resignation is in and of itself a confession of weakness or mistake or an apology for past actions. The Speaker is not conscious of having done any political wrong. The same rules are in force in this House that have been in force for two decades.

"The Speaker has construed the rules as he found them and as they have been construed by previous speakers from Thomas B. Reed's incumbency down to the present time.

"Heretofore, the speaker has been a member of the Committee on Rules covering a period of sixty years, and the present Speaker has neither sought new power, nor has he unjustly used that already conferred upon him.

"There has been much talk on the part of the minority and the insurgents of the 'czarism' of the Speaker, culminating in the action taken today. The real truth is that there is no coherent Republican majority in the House of Representatives. Therefore, the real majority ought to have the courage of its convictions and logically meet the situation that confronts it.

"The Speaker does now believe and always has believed that this is a government through parties, and that parties can only rule through majorities. The Speaker has always believed in and bowed to the will of the majority in convention, in caucus, and in the legislative hall, and today profoundly believes that to act otherwise is to disorganize parties, is to prevent coherent action in any legislative body, is to make impossible the reflection of the wishes of the people in statutes and in laws.

"The Speaker has always said that, under the Constitution it is a question of the highest privilege for an actual majority of the House at any time to choose a new Speaker and again notifies the House that the Speaker will at this moment, or at any other time while he remains Speaker, entertain, in conformity with the highest constitutional privilege a motion by any member to vacate the office of the Speakership and choose a new Speaker, and, under existing conditions, would welcome such action upon the part of the actual majority of the House, so that power and responsibility may rest with the Democratic and insurgent members, who, by the last vote, evidently constitute a majority of this House.

"The Chair is now ready to entertain such motion."

When he had finished reading the regulars jumped to their feet, almost as one man, an indication that the demarkation of political lines remains, and that those who thought them gone "did but dream." Amid Republican howls the insurgents, who held the balance of power, sat grimly in their seats.

Uncle Joe threw down the gauntlet boldly, with a wave of his left hand in which he held the sheaf of fluttering pages from which he had just read. Representative Burleson then made a quick dash down the aisle, bent on accepting the challenge and ousting the Speaker from the chair at once. Some of his colleagues tried to persuade him to desist from his hasty acceptance of the proposal. Representative Sherley with white lips followed him to the clerk's desk, trying to save him from making what he thought a tactical party blunder. The familiar roll call echoed down the chamber, and as the voice of the clerk uttered the names it was evident from a study of the faces that this time party lines were forming. A larger majority than he had received when he first sat in the Speaker's chair of the Sixty-first Congress proved that the House differentiated between the man Joe Cannon and "Cannonism." Clearly the war was aga an established system that had aroused surgent ire.

The most acute situation on roll calls when the motion was made declaring Speaker's chair vacant. As the roll proceeded, the names of insurgents w checked off. Even Representative No declined to go the lengths desired by Democratic allies. Jeers and cheers w the order of the hour, depending on how insurgent's vote was cast. A smile lit face of the clerk as the Speaker pro looked up to announce that the "ayes 155 and the noes 191," on the motion oust Uncle Joe from the chair. Then Old Guard was on its feet, tossing hats in air and shouting. It was a revival of the time political enthusiasm and the cheers slaps on the back among the members soun like a fire of gatling guns. The tumult creased when two members unfurled a American flag and marched up the cer aisle. "Dear Uncle Joe" was sung to tune of a popular air.

* * *

President Taft was out of the city all official Washington had fixed its g upon the House during those days. Th were no congressional calls to pay at White House at that time, and the depa ment work and the doings of the inve gation tribunals and committees languisl for lack of attendance. Mrs. Taft was interested spectator in the executive gall on Friday, and each day brought its c quota of distinguished visitors. After the sion was over the members remained to c over the strenuous conflict. A Canadian edi sitting near me remarked:

"You seem to have no real governme How remarkable that you Americans so qui ly come together laughing and talking o matters after such revolutionary and bi disputes. Does a majority mean a vote confidence in this country? It's all so j mixed, you know, like your insidious co tail, I daresay."

In that final curtain scene was no trace bloodthirsty animosity, only the excitem that succeeds a family quarrel, which ev member knew might come, but felt s would be adjusted without disruption of kindly ties which bound them within " blessed wreath of household charities."

ONE of the most important services under the Post Office Department is the rural free delivery, in which Fourth Assistant Postmaster General P. V. De Graw has made an enviable record. He states concisely:

"Rural delivery, which has become an indispensable adjunct to the most numerous class of American life and largest share of industrial activity, has not only during the past official year made notable advance in usefulness and efficiency, but taken a long stride toward a thoroughly practical and economical working basis. . . . The number of petitions for rural delivery service filed during the past fiscal year aggregated 3,376, a decrease of 688 from the previous year. On June 30, 1909, the service was in operation on 40,628 routes, with 40,499 carriers. During the year 1,415 new routes were established."

In the work of the past year the rural carriers delivered approximately 1,321,380 packages or letters registered, and 464,154,856 letters of the ordinary kind, being an increase of over 221,000,000 over the year 1905. The rage for circulars continues, the excess of one-cent mail over letters and newspapers being a snug billion and over.

The figures show that rural free delivery has increased not only the amount of mail handled, but the revenues of the Postal Service. Although forty-five per cent of mail on rural routes is second-class matter, the increase applies also and especially to letters and postal cards, including souvenir or picture post cards. On thirty-five routes the value of the stamps on mail collected for the quarter ending May 31, 1909, exceeded two hundred dollars, and on twenty-four routes this item exceeded the carrier's salary. The average cost of the service per route per month at this time is $72.17.

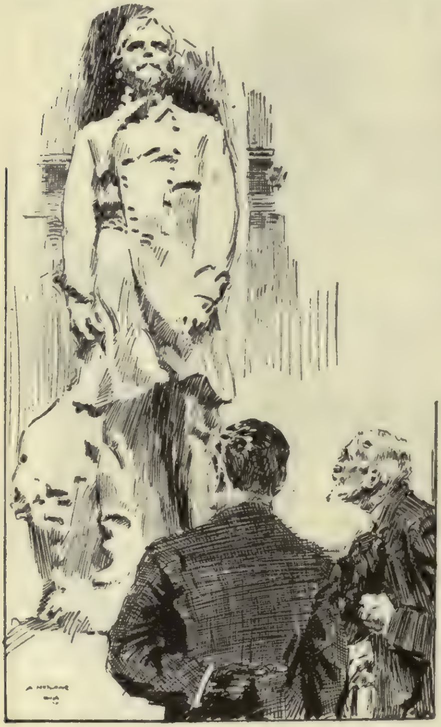
The equipment of a rural carrier suitable to convey the mail as required by law remains, as in previous years, a wagon or buggy which will accommodate from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds of mail. The average weight of rural mail per trip is estimated at twenty-five pounds, except in a few instances, where the average daily weight is fifty pounds.

Mr. De Graw dilates on the advantages of the extension of rural telephone lines, and deplores the fact that the population in country places cannot have the advantage of ordering merchandise over the wires. As the only way of ordering goods and the delivery of light parcels at present is by the rural carriers who daily pass their homes, and the present rates of postage make this way prohibitive for most of those living along the rural routes, the Fourth Assistant Postmaster renews his recommendation that the Postmaster-General "be authorized to arrange, experimentally, for a limited period, for the delivery of packages on rural routes at such rates as may seem expedient, the result of the experiment to be reported to Congress as speedily as possible after the expiration of the experimental period."

"The mail comes now to his own front gate"

A feature of great importance in connection with this work is the remarkable improvement of the roads traversed by rural carriers, "much of which has been accomplished through the active interest of the department, which has been stimulated by postmasters and rural carriers."

It is gratifying to learn that the efforts of the department have effected a large decrease in the matter consigned to the division of dead letters, though it received in unclaimed letters cash to the amount of $59,078, while the drafts, checks and money orders showed a total of over two million dollars. Eight millions of post cards were destroyed without record, and dead-letter sales of merchandise, loose cash in the mails and currency received for postage amounted to $29,234. Special instruction in properly addressing postal matter, etc., is now being given in schools all over the country, with a view to eliminating this tremendous loss in the future.



Statue of General Lew Wallace in Statuary Hall

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IT was significant that the three special cars bearing 2,000 Japanese cherry trees arrived in Washington just in time for Washington's Birthday. They were accompanied by a special agent sent from Japan, and every tree had been carefully selected as though intended for the imperial gardens of the Emperor of Japan. It is expected that they will bloom in Washington this spring and present a glory of color never before witnessed at the national Capital. They are placed along the river bank drive and in Potomac Park in lines of two for a distance of three miles. To those who have visited the Flowery Kingdom it will suggest the Imperial Gardens in Japan, where these beautiful trees bloom every spring and mark one of the most famous beauty spots of the kingdom.

Mrs. Taft is credited with being responsible for this generous gift from the Emperor of Japan. During her visit to that country she expressed her delight in the trees and her desire to purchase some of them to transplant to United States soil. Miss Skidman of Washington has been very active in introducing Japanese trees into this country. When the Potomac bank glows with the bright red and pure white of millions of cherry blossoms, it will doubtless serve as a continuous reminder, three miles long, of the cherry tree which figured so largely in the boyhood history of the Father of his Country.

* * *

IN Statuary Hall at the Capitol a late addition awakens popular interest. It represents General Lew Wallace, the celebrated patriot, statesman, diplomat and author, and all who knew him or of him are delighted to see his statue in the national hall of fame at Washington, garbed in the full uniform of a general with the coat blown about as if by the terrific winds that swept across some hard-fought battlefield. The statue is the work of Andrew O'Connor of Paris. At the dedicatory ceremonies Lew Wallace, a grandson of the celebrated general, was present.

Those who had the pleasure of meeting General Wallace only in his later years cannot conceive of him as chiefly famous for his military achievements. Never can I forget an evening in his apartments at Indianapolis, when among his books he looked far more the author than the soldier. In the library at his home in Crawfordsville were many of those great works of reference which indicated careful and accurate study in the preparation of his famous novels, "Ben Hur" and "Prince of India." The former book was first given to the public through the intuition of a woman, the wife of James

Harper, who persisted in saying that "Ben Hur"—which had been submitted in manuscript form—was bound to become popular. "If you never print another book," she said, "print 'Ben Hur.'"

At the start it did not prove one of the best sellers, but soon edition after edition was required to meet the growing demand. The dramatization of this story was one of the most popular book plays ever put upon the stage.

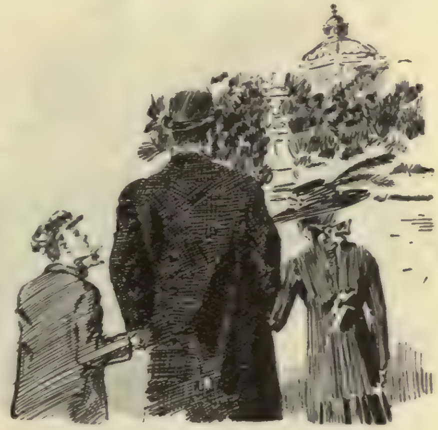
A large part of the manuscript was prepared by General Wallace in the old government quarters at Santa Fe. Surrounded by the great yellow wastes of our semi-tropical deserts, he could well imagine himself amid the scenes of Palestine. The home of General Wallace at Crawfordsville, set amid groups of stately trees, was for many years the Mecca of literary Hoosierdom. The library, in a separate building, thoroughly fireproof, was fitted with every convenience for getting at works of reference. The building also contained a rare collection of curios which their owner had acquired during his residence abroad as ambassador at Constantinople. A social and benevolent order known as "The Tribe of Ben Hur" has its headquarters near the late home of the distinguished author, than whom few have done more to perpetuate the glory of Indiana.

* * *

MANY fathers and mothers take their children to visit Washington to see for themselves the great buildings and institutions, and at least get the "atmosphere" of men in charge of the important affairs of the nation. This recalls an old custom in Rome. When a boy had reached his seventeenth year, he was christened with a given name, and on that day he exchanged his boy's garment for the toga virilis. It was a day of great importance to the family, and the blessing of the gods was invoked as the young Roman was accompanied to the forum, where the praetor waited to receive him. Here he was given the vestment of a man, with admonishments appropriate to his change from childish things to a man's responsibilities. Here he listened to a recital of the virtues and deeds of his ancestors, and participated in impressive ceremonies.

Thereafter he was no longer merely a member of the family, but was besides a citizen of Rome where "to be a Roman was to be a King."

In the same spirit our American young people are taken to Washington and other points of historic interest, that they may be impressed with the virtues and patriotism that form the ideality and lofty citizenship upon which the Republic has been founded. It is often then that the boyish garb, the *toga praetexta*, is exchanged for the dress of an American gentleman, the *toga virilis*. Though no additional name be now given, and the boy will not receive any impressive title in addition to the one breathed by his mother's prayers, he will probably have the dignity of his first "man's suit" to match his sister's first "tailor-made costume." It is a proud moment for him when he struts out in his first "long trousers," and feels that at last he is attired like the men of affairs—in fact wearing clothes very similar to those that adorn the President and the prominent men of the nation's forum.


"Many fathers take their children to visit Washington"

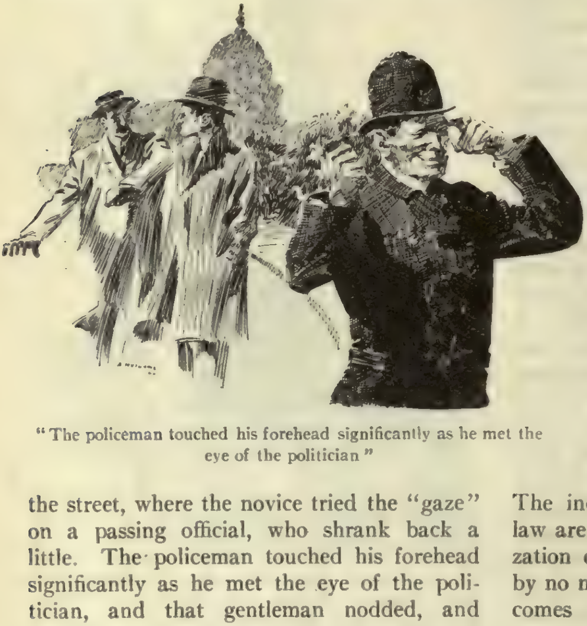
* * *

HE was pounding the table with his fists and trying to tell a young man how to get on in the world, while the latter looked furtively down at his boots, and thinking that he was not getting much information, he hinted as much to his adviser.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "here it is in a nutshell—you look me right between the eyes—don't stare at my right nor yet at my left, but give me the 'central gaze'—look at the little bridge that runs between my eyes, and I shall feel that you are reading my very soul. That's right—now go out and see how it works.

"Success, my boy, success awaits you," and he pounded the desk again. "You want to pound at the world just as I am pounding on this desk. Darned good furniture Uncle Sam supplies, or it would not stand my thumps," added the Senator.

So the young man went out and tried the central gaze on one of the Capitol guides, but secured no very remarkable results. Then he tried it on the policeman standing by, just as an experiment before going out to seek a position. The guardian of the peace cast on him a suspicious eye, and quietly followed him a little distance along the street, where the novice tried the "gaze" on a passing official, who shrank back a little. The policeman touched his forehead significantly as he met the eye of the politician, and that gentleman nodded, and the young gazer was promptly arrested until it could be decided whether he was an escaped lunatic or a burglar hunting a job.



"The policeman touched his forehead significantly as he met the eye of the politician"

Some days after he reported his experience with the "central gaze" to the Senator.

"It didn't work, Senator, it didn't work well at all. I looked them all square between the eyes, right on the bridge where your glasses roost, and everyone of them had a worse opinion of me than the one I had gazed at before. The guide thought I was a fool, the policeman thought me a lunatic and the government official believed me to be a burglar. That central gaze," he said sadly, "has a back action movement, and I am going to stare straight into every one's right eye in future."

* * *

A CONGRESSIONAL leader gave me a list of the prominent subjects for legislation during the present session of Congress. It included conservation of national resources and the restriction of the monopoly of water power by powerful combinations; the reform of mineral land laws, so that government may retain ownership of mineral wealth under a system of royalties, and a campaign to investigate delays in federal courts and provide a system of procedure which will expediate the legislation. There will also be some measures taken against the boycott and for the regulation of issuing injunctions in disputes between employers and employes. A plan for development of a system of internal waterways is looked for, from which will arise an adjustment of the needs of traffic in a way not open to congressional influence. The development of the American merchant marine and the extension of a direct service to South American countries are also booked. The anti-trust legislation crystalizes in strengthening the old Sherman law, and the authority of interstate commerce commissions to regulate the issue of railroad securities and bonds is anticipated. The income tax and sections of the tariff law are to be considered, while the reorganization of the bureau system of the navy is by no means the least important item. Next comes the investigation of the sugar trust frauds and other corporations dealing directly with the government through tariff measures. The importation of laborers under the contract system is another vexed question.

The present House of Representatives has only five contested seats to pass upon so that the main work of the present session of Congress will be transacted along the lines as summarized by the veteran congressman, with pencil and pad on the desk before him, for now each congressman and senator has notations every day on his desk of the important things upon which he must concentrate attention, and these notes if gathered together would practically cover all important questions likely to be acted upon at the present session.

* * *

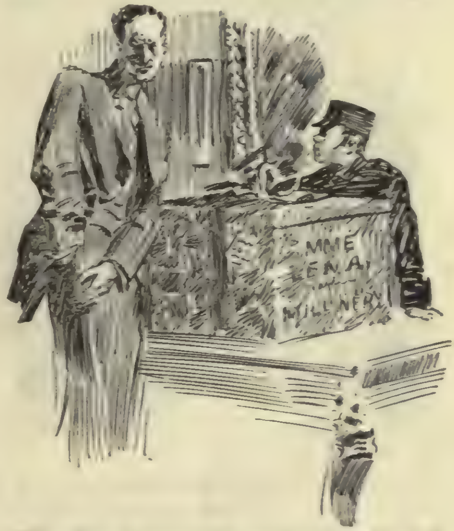
A POPULAR consumers' league has been formed to make the food trusts ineffective; it is called the National Anti-Trust League, and a congress was held in Washington for the purpose of organizing to fight high prices in the necessities of life. A similar organization was launched in Germany some years ago, because of the high price of coffee. An immense membership abstained from buying any coffee for one day all over the empire, which at once brought a visible decrease in the price.

In plain words this is another form of the boycott movement, which may be used for good or evil purposes, and is now being utilized to regulate the law of supply and demand in real earnest. This national propaganda has been organized charging a nominal fee for membership, with the understanding that the primary procedure is to force the trusts to reduce exorbitant prices by force of regulating "demand." Members will be notified that on a certain day they are to discontinue buying a given high-priced article and in this way they believe that the most stubborn and grasping trusts can be brought to reason. Students of the proposition wonder how it will be considered in view of the recent decisions against Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison in the famous labor cases. To the New England mind the new association has a flavor of the agreements that culminated in the famous Boston Tea Party, and shows a like determination to beat the trusts with their own weapons.

* * *

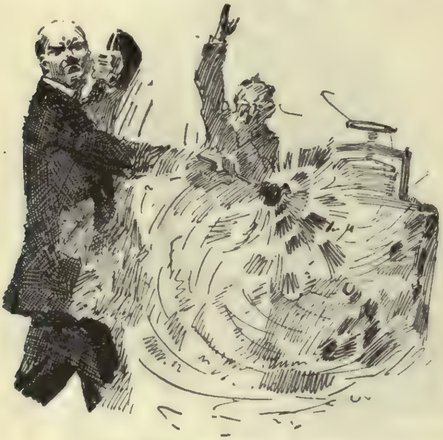
A PROFOUND observer of all that promises to better the condition of the people at large has reached the conclusion that, with all due respect to the American woman, her extravagance is causing more difficulties than she realizes in her unconscious pursuit of pleasure and admiration. The fact has been established that the average American woman spends almost twice as much on her clothing as is laid out by the average man. There is a possibility of a man's wearing out his clothes, but apparently only the very poor woman is permitted to do this. The value of good materials is lost, because, on account of the constant change of styles, the garment must be laid aside before it is half worn out. Hence comes the question: "Does the average wife stop to think of the harassment and the almost desperation of the man who finds himself unable to provide for the wishes of his home folks?"

It may not often be expressed in so many words, but more money worries arise from extravagance in clothing than from any other article brought into the home. The whims of women drive many a man almost to despair, and to them may be credited many suicides, many failures in business, and many a hopeless failure of what might have been a brilliant career. The frugality common among the women of other nations is seldom discoverable among American young girls, especially those dwelling in cities. True, they earn good pay, but quite as commonly every penny goes into clothing. There are cases, in strong contrast to these, where the daughters of the family are actually supporting brothers and fathers and even husbands by going out daily to work! It will be admitted that it is not surprising if the modern young man hesitates to found a home on the whims and extravagant tastes of the attractive, dressy young woman who represents "the girl." Fashion is the tyrant to whom most womankind bows—suffrage or no suffrage.



"The whims of women drive many a man to despair"

THE flight of the feather duster is one of the pathetic tales which is absorbing the attention of scientists. Come to think of it, the sudden banishment of those germ-laden, dust-soaked bunches of feathers has been very sweeping, so to speak. Something which absorbs dust is now used, because the graceful flicking of dust from spot to spot by a masculine hand, armed with a trusty feather duster, is considered unhygienic. It has been whispered that the "flight of the feather duster" and the entrance of women into business offices were simultaneous; it seems that woman is the natural enemy of the gentle feather duster; she insists, strange to say, on having a cloth that will *hold* the dust. What ordinary man would think of a duster to hold dust? One that later might be washed clean and dried? Oh, the finality of neatness that women can give to a business office!



"The flight of the feather duster"

In some offices the same artistic relationships and effects appear that housewifery puts on things at home, while in others the women clerks and stenographers, while arrayed like the Queen of Sheba for glory and beauty, neglect the humble dust rag, not even deigning an acquaintance. Women clerks who are fashionably gowned seldom give the same attention to "office-keeping" that is paid to their parlor at home. Business men, like others of their sex, may "love with the eye rather than the ear," but they are beginning to shy at employing the fashion-plate stenographer, when a vision of dusty desks and bedraggled typewriters lurks behind her picture hat and ostrich plumes.

In the meantime the office poet is engaged in fingering out lines that would make a fitting ode on the "Flight of the Feather Duster," while he dreams of sometime writing a great epic on the "blue-black eagle feather that fell from heights above."

* * *

THE year 1910 promises to witness a veritable constellation of congresses within a congress at Washington—the congress of mothers, congress of nurses, congress of governors, of national editors, of sugar, of leather, of steel interests—the country is going to be pretty well congressed, it would seem. By having a convention in Washington, the various organizations believe that they will be more nearly in touch with the real Congress, which still has secure rights under the Constitution.

A man who had not been in Washington for many years on arriving to attend one of these congresses made a careful investigation to discover old scenes and former friends.

"I'll be doggoned, but it seems to me that everything is changed. All my old friends are in back seats, and the front rank of officialdom is filled with strange faces."

Senators and congressmen change in the regular routine, while the various administrations mean a new lot of recruits for "the back seats." The same old gentleman observed, after he had studied the situation:

"If the men keep going up and down there is less likelihood of there being anything approaching nepotism in Washington. After all it is a good thing the political stars are not fixed luminaries but move to and fro with the biennial and quadrennial election."

* * *

SIMPLIFIED spelling received a shock at the hands of one of its known friends quite recently in Washington. Senator Page had been receiving extraordinary letters, typewritten, from a friend of his boyhood whom he knew to be an excellent speller because he had often spelled down the entire class at "spelling school" and remained alone on the floor, the hero of the hour. The gentleman was of a literary turn of mind and had betaken himself to an isolated mountain resort, to finish an important piece of work on which he was engaged. One morning the senator received a letter which he described as "the limit." It began:

"I din'j wish ji wirry yiu, but kan'j yiu nij prikure fir me ine if thise ild Lajin biiks?"

The spelling in the rest of the letter was equally peculiar, and abounded in j's and k's. The Senator sat down and wrote:

"What on earth is the matter with you, Tom? Send me a letter even in your own handwriting and perhaps I shall know what you want, and be able to get it for you."

By the next mail came the answer to this request, explaining in handwriting that there was but one typewriter to be found in that part of the backwoods, and that the writer had used it so much the letters o and t and c had dropped off and could not be found. He thought by using k and j constantly he would devise a system which would be intelligible until he could get the old machine repaired.

* * *

WHENEVER I enter the rather dismal quarters of the Census Bureau, I am reminded of the many splendid buildings that were temporarily erected for the various expositions, which have epitomized and illustrated the resources and progress of the Republic, for in this building have been focussed the most important and vigorous operations conducted by Uncle Sam for the current year. The Director of the Census, Mr. Edward Dana Durand, is a native of Michigan and was formerly legislative librarian of the New York Library and an instructor at the Hartford and Leland Stanford universities. He has also had considerable practical experience in electric and street railroad construction, so that when he gathered up the threads of the department of Commerce and Labor, he had unconsciously fitted himself for the varied duties and considerations incident to the directorship of the Census.

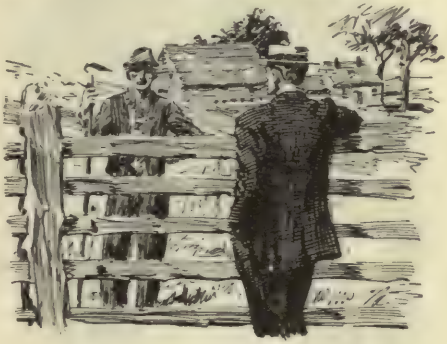
A great battery of tabulating machines, constructed under government supervision, will be brought into active service during the present year. Surveying this unpretentious low, one-story brick building, it is difficult to realize that within it will be enumerated every man, woman and child of the ninety millions of people who populate the United States; or that this mass of collated information will furnish a practical basis and system for the calculations as to future revenues for the government.

Of course, the basis of all government statistics is population, for of what avail would all these statistics be unless reduced to the magical per capita equation?

* * *

DURING the winter session, stories of the summer vacation time come to light. One of these was recently told of a young writer who applied for board at a farm close to a hotel where his friend, who was a congressman, was staying. He hailed the farmer across a five-barred gate:

"I am a writer and am anxious to get some local color for a piece of work I am doing, I don't care to stay at the hotel. How much will you charge for board?"


"Dialect will be two dollars extra"

"Well, if you just want board and room it will be ten dollars a week, but if you must have us talk dialect to you, it will be two dollars extra."

The congressman said his friend decided that two dollars worth of dialect would be of no especial advantage to his new novel.

* * *

GOING over even a few of the old reports of the Department of Commerce and Labor, some slight idea is obtained of the flood of varied and valuable information which they disseminate. An irate caller complained that he had been swindled along a certain line, and at once he received a tract written from Dunfermline, Scotland, exposing frauds perpetrated on American tourists, who browse through Europe paying high prices for articles which they believed to be genuine and priceless antiques, and valuable relics of an older time. Snuff and patch boxes collected extensively by Americans are often the work of industrious copyists. There are headquarters in Dresden and other cities for the manufacture of such imitation articles as are chiefly attractive to unwary American tourists. Bronzes and other antiques are cleverly imitated, and it is often difficult to tell the spurious from the true. Those who have opportunity to know regarding such matters state that there are very few genuine old bronze and brass antiques found upon the markets, because those who have such heirlooms know them to be genuine, and will not part with them; if forced by poverty to do so, there are always collectors who eagerly watch for genuine articles and are ready to pay the price. Such curios are not often to be found by the ordinary tourist, despite the mysteriously marked articles offered, purporting to be antique Chinese, ancient Flemish, early English, etc. In many instances the trademarks and manufacturers' stamps prove absolute forgeries. A system of written guarantees has been evolved by the English courts, by which the sale of spurious antiques has been traced, and the seller is held responsible. Evidence obtained in this and other channels show that Cromwellian coins are sold from ten to fifteen times their face value. Skilfully counterfeited old English silver and other coins have been found by an expert in the valued collections of ambitious Americans. Pewter, admiration for which did not assert itself until long after the household pewter had found its way to the melting pot, is frequently spurious. The manufacture of antique Chippendale is another trade which goes industriously on today; old chests and cabinets, Queen Anne furniture, carefully given a time-worn aspect, have been a source of revenue to many a modern manufacturer of "antiques" for the American tourist trade. Even portraits of ancestors, with paint cracked and dimmed apparently with age, are in many cases found to be mere copies and not genuine relics. Grandfather's clocks often possess the incongruity of a modern dial plate and the maker's name at the top, set in a case which is patched and apparently very old. There are "grandfather's chairs" equally apocryphal and many violins bearing the magic name of Stradivarius, which that good man would have split into kindling wood if made in his shop. Armor may be bought bearing all the earmarks of age in rust and dints, which are described as having been made in certain battles.

"American tourists and collectors often purchase spurious antiques"

Many an American consul in Europe reports that he has had more trouble over such sales of spurious antiques than through any of the intricate international problems which are popularly supposed to occupy the time and attention of our American representatives.

* * *

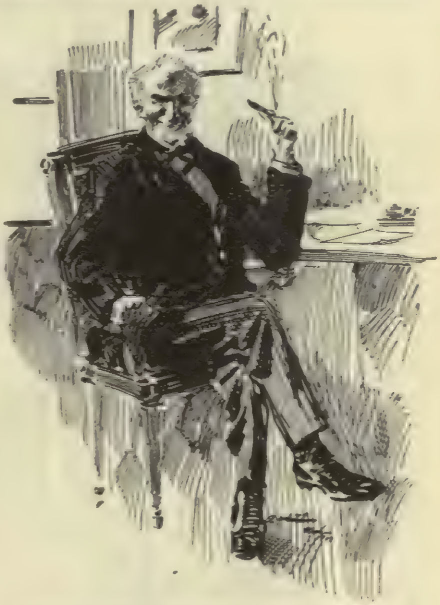
EVERY year witnesses a large increase in cement construction all over the country. Reliable statistics in regard to this are being gathered at Washington. Thousands of fire traps exist today in large cities, which will sometime inevitably result in the loss of millions of dollars' worth of property, and a terrible holocaust of human life. "Most of the villages are merely a collection of fire traps," is the assertion of Richard L. Humphrey, President of the National Association of Cement Users. He regards it as a crime to have a public meeting in a building not fireproof, and believes there should be a law to that effect. Usually attention is not called to the dangerous condition of a building until some great catastrophe occurs. It is generally agreed that American cities have, on the whole, the best fire departments in the world, but it is equally well known that loss by fire is far greater in this country than elsewhere, owing to the careless way in which buildings are erected and filled with inflammable materials. It is strange that the American people, who are usually quick to invent something which meets a public need, have been so slow about understanding the necessity of prevention rather than cure where fire protection is concerned.

Under direction of the government, an experiment has been made to find out the best materials for public buildings, which represents a government building investment of over forty millions. Uncle Sam does not insure his buildings, and plans to adopt the most profitable insurance that can be provided, namely, proper construction. The possibility of fire will now be considered before foundations are laid, rather than over the smouldering ashes of what was once a handsome public building. The cement enthusiasts are making great progress, and hardly a town or village exists in the United States today which does not number them among its citizens.

* * *

SEATED high in the Speaker's chair, the glaring searchlight of publicity focussed upon him, "Uncle Joe" Cannon has been bombarded with more abuse than any other public man during the year. Yet ask what "Cannonism" means, and the listener is puzzled to give a clear definition. In many instances, personal pique seems to have been the cause of the onslaught on "Uncle Joe." In the speaker's room, across the corridor of the House of Representatives, the veteran may be seen in the recesses and after adjournments of the House, the very embodiment of that energy and aggressiveness which have characterized his public career. Many times have I watched him thus or in the thick of a fight; I can think of no man in public office today who so completely enjoys the loyal and loving enthusiasm of those who really know him and his work. He is blunt and brusque, and will persist in stepping on toes that get in the way; but for forty years he has mounted guard over public funds with an unswerving honesty and unimpeachable integrity that have commanded the respect of even his bitterest enemies. When chairman of the House Committee, he repulsed many an insidious onslaught on those immense annual appropriations that offered rich opportunities for graft. "Uncle Joe" possesses a legislative record of which any statesman might well be proud, and a long roll of enemies of which he need not be ashamed.

There he sits, a plain, genial, whole-souled man, taking breath between incessant interviews, with the air of one entirely at peace with his conscience. Instead of that stern malicious face seen in his caricatures, one sees a pair of twinkling blue eyes, an unwrinkled face, whose smooth-shaven, broad upper lip, both humorous and Lincolnesque, suggests the courage of the great President in those trying days when he was the target for undeserved abuse.



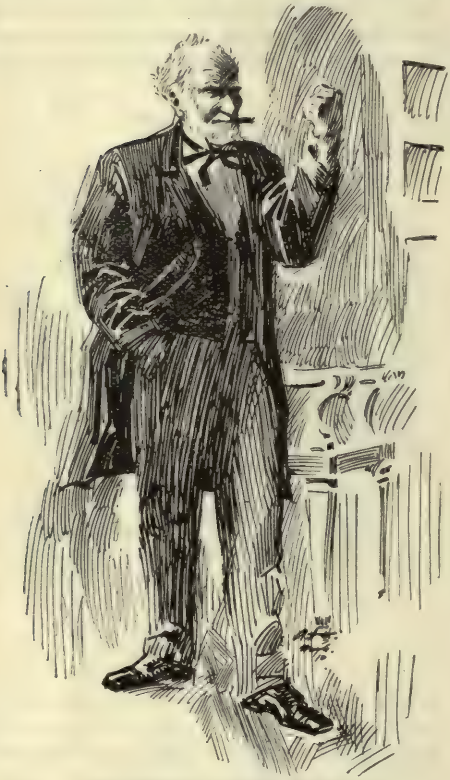
"There he sits, a plain, genial, whole-souled man"

"What do you think of 'Uncle Joe' Cannon?" I asked a friend living remote from Washington.

"A big blusterer, going around with a cigar in his mouth, an arbitrary and irresponsible old dictator who throws all the work over on other people."

"Big" he certainly is, and outspoken even to brusqueness. Long after the present agitation has passed, "Uncle Joe" Cannon will be chronicled in history as one of the greatest speakers who ever wielded the gavel. An old-time American statesman, he is the product of a sterner period, whose literature was the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress and Shakespeare; of a day in which the sensational editorial, the alleged humor of the comic paper, the frothy magazine story and the social problem novel were not.

When Speaker Cannon was a young man it was essential that he should think for himself and form his own opinions. It was not then possible to go to a "thought counter," so to speak, and purchase his views and convictions "ready made" at "bargain prices," something to fit every type of intellect. Those who have been educated wholly on "ready-cooked," "tinned" and "pre-digested" mental diet, may possibly find it difficult to understand the powerful digestion of a mind like that of Speaker Cannon, who has seen many "isms" come and go, and "sits calm on tumult's wheel," content that his reputation shall be tried out in the crucible of the future. Speaking of the present storm of criticism, a smile begins at the corners of "Uncle Joe's" mouth, irradiates his face and lingers long in his eyes, as he remarks:


"The American nation is all right"

"What are you going to do about it? Here are the recorded facts, that speak for themselves. While we are bound to the wheel of life we must, like Sisyphus, keep it rolling to the best of our ability, even though at times it runs over a few sensitive corns on the toes of our neighbors."

Putting on his spectacles, he continues his work with an occasional pertinent comment. Leaning back in his chair for a moment he observes that the high cost of living is, to some extent, a psychological condition, peculiar to the mental attitude of an individual at a given time.

"When I am in a hurry for breakfast, I go to a little lunch counter on the corner, get an egg sandwich and a cup of coffee for ten cents and effect an immense saving of time. At the hotel, when I choose, I can spend a dollar for breakfast, twenty-five cents for a tip, and consume an entire hour in breakfasting.

"All outlay is a matter of individual preference—I have several suits of clothes; the cloth for each one probably cost about $7.50, though the suits were $40 each—now I am well pleased to let the balance of my outlay go to benefit American labor, for I believe that no greater blessing can be given to any country than to keep everyone busy at useful work. That's what makes good times; mischief-makers, I notice, are never in sympathy with the propaganda of more work."

When insurgency was spoken of, "Uncle Joe" arose and swiftly crossed the room. Leaning over the back of a chair, with his cheery smile, he made a picture which it would be well for his enemies to see.

"Why, I have no quarrel with the insurgents. The boys mean all right, but they don't want to play the game according to the rules, which contemplate that the majority must govern; we must abide by some decree of organization. The speaker of every state legislature has his powers defined as precisely as are those of the speaker of the House.

"Prosperity is here; there are more people continually employed at good wages and wholesome work than ever before. Compare the aggregate of salaries and wages paid under the protective tariff with the totals of the increased cost of living and note the fact that it contrasts admirably with even 'the good old times' when prices and wages were alike low and work was comparatively scarce. I can remember further back than most of you; and I would suggest that in contemplating public welfare the aggregate be considered, rather than isolated cases. Any abnormal rise, carrying prices beyond the legitimate margin of supply and demand, cannot stand and will not be tolerated for long.

"Some people will always complain. Gnats and lice are not all dead yet—the gnats indicate that a nearby swamp needs draining, and the lice show that the horse must be carefully curried and have plenty of fresh air."

An unbiased observer, meeting Speaker Cannon, instantly recognizes in him a man of clear and conscientious convictions, doing his duty to the best of his ability and possessing a record that enables him to look his enemies straight in the face. With his big cigar tilted aloft, it is true that he makes good copy for the cartoonist. Regardless of the fact that he is the broad target for the shafts aimed by a host of opponents, with his great brown left hand he continues to sign papers, and makes comments that indicate his wonderful grasp on the history of congressional procedure. With his keen sense of humor ever on the alert, he is fully aware that some of the barbed arrows have come from ambitious young statesmen, who feel that the surest way to attract attention to themselves is to "kick hard" about something. If a good "kick" will bring them into the limelight, they will not sit in the shadows cast by prominent men; if an attack on some public character serves the purpose, and if that man happens to be Speaker Cannon—so be it. As "Uncle Joe" serenely observes:

"It is really more interesting to have the water ruffled by these little squalls, than to sail on too placid a sea.

"The American nation is all right, it will never long tolerate an unjust tyranny, whether it emanates from the lips of George the Third or from agitators who seek to enlist noble passions in an ignoble cause. Yes, siree, this country is all right, whether it wants Joe Cannon or anyone else for Speaker. I have an unshaken and abiding faith in our people, and I know that they will eventually do full justice to every man who renders them conscientious service."

If the nation could realize what these long years of public service rendered by the veteran from Danville have meant to the United States, every honest American would regret that he has permitted his tongue or pen to make thoughtless, unworthy and unprovoked assaults upon a man occupying a position whose power and authority are second only to those held by the President of the United States and whose mistakes, if any, have been due to party loyalty and sincerity of conviction and purpose.

* * *

FRIENDS on entering public or business life together often develop into the bitterest foes. When one reads the history of the great political feuds of the past, it is often difficult to distinguish between the views of the two opposing parties, or to see just why the difference arose, unless the personal feud phase is followed.

Among the curious facts brought to light along this line is the record made by the late E. H. Harriman, who, on being asked to give a written answer to the question, "Who is your most intimate friend?" wrote with a firm hand, "Stuyvesant Fish," the very man whom he afterward ousted from control in the Illinois Central Railroad, and who became, perhaps, his bitterest foe during the later years of his life.

* * *

IN the upheaval precipitated by one of the chiefs of the Library of Congress, in a report as to whether "Dixie" or "Yankee Doodle" is the more popular, it has appeared that both songs have their partisans. These songs were sent in by nearly the same number of people when the collection of music for "Heart Songs" was being made. Abraham Lincoln remarked, after one of the Union victories when "Dixie" was being played by the band, that he loved to hear the song, because it was one means of capturing the Confederates and winning their hearts for the Union.

"Yankee Doodle" will always be associated with old colonial days, but "Dixie" in the soft moonlight of a Southern night has about it a witchery which is irresistible.

How it Happened

by Fannie C. Griffing

DR. REYNOLDS had lived among us for nearly a year before his wife came to take possession of the pretty little cottage which awaited her. The unmarried among the gentler sex had learned with regret that the doctor was mated, for he was not only handsome and distinguished looking, but a fine physician, and soon became exceedingly popular. When, therefore, it was announced that Mrs. Reynolds had at last arrived, naturally we were all on the *qui vive* to see her.

The first time she appeared at church, after her arrival, the eyes of every person present were turned toward her, and rested there, in wonder and amazement.

Young, she could not have been more than twenty-five, and unusually beautiful she certainly was, but what riveted every eye upon her was the rippling mass of snowy hair which crowned her youthful brow. With eyes of darkest, most brilliant blue, and complexion soft and fair as a child's, with the loveliest bloom on lips and cheek, the contrast between them and the snowy tresses was absolutely dazzling.

Wonder and speculation was rife among all who saw her, and it is safe to say that the doctor's strangely beautiful wife formed the subject of discussion in every household that day, and for many succeeding ones.

Was it natural, or caused by illness or some sudden shock, this wonderfully youthful white hair? But the days passed, and brought no solution of the mystery. Questions remained unanswered and curiosity ungratified, for the doctor never alluded to the subject, and she, although charmingly unaffected in manner and evidently social by nature, had yet a quiet dignity and delicate reserve that forbade familiar and curious questioning.

The doctor's little cottage was but a short distance from my old-fashioned home, and I was soon on the most friendly terms with its charming mistress.

From the first I had been strongly drawn toward her, our ages being about the same, although she was matron, and I a maid.

But although we in time became quite intimate, and I had the strongest desire to know the cause of her snowy locks, I could never bring myself to question her. Instinctively I knew that she must be aware of my feeling on the subject and that, if she wished me to know, she would tell me in time. And in this I was not mistaken, as time proved.

On a beautiful afternoon, bright with sunshine and musical with the song of birds, I was seized with a desire for my new friend's companionship, and yielding to the impulse, I ran across to the doctor's pretty cottage.

The little parlor, bright with flowers and deliciously cool, was empty, and I unceremoniously seated myself to await the entrance of its charming mistress.

When she appeared, a few moments later, I could not repress an exclamation of delight and admiration. In pure white, even to her dainty slippers, and with a single half blown rose of palest pink nestling in the snowy masses of hair, rolled high above her brow *a la Pompadour*, she resembled some dainty powdered dame of Colonial days more than a being of this prosaic age.

"O Helen!" I exclaimed impulsively. "How lovely you look! You might be masquerading as 'the snow queen' or some beauty of Marie Antoinette's court!"

"Don't flatter!" she smiled. "My hair is really white, not powdered. Yes, white, but not with years, for it grew white in a single night, as men's have grown from sudden fears!"

"I didn't mean—" I stammered, overwhelmed with the realization that I had unwittingly drawn attention to the tabooed subject

"I know you didn't allude to my bleached locks, dear," still smiling, she replied. "And for that very reason,—because you have never by word or deed betrayed your very natural curiosity as to the cause of a woman of my age having such a head of hair, I elect to tell you how I happen to have snowy tresses at twenty-five, my present age!"

"I have wondered of course and knew you'd tell me if you wished me to know—" I began.

"It is a painful subject, of which I never speak and seldom think," and with a graceful movement she sank beside me on the sofa.

"The mood is on me now, however," she continued, "so I'll recount for your benefit, little one, the most terrible experience of my otherwise happy life, which changed my raven locks to snowy whiteness!"

"If it pains you—" I began, but she shook her head.

"Of course we know that it excites curiosity and comment," she continued. "But we never speak of it, my husband and I, in hopes that I will forget it, but *that* is impossible.

"When we were married, a few years ago, my husband proposed that we include in our wedding trip a visit to his brother's Western ranch. I was delighted with the idea, and so, after visiting various other places, we turned our faces westward, little dreaming how momentous the journey was destined to prove. Dusk was falling over the darkening prairies, when the train rolled into the little town from which we were to proceed to the ranch by buckboard. It had been a long journey, and I was greatly fatigued, and overjoyed to leave the train. The dreary little station was crowded with strange, rough-looking men, who were talking and gesticulating excitedly. As quickly as possible, my husband hurried me through the throng and to the nearest hotel.

"It was a large, rambling building, and after securing a room we went at once to the dining hall. As we sat at our supper at one end of the long table, the proprietor, a big, burly, red-faced man, sauntered down the room and paused by my husband to exchange a few words.

"'There's a good deal of excitement just now,' he remarked genially, as he leaned on the back of a vacant chair, chewing a toothpick. 'The town's stirred up considerable. Sheriff just got in with a posse this evenin'. They're after Black Pete, an' chased him ten miles acrost the prairie, but lost sight of him when they got here. They think he's layin' low somewhere herebouts, tryin' to sneak aboard a train.'

"'Who is "Black Pete"?' my husband asked interestedly. 'And what has he done?'

"'Ain't much he *hain't* done!' laughed the host. 'Pete's what you folks call a regular desperado! Been the terror o' these parts for years an' killed more men than you can count. He murdered an' robbed old Mexican Jose last week, an' shot the deputy that was fool enough to try to arrest him. Sheriff's been after him three days an' swears he will have him dead or alive. There's a big reward out for him now.'

"'Do you think they'll get him?' the doctor asked, glancing at me amusedly.

"'Well, I dunno,' and the host scratched his head. 'He's the devil for cunnin' an' luck, Pete is. When they think they have got him, he ain't there. They're searchin' the town an' railroad for him now, but the devil takes care of his own, you know."

"I glanced in alarm at my husband, but he seemed only amused.

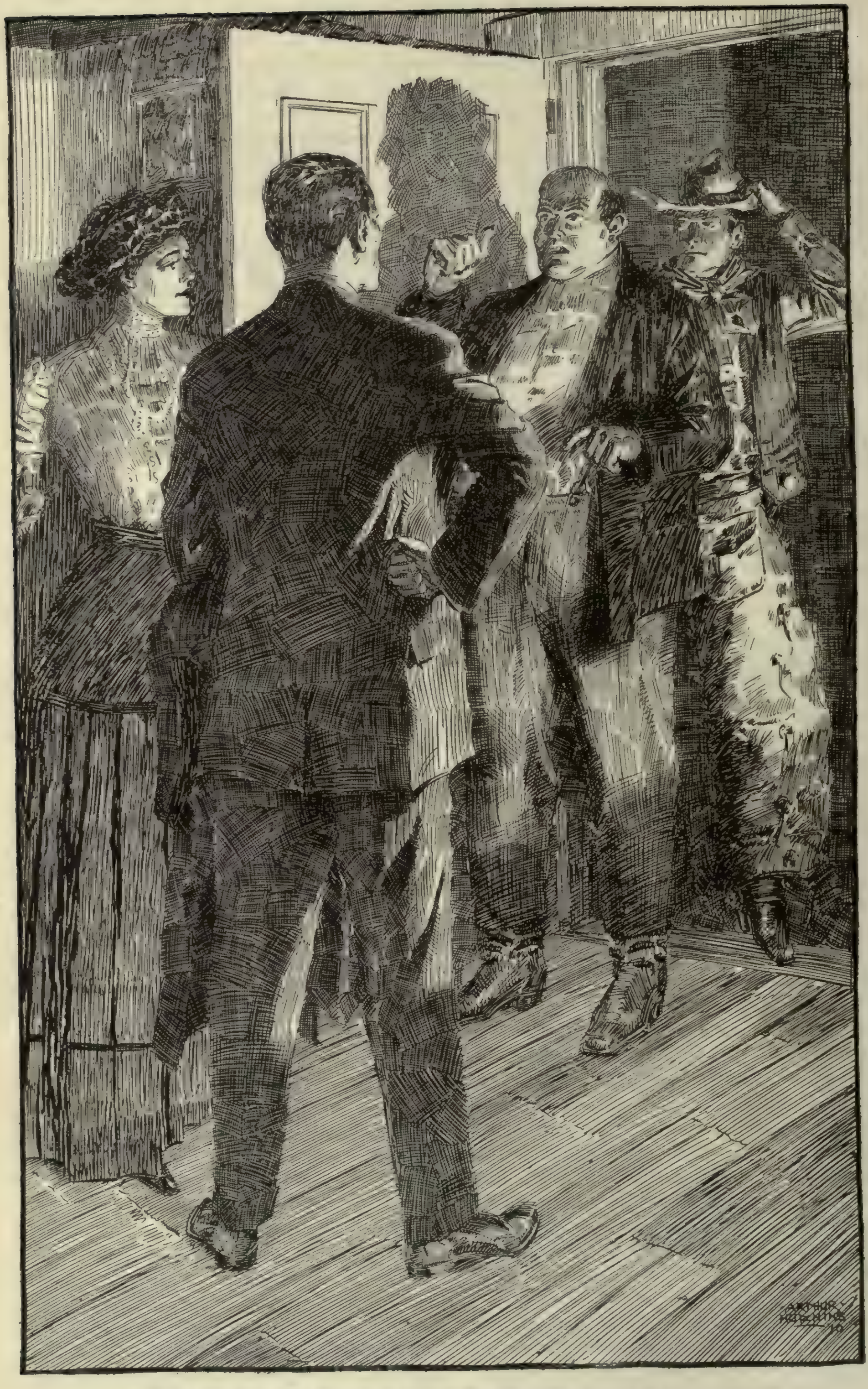
"Men, I have noted, are always ready to laugh at a woman's fears, and what they consider *bravery* is really the fact that they are devoid of the subtile and prophetic instinct most women possess. Instinctively I felt a thrill of vague alarm at the thought of our long drive on the morrow, and secretly I resolved to postpone the trip until the terrible desperado was either killed or captured.

"Noting my alarmed expression, the good-natured host exclaimed, with a jolly laugh:

"'Now don't you be gittin' skeered, on account of Pete, ma'am. Tain't likely as he'll put up at this here hotel. You needn't be skeered a bit, ma'am."

"I smilingly assured him that I was not at all 'skeered,' and soon after we retired to our room.

"We chatted a few moments over the events of the day, and my husband was in the act of removing his coat when there came a sound of hasty, heavy footsteps in the hall, and a loud knock at our door. With my heart in my throat, I saw my husband throw it open, to be confronted by our burly host, and close behind him a picturesque-looking cowboy. On



"*With my heart in my throat I saw my husband throw the door open.*"

seeing me, the latter instantly removed his sombrero and bowed profoundly, while our host hurriedly explained their mission.

"It seemed that a party of cowboys assisting in the search for Pete had gotten into a row at a saloon nearby, and one had been stabbed so badly that he was in danger of bleeding to death. A doctor was needed immediately, and our host had fortunately remembered hearing me address my husband as 'Doctor,' and thought perhaps he'd come. There was no time to hunt up another physician—would he come?

"'Why, certainly! Of course!' was his instant reply, and as he resumed his coat, my husband glanced anxiously at me.

"'You won't be afraid to stay alone a few minutes, will you, Helen?' he asked. 'I won't be away long.'

"I did mind it very much, however, and was about to say as much, when I was interrupted by the cowboy, who was plainly in an agony of suspense.

"'Please hurry and come, doctor!' he gasped, fumbling nervously with his hat. 'Bob is just bleedin' to death.'

"'Of course you must go,' I found myself saying. 'But please hurry back!' and I managed to smile.

"'There's nothing to be afraid of, but still I'll make all haste back!' my husband said, and as he lifted his medicine case from the bed, he thrust a small revolver under the pillow.

"'I'll leave this with you,' he said, and put on his hat. 'Now go right to bed, and don't think of sitting up for me,' he added. 'You are perfectly safe, and need a good night's rest.'

"He was gone, closing the door behind him, and after locking it, I began to prepare for the night.

"Removing my travelling dress, I donned a wrapper, and after brushing and braiding my hair, I placed my watch and purse under the pillow, and took from my satchel a book I had bought on the train. Placing the lamp on a small table I climbed into bed, and prepared to read until my husband returned. The bed was a large, old-fashioned, four-posted affair, fully three feet from the floor, and with a sigh of content I sank into its soft depths and opened my book.

"I was soon absorbed in its fascinating pages, and oblivious of my surroundings, forgetful even of my husband's absence, I had read for some time and, pausing to turn a page, my hand was arrested by what seemed to be a slight movement of some kind beneath me.

"Feeling sure, however, that the movement had been my own, I turned the page, but again, and this time unmistakably there was a movement of something beneath the bed! 'A dog, perhaps!' I told my beating heart, every sense now on the alert. But alas, only too well I knew and felt that this slow, cautious movement could only be made by a human being.

"What did it mean? Here I was alone in a strange, wild place, locked in a room, with I knew not what! Perhaps we were in a den of thieves, and my husband had been inveigled away purposely, that I might be robbed and murdered in his absence! What could I do?

"No use to scream in a locked room, and to spring from the bed was out of the question. I could never reach the door in time, and besides a hand might seize my ankle, should I attempt it!

"With rigid limbs, I lay as if turned to stone, frozen with terror that increased every instant.

"Ages seemed to pass, while that slow dragging movement continued, then came a slight jar, and, oh, horror! a sudden movement of the bed clothing on the side nearest the door! With staring eyes, I gazed as if fascinated at the spot, unable to move or cry out, and when a round black object began to emerge, the blood seemed to curdle in my veins, and I hardly breathed! I felt as if my body was turning to ice, and there was an odd, pricking sensation at the roots of every separate hair on my head!

"From beneath the hanging counterpane, a black bullet-shaped head emerged, followed by a bulky body, covered with a dingy flannel shirt, and a pair of long legs.

"Another instant and their owner stood erect, placed a black slouch-hat upon his head, and 'Black Pete' stood glaring down at me with a pair of snaky, glittering eyes! Yes, 'Black Pete'! That swarthy villainous face, the broad leather belt supporting two huge revolvers could belong to no one but the famous hunted outlaw!

"And in my room! In heaven's name how came he there?

"As he met my terror-stricken eyes, a fierce oath escaped him.

"'Keep still,' he hissed, 'or I'll strangle you! Give me that money under your pillow, quick!'

"The sound of his grating voice broke the spell that held me rigid; something seemed to snap within my brain, and I felt the blood rush through my veins.

"Quickly rising to a sitting position, I thrust my hand beneath the pillow as if in obedience to his command, and my fingers came into contact with the handle of my husband's revolver.

"What prompted me, what gave me strength, I know not, but instantly cocking the weapon, I drew it forth, took quick aim, and pulled the trigger! There was a blinding flash, a sharp report, a frightful yell, then a heavy fall!

"'Black Pete' had staggered back, thrown up his arms, and the next moment lay extended upon the floor! Instantly there was a sound of running feet, blows were rained upon the door, with cries of 'Open! Open!' How I managed to retain my senses, spring from the bed and turn the key, I never knew, but the next moment I was in my husband's arms, and the room filled with men, among them the tall figure of the sheriff.

"'Well, if it ain't Pete,' I heard him say as he bent over the body.

"'And in this room!' my husband exclaimed. 'In heaven's name, how did he get in, Helen? The door was locked.'

"'He was under the bed,' I explained hysterically.

"'He must have thought me asleep, and was after my money.'

"'Just like Pete!' the sheriff exclaimed. 'He must have sneaked in here while all the folks were at supper; he knew nobody would dream of looking for him here!'

"Dazedly I saw him and two other men drag the prostrate body from the room, leaving upon the floor a crimson pool, where it had lain.

"'She sure was a brave little woman!' a cowboy exclaimed. 'She got Pete!'

"'Did he harm you, Helen?' my husband asked tenderly, as for the first time he gazed down at me, as I clung to him. Then he uttered a sharp exclamation of surprise, and held me away from him a little, looking strangely at me.

"'What is it?' I gasped in terror.

"For reply, he lifted the long braid of hair from my shoulder, and held it before my eyes. Instead of raven blackness it was now white as snow.

"'My poor little girl,' he said, tenderly, 'how frightened you were!' Then, woman-like, I fainted. . .

"Did I kill him? No, thank heaven, but it was a dangerous wound.

"While in prison awaiting his trial the desperado afterwards explained, how, as the sheriff had surmised, he had stolen into the hotel unobserved and concealed himself in the room, hoping it would remain vacant.

"When my husband left the room, Pete overheard his words to me, 'I will leave this with you,' and supposing the revolver he placed under the pillow to be money, he decided to secure it, if possible, while I was asleep, and escape from the room before the doctor returned.

"'Black Pete' ended his career of crime on the gallows, and I have never been able to think without a shudder of the most terrible experience of my life.

"So it isn't at all strange that my husband and myself should be averse to telling the story."

WAR

A clash of arms, and death; a hush
  On horrors of which death is least.
Soon dying ears shall hear the rush
  Of vultures crowding to the feast.

—*Henry Dumont.*

EMPIRE BUILDING IN TEXAS

By THE PUBLISHER

WHAT can be more interesting than to note the causes that have contributed to the greatness of nations? Empire-building is the sublimest task to which man has ever applied himself. Greatness in nations has always in the past been the product of centuries: Rome, as we are so constantly reminded, was not built in a day. Hence, until recently, man's knowledge of empire-building has been chiefly the result of reading and reflection; that part of the process which has fallen under his own observation being too meager for his consideration.

A change came with the development of the United States. With us a hundred years have been as twenty centuries. From four million souls we have increased to ninety million; from a few millions the national wealth has grown to far in excess of one hundred billions. Poetry has nothing that so powerfully appeals to the imagination as this. And yet back of it all lies the most prosaic of all facts—the interest rate.

The interest rate is the real gauge of civilization, the real test of the greatness of nations. For wealth has always gone hand in hand with civilization. What is civilization? It is the softening of man's life by the wider and more effective use of the material resources of nature. The development of these resources is contingent on the interest rate—on the ease or difficulty in providing the means to convert nature's bounty to man's use. So obviously vast have been the natural resources of this country that capital has never been wanting for their development. The interest rate has furnished capital all the incentive needed.

The part which the interest rate plays in national development can be illustrated in many ways. No illustration is more interesting, however, than that furnished by the State of Texas. Consider what has occurred in our own day. Sixty years ago there were 212,000 persons in Texas scattered over 265,896 square miles. Today there are 4,700,000. In 1880 Texas farm lands and their improvements were valued at $170,468,886, but twenty years later, in 1900, the value was $691,773,613. In the same period the value of the farm implements rose from $9,051,491 to $30,125,705, that of the live stock from $76,563,987 to $240,576,955. In short, there was an increase in Texas farm property of about $706,500,000 in the twenty years, and these are the figures of ten years ago, the latest obtainable from the United States Census. At that time the total wealth of the state was reckoned at $2,322,151,631.

Bearing in mind that it was only sixty-five years ago that Texas was admitted to the Union, this is an astonishing record in empire building. For Texas is certainly an empire. None of the monarchies of Europe, with the exception of Russia, can show a larger area than hers—she possesses 57,000 square miles more of territory than the Kaiser's realm. From this it will be seen that, great as have been her achievements of the last few decades, they are after all inconsiderable in comparison with what the future has in store for her. Here great diversity of soil, the multifarious character of her natural resources, her geographical position, and the high type of immigration which has swelled her population, all point to the day when in numbers and wealth and every adjunct of empire, save those of making treaties and levying war, she will be on a par with the old world empires.

Can we seriously credit all this to the interest rate? We can indeed. For man will not work, he certainly will not transfer his household gods to strange climes, without the prospect of interest on his capital.

Many kinds of capital have been employed in the development of Texas, and every kind with the hope of gain. The Texas empire builder has used his own capital, he has borrowed his neighbor's capital, and he has had placed at his disposal a great amount of foreign capital. Each of these three kinds he has employed in most effective fashion. With his own capital he has paid, or part paid, for his homestead; with his own capital

IN THE TEXAS ORCHARDS WHERE FRUIT ABOUNDS

and his neighbor's he has, so far as it would go, built his towns and cities, and provided them with all the appurtenances of a highly refined municipal life; with foreign capital he has supplemented his own and his neighbor's capital in farm development, in municipal improvements, in building up industries of all kinds, and particularly in providing the community with highly perfected public utilities. He himself, his neighbor and the foreign lender all had to have their interest; without the promise of it, Texas would today be where she was in days of Sam Houston.

Nothing more strikingly attests the greatness of Texas than the amount of foreign capital she has employed. All the world is one in the matter of capital. Capital is as fluid as water. As water always seeks its level, so capital always seeks those localities where it is sure of the best interest return. It knows no such thing as geographical limitations. It is interesting to speculate on what this country would be today if foreign capital had played no part here, if European investors had not put their money heavily into our national, state and municipal bonds, and into our railroad and industrial securities, and if thousands of Europeans had not put their wealth into American farms. Foreign capital gave this republic its great industrial impetus a century ago, and foreign capital has continued to be one of the chief factors in our national development right down to the present day. When, for whatever reason, any considerable portion of this capital is called home, the effect upon our financial and industrial situation is very marked, as was the case in 1903, when such a movement caused a fair-sized panic and a year of hard times.

Texas is great, and is destined to be vastly greater, because she ministers to the most essential needs of mankind. She clothes and feeds the world to an unprecedented extent. Nearly one-fifth of the cotton of the world is raised within her limits, and sixty-nine of every seventy bales are used elsewhere. To pick the crop requires $15,000,000, and $14,000,000 more is needed to gin and compress it. Three-fourths of the annual yield is shipped to Great Britain. The bill for transporting the staple to Great Britain is $32,000,000, and the cost to the British mills of converting the Texas cotton into goods is $100,000,000. Could anything more graphically disclose what the interest rate is doing for Texas? Cotton is still king in this country. America has no monopoly of wheat or beef, but the world has yet to find a genuine competitor of America in cotton-raising. And Texas is first of all our cotton states. In 1908 the total value of her yield was $192,000,000.

But the strength of Texas' agricultural situation lies in the fact that she is not a one-crop state. Her agriculture, in fact, is characterized by a splendid diversification. Against her $192,000,000 of cotton in 1908 may be placed the $148,000,000 which she derived from her corn, wheat, oats, rice, barley and rye. Striking as these figures are, their real value is to be gained only by contrasting them with previous records. In 1908 the acreage planted to cotton, from which the $192,000,000 was derived, was 9,316,000. These figures have an astounding meaning when we recall that in 1900 the cotton acreage was 6,960,000, and the value of the product $84,332,000. Corn is another revelation. In 1900 the state produced 109,970,000 bushels, valued at $34,424,000; in 1908 the yield was 201,848,000 bushels, valued at $119,090,000.

Time would fail adequately to portray the agricultural growth of this remarkable community. It is sufficient to call attention to the fact that in 1908 cotton, corn, oats, wheat, barley, rye, rice, potatoes, hay and tobacco returned the people of Texas $353,578,915, to which vegetables and fruits added $3,882,600, dairy products, poultry and eggs, wool, mohair, forest products and certain other commodities $38,192,146, and sugar and molasses $3,500,000, a grand total of $399,153,661 for the farm products of the state, not including live stock. The value of the live stock in Texas in 1908, though not of course the product of that one year, was $314,175,097.

The ranches of Texas have long excited the amazement of the world. For years past, Texas has annually furnished the Northwestern range states—Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and the Dakotas—about 400,000 cattle, mostly steers, worth approximately $10,000,000. In addition she derives a goodly number of millions from her shipments to Kansas and Oklahoma of steers and cows for fattening purposes. And account must also be taken of the tens of thousands of young, immature calves and steers that are annually shipped as stockers and feeders. Though complete statistics are not easily obtained, it is easy to see that cattle have contributed enormously to the wealth of the state. The record of the cattle business of Fort Worth alone in any one year will afford a fair insight into the nature of the total cattle industry of Texas. For the year 1908 there were sold and slaughtered by the packers of Fort Worth 652,853 cattle and calves, of the reasonable market value of $9,437,721. There were sold to order buyers and others 206,465 cattle and calves, of the reasonable market value of $3,175,047. There were sold and forwarded to other markets by speculators 216,296 cattle and calves, of the reasonable market value of $2,939,267. There were sold and taken out for feeding 15,028 cattle, of the reasonable market value of $225,420. There were forwarded on through billing to other markets, and not sold at Fort Worth, 120,775 cattle and calves, of the reasonable market value of $2,092,814. The grand total for the year was 1,211,817 cattle and calves, valued at $17,926,269, for the Fort Worth market alone.

The mineral wealth of Texas is large and of a varied character. One mineral product in particular has added greatly to the wealth of the state—petroleum. In 1896 only

TEXAS PRODUCTS ALWAYS EXCEL

1,450 barrels of heavy and light oil were produced; in 1905 the production was 28,136,189 barrels.

Where nature has been so affluent man has been at his best. Nowhere has human effort told for more in the last fifty years than in Texas. Manufactures and commerce have followed hard upon agriculture. The United States Census tells us that in 1860 Texas possessed 983 manufactories, capitalized at $3,372,450, with 3,449 employees, and with an annual product of $6,577,202. In 1905 (the last census year) the number was 18,556, capitalized at $164,318,363, with 61,202 employees, and an annual product of $193,452,270. Since 1905 the industrial growth has exceeded that of any previous period of similar length, and today it is safe to estimate the number of manufactories at 30,803, capitalized at $298,566,465, with 77,788 employees, and an annual product of $313,392,677.

All this is reflected in a marvelous railroad development. In 1861 there were about 300 miles of railroad in Texas; on June 30, 1909, there were 13,110 miles. And nothing is more characteristic of this community than its magnificent lines of street and interurban railways. Railroads have multiplied and flourished in Texas for two reasons; first, the vast territorial extent of the state and its multifarious industries called for them; second, nature has designed Galveston as one of the greatest shipping points on this globe. New York alone exceeds Galveston in the amount of its commerce, the shipments from the last mentioned port for the twelve months ended June 30, 1909, amounting to $189,464,335.

Such is the empire building in one section of the United States that has fallen under the observation of hosts of men and women now alive. How do we account for this? We account for it by the fact that Texas has been able to command the use of tremendous amounts of outside capital. Great as has been the thrift and large as have been the means of her citizens, they could, unaided, have accomplished only a tithe of what has actually been effected. To the thrift and capital of Texas have been added the thrift and capital of the United States and Europe. To this union of forces is due the enormous extent of the agriculture, the manufactures, the railroads and commerce of the state, and to it are due the large and fine cities and the comfortable towns of this empire of the Southwest. Texas, though one of the youngest communities industrially, is the peer of the oldest and most highly developed, for the reason that the oldest and most highly developed have found her one of the safest and most profitable fields for investment. The excess wealth they could not use at home they have poured into her ample lap.

To the investors who in the past loaned their money to Texas farmers, to those who bought Texas railroad bonds, to those who financed the Texas oil fields, to those who bought the commercial paper of Texas mercantile houses, to those who absorbed the bonds of Texas municipalities, to such persons as Stone & Webster, who have contributed so powerfully to the building up of the magnificent system of Texas street and interurban railways, to these and to countless others whom time would fail to mention is in large measure due the present standing of Texas among the industrial communities of the earth. Mother Nature furnished the opportunity, and internal thrift and external capital the means.

IF YOU ONLY KNEW

If you only knew, sweetheart,
The hours I spend with you.
To all the world I seem alone,
Though my heart to you will roam,
O'er the hills of snowy white,
Through the dark and lonesome night.
To your breast it softly creeps,
Sighs with love—and sleeps—and sleeps.

—*Wm. Hodge.*

BUSINESS MEN AS SENATORS

SKETCH OF THE ENERGETIC SENATOR FROM COLORADO, WHO KNOWS HOW TO GET THINGS FOR HIS CONSTITUENTS

FROM the viewpoint of the practical West, and sometimes even of the less practical East, the legislator who best serves his constituents in the great legislative forum at Washington, is the one who obtains for these constituents the most appropriations, gets them the largest number of government jobs, looks the closest after their business matters, in the various Departments, and who makes himself in truth, as well as in theory, the servant of those who sent him to represent them at the National capital.

This is particularly true in its application to legislators from the West, and is mainly due to the fact that the West needs much assistance from the National Government. The West is in a state of transition, and to grow and develop must have national aid for the development of its industries—aid no longer needed by the older-settled parts of the country, the East and Middle West.

The West must have appropriations to reclaim its barren wastes; its cities and towns must have federal buildings; there is a constant demand for changes in legislation affecting the disposition of western public lands; new laws are required to adjust the disposal of Indian lands, and countless questions are constantly arising in Congress and the departments in regard to western conditions, long since settled for other sections.

The legislator, Senator or Representative, who accomplishes these things is the one whom his constituency usually re-elects. He may be of that class of eloquent statesmen who get into the Record and the public prints but, unless, in addition to his oratory, he can obtain appropriations for public buildings, secure funds for irrigation enterprises, military posts, and resurveys of public lands, his oratory will count for little when election day comes around. And to accomplish these things it is essential that he be constantly on the job. He must typify industry and persistence, for without either or both he will fail.

Among the Senators in Congress who have notable reputations as hard workers is the senior Senator from Colorado, Simon Guggenheim. One of his constituents recently wrote of him: "He is the hardest worker and the most successful senator the State has had for some time," and Senator Guggenheim lives up to this reputation.

Colorado has an area which is greater than the combined areas of the States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Of course, a people of a State when the National Administration is Republican, naturally look to their Republican representatives in Congress to assist them, and, as Senator Guggenheim is the sole member of the Republican party in Congress from Colorado, practically all of the needs and demands of that State fall to his lot. Thus in area he has the work to look after for Colorado that the six Republican Senators and sixty Republican Representatives have for the three States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. If federal patronage were of any benefit to a Senator, the Colorado Senator would be in great luck, for he is the sole dispenser of such patronage for his State, including federal court officials, land office and treasury officials, and upwards of a thousand postmasters.

Senator Guggenheim is an unceasing worker. He is at his committee room in the capitol early in the morning, getting his correspondence with constituents answered so that he can later be in attendance upon the proceedings in the senate chamber, and he attends personally to the many hundreds of requests of constituents requiring attention in the various departments.

In choosing committee places, Senator Guggenheim picked out the ones likely to enable him to be of assistance to his own state and the West. He has assignments on Agriculture and Forestry, Conservation of National Resources, Mines and Mining, Post Offices and Post Roads, Census, Pacific Railroads, and Philippines, and is chairman on the Committee on the University of the United States.

Senator Guggenheim comes of a family which has made industry and honesty its watchwords. He was born in Philadelphia in 1867, and has been a citizen of Colorado

SENATOR SIMON GUGGENHEIM OF COLORADO

for over twenty years, going there in 1888 to engage in the smelting and refining business.

Of the seven sons of Meyer Guggenheim, the founder of the family, Senator Guggenheim is the only one who has shown any preference for public life. In 1894 he was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor of Colorado, but withdrew from the ticket because he was under the age of thirty required by the state constitution as the minimum age for the occupant of that office. Two years later he was nominated for the position of Governor, but declined the nomination. In 1907, after Colorado had been in Democratic senatorial hands for six years, he was elected without opposition to the Senate to succeed Thomas M. Patterson.

Mr. Guggenheim's career in the Senate has been marked by characteristic unobtrusiveness and by faithful attention to the very many duties devolving upon a member of that body. In the comparatively short time he has been in the Senate, he has obtained the close personal friendship of most of its members and enjoys the confidence and esteem of the Senate leaders, Republican and Democratic. Recognizing the tradition of the Senate that newcomers be chary of speech, he has not sought to attract attention as an orator, but during the progress of the tariff bill discussion, his opinions were called for on many business propositions, especially those relating to mining, and he discussed these questions on the floor of the Senate with ease and effect. He was enabled to accomplish much in the framing of the tariff bill of advantage to the mining and other business interests of his state and of the entire West. He is a protectionist and was instrumental in retaining the Dingley rates on wool and obtained increased tariff rates on tungsten, zinc, lead and other mineral products of the West.

When Mr. Guggenheim was elected to the Senate he resigned all of the positions he held in the companies with which he was connected, with the expressed intention of devoting his entire time to the duties of his office as United States Senator, an intention he has faithfully carried into effect. While some may complain that he does not fill the pages of the Congressional Record with bursts of oratory, none can say that he does not get results in obtaining desirable legislation for the benefit of his state, or that he does not faithfully attend to the reasonable wants of his constituents.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

By MABEL T. BOARDMAN

FIRST originating in the United States in 1882, the American Red Cross, at the time of its reorganization in 1905, and after twenty-three years of existence, had about three hundred members. Since its reorganization it has increased its membership to nearly twenty thousand, but is still far short of the membership of the societies of Europe and Japan; the latter country, with a population of not more than half that of the United States, has a Red Cross membership of over one million four hundred thousand. If, however, the American Red Cross is so far behind in its membership it has much to its credit in the relief work it has accomplished since its reorganization.

On the walls of its small office in the State, War and Navy Building at Washington hang two maps, one of the United States and the other of the world. On these are dotted many small red crosses, each bearing the year in which the relief work was rendered in the country that it marks. On the far-away Philippines, on Japan and China, twice on Italy, on Portugal, Russia, Canada, Mexico, Jamaica, Nicaragua and Chili, rests this wonderful sign of universal humanity. Within our own states it is found on Massachusetts, West Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota and California.

In all save two of these countries and states the terrible devastation wrought by some great force of nature has brought thousands down to distress and destitution through no fault of their own. At such times the Red Cross comes to the unfortunate victims, who are discouraged, despairing, and sometimes suffering from bodily injury, and brings to them the same bright hope, help and brotherly sympathy that it has carried to many a wounded soldier upon the battlefield. During the last four years it has expended about five million dollars in relief work, without including hundreds of thousands more in the value of supplies of food, clothing, etc., and not counting the three or four hundred thousand dollars raised by the little Red Cross Christmas Stamp to help in the great fight against the terrible pestilence of tuberculosis.

Shocked as we are when some great calamity destroys hundreds of our fellow-men, we have failed to realize the great mortality and injury due daily to accidents throughout our country. Statistics show that in our mines alone over seven men are killed each day and nearly twenty injured, and railroad statistics would doubtless show a still greater number. Mindful of its duty "to continue and carry on a system of relief in time of peace and apply the same in mitigating the sufferings caused by disaster, and also to devise and carry on measures for preventing the same," the American Red Cross is taking up this work along the lines of instruction in precaution and first aid. On the principle that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, over sixty thousand posters on which are printed precautions against accidents have been given on their request to the railroads of the country, and posted in their stations. Another smaller poster of a like nature, for use in trolley cars, has just been prepared and will soon be ready for distribution. Thus precaution is the first step, but as in spite of precaution many serious accidents must occur, the Red Cross is taking the second step in the development of First Aid Instructions. The Surgeon General of the War Department has detailed Major Charles Lynch of the Army Medical Service to take charge of this important work of the Red Cross, for men having received such instructions would be invaluable in time of war as hospital orderlies. Major Lynch is chairman of a Committee on First Aid composed of members of the War and National Relief Boards and men interested in mines, railroads, shipping and great industrial concerns. Arrangements have been made with the Y. M. C. A. to issue a joint certificate of that Association and the American Red Cross to such members as have successfully passed the first aid examination. The Red Cross has just secured the services of Dr. M. J. Shields, who has accomplished a remarkably fine work in the organizing and instruction of first aid teams among the anthracite miners of Pennsylvania; and will send Dr. Shields, at its own expense, to the different mining districts of the country to organize this work in these communities. Already a number of mining companies have asked for his assistance. Dr. Shields teaches to the miners not only first aid, but necessary precautions against accidents.

It is the plan of the Red Cross to extend this work among the railroad men, the sailors of the merchant marine, industrial employees, and the firemen and police of our cities as fast as its finances permit. It also hopes to be able to secure the services of an able, trained nurse who, under instructions of the Committee on Red Cross Nurses, will take up the work of organizing the nursing corps, and arranging simple courses for home nursing of the sick for women who cannot afford to employ trained nurses in case of illness in their families and must care for the sick themselves.

Mention has been made of certain national boards. These are three in number, the War Relief Board, with the Surgeon General of the Army as chairman; to study, plan and organize for war relief work; the National Relief Board, with Miss Mabel T. Boardman of the Central Committee as chairman, to carry on relief after national disasters; and the International Relief Board, with Mr. Huntington Wilson, First Assistant Secretary of State, as chairman, to take charge of the relief rendered after serious disasters in other countries.

The War Board has had prepared a complete list of all coastwise vessels suitable for hospital ships, the changes necessary to fit them for such a purpose, together with a detailed report on all necessary equipment and the cost thereof. The questions of hospital trains, field hospitals, civil hospital accommodations, transformation of automobiles into ambulances, of enrollment of doctors and nurses, and of First Aid instructions for the purpose of providing the necessary personnel are receiving its study and consideration.

The National Board has made a careful study of how to secure the necessary personnel for active relief work after disasters. Seven or eight of the best Charity Organizations of the country have been accepted as institutional members of the Red Cross, to take charge of active relief work after disasters. The National Director, Mr. Ernest P. Bicknell, has lately been utilizing members of the Chicago Bureau of Charities in the Cherry Mine disaster relief, securing in this way persons who, speaking Italian and Polish, were able to talk in their own language with the unfortunate widows of many of the foreign

RED CROSS DAY CAMP FOR CONSUMPTIVES ON ROOF OF VANDERBILT CLINIC miners. Under Mr. Bicknell's plan, which has been approved by the National Relief Board, an arrangement is being worked out to combine relief funds so that they may be used to pension the widows and children until the latter have reached a self-supporting age. Mr. Joseph C. Logan of the Atlanta Charity Organization was sent by the National Relief Board to Key West, and planned with the mayor, the officer at the United States Army Post and the local committee, a system of relief, so that while the Red Cross was providing daily rations, given out from the Army Post, the funds received could be utilized to aid the sponge and other fishermen to rebuild their boats and thus to enable them to again support themselves. The work of the National Relief Board is not only to mitigate the immediate suffering after disaster, but to lessen its duration and place the victims again in a self-supporting position.

MINERS' FIRST AID COMPETITION UNDER RED CROSS AUSPICES

While developing and carrying on the work already stated, the Red Cross is also bending its energies toward the raising of such an Endowment Fund as will place it upon a firm financial base, that it may always be ready to render immediate relief without being forced to wait until contributions are received. President Taft, as president of the American Red Cross, has appointed the Hon. Franklin MacVeagh, Secretary of the Treasury, chairman of the Endowment Committee, and Mr. Charles D. Norton, vice-chairman. The New York Sub-Committee consists of Mr. H. P. Davison of J. Pierpont Morgan Company, chairman; Mr. Felix Warburg, of Kuhn, Loeb & Company; Hon. Robert Bacon, Hon. Charles Hallam Keep and Hon. Lloyd C. Griscom, all of whom have consented to serve. Sub-committees in other states will soon be appointed. So far Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has generously promised one hundred thousand dollars as soon as four hundred thousand has been raised, Mrs. Russell Sage has increased her original contribution, making a total of fifty thousand dollars, and another generous woman has promised a like amount. Mr. Jacob Schiff contributes twenty-five thousand dollars, the Messrs. Guggenheim twenty thousand dollars and Mr. Warburg ten thousand dollars.

President Taft ends his letter to this committee as follows:

"The standing of this remarkable organization throughout the world, its importance to our own country, and its beneficent influence for peace and good will in international relief work commend it to the public-spirited men and women of the United States. I believe, gentlemen, you cannot appeal to them in vain to aid in providing the American Red Cross with an endowment fund of two million dollars, less than the funds of the Societies of the other first powers, so that our National Society may take its proper place in this great international institution."

WACHUSETT DAM AT CLINTON, MASSACHUSETTS

GREAT AMERICAN ENGINEERING PROJECTS

By MITCHELL MANNERING

IN the great engineering projects of the past century, America has furnished the world with some striking examples of how difficulties that seemed impossible may be surmounted. Time was when the engineer and builder occupied a mediocre position in the scale of society at large, but today the most gigantic problems of the twentieth century have been put into their hands to solve. America has offered illimitable possibilities in many different lines of endeavor, but that of building has been uppermost. The history of construction in this country began with road-making and bridge-building, especially the latter, and some of these old-fashioned wooden covered bridges remain today as ancient landmarks testifying the skill of these pioneer builders.

An elaborate system of canals planned to connect the various inland settlements with tide water furnished a tremendous field for construction work during the first half of the past century. So conspicuous did the movement become that it is not unlikely that had the coming of railroads been deferred another twenty years, the country would have had a great network of waterways. Many of the European canals were rebuilt according to American ideas; the canal-building impulse spread throughout our entire country; and previous to the advent of the railroads there had been constructed nearly six thousand miles of waterway. The building of railroads

WORK IN PROCESS ON THE FAMOUS "SOO" CANAL, COMPLETED IN 1907, BETWEEN LAKE SUPERIOR AND THE LOWER LAKES, WHICH CARRIES MORE COMMERCE THAN ANY OTHER BODY OF WATER

has since been the greatest single constructive enterprise in the country.

Before the locomotive, the moving of heavy loads on iron tracks was adopted by an ingenious use of gravity. The tracks were constructed in a succession of inclines; the loaded cars hauled to the top of each succeeding hill and allowed to coast to the next incline, to be again dragged to the top in a similar way by the use of cables. The coming of the locomotive marked the end of the gravity road, as well as the decline of canal construction.

What a romance is unfolded in the history of railroad construction! Beginning in 1830 with but forty miles of track, the path of the "great iron horse" was rapidly extended until today hundreds of thousands of miles have been constructed at an expense of millions upon millions of dollars in blazing the path for civilization and progress. Above and below, spanning the air and tunnelling the earth, the work continues with increasing magnitude. No sooner has one great feat been accomplished than conditions arise which demand new and greater accommodations. The builder's "task is never done"; like a tide on the restless ocean which ebbs and flows, it sweeps back and forth across the land.

Within the last fifteen years, the age of reconstructing and rebuilding in America has developed a noteworthy prominence. Railroads which had been congested on a single track have been double-tracked, and in many cases four rows of steel have been laid to connect one commercial point with another. The building of subways and elevated railways in the larger cities was an inevitable relief to the throngs of humanity who must have rapid means of communication to and from their daily labor. Immense bridges and tunnels have replaced the slow-moving, cumbersome ferries, and trolley lines reach here, there and everywhere. The world soon becomes educated, as it were, to these tremendous accomplishments, and accepts them as a matter of course. The work on the Panama Canal, representing the climax of constructive effort of today, will, within a few years, be succeeded by other gigantic projects which, if presented a century ago, would have been considered as impossible as harnessing the earth to Jupiter.

The number of men who have lost their

WORK IN PROCESS ON THE CHICAGO DRAINAGE CANAL WHICH CONNECTS THE WATERS OF LAKE MICHIGAN WITH THE GULF OF MEXICO. BUILT BOTH FOR THE PURPOSE OF DRAINAGE AND SHIPPING

lives in America's great construction work during the past century will never be known. Many incidents might be cited that would tell a sad but strange story of devotion to great accomplishments. One of the great-grandsires of the present MacArthur Brothers was an engineer and contractor and lost his life while completing a span across the Alleghany River near Pittsburgh. With inherited genius, however, great engineering projects have been carried on in succeeding generations by the family, and their records show the successful completion of some of the greatest works undertaken.

In the building of the Erie Canal, its tributaries, feeders and reservoirs, they played an important part; and what this enterprise meant to the opening up and development of the West a century ago, it is hard now to realize in these days of railroads and rapid transit. Fast on the heels of the canals came the railways, and turning from canals to railways, this family of builders (the fathers and uncles of the present MacArthurs), after building extensively in the East, took a leading part during the last century in building up the great railway systems of the West. At the same time, they continued hydraulic works and the building of locks, dams, canals and reservoirs for the United States and the state governments.

Their works in recent years have been not less extensive. Not long ago they built the "Soo Canal," connecting Lake Superior with the lower Lakes, which carries more commerce than any similar body of water in the world. In 1902, out of a low, swampy district south of Chicago, they constructed for the Chicago World's Fair the interesting site which it finally occupied, with its artificial lakes, islands and expansive plazas; and then constructed many of the large buildings of the Exhibition. In 1893-98, after bidding upon the whole, they were awarded and constructed large portions of the Chicago Drainage Canal, that opened up the waters from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico. In 1900 they undertook for the Metropolitan District of Boston the building of the Wachusett dam situated at Clinton, Massachusetts, then the largest of its kind, creating a reservoir which required the removal of a town of several thousand inhabitants that lay in the center of the district. In the last five years,

LONE TREE CREEK FILL BY CABLEWAY ON THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

they have built a similar dam—the Cross River dam—for the city of New York. During these same years they have carried on extensive building of railways in various parts of the country, notably the Tidewater Railway, in which the late H. H. Rogers was so deeply interested; the Western Maryland Railroad, the Carolina, Clinchfield & Ohio Railway and others. Three years ago, upon the public invitation of the government, they made a definite bid for the building and completing of the Panama Canal, but the government eventually decided to continue the work itself under its own Army officers.

In addition to railways, dams and other works now being built by them in various parts of the country, this firm is likewise engaged in the construction of the new Ashokan Reservoir to store 500,000,000,000 gallons of water for the additional water supply of New York City. This reservoir will submerge a country of villages and farms covering a distance of twelve and one-half miles, and here, as was the case in building the Wachusett dam, every tree, fence and farmhouse must be removed.

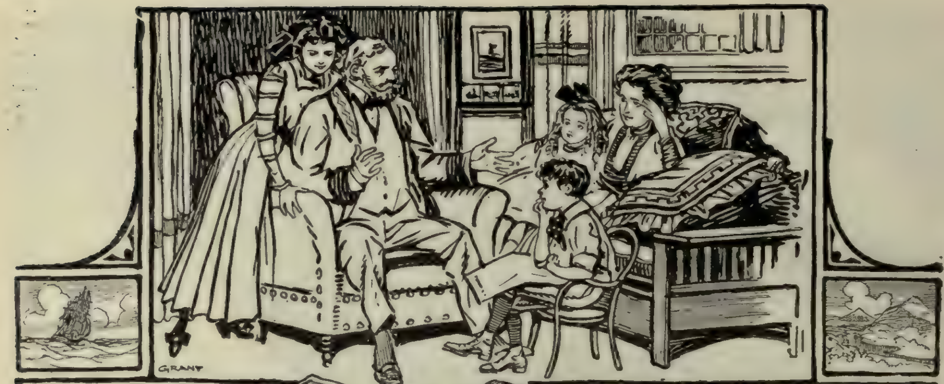
This work will consume seven years, and amounts to over twelve million dollars.

Such is something of the record of one of America's building families, which, starting near the outset of the nation's history, has kept pace with the times and its opportunities. Other records of other builders, though perhaps not so long or so extensive, might be cited to show the genius of Americans for great things.

* * *

The American contractor is alive to his possibilities. He does not wait for plans and specifications to be placed before him, but devotes his time to careful study and problems far in advance of their actual accomplishment. Drawing on his vast experience and observation, he is prepared to estimate and carry to successful completion any project, no matter how formidable it may be. He has played an important part in the world's advancement, and he will continue to occupy a conspicuous role in the years to come.

The great contracting firms of the country—these wonderful combinations of men, horses and machinery with their thousands upon thousands of "day laborers" dotting each new work like a human ant-hill, are typical and indispensable to the rapid change and growth of the present age. They are truly and literally "the builders of a nation."



IN THE COSY CORNER

WRITTEN contributions for this Department must not exceed five hundred words in length. Anything unusual or of especial interest will be welcome, especially if it has come under the personal notice of contributors or their friends. Snapshots of curious relics, historical places concerning which little is known, or any other pictures of especial interest will also be gladly received. Awards are from $5 to $1 according to the merits of the story or photograph published.

* * *

"LOST ON THE LAKE"

BY E. W. NAEGELE

Were you ever bewildered, not knowing what your fate might be? Were you ever near to death, realizing your perilous position? Such was my experience one night, while I was lost on the lake, groping in the dark, hoping to find the shore.

Up here in Minnesota we have some beautiful sheets of water, which generally freeze over on a cold night, when the wind has gone to rest and all is still; on such a night the ice forms perfectly and the next day one beholds a beautiful large mirror, smooth as glass, which affords the finest kind of skating.

During the first years of our married life, our home was situated on the shore of Lake Calhoun, a beautiful lake about four miles around the shore line. My business was in the city, and often my duties compelled me to work late into the night. As the lake is but a short distance from the house, I would often go on my skates, taking a straight cut over the glassy ice, and return in the evening in the same way, thus saving at least an hour on every trip. It was during a very busy fall season, and late hours were the rule in the bank. Finally this additional night work taxed the strength of body and mind. One particular evening found me on the shore of the lake homeward bound—almost too tired to put on my skates. There hung a heavy fog or mist over the lake, which was not unusual, but it was so dense that one could not see ten feet ahead. After clamping on my skates, then picking up an old "chimney" stick for a guide, I glided out on the ice, and into the mist some two hundred feet. Then, concluding it would be safer to reach home by hugging the shore line until I reached the other side, I reeled around and skated back, and back, and back—I was tired and confused and "lost on the lake."

Apparently returning there, but actually going down the ice in an opposite direction from my course, with nothing to guide me but my old "chimney" I kept on and on, weary and tired. Even human instinct failed to respond to this emergency. Then while steadily skipping over the ice I played my stick from one side to the other, directly in front of me, fearing any moment to drop into an air hole. It seemed to me I was riding on an airship and sailing off into the distance with nothing to obstruct my path or hinder the progress I was making, until finally I heard a noise which proved to be a train passing about a mile away. This gave me my bearings, and I soon landed back at the identical spot from which I had started about an hour before.

No wind blowing, no beacon light, no guide, no skaters to see or hear, nothing but the sleek ice and misty darkness caught me alone on the ice that night—never will I forget it, no, never.

* * *

THE LARGEST LOCOMOTIVE

BY M. A. P.

This is a photo of one of the largest engines handled in the Newton, Kansas, yards, and one of the largest in the world. The largest in the world passed through the yards a few days ago. It was the big double Mallet passenger engine en route to the mountains. This monster is one hundred and four feet long, twice the ordinary length of a passenger engine. In the front of the locomotive is a flight of steps resembling the front steps of a residence, which is lined with iron banisters. The number of this engine is 1301. It is an articulated compound, double superheated locomotive. The steam from the boiler passes into the first superheater and then into the high-pressure cylinders, from which it passes back to the second superheater, is reheated and then passes into the lower pressure cylinders on the front end. The capacity of the tender is four thousand gallons of oil and twelve thousand gallons of water. There are sixteen wheels on the engine, of which ten are drivers. The tender has twelve wheels. The engine is from the Baldwin shops, and a Baldwin man travels with it on its westward trip to the mountains.

* * *

THE COMING REVIEW

BY LIEUT.-COL. J. A. WATROUS

Some of the most beautiful as well as some of the most emphatic things I ever heard spoken were uttered by men whose appearance and first words gave promise of something tedious.

At the national encampment of the Grand Army, in Denver, when nominations for chaplain-in-chief were called for, a tall, raw-boned, stoop-shouldered Irishman arose, addressed the commander-in-chief, and then, for a few seconds, gazed at the ceiling.

"Here is a bore," said General Walker. But the man found himself, gave the audience of one thousand delegates from as many battlefields a hurried glance and proceeded to make a thrilling and beautiful nominating speech.

His name is Patrick H. Doherty, and he hails from Kansas. He said:

"I beg the indulgence of the encampment to present as a candidate for chaplain-in-chief a comrade who, as a boy, in the Fifteenth New York Infantry, served four years in the army, returned after a glorious record as a soldier, and entered the army of the Lord, and has served him faithfully —Rev. Father J. F. Leary, upon whose altar is pinned the Grand Army badge, and on whose chalice is spread the American Flag. He has been department chaplain of Kansas; over his church floats our national emblem. He is not only a hero, but a patriot."

THE LARGEST LOCOMOTIVE

Then came the vote, the election of Father Leary, and an outburst of applause in which there was no sham. Doherty's speech had done the work. The new chaplain was called out, and he said: "Comrades, this is the gladdest hour of my life. I thank you from my heart—I thank you, and may God bless you forever."

A few weeks ago the old chaplain was mustered out and given a soldier's burial, a troop of cavalry and a battery of artillery from Fort Riley constituting part of the funeral escort.

That sorry old tramp whose ready scythe is his closest companion has been mowing down the veterans without a show of mercy this year. Last year he cut down and harvested thirty-five thousand of them, or more than enough for an old-day army corps, and this year he will make it forty thousand or as many as the Army of the Tennessee, first commanded by General Grant, had at the time General J. B. McPherson, its commander, was killed in front of Atlanta, July 22, 1864.

Forty thousand a year! And confederates, twenty-five thousand a year!

At that rate it will not be so very long before Grant and Lee can have a joint review of their respective armies, in the shade, on the other side of the river.

* * *

BEN BUTLER'S SPOONS SPIKED

BY A. SHAW

When General Benjamin F. Butler was the presidential candidate of the Greenback party during the 80's, he made a speech in Terre Haute, Indiana, which city was at that time one of the strongholds of his party. Major Orlande J. Smith, who recently died, at his home, Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, was at that time a resident of Terre Haute, editor of *The Terre Haute Express*, and an ardent advocate of the Greenback movement.

Through active advertising and the fame of General Butler, thousands of people came to the city to see and hear the speaker. I was at that time manager of the Terre Haute House, and the committee in charge of the meeting had engaged rooms for the entertainment of the speaker. The house was crowded to its capacity and everybody, from the manager to the bell boys, was on the jump. The head cook (they are chefs now), was an Alsatian, Jacques Lewis, by name, and only a recent arrival in this country. He talked our language very indifferently, and had exceedingly hazy ideas about many things of common interest to Americans at that time. During the forenoon I was called upon by the head cook, who in his broken dialect requested my permission that he might make a special ornamental dish of salad for the General's table. I granted permission, and the incident passed from my mind for the time being. During the rush of the dinner hour, happening to pass through the pantry near a refrigerator, I met Jacques in the act of taking his special salad out of cold storage, preparatory to sending it to the general's table, who had just entered the dining room. Jacques was much elated, and said:

"Mr. Shaw, vill you coom, look upon ze salad."

It certainly was an artistic triumph from an architectural viewpoint—an oval mound of mystery on a large turkey platter, the top being ornamented with a Mosaic tile figure done in colors of white, yellow, red and green; the white and yellow were made from hard-boiled eggs, the whites and yolks being used separately and chopped very fine; the red from pickled beets and the green from pickles. Small sprigs of parsley were scattered over it; but the astounding feature was one dozen small spoons made of pastry, and laid in a circle around the base of the salad.

The cook's smile of appreciation was changed to a look of dismay, when I took hold of his shoulder and said:

"Great Scott, man, what did you put those spoons there for?"

"De spoons? Why, for compleement the general, Mr. Butler. Iss he not called Spoons Butler? Iss it not heem?"

"Send in your salad, but remove the spoons."

Very reluctantly he gathered up the spoons, and I left him. The salad was placed upon the general's table with the compliments of the cook, and that it met with the General's approval was evidenced by the fact that he accompanied his thanks with a silver dollar, which the cook cherished as his most valued possession so long as he remained in my employ. What would have happened had the salad with its decoration of spoons been placed before General Butler, I leave to the imagination of the reader.

The Drama at Cactus Gulch

By Maitland LeRoy Osborne

"WHICH it is sure elevating and amusing—this here drama," said 'Frisco musingly, as he poked a dry branch of cottonwood into the fire.

The stars twinkled lazily overhead and at a little distance our ponies, after forty miles of hard riding across the plain since sunrise, cropped the rank grass of the river bank in calm content.

Away to the right a coyote yelped lonesomely, and then silence unutterable ensued. 'Frisco bent forward and stirred the fire, sending a straight column of sparks upward toward the sky. It was the time and place for a story, and I watched the glow of my pipe and waited.

* * *

"I was riding herd on the Bar-O that spring," he began. "Forty a month and good grub. The grub rustler was a Chink, and he could cook *some.* I'd give a dollar for a cup of his coffee right now.

"One day Bob McKenzie of the Broken Circle rode our way, looking for strays. 'Big doings over to the Gulch tomorrow night,' he tells the boys. 'There's a travelling show company, heading for Cheyenne, stranded there, and they've hired Billy Park's dance hall for a theatre. Everybody's going from our place—the old man and all. They say there's about twenty of the prettiest girls in the company that ever came over the Divide.'

"When Bob promulgates that proposition he sure has us some excited and anxious, any of the boys being willing to ride fifty miles to see a pretty girl go by on the stage. Except Jake, who's so bashful and retiring he'd ride a hundred miles in the other direction and then hide in the sage brush if he thought a girl was headed his way.

"Even the Chink takes notice and hangs around, listening to Bob's prognostication with a grin on his yellow facial extremity that you could chuck a plate into. 'Me savvy th'leatre,' he squeaks. 'Allee samee pletty girl singee, dancee like hell.'

"'You savvy washee them dinner dishes, mucho pronto,' says the old man, sharp and decided. 'Else I'll hang you with your own pig tail.'

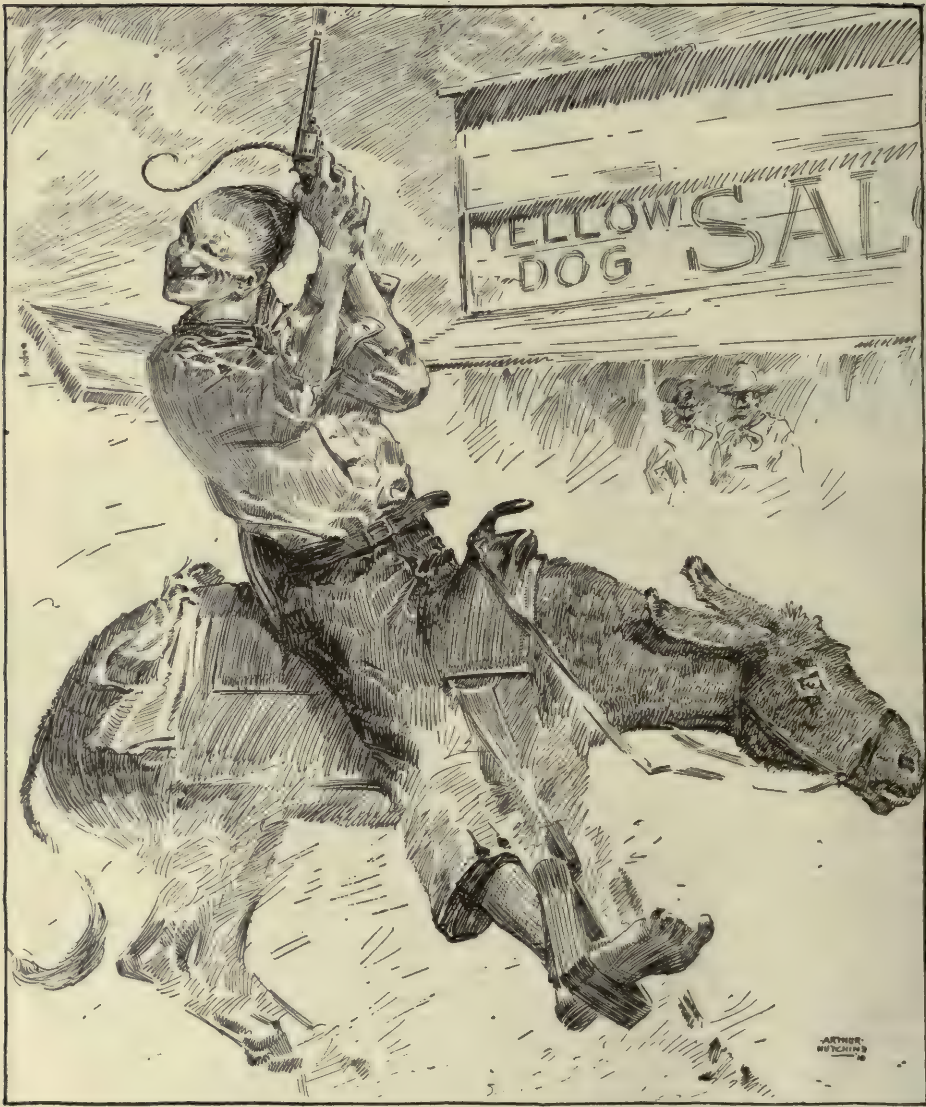
"'Allee lightee,' agrees the Chink, and dives into the cook house promiscuous.

"Then Bob borrows a chew from me and drifts away in a cloud of dust, joyful and contented.

"Next day, right after noon, the whole Bar-O outfit trails off for the Gulch. It's only about twenty miles, but everybody's figuring on getting a front seat, so we start early, and the last five miles gets to be a race to see who'll get there first.

"The old man, having the best horse, leads the procession; and the Chink, on a pack mule, is just a blue and yellow speck on the horizon. Jake, having overcome his timidity and backwardness enough to join in the festivities, is loping along in the middle of the bunch, looking scared and mournful; and me—I'm hitting only the high places, and you can't see me for the dust.

"Maybe you've seen a bunch of cowpunchers come into town? We sure make a grand, unparallelled, hippodramatic entrance into the Gulch that afternoon, and sweep down the main street like an invading host, every man standing in his stirrups with a six-shooter in each hand, plugging the signs on both sides of the street as we go by, and yelling like Comanches. We're going so fast that we're clear through the town and out the other side before we can stop, and coming back we meet the Chink doing the circus act in the middle of the street. He has a rusty old six-shooter, and every time he fires it off



"*Coming back, we meet the Chink doing the circus act in the middle of the street.*"

he holds it pointing at the sky with both hands and shuts his eyes and yells when he pulls the trigger. And every time he fires, the mule near bucks the daylight out of him.

"'Whoopee!' he yells, 'me muchee dam bad man, allee samee likee cowboy. Whoopee!' He was a good sport, that Chink, if he *was* yellow, and he could play poker to beat the cars.

"When the old man has extinguished th Chink's patriotic ardor by making a diamon hitch around his neck with his pig tail an choking him till he is black in the face, th whole gang lines up at the hitching rail i front of the Yellow Dog saloon, and the in habitants of the Gulch begin to crawl ou from under the beds and tables and othe places of retirement, and business resumes i sway.

"Somebody sees a gent in a green vest sauntering out of Billy Park's dance hall to view the festivities, and the whole crowd swoops down on him like he's a long lost brother. It's the manager of the show, and we stands him up in line in front of the Yellow Dog bar and treats him to a sample of everything in the house till he's fuller than seven kinds of a goat, and exuding cigars at every pore.

"Then we lopes over to the box office and buys our tickets, which is two dollars each for reserved seats and a dollar admission, and fifty cents to stand up. The old man buys three seats in the middle of the front row, and the Chink digs down into the inner recesses of his being and hauls out a roll of dollar bills as big as an elephant's hind leg, and buys a front seat too. The rest of the bunch plays for prominent positions, except Jake, who chips in fifty cents and allows he'll stand up near the door.

"After which we saunters into the Palace Hotel and has a big feed—ham and eggs and coffee, and a few drinks apiece to pass the time till the show begins.

"When the orchestra, which is one piano and a cornet, strikes up, we're all in our seats, anxious to be pleased. The whole population of the Gulch is there, too, and the cow-punchers from every ranch within thirty miles, and them that can't get inside is standing on barrels outside the windows at twenty-five cents apiece. I reckon it's the most unanimously appreciative audience that show company ever had, and they sure improves the occasion.

"First, there's a little blue-eyed, yellow-haired angel comes out in a short skirt and sings 'Home, Sweet Home.' Leastwise, she looks like an angel to about two hundred cow-punchers who ain't seen a human woman for ten months.

"'That's mine,' says Pedro, some excited, when she comes out on the stage, and he starts to climb over the footlights. But a bunch of us gets him by the legs and trips him up and hauls him back to his seat.

"'You, Pedro,' says the old man, 'be quiet—else you'll go back to the ranch, mucho pronto.'

"'I'll be good,' says Pedro, disguising his impatience nobly, 'but if that little girl wants my rope and saddle, it's her'n any time she says so.'

"The little girl don't seem none displeased at that, and she ambles right down to the footlights and smiles straight at Pedro while she finishes her song, and before she gets through Pedro is blubbering like an infant, and don't care two cents who sees him either. But most of the other boys is, too, so he ain't especial noticeable and conspicuous.

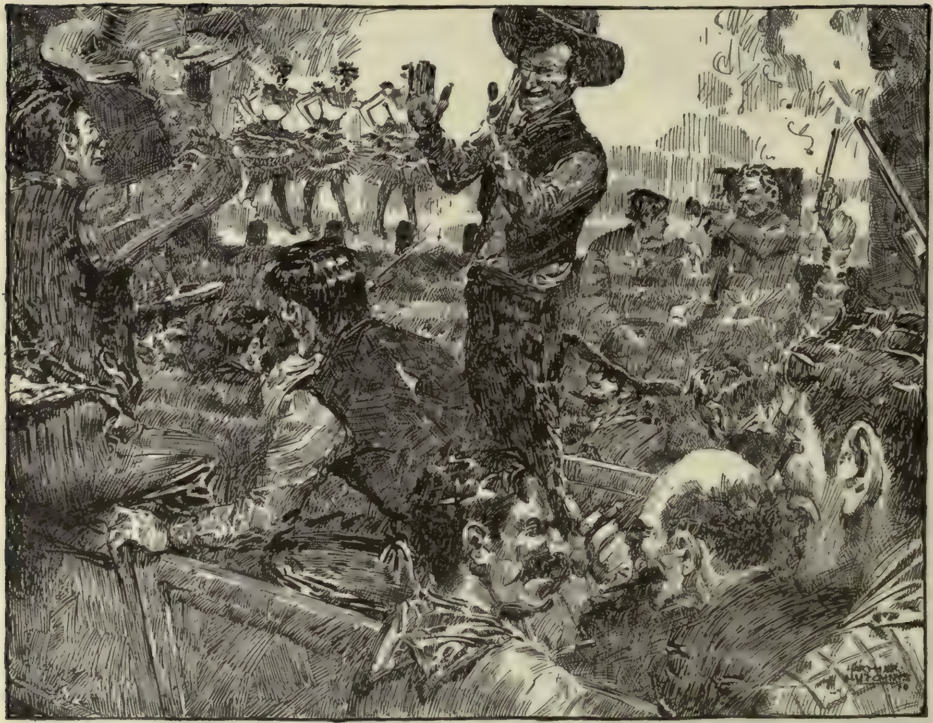
"Funny thing about that—what a soft-hearted slob a cow-puncher usually is, inside. He's mostly a tough proposition to look at—works hard, drinks hard, fights and gambles, but just turn loose some little, weak, soft-handed, soft-eyed woman in his proximity, and he'll set up and beg for a kind look like a hungry dog begging for a meal.

"Well, after the little girl has gathered up the hats and six-shooters and spurs and things the boys has flung on the stage, the pianist begins to pound the keyboard like mad, and the chap with the cornet gets red in the face with his exertions, and one of them ballays files into sight. There's about twenty girls, all young and pretty, every one of them smiling like June sunshine, and the entire audience rises as one man and yells itself hoarse when they come on the stage, and empties their six-shooters spontaneous into the floor and ceiling. I heard the Chink yelling rapturously. 'Hoopla! Muchee pletty girl, allee samee dam good looking—whoopee!'

"'Shut up, you heathen,' growls Pedro, savage and supercilious. 'What do you know about pretty girls—you squint-eyed offspring of a mandarin?'

"When the shouting and the tumult has subsided and the smoke cleared away enough so we can see the stage, the girls begin to dance and march and sing till the whole audience is dizzy with delight.

"After they've been called back six times to do it all over again, the manager comes out behind the footlights and thanks the audience for its kind appreciation, and promulgates the sentiment that the memory of the present auspicious occasion will linger always in his recollection, or words to that effect. He's digested some of the thirty-seven kinds of ringed, streaked and spotted beverages that the Bar-O outfit had pressed upon him earlier in the afternoon, but he's some lit up still, and one end of his collar tickling his left ear and his pink and maroon necktie draping itself gracefully outside his green vest sort of detracts from the dignity of his appearance.



" *One of them ballays files into sight.*"

But he means well, and the boys applaud his brief remarks with unanimous certitude.

"After the managerial presence has removed itself gracefully from the scene by crawling off the stage on all fours, the real business of the evening begins. I disremember what the play is all about, but there's one scene where the lights are turned low and the heroine wrings her hands and weeps with despair, and the villain steals onto the stage in a slouch hat and a long cloak and gloats upon his victim.

"'At last!' he hisses, and grabs the girl by the shoulders.

"'Unhand me, wretch!' she shrieks. 'Never!' says the villain, or words like that, 'now you are in my power! No earthly aid can save you!'

"'The hell it can't!' yells somebody back in the audience, and Jake comes prancing down the aisle with a six-shooter in each hand, stepping high and looking dangerous. 'You drop that girl, mucho pronto, you blamed greaser, or I'll shoot the top of your head off,' he says, waving his gun careless and menacing. The girl shrieks, and the villain makes two jumps across the stage, and we hear the glass breaking in a side window and a dull and sickening thud on the ground outside where he lands, and then some sounds like a man trying to catch a train that left five minutes ago.

"'O brave sir,' says the girl, grinning and leaning over the footlights and holding out her arms to Jake, 'how can I ever thank you?'

"Then the audience awakes to the humor of the situation and slaps each other on the back and laughs till it cries.

"'Good old Jake!' somebody yells, 'three cheers for Jake!' and everybody yells himself hoarse.

"But Jake stands there like an image, with his face white and set, not seeming to hear the noise, and looking at the girl like he saw a ghost, till all of a sudden a silence falls on that rough crowd of ungodly cow-punchers—why, no one just knows. For a minute no one stirs, with the girl standing there with the smile slowly fading on her face, and a look of wonder growing in her eyes. Then a light flares up and she gets a good look at Jake, and we know it's not play-acting now.

"'Jim! O Jim!' she cries, with the voice of a lost child wandering in the dark, when she sees her pappy coming to find her with a lantern. And then she throws out her arms toward him and falls across the footlights in a faint. Not so quick, though, but what Jake catches her in his arms and without a glance to right or left, but with a look on his face like a man who's just woke up out of a dream of Purgatory to find himself in Paradise, he walks down the aisle and out the door with his arms around her and her head against his shoulder.

"The show stops then and there. We've just seen better acting than anything that can be played upon a stage, and we rise like clock work and make a break for the open air.

"Outside I gets separated from the bunch and drifts into Monte Ike's emporium of chance. I has a system a Chicago drummer teaches me for breaking the bank at faro, in consequence of which I finds myself about noon the next day borrowing the price of a meal and a drink from Pedro.

"The stage is waiting to start when I saunter past the Palace Hotel, and the show manager is just climbing aboard, looking mighty solemn and discontented.

"I looks inside the vehicle for the unparalleled aggregation of female beauty comprising the company, and all I sees is a discouraged appearing female about fifty years old, more or less, whose nose looks like she's been crying.

"'Where's the company, stranger?' I asks, some curious.

"'Inside, what's left of it,' he says gloomily, jerking his thumb at the disconsolate lone female person. 'The rest is married. Them infernal cow-punchers stampeded the whole outfit after the show, rounded up a justice of the peace and married 'em, all except the aged and infirm exhibit inside there. Likewise there was a Chink blew in with the bunch and wanted to marry *her*, but I shooed him off the premises with a chair. Which I'm some sorry for now. Maybe *you'd* marry her?' he asks, hopefully.

"'Not me,' I declines hurriedly, backing off.

"'Well, so long,' he says, dejected and resigned.

"'So long,' I answers, and the stage starts."

* * *

My pipe was out, and the fire burned low. 'Frisco threw on another branch, and we rolled ourselves in our blankets.

"All the same," he murmured musingly, "I'd a liked that blue-eyed girl with the yellow hair."

OPPORTUNITY

By the late SENATOR JOHN J. INGALLS

MASTER of human destinies am I;
  Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
  Desert and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
  I knock unbidden once at every gate,
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
  I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
  Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
  Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore,
  I answer not and I return no more.

THE STORY OF ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

By CHARLES WINSLOW HALL

UNDER this and many other less familiar but not less honorable appellations, the lawyers of the English-speaking world-races practice their arduous and comprehensive calling.

Advocate, agent, attorney, attorney-at-law, barrister, counsellor-at-law, sergeant-at-law, solicitor—all these in the homeland, the England of a not remote past, had exclusive and separate meanings, and in some cases, great and exclusive privileges.

The advocate is rather a French than an English term, and means, of course, a pleader at the bar. The agent is not necessarily an attorney, but there are many attorneys who are employed as agents because of their knowledge of law, and their skill in managing large estates. These seldom appear in courts, except as witnesses, or as representatives of the estates in whose behalf they employ counsel. Usually their agency as an attorney-at-law is increased by special appointments or a general and extraordinary "power of attorney."

Attorneys-at-law in England who were not agents formerly secured practice, commenced suits, looked up evidence, and took instructions from their clients. Then they employed a barrister, sergeant-at-law or solicitor to defend or prosecute the cause in court; but of late years the right to carry on all the varied duties of a lawyer has been conferred on all attorneys-at-law, and the exclusive rights of barristers, sergeants and solicitors have been considerably abridged.

The barrister, as his name implies, means one whose active work is chiefly in the courts, and he is not infrequently not especially brilliant in any other position, being, so to speak, a heavy gun which must be loaded and pointed by skilled artillerists but in action makes havoc and secures victory for its side.

The counsellor-at-law is definitely the adviser of deep study, ripe experience, and wide knowledge of court decisions, the peculiarities of judges and referees, and all other matters that may aid or injure his client. He it is who often "loads up" a partner or junior, carefully instilling such peculiar knowledge of the law and the evidence needed to insure victory in the cause in hand, knowing that after the lesson is learned the eloquence, fervor and tact of his colleague will be ten times more effective than anything that he could himself compass.

Sergeants in Ireland and England are especially trial lawyers whose championship in the lists of law is as noted as that of any ancient "star of tournament" in the days of chivalry. They were originally appointed by the crown to advise the king and his judges; they were long considered officers of the court and until recently had special privileges in Great Britain.

Solicitors in England, until recently, had the sole right to plead in the court of claims and other high courts, and this privilege was highly esteemed and jealously guarded. Of late years the ancient distinctions between gentlemen of the legal profession have been greatly diminished and in most material privileges completely abrogated. But in the United States the term "attorney-at-law" or "lawyer" generally signifies a man who is accustomed to perform any and all of the services above specified. It is true that in many law firms some of the foregoing distinctions are practically recognized, by dividing and turning over the varied business of the firm to such members or assistants as are most skillful in the several departments of action.

In 1900 there were over 113,000 lawyers or attorneys-at-law in the United States—and the number has undoubtedly been largely increased in the last ten years just expired; and this notwithstanding the fact that in many large cities the trust companies, collection agencies, and other corporations have largely invaded the field of operations once almost exclusively given up to the legal profession.

On the other hand the increasing complications of business life, under an intensified competition and civilization, make it desirable to employ one or more lawyers in almost every great business or municipal department. An employe with a material knowledge of the law is absolutely necessary to many business houses, who, under conditions existing a generation ago, would never have deemed it necessary to consult a lawyer except under very unusual and exceptional circumstances. A very large number of qualified lawyers are engaged in business, journalistic and political life who have never been engaged in active practice, and an equally large number have left active professional careers to take political, military and business avocations.

Indeed no other calling so necessitates the clear comprehension of human life, business, emotions, customs, and action in all their protean forms and transformations, as the legal profession. A good lawyer must for the time being, and so far as the limits of the case in hand demand, be a carpenter, mechanic, inventor, physician, theologian, preceptor, or whatever special calling must be illuminated and clearly interpreted to the judge or jury trying the case. It is wonderful how often a lawyer whose personal interest began and ends with a not very important case, will successfully study and master the minutiae of subjects which must be left to the evidence of noted and often conflicting experts. It goes without saying that the profession of the law, conscientiously and honorably followed, has few equals and humanly speaking no superior.

"An order as ancient as the magistracy, as noble as virtue, and as necessary as justice" was the glowing tribute paid by D'Aguesseau, the great French Chancellor, to the advocates of his day some generations ago, whose duties and responsibilities were also thus summed up by Meyer, another European writer:

"He who has devoted himself to that profession which is as difficult as it is honorable; who receives in his chamber the most confidential communications; who directs by his counsel those who come to him for advice and listen to him as though he were an oracle; who has the conduct of causes the most important; who constitutes himself the organ of those who claim the most sacred rights, or the defender of those who find themselves attacked in their persons, their honor or their fortune; who brings forward and gives efficacy to their demand, or repels the charges brought against them; he, I say, who does all this, must necessarily require the support of the public. By his knowledge, his talents, his morality, he ought to endeavor to win the confidence and good will of his fellow-citizens."

To understand the evolution of law as it exists today we must recognize the fact that only in civil disputes was a contest for as well as against the individual recognized. Only in matters affecting the rights of property could the king or the community relinquish the right of inquisition into justice between man and man.

In the more primitive times the man was the head of all family relations; his wife, his children, his servants, were his to do with as he would. If a babe was deformed, sickly, or a girl where he wanted a man-child, he had only to say the word and it was slain or exposed to the elements and wild beasts.

Later kings arose, and when such an one ruled a tribe or nation "whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive." Suspicion in the king's mind meant death, swift when merciful and lingering through untold torments when kingly hatred or policy so decreed. In due time the priest became at times superior to patriarchal prince and kingly tyrant, and claimed his human sacrifices to appease the outraged gods.

Not only the criminal and the captive enemy perished. "In Ur of the Chaldees," when Abram left the city with his childless wife Sar-ai, both doubtless rejoiced in their hearts that no man-child of theirs had gasped out its budding life on the altar of Hurki, the relentless Moon-god. Under systems so crude and cruel, man lived subjected to strong thieves, and slaying mercilessly brute and man who lessened by fraud or force his limited substance. From a general paucity of necessities and luxuries and the ease of escape beyond the reach of post or pursuit, arose the Draconian laws, which put to death millions of human beings for crimes that today are petty offences indeed.

Naturally this "King's Justice" was an inquisition and not a trial, decided not on abstract rules and carefully weighed evidence, but by whatever rude justice, mercy, policy, or favor might rule the royal mind or judge's reason for the time. Execution followed fast upon sentence, and when the Assyrian's face was covered and he was led forth, he knew that bitter torture or sudden death was close at hand.

Whoever questioned the justice of the king, or the decision of judge or priest might be a brave man, but seldom survived the resentment of his judges. Therefore the lawyer is a modern innovation.

ORATORY THE GLORY OF GRECIAN ADVOCATES

ATHENS, the only state in Greece in which forensic oratory was cultivated, does not appear to have possessed a distinct order of advocates answering to those of Rome or more modern nations. The rule seems to have been that only the parties to a cause could be heard therein, although one whose interests were affected by the suit or prosecution was allowed to speak. Thus, in several instances where Demosthenes defended others, it is evident that his interest in the result was sufficient to set aside the general rule.

Later the rule was modified by allowing relatives or friends to speak for litigants who, owing to sickness or other disability, could not conduct their own prosecution or defence. It is recorded that Isaeus, who spoke for two of the claimants and for the inheritance of Nicostratus, commenced by saying: "Gentlemen of the jury, Agnon and Agnotheus, who are the plaintiffs in the suit, are friends and connections of mine, as was their father before them. It seems therefore to me to be reasonable that I should advocate their cause to the best of my ability."

There were, however, a class of men who acted as counsellors and prepared defences and speeches for the use of those who needed and would pay for such assistance. There were also exceptions in favor of aliens, females and minor children. The beginning of a suit was before a magistrate who reduced the evidence to writing and eventually laid it before the *dicasts* or jurymen who were never less than five hundred in number and sometimes greatly exceeded this number. The verdict was given by ballot, placed in one or the other of two urns; beans, pebbles, mussel shells or brass balls (according to the kind of trial) being used instead of paper votes.

Six thousand citizens of Athens were liable to this duty, and the courts of Athens probably excelled all others for injustice and robbery under the guise of law. Hearsay evidence, if of common report, was admitted even in criminal causes, and advocates appealed to the personal knowledge of the jurors themselves, while torture as a means of eliciting evidence was highly favored. Another peculiar Grecian feature was that not unfrequently the writers of pleas made them for both sides, and it is said sometimes showed the first plea to the opposing party to enable him to answer it effectively. The Grecian advocates did not disdain to bring the arts of the stage to the aid of their eloquence. The famous trio of Athenian *hetairai* or courtesans, were Lais, Aspasia and Phryne, the latter of whom was prosecuted on a capital charge. Hyperides, her advocate, knowing that she was exquisitely beautiful in form as well as feature and that she had posed to Praxiteles for his wonderful statue of Venus, instructed her to so arrange her dress that at the crisis of his appeal she, as if overcome by her emotions, should start up and allow her robes to fall away from her shoulders and so stand as if carried away by his appeals for mercy. Phryne was acquitted by the *dicasta* or popular jury, and Euthias, the prosecutor, swore he would never prosecute another woman, but the court thereafter made a rule that no accused person should be in court at the time of making their decision.

LAWYERS IN THE DAYS OF PYRAMID-BUILDING

THE lawyer as he exists today seems to have been utterly unknown in ancient Egypt, where Thebes, Heliopolis and Memphis each furnished ten of their most eminent citizens to form a court. These chose by vote one of their number to act as presiding judge, after which the city from which he was chosen sent an eleventh citizen to make the thirty complete.

A small image of Truth formed of jewels hung by a golden chain around the neck of the presiding judge who assumed it only when a trial was about to begin. There were eight books containing the laws of Egypt supplied to the judges and the whole proceedings were in writing. The plaintiff described the nature of his claim and the damages demanded. The defendant denied the claim or confessed it, but urged some defence or made a counter-claim. To this the plaintiff replied and lastly the defendant rejoined. Ample time was allowed to each party to consider and prepare these written statements and to produce evidence, but finally these writings were taken and considered by the thirty. Their verdict or decision was indicated by the presiding judge, who, taking the image of Truth from his neck, laid it silently on the papers of the successful litigant.

Conveyances in Egypt were even more minute in description than their modern successors. Thus, in describing the parties to a deed, in the reign of Cleopatra, B. C. 107, it was recorded:

"There was sold by Pamouthes aged about forty-five, of middle size, dark complexion and handsome figure, bald, round-faced and straight-nosed, and by Semmuthes, aged about twenty-three, of middle-size, sallow complexion, round-faced, flat-nosed, and of quiet demeanor, children of A——, the following described land, [describing it]: It was bought by Nochutes, the Less, the son of Asos, aged about forty, of middle size, sallow complexion, cheerful countenance, long face, straight nose, with a scar upon the middle of his forehead, for 601 pieces of brass, etc."

THE FORENSIC DAYS AT THE FORUM

IT is said that civil lawyers were first allowed in the Roman courts about three centuries before the coming of Christ. Originally the interpretation of the Roman law was decided by certain learned pontiffs of the College of Priests, and these decisions formed a body of unwritten law, which, to distinguish it from the written laws, was called the *Jus Civile* or "Civil Law," and in time became to Rome what the Common Law has been to England and the great peoples descended from her.

There were other laws passed in the popular assemblage held in the Campus Martius by the whole body of Roman citizens. The edicts of praetors, consuls and tribunes, answering to similar proclamations, etc., made by modern rulers and officials and the laws of custom and business, were also a part of the Roman jurisprudence until the republic fell and the edicts of an irresponsible Emperor became the unsettled and oppressive laws of decadent Rome. It is true that the sycophantic jurists of the imperial period claimed that the Roman people had by their own acts vested this sole power of legislation in the tyrants, who by turns flattered and terrorized them while assuming to act in a consular capacity, and to invoke and respect the opinion and free choice of a facile Senate.

The Forum at Rome, the site of the law courts and great open-air convocations of ancient Rome, was the widest part of a rapidly narrowing plain extending from the foot of the Capitoline to that of the Palatine hill. Bordered on either side by branches of the Sacred Way, it was at once the market-place and general resort of the "plain" common people of Rome. Its narrower and somewhat higher extremity, the Comitium, was in a way divided from the Forum by a rostrum on which the advocates stood with their backs to the market-place in addressing the senators, who were accustomed to listen while standing in front of the Senate house. At a later day, the great orators had adopted the custom of facing the Forum and addressing the great mass of the people. Besides the enclosing shops, dwellings and law courts that bordered the Forum, the speakers saw on the left hand the almost ruinous "Court of Numa," last remaining relic of the rude sovereignty of Rome's earlier Kings, and beyond it that temple to Castor and Pollux, erected by the Dictator Postumius to the Great Twin Brethren, who at Lake Regillus led on snow-white horses his last victorious charge on the Tarquins and the hapless Legions of the Thirty Cities. Further to the east was the Temple of Vesta and in mid-forum an ancient altar marked the spot where the great gulf had yawned until Manlius Curtius, in the full strength and beauty of manhood, clad in complete armor and horsed as became a Roman knight, leaped into its fathomless depths as the most precious gift which Rome could offer to appease the offended deities, and near it the sacred vine, olive and fig tree carefully preserved or renewed from generation to generation. On the western border the equestrian statues of Maenius and Camillus, the conquerors of the Latins, recalled ancestral valor and devotion.

Here then in the open air took place most of those great trials whose comedies, tragedies, eloquence and wisdom have come down to our own day as unsurpassed classics of forensic literature. Not all of these, however, have come down to us as they were spoken. When Cicero defended Titus Aunius Milo, charged with the murder of Clodius, notorious for his profligacy and violence, he appears to have taken up the cause of a man whose own murder had been attempted in the affray in which Clodius himself was slain by Milo's bodyguard. But a certain senator, named Tedius, brought the dead Clodius back to Rome, and as Antony exposed the gaping wounds of Caesar, exhibited the mutilated Clodius to the Roman populace, who demanded vengeance on the slayer of their leader.

In the Senate, Pompey suggested a trial before a commission, and when Cicero appeared in the Forum, unbroken ranks of veteran legionaries lined the dual branches of the Sacred Way, and held the avenues and alleys leading therefrom. But beyond these guards every available spot, overlooking or within hearing of the Forum, was thronged by the turbulent populace and the armed and vengeful relatives and clients of Clodius. In spite of his living wall of legionaries, and his own assertion that the great majority of the citizens of Rome admitted the justice of his defence, Cicero lost courage and was unable to deliver his carefully prepared and really splendid defence. Milo was convicted and banished, and when later he read the speech which should have been delivered, said:

"If Cicero had spoken thus, I should not now have been eating figs at Marseilles."

Yet here were uttered the masterpieces of the world's oratory—the eloquent appeals of Scipio, the dignified utterances of Cato, the fiery periods of the Gracchi and the splendid and successful orations of Cicero.

Under the early Kings and to a considerable extent under the consul and praetors, minor causes were succinctly disposed of wherever the judge and the parties were met, sometimes in the streets, at the house of the praetor, or in the general market-place, the Forum. In these cases, the parties and the judge "talked over matters" with little or no regard to ceremony, the rules of evidence or the intervention of advocates. Such simple methods of "justifying" have obtained in almost every country in the earlier periods of its history. So Absalom "sat in the gate" of Jerusalem and other cities and meted out justice to the Jews, gaining their hearts thereby. So St. Louis, the good French King in the thirteenth century, used after hearing mass to lie reclined at the foot of a great oak in the wood of Vincennes surrounded by his courtiers, and ask if there were any who had suits to be heard. If parties appeared, two of his bailiffs were chosen to hear and determine the cases in his presence. But the Roman praetor held more impressive sessions at his tribunal, choosing a number of assessors called *Judices*, who sat on either side and a little behind him. These appear to have been chosen out of the *Centumviri* or hundred men representing the thirty-five tribes, three to each tribe. Just how many sat and to what extent they made up the final judgment of the *praetor* is a matter of some doubt, but as this court dealt chiefly with questions of titles, pedigrees, easements, boundaries, ancient lights, guardian and ward, debtor and creditor, the validity of wills, etc., they probably acted to some extent as *Amici Curiae* or advisers of the court and perhaps as modern jurors. But the criminal courts of Rome differed greatly from our own in that they were constituted to try different forms and degrees of crime. Thus the lowest courts having jurisdiction of municipal and sanitary statutes, disturbance of graves, monuments, etc., and lesser misdemeanors were tried by judges appointed by the praetor, and these *Actiones populares* were usually punished by a fine. Any person could appear as the prosecutor in these courts.

Courts trying "extraordinary actions" appear to have been special tribunals appointed for the occasion to investigate and if need be punish some offence not provided for by established law, or provided against by statutes that failed to prescribe a punishment therefor. Offenders under modern laws often escape deserved punishment because of such failure to legislate properly, but the Romans if necessary passed *ex post facto* laws to reach offenders who deserved punishment. Sometimes the whole Senate, sometimes the consuls or a number of judges were chosen to preside.

The *Judicia Publica* answered to our own courts dealing with offenders against established laws. In these courts the praetor presided, but the cases were tried by a certain number of *Judices* selected from a panel of chosen citizens whose numbers varied from some 350 (B. C. 123) to 4,000 in the days of the Emperor Augustus. Originally chosen from the senate, the knights and the body of people were finally drawn upon to supply these juries, but the number sitting on any one case is still in question.

Such in general and briefly speaking were the tribunals and methods of procedure in Rome, matters necessary to understand because the laws and language of Rome were largely the basis of our own jurisprudence if not of practice. "All roads lead to Rome" was an ancient saying of wide significance, and over those Roman roads, over which Roman legions went forth to conquer the world, followed Roman influence in commerce, art, religion, law and literature, whose royal pre-eminence has scarcely yet lost its claim to universal acceptation. The lawyers of Ancient Rome were called *Oratores* (orators), a term not confined to those pre-eminently eloquent, but meaning one who addressed the public or a court of law, a sense in which it is still used in modern pleading. Cicero always speaks of another advocate as an orator expressing his opinion of their shortcomings by remarking that one—is a "mediocre," "intolerable" or even bad orator.

In Rome, in the days of the republic, there was no line of demarcation between the politician and the advocate and indeed for a long time no recognized clan of lawyers who for hire appeared in the courts and confined their life labors to legal business. Those who appeared most frequently in the Roman courts were termed "patrons of causes" or briefly "patrons," and they appeared only as a rule for their "clients."

The relationship of patron and client in ancient Rome was somewhat like that between the lord and his vassal in feudal times, and in return for his protection and succor in distress the client was bound to consider first in all matters the interests and claims of his patron. Therefore when a client was sued or prosecuted in the courts of Rome, his patron either in person or by another defended him, or if necessary demanded the debt or property due him.

In process of time some orators became so famous that others than their relatives and friends sought their assistance in the courts, and other noble Romans became so learned in the law that they were known as *Juris consules*, answering to our "counsellors-at-law." But for generations it was considered unworthy to use these gifts for gain, and under the republic there were sufficient reasons why fees were not required by the orators of Rome. In the first place, the men who appeared in the courts were of great and wealthy houses whose clients paid in many ways for the protection afforded them, and successful advocacy of their rights and safety was the surest road to greater power and higher office.

Eventually advocates began to follow their calling for hire or rather, to use the English term, were retained by an "honorarium" or fee in advance, but this was deemed an abuse and was by the Cincian law finally forbidden.

It may be said that the tribunals of Rome which dealt with important criminal and political causes combined the judicial and the pardoning power, and the successful orator often secured a verdict of acquittal when the guilt of the accused should have ensured a conviction, even if executive clemency might have pardoned or mitigated the punishment. But the great number of men who sat to decide the guilt or innocence of the accused also awarded the punishment; from their decision there was no appeal, and execution followed close upon the heels of their sentence. Every art of the orator and device of the skilful advocate was used to influence the assessors or senators to show mercy instead of to do justice, and a bar seeking only to amass wealth would have been doubly dangerous under Roman methods. Still the Cincian law was not always effective, and one of the few witticisms recorded of Cicero was his retort to Hortensius, who was defending Verres, on trial for his misgovernment of Sicily, and had received a costly statue of the Sphinx, one of the spoils of his administration. While Cicero questioned a witness Hortensius cried: "You speak riddles, I can't understand you." "That is strange," retorted Cicero, "for you have a Sphinx at home to solve them."

After the downfall of the republic the motives which had led advocates to plead for their clients ceased to exist, for the Caesar became the sole distributor of offices and emoluments. The advocate now worked for gifts or fees and although against the law, custom and necessity increased the practice. The emperor Augustus revived the Cincian law and fined offenders four-fold the fees taken, but the law became a dead letter; and under Commodus a decree limited the amount of fees to about $375 in each case, rendering the advocate liable to a criminal action for extortion if he exceeded it. Nero, Claudius, Trajan and Severus, all issued edicts to restrain and correct abuses arising out of the venality and greed of the Roman advocate under the Empire. At no time, however, was the fee a debt recoverable at law, a theory sustained in England to this day.

Of the high rank of the Roman advocate prior to the decline of the Empire no one can doubt. Julius Caesar, Mark Antony, Cato, Brutus, Pliny, Mutius Scaevola, Pompey, Scipio, the conqueror of Carthage, Caius Gracchus, the author of the Agrarian law, Hortensius, already mentioned, and Hortensia, his daughter, who, when Octavius Lepidus and Antony imposed a tax upon the Roman mothers and no advocate had the courage to oppose it, came forward as the advocate of her sex and spoke so effectively that the greater part of the tax was remitted.

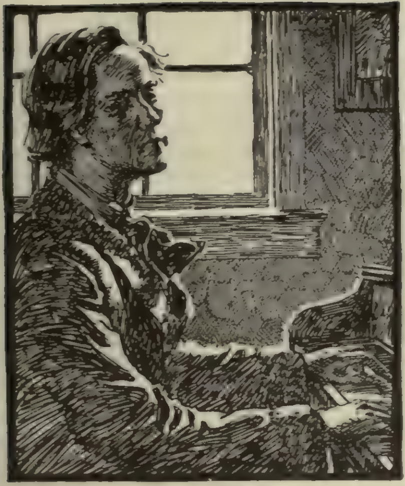
Forensic oratory reached the zenith of its glory in the Roman Republic, and died with the growth of absolute monarchy under the Caesars; a warning to all those who believe that a strong centralized government can gather power except through the decline of republican spirit and popular liberty.

Yet under the Emperors considerable effort was made to dignify and favor "the noble profession of the law." The Pandects of Justinian and the Edicts of Constantine, inspired by Christian faith and practice, did something to cure the abuses which attended the swift decline of the later empire. Like the Grecians, the Roman advocates appealed to the eyes as well as the minds of the members of the tribunal. Mark Antony, in defending Aquilius, who had crushed a slave insurrection in Sicily, but was charged with corruption and embezzlement, after an eloquent appeal for gratitude to the brave soldier who stood beside him, suddenly threw off the folds of his client's toga and disclosed the broad and livid scars received in leading the Roman eagles to victory, and Aquilius was acquitted.

By a similar device in his famous oration over the dead Caesar, he uncovered the corpse and disclosed to the crowded Forum the gaping and bloody wounds made by the daggers of the conspirators. So Cicero, when he defended Fonteius against charges of corrupt government while praetor in Gaul, pointed to the mother and sister of Fonteius clinging to him in passionate grief, and reminded them that the sister was a vestal virgin whose only earthly ties were filial and sisterly love.

"Let it not be hereafter recounted," he cried, pointing to the group, "that the eternal fire which was hitherto preserved by the midnight care and vigils of Fonteia, was extinguished by the tears of your priestess. A vestal virgin raises to you in suppliant entreaty those hands which she has hitherto been wont to lift up to the immortal gods in your behalf. Beware of the danger and the sin you may incur by rejecting the entreaty of one without whose prayers or if the gods were to despise them, Rome itself would lie in ruins."

THE first of a series of articles descriptive of American professions, trades and avocations is here published, giving a comprehensive revelation of the dignity of the life and work of the "American people." The initial article on "Attorneys-at-law" will be followed by articles on Bakers, Blacksmiths, Druggists, Merchants, Grocers, Engineers and Dentists, and other trades and professions. These articles are the results of many years of research, and a wide range of reading and thorough investigation by the author, Mr. Charles Winslow Hall. There is a sentiment associated with all trades, professions and avocations, and if any of our readers have a suggestion to make in reference to the forthcoming articles, the editor will be glad to receive it from them, addressed to him personally. The next article will deal with the history of the English and American bar and jurists.—Editor.



A BELATED REQUIEM

By Mary L. Cummins

AS THE motor car rounded one corner of a rural cemetery, Grant Davis leaned forward, motioning with his head toward a shaded road to the right.

"May Dan run the car up there?" he asked Hamilton Scott, who sat in front next his chauffeur. Then, with a glance at the other two men, "It will be a cool place to rehearse, and we have half an hour before the service commences."

Scott nodded, turning sideways and leaning one arm on the back of the seat. Davis drew four male quartette books from a flat music case and felt in his vest pocket for his tuning-fork. Striking the latter gently on the edge of the car he gave a key-note. The four men bent forward until their heads almost touched, and it was as though an unseen hand had softly brushed the keys of some deep-mouthed organ. Then, on the primal stillness of the air, the first bars of "Lead, Kindly Light," floated out in exquisite harmony.

It was wondrously beautiful there in the quiet of the country, under a cathedral vault of tall, interlacing elms. To an untrained ear it would have seemed almost incredible that such subtle modulations—which seemed more the result of some mutual, psychological impulse than of practice — such perfection of phrasing and enunciation could have been produced by four different personalities. Even Dan admitted to himself that "those fellers could sing, all right." For the real test of perfection in art is its ability to reach and strike the human note.

When the hymn was ended, Davis, second tenor and nominal head of the "Schumann" male quartette, looked around with a pleased nod.

"Voices 'gum-up' all right, don't they?" he said in a relieved tone.

"Sure," Scott's "blond" first tenor assented cheerfully.

"Ought to. We've got a bass today, and no mistake!" Quimby, the baritone, offered the remark with a slightly diffident smile.

The man at his left, a man well past fifty, with iron-gray hair and vivid dark eyes, nodded quietly in acknowledgment of the compliment, as he idly turned over several leaves of the male quartette book. Davis' satisfaction that the music was going well found vent in a whistled bar of the "Prize Song" while he fumbled in the case at his side. For one new voice, even the voice of such a man as Myron Stillman, implied risk, and the "Schumanns" were deservedly jealous of their well-earned reputation. Besides, this was a Masonic funeral—the Masons being their best patrons—and out of town, which meant double money.

Davis had been almost in despair, when, by chance, he met the once-famous oratorio singer, the day before. Grundler, their regular bass, was ill, and the man who usually took his place had gone off on a concert tour. On such an occasion he could not well work in raw material. All this Grant Davis poured forth to his friend and former teacher, together with the fact that Scott would take them down to Woodhaven, where the service was to be held, in his car, Scott being one of the favored few with whom music was a hobby and not a means of livelihood.

"If I can help you out, Grant—" Myron Stillman's voice, so full even in speech of the singing quality, so deep and resonant that it seemed as if his whole large body was one vast sounding-board—broke in on Davis' tale of woe.

"*You?* Would you come with us, Mr. Stillman? Why, that's great! The boys will feel all up in the air!" And Davis sighed the relief of the climbing musician who once more succeeds in saving his artistic reputation.

"What's the next number?" Stillman asked now, as he laid down the male quartette book.

"I've something here—" Davis hesitatingly drew out four manuscript sheets—"It—it's never been published, but we've sung it a good deal, and the Masons always like it." This he seemed to offer rather apologetically to the older man.

Stillman took the roughly jotted sheet, held out to him.

"'Requiem,'" he read slowly. Then, with an almost imperceptible lifting of the strongly marked brows as his eyes went to the composer's name, "MacDonald?"

"Yes!" the word was one quick intake of breath from Davis.

As though it had been a question, Myron Stillman nodded. The young director struck his tuning-fork and gave the key.

Twice they went through the "Requiem" before anyone spoke. Stillman turned the paper over between his hands, looked with a slightly perplexed frown at the marvellously wrought-out ending and again at the name of the composer.

"That is a very beautiful thing," he said slowly.

A sudden spot of color showed in Grant Davis' cheeks. A light, half-triumphant, half-bitter, leaped to his eyes. His sensitive mouth was momentarily twisted by a spasm of pain.

"I always thought so. It is the best thing he ever did. Perhaps the only thing—really worth while." The admission came with reluctance.

"It was the last, too, wasn't it?" Quimby asked.

"Yes—it was the last."

Myron Stillman moved slightly. He felt the vague disquiet of a man who suddenly finds his own mature and conservative judgment refuting itself. He had never thought much of MacDonald's groping compositions, which always seemed to him like exercises in harmony, unfinished and unconvincing, and yet—here was a gem.

If Stillman was not, as a rule, enthusiastic about his own work and that of others, it was because it all fell so far short of the standard his mind enthroned. Twenty years before he had written a song and sold the copyright for a hundred dollars. It was now a classic of its style. Out of its sales the publishers still reaped their thousands. Best of all it had given great promise of good things to come. And yet, he had never since done anything which could compare with it. He realized now that he never would; had long ago accepted the fact that he was not born to rank among the immortals. But he knew good music when he saw it, and this "Requiem" of MacDonald's was a masterpiece of exquisite and unusual modulations. The man who wrote it might well be ready to sing his Nunc Dimittus! Had there been in that frail boy, after all, the divine spark—clouded and smudged by immaturity and too close application to his work, but still there?

While the four men strolled slowly up the gravelled cemetery path Davis edged a little apart. He was conscientiously trying to swallow the lump in his throat so that he could sing. MacDonald had been his studio-mate and friend. Together for five years they struggled, economized—often living on "the clippings of tin," as MacDonald expressed it, in order to attend one Symphony concert—taught many unmusical young people to sing and play correctly. MacDonald did not love piano teaching as did Davis his vocal work. The one exception was his Saturday class in harmony. He was like a boy playing a game when he scribbled off a figured bass and set his pupils to writing in the other three parts. Harmony, and its offspring, composition, were the things in which his soul, the creative part of him, cut loose, untrammeled and rejoicing.

Davis could almost see the slight figure coming toward him now, the inevitable sheet of manuscript paper in one hand, a light, half-humorous, half-inspired, in the gray Scotch eyes, with their hint of Celtic mysticism, as he said, "I've got it this time, Grant, old boy! 'Twill either make or mar me—you just listen!" and sitting down to the piano would play, with exquisite taste, a rather commonplace melody.

Partly because of his love for his friend, partly because of a certain strain inherited from an Irish grandmother, Davis usually praised extravagantly. His approbation was the food upon which MacDonald lived and kept on. For his was one of those hypersensitive natures, ready at a touch to fall from the mountain-peak of profound belief in the merit of his own work to the shadowed valley of conviction that it was utterly worthless. He was like an instrument upon which everyone played their own tune. Stillman, with his quiet conservatism, amounting almost to pessimism, his acceptance of the fact that he, and certainly not MacDonald, that very few, in fact, would add much worth while to the world's music, always acted on the younger man like a chilling wind. The stronger, more material personality swept his like a breath from the north, carrying with it every leaf of self-confidence, every green shoot of budding aspiration, leaving the bare, naked branches of mediocre attainment.

All this Davis knew. Knew that one word of commendation from the man now walking ahead of him would have sent the youthful composer back to his manuscript paper with head and heart aflame, would have called forth that exhilaration under which some men do their best work. Now, at last, it had come, and—

He resolutely put the thought aside or he could not have sung. With an effort he fixed his mind on the beautiful ritual which the Master Mason began to repeat. When the dead man's apron had been folded and dropped into the grave and each brother, stepping forward, let fall his little sprig of evergreen upon it, the quartette sang MacDonald's "Requiem." Even Myron Stillman admitted to himself that it was a majestic ending to a majestic service.

As the people moved away Grant Davis slipped quietly off. He alone remembered that Woodhaven was MacDonald's birthplace and that in a corner of this little God's acre he was buried. Stillman, Quimby and Scott strolled slowly along the well-kept paths, stopping here and there to read some quaint epitaph.

Presently they found themselves close to Davis as he stood, hat in hand, beside a plain granite headstone. It bore MacDonald's name and age and, underneath, the last three bars of the Requiem. That had been Grant Davis' idea. He did not seem aware now that the other members of the quartette had come up behind him.

"Poor Mac!" Quimby said, in that subdued voice in which we speak of a comrade who has given up the fight. "I had forgotten that he was buried here."

Scott nodded.

"There was no music at *his* funeral—he, whose life it was—no music—" Davis was speaking in dry jerks, as if to himself.

"That's so." Quimby still seemed to be recalling forgotten facts. "He died of diphtheria."

"But it was bound to be something," Scott said sadly. "He was completely run down, that was about the truth of it. When I got back from my vacation last August I met him on the street, lean and white and all nerved up. He dragged me into his studio to hear part of that cantata, 'The Pillar of Fire,' that he'd been working on."

"Yes, I know," Quimby put in. "I told him time and time again that he ought to get away and rest, but he'd only say that he was having the greatest summer he ever put in, working on that cantata. He used to play the melody of 'Miriam's Song,' over and over for me. I suppose because there were none of you fellows, whom he knew better, around to hear it—and it was pretty, but not—not—"

"Mac had been too close to his own work for too long," Scott said with conviction. "He had lost all perspective with regard to it. That cantata—the whole of it—was just an expression of his physical condition—strained. Not the kind of thing of which he was really capable."

"But he wrote the 'Requiem' after that?" Quimby suggested.

"Yes," it was Davis who spoke now.

"When I got back from Gloucester I locked the cantata away. And for a week he lay on a couch in the studio, doing little or nothing. Then one night he got hold of a sheet of manuscript paper and wrote the 'Requiem.' It—was his 'Swan Song'—two days later he was taken to the isolation hospital. A year ago, today, he was buried."

Myron Stillman looked up quickly.

"A year, today?"

Scott and Quimby started. The musical rumble of Stillman's voice when he spoke in that low key seemed to come almost from under their feet.

"Yes," Davis answered.

Quietly the older man stretched out one hand and drew a copy of the "Requiem" from a book under Quimby's arm. The latter gave him a quick look of interrogation and he nodded. Scott touched Davis gently, on the shoulder. Silently they fell into their places, Quimby and Davis in the centre, Scott and Stillman at each end. There was no need for any explanation.

Scarcely more than a whisper stirred the stillness of the air, for they did not want to attract the attention of people entering and leaving the little cemetery, but each man's voice vibrated with a depth of feeling which shook himself and his fellows. When the strain fell into a minor and there were a few notes of baritone solo, Quimby's beautiful voice had the wail of a muted 'cello. The "Amen" was as though a mighty hand had been laid upon life, drawing its gropings and uncertainties into one great security, harmony and peace. It was more than a resolution. It was a solution.

While the other three men turned away, Davis sank on one knee and touched the gold lettering of the "Requiem's" last bars, where a shaft of September sunshine fell athwart it.

"May be you know—old fellow," he whispered. "And Myron Stillman sang—and he thinks you did—a great job—I'm going to give—your 'Requiem'—to the world."

On the gravelled path, as he walked toward the cemetery gates, he stooped and picked up a sprig of evergreen, Masonic emblem of immortality. And as he turned the fragrant spray over between his hands a wave of conviction swept over Davis, that, somehow, MacDonald knew what had taken place that day, and that, somewhere, he would do better work for the knowing.

Grand Opera in its Boston Home

Joe Mitchell Chapple

> *"TO the soul, music combines in itself the power of steam, the agility of electricity and the fidelity of the printing press. It is civilization in a conch-shell. Love is a vast lily whose petals gleam faintly just under the wave of life, and sometimes sway and float out above it. Up from this lily there arises an odor. It is music. 'The orator,' said Quintilian, 'should know everything.' How much more should the musician understand all things! For the true musician is as much higher than the orator as love is higher than law. The Greeks did well therefore when they made their word 'mousike' signify a symmetrical and harmonious education of all the powers of man."*
>
> From Lanier's poem, "THE SYMPHONY."

FOR years Boston has enjoyed the distinction of being the musical centre of the country, and now that a Grand Opera House has been built—worthy of a city wherein real, operatic art is being nurtured—the "Hub" may well lay claim to being one of the great musical centres of the world. At one time it was considered essential that students of grand opera should spend several years in Europe, studying under European masters and making their debut in European musical centres. The unrivalled success of the New England Conservatory of Music, which has built up the largest institution of its kind in the United States, suggested to Mr. Eben D. Jordan, President of the Conservatory, that it would be well to establish a school of grand opera in connection with the Conservatory, and thus provide a home for permanent grand opera in Boston, such as has been provided for music of another kind in the famous Symphony Hall, with its celebrated orchestra. The same purpose which impelled Richard Wagner to erect the notable structure on the hill at Beyreuth has erected in Boston an American mecca for musical students, such as Wagner gave to the music-lovers of Germany.

To make it a success as a business enterprise, as well as the centre of the highest and best in grand opera, was the aim of Mr. Jordan in erecting a grand opera house on Huntington Avenue, in the outskirts of the Boston Fenway. The new building was planned exclusively for the production of classical and standard operas, and already promises to be to Boston what La Scala is

Photo by Chickering

ALICE NIELSEN
AS "MADAMA BUTTERFLY"

Photo by Chickering

CELESTINA BONINSEGNA
DRAMATIC SOPRANO

to Italy. When the "bravas" and applause ring through the building, no one has any doubt as to the success of grand opera in Boston. The hearty support, not only in generous subscriptions for boxes, but in the purchase of all the other seats, indicates that Americans as well as Europeans are capable of appreciating grand opera as an institution. The season will outlast anything ever attempted in any other American city, and henceforth grand opera will be an integral part of life for Bostonians.

* * *

After making a tour of Europe, visiting every important opera house, Mr. Jordan finally decided upon a model for the new opera house in Boston, which has, since its completion, been pronounced without a peer in America. The depth of the stage is not equalled by any theatre in the United States. Not only both tiers of boxes, but every seat in the house, affords an excellent view of the stage. Not a single pillar obstructs the view, or mars the fine sweep of contour. With the exception of a large paint shop at Swampscott, the business and mechanical departments are all concentrated in this one structure. The temperature of the opera

Photo by Chickering

LYDIA LIPKOWSKA
SOPRANO IN "LUCIA"

Photo by Dupont

Mr. EBEN D JORDAN

PRESIDENT, NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND BOSTON OPERA COMPANY

house is maintained at an even sixty-eight degrees, no matter what the weather outside may be. Automatically regulated, it never rises or falls. On the floor under each chair is a cast-iron ventilator so arranged that as the air passes through it presses against the floor, and, without creating the slightest draught, reaches the person occupying the chair. The vitiated air is drawn off by fans, located in the roof, and each opera box has its own supply of air. The decorations of the house are in delicate tints of crimson, and indicate at a glance the avoidance of meretricious display of any kind. In the great corridors and foyer there is a fashionable promenade between the acts—that social feature without which it would seem grand opera cannot be rendered.

In Mr. Henry Russell, son of the distinguished English song-writer, Boston possesses a director of grand opera who is unequalled in his ability for bringing the highest form of art into operatic productions. He brings the new and the classic into touch with popular movements, and secures artists to carry on the work in a way that can only be done by an enthusiast in art. Delfino Menotti, the regisseur general, and Arnold Conti, the musical director, are men well known to all lovers of grand opera, and have been connected with its production the world over.

* * *

The opening of the new opera house in Boston was an event quite as significant—if not more so—in the history of the city as the opening of Symphony Hall. For a year previous the scene-painters and members of the orchestra and chorus were hard at work perfecting the ensemble of the operas to be given, always endeavoring to render in completest phrase the thought and intent of the composer, rather than to make the performance merely a medium for the work of the stellar operatic world.

The permanent subscription boxes insure at least fifteen weeks of grand opera, which means maintaining a keen interest in matters musical, as well as in opera. This permanent rendition will create a very different feeling than that engendered by the spasmodic enthusiasm of a week or two of grand opera, preceding or following Lent, with a hurly-burly not consistent with the production of magnificent music. Another feature of the new building is that it affords an opportunity to persons not possessing plutonic pocketbooks to participate in the pleasure and inspiration of grand opera. This fact alone creates the belief that grand opera is to be a permanent factor in the life of the city in the future. On the opening night, November 8, 1909, the addresses made by Mr. Eben D. Jordan and Governor Draper were fitting preludes to a work which promises so much for Boston. Indeed, the entire Commonwealth was represented on this auspicious occasion.

Debutantes' night is scheduled for Saturday, and on one of these Saturdays the famous opera "Lakme" was given. The work of the French composer Delibes is full of weird musical phrases, suggestive of the occult mystery of India, with its strange Hindoo rites, its dark jungles and its curious customs. Viola Davenport, a Boston girl, made her debut, and secured enthusiastic applause from the students of the Conservatory and the large audience of music-lovers. Their attitude spoke volumes for the Boston determination to develop native musical talent to the highest state of perfection. The primary purpose of the opera house in these Saturday evening performances is to provide for young students of grand opera an opportunity to make their debut, as at La Scala in Milan.

In sharp contrast to debut night was Monday night, subscription night, when boxes, orchestra and balconies were filled with beautiful women and well-dressed men, showing that Boston society was out in full force to hear the rendition of "Aida."

The scenic effects, the score and the music were full of the magic and mystery of the Egypt of centuries past. "Aida" was written by Verdi for the express purpose of preserving, in musical form, some of the old romantic incidents of Egyptian history. Marvelously has he succeeded. Egypt,

Photo by Chickering

EUGENIA BRONSKAJA
SOPRANO

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HENRY RUSSELL
MANAGING DIRECTOR, BOSTON OPERA COMPANY

land of romance, lives and moves before the audience. The story, handed down through many centuries, was once enacted in the cities of Thebes and Memphis; the first act in the latter, in the palace of the Pharaohs. The audience was entranced by the force of that splendid music; every outside interest was forgotten—at that moment there was not even attention to spare to the perfect conditions which made it possible to give undivided attention to the performance. A flaw in the scenic features, a hint of defective training in the chorus, might have detracted from the charm of that great volume of tunefulness and harmony which arose and swelled through the building, or sank to the softest pianissimo.

Between the acts, the audience commented on the perfection of every detail—the fact that the atmosphere was neither too hot nor too cold, and that there was a delightful absence of the "stuffiness" so common to public buildings. The fact that the opera house was perfectly ventilated and appointed was reflected in the pleased satisfaction expressed on every face. In older opera houses the beauty of the music lifts one now and then above the discomfort of surroundings, but here nothing marred the perfect enjoyment.

* * *

The initial presentation of the old time favorite opera, "Trovatore," was another triumph for the Boston Opera House, and further emphasized the wide scope of the achievements of a single season. From the massive choruses of "Aida," and the mysterious and thrilling "Lakme," to the performance of such an opera as "Trovatore," indicates the range of the permanent artistic talent employed.

In the brilliant glow of electric lights automobiles, carriages and people thronged

Huntington Avenue, inevitably suggesting something of the excitement incident to the opening of the baseball season, which occurs yearly in the park nearby. The white-gloved crowds on the street cars and sidewalks imparted a festive air to the fashionable avenue of Boston. What a tribute to the genius of Verdi it was to see his arias and melodies as high in favor as they had ever been, despite the lapse of years.

In the new building the old, favorite opera was mounted in a way that far surpassed the great productions in Italy. In the camp scene the soldiers pranced back and forth on real horses, across the spacious stage. Each of the well-known arias was applauded to the echo, and the old-fashioned heart-interest in "Trovatore" quite surpassed itself in this modern performance. Even the *blase* and severe-scowling musical critics forgot their dignity and sat open-mouthed while they listened to the strains of Manrico's song from his prison tower, and the plaintive duo "Home to our Mountains," which is known the world over. It was the old, old story, "many waters cannot quench love."

Photo by Chickering

JOSE MARDONES
BASSI

In the collection, "Heart Songs," contributed by twenty-five thousand people, dwelling in all parts of the country, the arias from "Trovatore" were by far better represented than those from any other opera, for long ago the people decided that Verdi belonged to them. It is an opera partaking of the nature of a concert programme, for like pearls on a string, the songs follow each other in quick succession, and each is beautiful in itself. The scenic setting at the Opera House gave just that touch of reality which makes opera so attractive and permanent.

Photo by Chickering

GIUSTO NIVETTE
BASSI

Perhaps the greatest charm of music is its democracy—the fact that it comes with

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CONSTANTINO AS MARIO CAVARADOSSI IN "TOSCA"

THE NEW BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

the same appeal to workingman and millionaire, prince and peasant. In every human soul lies hidden the harp, whose "wild sweetness" may be awakened only by the touch of the skilled musician or the thrilling tones of the singer. It is the universal language of the emotions. The masterly utterances of Verdi, in his melodies, need no interpreter.

Perhaps no audiences offer a greater variety of studies in individuality than those gathered night after night at the new Opera House in Boston. One gazes with delight at the young man in a tall silk hat, who promenades with the young lady with rosy cheeks, who does not seem to be so much impressed as she should be with her escort's very, very dignified manner. There is the lady apparently clad in "Lesbia's" "robe of gold," and the lady who is gowned in a material of silvery sheen. Everyone is clad in the Grecian style, "long and narrow," like the hapless Barbara Allen's lament. Then there are the elderly ladies, whose simple elegance is restful to look upon, and the chat in the foyer is full of intellectual appreciation of the opera. Boston society is there at its best to listen to the glorious golden tones that come from the lips of Constantino. The grand march of "Aida," the magnificent Egyptian costumes, the Nile and the peculiar eastern scenery; the mysteries of India, in "Lakme," and the familiar and beautiful music of "Trovatore" all seem to gain an added grace from the exquisite color tones of the new Boston Opera House. The soft greens and blues are like the setting of an exquisite dream, rather than a modern reality, and no matter what opera one listens to, exquisite color pictures and memories of rich, sweet music are carried away in the mind and will linger while life lasts.

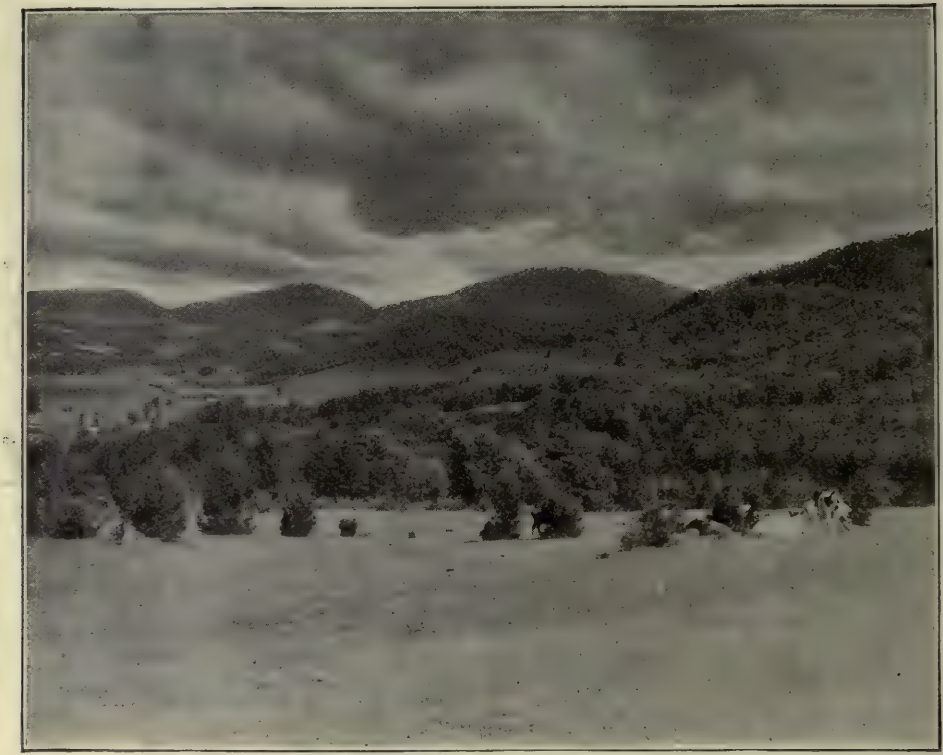
New England Farming of Today

Maitland LeRoy Osborne

> "I ONLY lay claim to an invincible willingness to be made wiser today than I was yesterday, and a lively faith in the possibility—nay, the feasibility, the urgent necessity, the imminence—of very great improvements in our ordinary dealings with the soil. I know that a majority of those who would live by its tillage feed it too sparingly and stir it too slightly and grudgingly. I know that we do too little for it, and expect it, thereupon, to do too much for us. I know that, in other pursuits, it is only work thoroughly well done that is liberally compensated; and I can see no reason why farming should prove an exception to this stern but salutary law. I may be, indeed, deficient in knowledge of what constitutes good farming, but not in faith that the very best farming is that which is morally sure of the largest and most certain reward."*

THUS spoke Horace Greeley, forty years ago, prefacing a series of essays on Practical Agriculture—described by him as "an Art based upon Science." And while that quaint philosopher hesitated not to discourse learnedly and at length upon any subject of human knowledge, in this instance at least the mantle of prophecy seemingly had fallen upon his shoulders. For upon the products of the soil has been builded the material prosperity of the nation; and today, perhaps more than at any other period of its existence, farming—the intelligent, up-to-date, businesslike, systematic tilling of the soil—points the way to a lucrative and dignified profession. And, speaking broadly, by farming we mean all the allied branches of husbandry—orcharding, dairying and poultry-raising, as well as the tillage of field crops.

Today, with agricultural colleges established in every state and territory in the Union, and a great and wisely conducted National Department of Agriculture eager to aid the farmer in every way, that



A TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND HILLSIDE PASTURE

most ancient and honorable of all employments of humankind stands well up at the head of industrial occupations.

* * *

Now let us consider for a moment the position that New England, as compared with other sections of the country, occupies in farming. Others have written glowing words with the golden waving wheat fields of Saskatchewan for their theme, or the bursting grain bins of Minnesota and the stately green aisles of the fertile corn belt of Kansas. The black-cheeked apples of Oregon, the seedless orange of California, the grapefruit of Florida, and the marvelous wealth of the market gardens of the South Atlantic states have had their meed of praise—but who has written the pæan of the New England farm?

Two points I wish particularly to emphasize: what New England has done and is doing today in farming—and what she might do. In 1900, out of a total value of $4,739,118,752 for all the farm products of the United States, Massachusetts alone produced crops worth $42,298,274, and while the absolute acreage in use in Massachusetts during the decade ending with 1900 had decreased twenty-two per cent., the value of her farm products had increased in the same period fifty-one per cent., a striking instance of the benefits to be derived from a more intensive system of cultivation.

But simple figures, while interesting to a statistician, are at best but dry reading to the average mind. Therefore let us resort to the sugar-coated expedient of comparison. "Intensive cultivation," so called, has reached its highest state of perfection in the market gardens lying about Paris, where land rent runs to $250 per acre or more per year, and four crops are taken from the soil between February and November; and on the island of Guernsey in the English Channel, where farming land is valued at twelve hundred dollars per acre—two instances that move all writers upon agricultural topics to wonder-

SHEEP ON A BERKSHIRE COUNTY FARM

ing awe; and yet, in the near vicinity of Boston, gardeners growing lettuce, radishes and cucumbers under glass are clearing three to four thousand dollars per acre per year without attracting more than passing notice.

Again, Massachusetts alone produces agricultural products annually three times greater than California, which has nine times her area, and four and one-half times greater than the storied state of Kansas, with thirteen times the area of the old Bay State. And during a period of forty years, covering the greatest productive period of the West, Massachusetts averaged a larger yield of corn per acre planted to that crop than Illinois, Kansas, or Indiana. And this too in what is essentially a manufacturing state—the most densely populated save one in the Union.

Nor are the other New England States behind in this particular, New Hampshire and Vermont leading the entire list, with Maine and Connecticut following closely after Massachusetts. A Connecticut farmer won three first prizes at the great Omaha Corn Show.

In the yield of wheat the New England states, exclusive of Massachusetts, in the past forty years have shown not only a steady increase in the quantity produced per acre, but a larger average annual yield per acre than any of the grain-belt states of the Middle West, or even the great wheat-producing states of California and Oregon.

"Away up back, on the
rock-bound farms,"

sings Holman Day, the poet laureate of Maine, and yet Aroostook County is perhaps the richest agricultural county in the United States. They raise potatoes in Maine—good ones, and lots of them. From the crop of 1906 upwards of eleven millions of bushels were shipped, besides the immense quantities of small or inferior tubers that found their way to the starch mills.

And the secret of successful potato-raising in Aroostook County has been in the method of cultivation as much as in soil conditions.

CORNSTALKS THAT REAR THEIR TASSELLED HEADS ALOFT IN RANK LUXURIANCE

Now farmers in other counties of Maine are adopting the approved methods of cultivation and are amazed at the profitable yields they are taking from lands that have borne but niggardly for generations.

And peaches! Down in Glastonbury, Connecticut, there is a man who has given quite a lot of time and study to peach culture. You may have heard of him—his name is Hale, and wherever throughout the length and breadth of this broad land people eat peaches his name is known. His is the last word on peach culture—absolutely the last word, and while he raises peaches in Georgia as well as in Connecticut, the foundation of his success was laid in the Nutmeg state.

Up and down the whole length of the sun-kissed Connecticut valley, as you ride by on the train you can see fine apple and peach orchards and dairy farms. Time was, now twenty years ago, when every farmer in the valley raised tobacco—when Connecticut seed leaf was esteemed as one of the finest grades of the fragrant weed. But now we can import our tobacco cheaper than we can raise it, and its cultivation in the Connecticut Valley has gradually dwindled away.

* * *

Generalizations on any theme are dangerous. It has become too much the fashion in recent years to speak slightingly of New England farms as run down, worn out, abandoned. Abandoned they may be—too often are, but more often by reason of the deflux of the farmers' sons to the ever-beckoning city than by reason of a lessening productivity of the paternal acres.

Run down, too, are many New England farms, by reason of improper tillage and lack of care—but worn out, never! Were it possible to "wear out" the soil, then France, England, Belgium and Italy, and other parts of Europe where agriculture has flourished continually for centuries upon centuries, would be as barren as the desert of Sahara.

A proper method of tillage and the planting of leguminous crops, which not only supply humus and nitrogen to the soil,

WHERE THE GRAIN FALLS BEFORE THE STEADY SWING OF THE SCYTHES

but return to the top soil the potash and phosphoric acid obtained by their tap roots down deep in the sub-soil, is often all that is needed to transform apparently sterile land into fertile and productive acres.

By such simple methods, scientifically applied, Robert S. Seeds of Birmingham, Pennsylvania, has seemingly solved the secret of unlocking the hidden fertility of the soil, obtaining such astounding results in the way of enormous crops that he actually sells his soil by the bushel, like commercial fertilizer, to inoculate other farming land.

Up among the Berkshire hills, in northwestern Massachusetts, the broad acres of many of the old mountain farms are being turned into extensive sheep ranches, where great flocks of high-grade Southdowns, Dorsets and Shropshires graze at will, as evidence of an approaching revival of sheep-raising in New England. And all along the historic South Shore—the birth-place of the Nation—southward from Boston to the Cape, are scattered poultry and duck farms from whence are shipped daily, in ever-increasing numbers, live and dressed poultry, ducks and eggs. The raising and marketing of South Shore broilers is an important industry in itself, peculiar to this one locality; and the thousand of white Pekin ducks waddling with portentous solemnity and vociferous garrulity about the pens of the South Shore duck farms are an interesting and curious sight.

And cranberries! What Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner would be quite complete without a liberal allowance of cranberry jelly? Scattered all over the Cape section of Massachusetts are great cranberry bogs, hundreds of acres in extent, that return to their owners small fortunes every year. So great an industry has the cultivation of cranberries become in Massachusetts, that each year sailing vessels make the long voyage from the Azore Islands, bringing hundreds of Portuguese cranberry pickers to gather the crop for market. At the season's end they sail for their island homes again, while the hundreds of barrels of bright red berries that they picked find their way to the markets of the West, the New England states and Europe.

PRESIDENT TAFT IN A LONG ISLAND HAYFIELD

And now that we have seen something of what New England is doing today in agriculture, let us consider somewhat briefly the possibilities of her future.

A committee appointed by the Boston Chamber of Commerce, after an exhaustive study of the situation, said that:

> "*The importance to New England of reawakening interest in agriculture cannot be overestimated. The resources of the section are practically undeveloped; the market is almost unlimited; the climate, transportation and other factors favorable. Why New England should not compete with the West is hard to understand, but the reason, when analyzed, is seen to be little more than a state of mind. The feeling that we cannot compete is a fallacy.*"

Was it Henry Ward Beecher who said, "Doubtless God might have made a better fruit than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did"? Whoever it was, his assertion has the cordial support of a large majority of the American public. A well-known authority on horticulture has assured us that, so far as climate, soil and locality are considered, this luscious fruit might be successfully grown in every town in Massachusetts, and statistics would probably show that the consumption of strawberries per capita is larger in this state than in any other in the Union—yet many carloads per year are shipped to the Boston markets from the berry section of New York State during the very season when the domestic berry is being harvested. The reason for this anomaly is not exactly evident—it is evident, however, that if berries raised in New York State can be profitably marketed in Boston, then Massachusetts farmers are overlooking a ready source of revenue.

One other profitable branch of agriculture that has been largely relegated to innocuous desuetude throughout New England is bee-keeping. Not many years ago nearly every farmer kept a few hives of bees. Now they are almost a rarity upon the average farm, and the production of honey, outside of certain suburban districts, is in the hands of a comparatively limited number of specialists. And yet, owing to the peculiar market conditions existing in Massachusetts, there is in this state an almost unworked mine for the bee-keeper. In no other state can there be found the same combination of possible harvest and waiting market. Vermont and New York are famous honey producing states, exporting the larger part of their annual product, while Massachusetts, combining the favoring apicultural conditions of both these states with an almost unlimited demand, produces but an insignificant local crop. If only because of the useful and necessary work they perform in the pollination of the blossoms of fruit trees and certain field crops, every farmer should maintain a few colonies of bees to insure against crop failure due to insufficient fertilization of blossoms when the weather conditions are unfavorable for the flight of other insects that ordinarily perform this work.

But bee-keeping is now a science where our forefathers made it just a makeshift. It is no secret in sections where large apiaries are kept that "swarming" of bees is undesirable; that honey need not be dark colored or stained by the pollen tracked in by working bees; that the wax can be largely made by machine for the bee, etc. All these facts have been worked out by up-to-date bee-keepers.

Currants, raspberries, gooseberries, blackberries, cherries—all of these can be profitably raised almost anywhere in New England. There is scarcely anything today in small fruit culture that promises so much profit as the blackberry, and there are not one-tenth enough currants raised in New England to supply the demand. The buying public is also hungry for cherries, and will pay good prices for them, but nobody in New England thinks it worth while to raise them.

* * *

Massachusetts is the birthplace of the Concord grape, and yet tons of grapes are being shipped each fall to the Boston markets from Ohio and New York, because Massachusetts farmers will not make an effort to supply the large and constantly increasing demand of their own home market. Then too, except among the Berkshires, as fine peaches can be raised in Massachusetts as are grown in Connecticut or Georgia or Texas, and perhaps as profitably, yet peach culture is almost entirely neglected in this state.

Eastern Massachusetts is peculiarly adapted by climatic and soil conditions to the raising of pears—no finer ones can be grown anywhere in America, and there is a tremendous demand for the Bartlett, the Seckle and the Bosc; yet Massachusetts farmers seem content to let the fruit-growers of the Pacific coast raise all the pears consumed in New England, ship them across the continent and pocket a handsome profit.

But in orcharding, perhaps, lies New England's greatest potential future profit. Probably no other opportunity open to the owner of farm land in New England offers as great possibilities as apple-growing. Exhaustive experimentation has shown conclusively that New England soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to the growing of the best standard varieties of apples. It is a demonstrated fact, upon which expert orchardists agree, that New England grown apples are of unequaled flavor. The available market is practically unlimited. The

HOMEWARD BOUND AT MILKING TIME

Courtesy of E. A. Strout Company

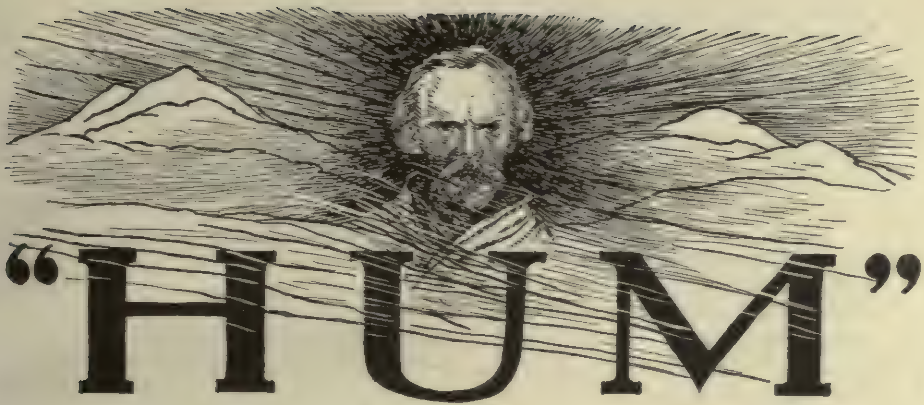
PASTORAL SCENE IN SLEEPY HOLLOW, KENT'S HILL, MAINE

American people are today eating more apples than ever before in the country's history, and Europe's steadily increasing demand for American grown fruit has reached already such proportions that millions of barrels are being exported annually.

Why New England farmers have allowed this vast market to be monopolized by the apple-growers of Oregon and Washington is a mystery past fathoming. It costs the Western grower about four hundred dollars per carload to ship his apples to the Boston or New York markets—and he stands that great drain on his profits and grows rich besides, while the New England farmer, with the market at his very door, the best soil and the best climate in the world for growing fine apples, and an agricultural experiment station in his own state ready and eager to show him how to select and plant and care for his trees and market his fruit, whines about "the hard times" and the lack of opportunity for New England farming.

The truth is that, if New England farmers could be stirred to action, there has never been a time in the history of the nation when the opportunities for making money on New England farms were anything like as great as they are now, and one of the greatest of these opportunities lies in apple-growing. But "the old order changeth"—and to take advantage of this opportunity the New England apple-grower must break away from the old time fashion of orcharding, and take a leaf from the book of his Oregon or Washington competitor. In those states the raising and marketing of apples has been reduced to an exact business proposition. The Western orchards are cultivated as systematically and fertilized as thoroughly as any field crop. The trees are trained and pruned and cared for carefully, sprayed for prevention of insect pests, protected from frost by "smudge" fires in iron pots designed for this special purpose—indeed, watched and tended with unending care. And the results justify the expenditure of time and care in the quality of the product, its appearance, and the price that it commands.

It is unbelievable that New England farmers will long continue to content themselves with gleaning where the Westerner has reaped. The New England market belongs by priority of right to the New England farmer—he has but to exert his latent force, intelligently directed, to come again into his own.



"HUM"

A SERIAL

By FRANK HATFIELD

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CHAPTER XV

TERMAL grasped the Hungarian's hands. "A hearty welcome for you," he exclaimed. "We are thrice blest today. Oron is here."

"Ah, he could fill the earth with joy!" returned Hum. "He—my benefactor!" he exclaimed, as Oron came from the library.

"Nay, nay, Audofa. I have been but the instrument of good. *Wohares!*"

"Now for the repast!" exclaimed Termal joyously. "After that, this house shall be filled with music and merrymaking."

"But, Padu," asked Zenia, "who prepared the table?"

"No questions, my daughter! All goes well on this auspicious day."

"Oh, but who arranged the flowers?" exclaimed Fulma.

Termal's eyes twinkled, but he did not reply. A striking effect in ebony and ivory stood opposite.

"I know," I said, nodding.

"Why, Motoo!" exclaimed the girls.

The African cabinet disclosed additional treasures, while a cheery group surrounded the bountiful board.

"Now, my boy, the ones with the red caps," ordered our host.

Oron glanced at the flasks. "That was a goodly vintage, Termal."

"A rare one, Oron, but I would have it even better, for this occasion."

"Why, I have seen bottles something like those, at a wedding in my country," announced Tom. "I should like to go to a Zoeian wedding. It would be jolly."

"A simple pleasure and one easy to give," said Termal. "My niece, Elida, is to be married soon. We will attend her nuptials." My comrade was getting in fair work, I thought, with numerous savory viands. He paused.

"Elida!" he exclaimed. "Why, does she—er—live on a plantation near Huan?"

"Certainly, Tooma."

"Do you know her?" asked Zenia, with surprise.

"Well, this is how it was," said Tom. "We were out one day examining the carway. No, I'm a little mixed; that wasn't the way—we were way off on the road from Hokenda, and Hum—I mean Audofa—was talking about th—the temperature, I guess, and it was all so dry it made me thirsty, you see, and we went to the plantation, you know, for—"

"Yes, I see," said Zenia. "It was another orange-seed game, I presume. It is my opinion, Tooma, you are one who believes in having plenty of material on hand to use—"

"To choose from," asserted Fulma sagaciously.

The slight applause I initiated, at Zenia's implication, was checked by her sister's acuteness.

"Thanks, Fulma," returned Tom. "You are just delightful! Zenia doesn't mind taking the peel off."

"One has to," persisted the defendant, "if she would know what is inside."

This time I let go. Oron and Audofa looked up inquiringly, from an animated conversation with Termal.

"Some explanation is due," I said, "but, with your permission, I will defer it until after the repast."

"That is wise," persevered Zenia. "Oron might lose his—appetite."

Well matched, I thought.

"Not with all these good things to choose from," Hum remarked, with startling acumen.

"Oron, that reminds me," I said. "Do the women here choose their husbands? It is not generally the way elsewhere."

"It is in this manner," he explained. "Our daughters are wooed here as among other people, I presume; but our maidens choose from their suitors one whom they believe to be worthy of the love and fidelity they are prepared to give."

I looked at Fulma. I thought the rich rose in her cheeks had deepened. I wished I knew what fancies lay beneath that golden crown.

"Among other nations those high sentiments do not always have the greatest weight," I said.

"Then the holy state of matrimony cannot be blessed, Feanka."

"It is not in every case," observed Tom. "Occasionally, there is considerable of a mix-up."

Oron's brow knit slightly, and, as if to divert my comrade from the subject, said: "I have a message for you, Tooma, from Soratiya. He wishes you to teach your art in the schools at Huan whenever you are ready. This, you perceive, is in response to your laudable desire for work."

"I am ready now!" exclaimed Tom.

"Why, Tooma," said Zenia, "there are many things you haven't seen yet."

"And some you have not," he returned.

"Well, I should like to know where they are."

"Look inside the orange, my sister."

Oron, having the wire again, went on: "Peroma has arranged for the addresses here. Our people at Hokenda and Huan want you to return. Your coming is, as you must know, my brothers, an important event in our history. And Feanka, the College wishes you and Audofa to compile, as far as possible from memory, the history of the Manifestation to your race. Before the next recession we may devise methods by which to obtain your sacred books. We want them exceedingly. Remember, my sons, you are our guests; and are freely welcome to all we can give. Before commencing active work, you must visit all parts of our country. For the present," he laughed, "I think your time will be fully occupied."

"Audofa," said Tom, glancing at the many features of our happy environment, "think of the night in the death-shaft!"

"That suggests the skeleton at the Egyptian banquet, Tooma."

"With this difference," said Tom, "that was to remind the guests of their mortality; while my words have to do with immortality. We rose from death into transcendent life."

"That was well expressed," said Termal.

"Wasn't it beautiful!" exclaimed Zenia, her eyes fixed on the handsome speaker. "Please say it again."

"Want me to repeat it? Well, here goes, for your benefit. We rose to a life full of sunlight and flowers and angels."

"Angels, Tooma? Why, where have you seen angels?"

"I saw one in the garden, today."

"And what was the angel doing?"

"Talking to a tall man. Someone had given her a rose. I think there was another somewhere around."

"Little Sunshine," said Termal, addressing Fulma, "you seem pensive."

"Do I appear so, Padu? I was thinking. Dear Oron," she asked presently, "ought one to act without forethought?"

"Ordinarily not, my child. There are, however, times when the inner voice speaks so clear, it is to be obeyed without hesitation."

"I thank you, my father. Motoo—Audofa's glass!"

"Not much like the Baruti here," remarked Hum, as the boy poured the wine.

"No, sir, Mr. Audofa! Baruti aren't in it."

"Ah, my boy, you have absorbed much from your former teacher."

"How is that, old shipmate?" exclaimed Tom. "Oh, I am reforming fast! I go to school to a zealous missionary. Not the ordinary kind of missionary; but a real sharp, wide-awake, sometimes not over winning one. By the way, Audofa," he hurried on, evidently to forestall adverse comment, "think of the contrast between these good things and our spreads round the old camp-fire. Scott, they were tough!"

"They were, Tooma. It was by a rough way we entered the kingdom."

"The land flowing with milk and honey," I added. "This cream is delicious," I said, pouring some over the luscious peaches. "I am told it is made from the cocoanut."

"It is," said Termal. "It will interest you to see how our milk preparations are made."

"Milk is not as nice as music, Tooma," asserted Zenia.

"But more nutritious," declared Fulma.

"You are opening a field for debate, my daughter," said Oron. "I would advise a due portion of each—under existing conditions," he added, with humor.

"Zenia," said Tom, "you have what we call, in English, 'musicitis.' It is one of those things that raises one's temperature and quickens the heart. Don't worry over it. I have had two bad attacks since I came to Bacca. Just now—"

I had opened the circuit. "Oron, did your people never keep cows nor have beasts of burden?" I asked.

"Many centuries ago, Feanka, we had kine and used bullocks as draught animals, but when our science men discovered that a creature's milk is best limited to the rearing of its offspring, and our motor powers were evolved, they were no longer essential to us. We then pensioned them for faithful service, as was their due. In time they became extinct."

"Mercy on us, Fean!" exclaimed Tom. "What would Oron think of Chicago?"

"Is it not the practice there, Tooma?"

"Well, hardly. The truth is, Oron, that in my city and every other place I know of except this Elysium, the only reward that awaits an animal's life service, is either to become, by ways I forbear to describe, part of a human being, or to be converted into products that will put money into his pockets."

"Yes, I have learned that other nations eat the flesh of animals. It is a practice we cannot comprehend. To us it seems abhorrent and unhealthy."

"I should tell you, Oron, that there are a few men and women who abstain from flesh food from a sense of right. They believe that life, as manifested, is sacred. They are looked upon as weak-minded persons by many of our scientists and doctors."

"Their line of thought differs widely from ours," said Oron.

"Tooma," asked Zenia, "did you ever—"

"Ah, now, Zenia," interposed Tom, "I have entered upon a new life."

"Well spoken, my son," approved Oron. "Old things have passed away; all have become new."

"Good!" exclaimed Termal. "Well, now for soul refreshment." He nodded to Fulma. We followed our graceful hostess to the music room.

I say we—two of our group lingered—and I overheard the following colloquy; "Zenia, when you are smoother, I have something to say to you."—"When your Zoeian is smoother, I will tell you something."—"And I, you."—"What is it, Tooma?"—"Oh, I am not smooth enough."—"Oh, yes, you are, tell me!"—"Not for a—"—"What?"—"Don't ask me; I shall not tell you."

I turned just in time to see, by the signals, that the threatened cyclone had passed. Further, that my comrade had evidently discovered the other angel.

"Now for music!" exclaimed Termal. "I will get my *vilo*. I know about the others. Audofa, how about you?"

"Oh, someone must listen," said Hum. "I have a reserved seat."

"Not so," I cried. "You once promised to teach Motoo the *czardas*. Why not teach us?"

"Oh, do," implored Fulma and Zenia. "What fun, Tooma!" cried Zenia.

"Jolly enough," assented Tom, "but I have never seen the dance."

"Oh, what's the difference? We can do it."

"Of course we can—you and I. What a lark!"

"Dear friends," appealed Audofa, "I haven't trod that measure in thirty years. The last time I danced it was on the green in my native town. I don't believe—"

"Well, I do," I said, "and if Fulma will make a beautiful living picture for us, you cannot refuse."

"Nor do I really wish to refuse. But tell me, Feanka, why change the tense?"

"My old shipmate," I said, "your compliment is subtly exquisite."

"And then, we haven't the music," he continued.

"Never mind that," said Termal. "Give me the measure. Now for the *vilo*."

I took Fulma to the hall for instruction.

"What do you wish me to do, Feanka?" she asked.

"Dress the same as on the day I first saw you; put some flowers into the antique vase; hold it in your right hand, and stand so that when I open the door you will be like a picture in a frame."

"Why, how strange!"

"Yes, I know it all sounds odd to you; I will explain another time. Will you do it, Fulma?"

"Certainly, if you so desire."

The Subagino stone flashed. I raised the hand that bore it, to my lips—then retained it.

She looked at me earnestly, trustingly.

"Now go, dear," I said. "I will call you."

Meantime, Termal had returned, tuning as he came.

"Now, Audofa, how is that measure?" he asked, raising a note.

"Like this," said Hum, taking the instrument.

"Hold!" cried Termal, springing up. I will get my other *vilo*. Why, man, you have skill! Your tone is fine! This *vilo* will suit you. Now—I will play the accompaniment."

I rose as the wild *czardas* rang out. I might have known that the old Hungarian was a musician, but I was not prepared for what came. As the two *vilos* sang on, I went to the door and glanced out.

"Just right, little queen. Always right," I said. "Wait a moment."

When the number was ending, I threw the door wide open. The old musician's brow furrowed, as with intense concentration.

"Fulma! Josephine!" he exclaimed. "Stand as you are!"

As he freed his wrist, he spoke to Termal. Then arose a theme wild and enchanting. An interweaving of masterful conceptions in harmonious tones. The while—Termal played a wondrous accompaniment.

In the opposite door Moto stood as though transfixed.

With tears in her eyes, Fulma presented the vase to Audofa.

"My dear child," he said with emotion, "The flowers are typical of yourself; and lovely as the beautiful image that, for years, has existed in my heart, unrevealed."

"It was superb!" said Oron. "You have a noble gift, my brother."

"Ah, my fingers have handled too many ropes."

"Henceforth, the *vilo* only, Audofa," said Termal. "Now for songs, and then the dance. It's a fair night after a glorious day."

"Do not change your dress," I said to Fulma. "I want you just as you are."

Her dark-blue eyes lighted the smile that played round her lips: "Just as I am?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, just—as—you are."

Then the songs! Oron's grand bass enriched our music as his joyous spirituality ennobled our lives. The musicians contributed delightful obligatos. Our dear old comrade had forgotten the reserved seat. He was within the rail of the orchestra now; his face aglow.

"Now for the *czardas!*" cried Zenia, in wild glee.

We were apt pupils. The motif had quite enough of earth to be enthralling to hearts in which love was building her altars. We yielded to the witchery, stopping only when the ices and fruit were served.

"Well, that takes the edge off every other dance," exclaimed Tom. "Have another ice, Zenia."

"Thank you, Tooma, I am not specially fond of ices. They are so chilling."

"H-m, yes, they do rather lower one's temperature. Better not eat another."

"O Tooma, have you had any more attacks of—of—"

"'Musicitis?' Yes, I had an awful one tonight, but with your help I shall pull through."

"And how did Blue Eyes like the dance?" asked Termal.

"O Padu, it was rapturous! Do you not think so, Feanka?"

"Assuredly; but most any dance would have been under the circumstances."

"How so?"

"That is a deep question, my daughter,"

said Oron, laughing. "You must not expect a hasty answer. Yes, it was a rhythmic movement We must have it at my house and at our festivals. Now, dear ones, I shall have to leave you," he said, rising. "Tomorrow will be our annual opening day at the Public Library. Feanka, you and Tooma bring the girls. Afterwards, partake with us. It will give us happiness."

"And us as well," I returned.

"*Yolo, yolo,* to you all. *Subaketa yune.*"

"All aboard for the restafa!" I exclaimed. "Audofa, we are to have you tonight."

"Oh, no," objected Termal, "I can't spare him. We want to talk for hours. I have much to hear and to say. Ah, this has been a happy day; I wish it would never end."

"Many another for you, my good Termal," I assured. "Come on, Tom! Happy anticipations for the morrow. *Yolo, yolo,* all!"

"Fean's in a tearing hurry," I overheard my comrade say while making his adieus.

On the way home, I said to him: "Tell me, were you ever really engaged to that girl in Elgrane?"

"Engaged? Not much! I never knew which she liked best, Dick Watson or me. Both of us hovered round her considerably. Why do you ask?"

"Because, one can, without undue effort, see how the land lies between you and Zenia. She is dear, my chum. To be sure, she is an only daughter, but I don't anticipate much difficulty in that direction."

"Think not? Well, I own the coin. But speaking of seeing—one needs but a fraction of an eye, to see something else."

"Yes, I understand. I confess."

"And you have decided?"

"I—think so, Tom. I don't quite know."

"Don't quite know? Why, she belongs to you. Zenia thinks so."

"Zenia? How do you know that?"

"I am not offering testimony, my dear Hatfield."

"Well—I shall talk it over with Oron tomorrow."

"Correct thing to do, Fean. I believe that what that man says, goes."

"Of course it does. Why not?"

* * *

The Library at Hokenda was a collection of books pertaining to their own history, scientific works, ethical poems, romance even, and other miscellaneous writings.

When I recalled the fact that these people —isolated for unknown ages—had never had any contributing thought extraneous to themselves; never experienced those vivid contrasts between good and evil that make up the world's history; never seen the reverse side of the fair page on which peace, plenty and happiness were inscribed; never, as a people, known want, remorse nor shame —I marveled that they could portray, in their works of fiction, the multitudinous emotions incident to environments in which they had had no experience.

Their history was a record of all developmental, political and social events in their race from a remote antiquity. Their books on science were inestimable treasures. They represented the profound, untrammeled, concentrated thought of the College for centuries. Unfettered by the corroding cares of life which divide men's minds, these seers had illuminated the obscure labyrinths of hypothesis with the light of reality; had crossed the boundary of that realm called by others "the unknown." Their concentered thought had produced wonders surpassing those of the accumulators.

The books were printed on paper resembling parchment; and bound in a way to elicit praise from a member of the "Grolier Club."

As we strolled through the superbly decorated rooms exchanging salutations with stately men and women, and I felt the presence of the treasured woman by my side, it seemed as though I was floating through a blithesome dream; one from which I would suddenly awaken in my old home. We came to an embrasured window where one could rest and enjoy a fine view of the park.

"Dear little woman," I asked, "why were you surprised at Oron's rose? The perfect crimson rose, which, ere this, has fallen to pieces?"

The hand that bore the emblematic ring rested on my arm, and soft eyes, wonderfully deep and soulful, looked into mine; then sought the fringe of the scarf with which she was toying.

"Perhaps I ought not to tell you," she hesitated. "Did Oron tell you anything—say anything about the rose, Feanka?"

"Nothing, Fulma."

She still hesitated.

"Then let it be enough for now," she smiled, "that I tell you the rose you gave me lies between the leaves of my sacred book, my Master's words."

"A precious book," I said. "Did you ever thus place a flower before?"

For a moment her eyes rested on the park's soft verdure, then met my inquiring look. "Never, Feanka," she said, giving me her hand. Then, the sunny smile of pleased recognition on her face, she exclaimed: "Oh, there are Oron and Loredo!"

"Welcome, welcome!" said Oron, advancing. "Oronena and our children are here. We will gather soon and return home. But where are Zenia and Tooma? Did they not come?"

"Why, ye—yes, they came," I said, "but—"

"We have not seen them lately," admitted Fulma.

Oron laughed. "I think I understand," he said. "I presume they are among the romances."

"Why, I am almost sure they are there," said Fulma.

Loredo's thoughtful eyes seemed suddenly swept by a dash of raillery.

"Does the manifestation seem less obscure than when you were by the lake?" he asked me. "Do not let the vision fade, my brother," he said, as we parted.

I suspected Oron.

On the third floor was an inviting balcony from whence came familiar voices.

"Oh, there they are!" exclaimed Fulma.

"Hello!" I cried. "We have been looking for you."

"Ah, indeed! How long?"

Tom's question was inconvenient to answer. I waived it.

"Well, have you seen everything?" I asked.

"Oh, no, not yet," said Tom. "Time enough."

"Time enough? Why, Oron and his family are waiting for us. What have you been doing?"

"Been doing? Why, you see, Fean, Zenia and I have been—been looking at—that—er—that beautiful green grass."

"Green and red are complementary colors, dear boy," I ventured.

"Nonsense! You might better look at the pictures, Fean."

"Nothing finer to be found than what is before me, my chum. The grass, I think, is of the sweet scented variety. However, we must go at once."

* * *

This was one of numerous holidays. So it happened that two young Zoeians, who emphasized their attentions to Oron's fair daughters just enough to suggest possibilities, joined the merry group that gathered in the music room at Oron's hospitable home; the room so full of sweet melodies and sweeter memories, among which, after all, nothing was more endearing than the Oronena's loving welcome.

"Ah, Feanka," said Oron, pointing to Fulma, "our little daughter's heart is glowing with a new joy. They are going to sing. Let us walk awhile in the park."

"And go to the Rose Pavilion," I added, "the abode of peace; the birthplace of a higher and nobler life for me."

He rested his hand on my shoulder as we walked. His attitude invited confidence.

"Oron, I told you that I loved Fulma," I said.

"Yes, my son. She will be the worthy recipient of all a true man can give. She has awaited your coming. It is, as Loredo says, 'a wonderful example of an immutable law.' Fulma is our foster-child; she has been a treasure and a joy to us for many years; a borrowed jewel. Now, in the name of our nation, I give her back to her own race through its worthy representative. Had it been Zenia, Termal must needs have been consulted."

"She too, is loved," I said.

"That is quite evident, Feanka, but not strange. She is a winsome girl, who, though often wooed, has not been won. Another instance of the irrefragable law."

"Will Termal oppose?"

"No, I have already spoken with him."

"Say this to Tooma," I pleaded. "He will not declare his love until assured of Termal's and your approval."

"That is true nobility," he exclaimed. "I will remove all barriers, before he leaves."

"Another matter, Oron. At the next recession—"

"I know what you would say," he interposed. "It is yet a long way off. When it comes, your and Tooma's filial duties, Fulma's rights, and Zenia's inherited disposition, will determine your course. Leave all to the Father's guidance. If you go, we will aid your departure and most heartily welcome your return."

"Our return!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Feanka, what man has done once he may do again. I shall lay the matter before our engineers."

Then he further unfolded to me his plans for the acquisition of our sacred books; his plans for my comrade's and my advancement; his solicitude for our bodily and spiritual welfare. "Why, Feanka," he said, "I love you and Tooma as my own children; yet not my children—we are all brothers and sisters in the great family of our Father. It is meet that we love one another. Kesua so taught us. Now, my son, in regard to our trip, I have arranged to leave the second morning hence. Tesia will accompany us. It will be a pleasant party and we shall have a good time. Oronena desires our presence. (A man in gray was approaching.) We must return."

"One word, Oron. No earthly parent could be dearer to his children than you are to me."

His strong arm made response, as he drew me to him, with warmth.

* * *

The wealth of wisdom uttered by Loredo as we sat at Oronena's charming repast thrilled me. Words not common to this earth, but so humanly spoken, they found a ready acceptance by earth's children.

"Your thoughts illuminate the feast," I said to him.

"If so, Feanka, they are but reflections from a great luminary, Paerdo. Come and spend a day at the College whenever you will. We will sit by Paerdo while he opens to our inner vision the portals of eternal life. We are coming to Bacca," he went on in lighter tone, "to hear your address and see more of Tooma's fine pictures."

"Is it not trying to your arm, Tooma?" asked Zenia.

"Well, a bit, perhaps. There are less fatiguing exercises for the arm."

"There are, indeed," laughed Oron, in appreciation.

As we left the dining room our host invited Tom into the library. When I next saw him, his face told me what he had heard.

The memorable day was drawing to a close when we left for Bacca. Termal's lavish hospitality awaited our coming at Bestofall. I never more fully realized how apposite the name was. An hour later, Tom was stretched on the lounge in our snug quarters at the restafa.

"This is a jolly good place," he said yawning. "I am tired. Glad we are not to start on our island trip tomorrow. Hey, but we shall have a royal time, or I am mistaken. By the way, Hat, that was a rare thing Oron showed me in the library."

"Showed you, or told you, Mr. Thomas Selby?"

"How the dickens did you know it?" he shouted, sitting up.

"I am not on the witness stand, my dear boy."

"Good! A 'Roland for an Oliver.' We are quits. There's my hand."

"Think of your possible descendants, my boy," I said, grasping the proffered member.

"Why, Fean—they would be people of—mark."

"So they would, from both ancestors, my schoolmate."

CHAPTER XVI

Tissan was our first stop. Here were the optical and jewelry works; and it was here that the great lenses of the telescopes were made. Unfortunately, none were then in process of manufacture, but we were compensated by other wonders in the optical house.

"The better way," said the director, "will be to show you results, rather than the complicated methods by which we obtain them. Arrange a group and engage in conversation."

Then issued a lively discussion concerning the grouping which ended abruptly when, to our surprise, the director exclaimed: "Now, look and listen." We saw ourselves life size, in action, and heard our words repeated.

At the Jewelry works Oron said: "We must have some mementoes of our visit. Select as you like." Tom appealed to me.

"Well, why not one of those jeweled hearts," I said, "it would be very suggestive."

"Oh, Zenia needs no more suggestions; and as for hearts, she has two now. No, that is not—I have it!" he exclaimed. "This little blazing star will be just the thing in my girl's hair. Besides, it has five points; they represent my five senses. She appeals to each of them."

"I doubt if Zenia recognizes the association," I said. "However, your selection is a good one."

I found just what I required; a delicate neck chain. Fulma noticed my selection. "That is not strong enough for a man," she said.

"Think not? Well, it might help to secure a small woman; and thereby may hang a tale."

"Your words are not clear, Feanka."

"No, dear, I know they are not. The day after we reach home, we will go to the bower on the hillside. Then I will make them clearer."

A ride of five miles, and we came to an orange grove where all work was done by machinery; even the pruning of the trees and gathering of the fruit. One of the men came forward to see Tom and me. "I want to stand by the men who passed through that canyon," he said. "I once went into that place as far as the rock from whence you saw the star, but did not venture further on account of the hot vapor. And you entered the rift thousands of feet below. I don't know how you escaped."

"They had Divine protection," said Oron. "You should know that, Badron. Now for the reservoir," he went on, "then return to the park, listen to the music and meet our people."

Before we left, delicious fruit with cakes and wine were served. Tom said: "If one were to embark for his last voyage, these generous Zoeians would insist upon refreshments before he weighed anchor."

The reservoir was a fine piece of masonry embracing several acres. An attendant took us out in a boat, about thirty feet in length, without rowlocks or oars. No works were visible, nor any sound like machinery in motion. In reply to my inquiry, Oron explained that the boat was propelled by atmospheric impulse delivered beneath the surface from two air chambers that acted synchronously or alternately, as required.

"This boat," remarked Tom, "is like some people I know, who have no visible means but are kept going by the wind."

It is difficult to say in what way Oron would have treated my comrade's statement, had not Tesia alluded to the hour. We turned ashore and went to the park. Here a crowd of the Tissan folk were assembled for music and social intercourse. It was their daily custom. Our arrival caused a flutter of excitement. While a number had met us before, the majority knew us only by hearsay. Wherever we moved groups gathered about us. I was conscious we were looked upon as beings from another planet, and, although nothing was said to foster such a thought, I knew that they wondered how men of our stature could have endured such hardships. They were, however, delightfully courteous.

The music was fine. At these afternoon concerts, we should call them, boys and girls, clad in light blue robes and gowns with golden girdles, sang the Zoeian folk-songs, accompanied by the orchestra. During an interval Tom and I, with the girls, went about while Oron and Tesia talked with numerous friends.

"Fulma," I said, "yonder is a place where we can sit, apart from the crowd, and listen to the music."

"Yes, it is charming here," she said.

"Charming everywhere in Zoeia," I added.

"And yet," she said, as she gazed intently at the Subagino ring, "you would go away and leave it all."

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"Because it is true. I think of it often. You will try to reach your native land, when the time comes, to see those dear to you."

"Well, is it not natural, little queen? My father and mother are there."

"Yes, I suppose it is natural," she said. "I have never known a mother's love. Even with these dear people, I have had sad moments, unaccountable to me, until you told me my history. Now I understand. At times I long to rest my head against a mother's heart and feel her warm, loving embrace."

I looked into the blue depths; they were filling with tears.

"Fulma," I hazarded, "would you care if I left this island?"

No answer did she make. Only the flash of the jewel, as her hand, again and again, swept away hot tears. "Let us find Zenia," she said.

"One question, dear Fulma. Could you

love any one well enough to leave this beautiful home and face perils and hardships in the lower world?"

"Feanka, do you recall what I told you on the hillside? I think not; otherwise you would not ask that question. You do not understand a woman's heart. You should know that with the one I choose, I would go to the confines of the universe, and count every obstacle an opportunity to prove my love for him."

I sought her hand, but it was not granted. I felt that I was deemed unworthy.

* * *

Dinner at the restafa was excellent. Under its pleaseant influence Fulma's smile returned. Tom was sparkling; Zenia vivacious; Tesia, as usual, dignified and gracious; Oron, a mine of wisdom interveined with mirth. He always had some thought gem he could instantly so set as to engross the attention of his hearers. In reply to Tom's allusion to the condensed quality of the Zoeian food, he at once took up the subject:

"We have found," he said, "that the nearest perfect food is that in which the maximum amount of nutriment is obtained with the least expenditure of energy by the consumer. The more we can break down the material cells and release the spiritual essence, the higher becomes the food value of the product. For our nourishment must come from the vitality within the grain, which is but the vehicle for its manifestation. The nutritive element is invisible. In our system, we thin the veil between the spiritual and the material as far as may be. Our science men are now working on a problem. Should they solve it—and I think they will—we shall discard the material entirely."

"And live like the air plants?" asked Zenia.

"Yes, in a way, my daughter."

"That wouldn't suit the people in the lower world," exclaimed Tom. "They want a good square meal."

"A square meal, Tooma? That is not clear to me."

"I might say, an all 'round meal, Oron."

"It is difficult for me to associate form and dimension with food values. If your remark has to do with palatal indulgence, Tooma, then I must say that the people you refer to have a hard taskmaster."

"Yes, hard on their pocket and their digestive apparatus," asserted Tom.

"And a restraint upon their spiritual unfolding," concluded Oron.

"Padu, let us have songs and games tonight," said Tesia.

"Assuredly, daughter. I am to spend the evening with the governor, but I will join you on my return."

"Oh, I am going to call Padu," cried Zenia, reaching for the *kanjoot*, "and find out what he and Motoo are doing."

"And I shall go into the next room and talk with dear Madu Rea," said Fulma.

Termal informed us, among other things, that Audofa was to spend two days with him.

"Oh, Padu will have a good time," laughed Zenia.

"Of course he will," said Tom. "If he has Audofa, he won't miss any of us."

"Tooma," exclaimed Zenia with feeling, "do you think if—er—I were—oh, if I were away from home and somebody came from—er—from Hokenda, you wouldn't—I mean Tesia and Feanka wouldn't miss Padu?"

"Why, where do we come into that equation?" Tesia asked.

"It's a scorcher," exploded Tom. "I can't answer it; for I shouldn't know at which end to commence."

"Oh, dear Oron!" implored Zenia, blushing furiously.

"Zenia," said Oron, with a comical expression, "your question is somewhat ambiguous. What you mean, I think, is that you would expect Tooma to miss you, though I came to see him while you were absent. That is," he added, "if you were fond of each other."

"Why, Oron!"

"Thanks, Oron!" exclaimed Tom. "You always say just the right thing. Why, I should be wretched. Hello, Fulma! you have missed lots. We have had a show; a regular—"

"Tooma, please be silent," pleaded Zenia.

Our merriest hours were passed with Oron. Head of the Zoeian nation and the National College though he was, his mind and heart active for the commonwealth, he had "a spirit of comradery" that endeared him to all. And so, on his return, he added new zest to our pastimes until he, pleading morning engagements before leaving for Detna, bade us good-night.

"The light has gone out," exclaimed Tom. "We might as well close up."

"Some one else can say the right thing," said Tesia.

All but one laughed approval.

* * *

Detna was where the exquisite furniture and wood carvings we had seen were made. It was here also their tapestries were woven. The latter process specially interested us, but nothing excited our wonder so much as a device for special irrigation. "Watch the operation," said Oron, as we halted by a large garden. A man had brought out an elliptical shaped, perforated case. Upon release of some motor force within, it rose about sixty feet and gave off a dark cloud from which a gentle shower fell for fifteen minutes. Then the case descended and was ready to be recharged.

My comrade's commercialism was at once dominant.

"Rain-while-you-wait," he said to me. "Think of an agency for that machine in the southwestern states. Big thing for a dry bank account."

Here as elsewhere Tom and I yielded to the urgent requests of this gentle people for "stories and pictures." Even Oron never grew tired of them; never wearied by their repetition. He always had some word of praise ready for us.

After Tom's address here, Fulma remarked: "The oftener I hear Tooma's stories, the better I like them."

"How about the speaker?" asked Zenia.

"I will answer for her," said Tesia. "Our admiration for the speaker equals our interest in his subject."

"It was my question," frowned Zenia.

"We will stop at Suswan," announced Oron, with tact. "I wish you to see our steel works; also, a remarkable sundial. We have had the old dial since our earliest history, but for the past two hundred years have used only this perfect instrument."

* * *

At the Suswan steel works the carbonizing process was of primary interest. They could render the surface metal so hard as to resist any ordinary steel tool. It was here that the car-way rails and rolling-stock were made. When the hardness of the rails was demonstrated to us, Tom casually remarked: "That's why they were so hard to understand the first time we examined them."

At the granite pedestal, Oron pointed to the sundial; the most complicated instrument, of the kind, I ever saw. "It compensates for the equation of time," he asserted.

"That is," said Tom, "the dial and a perfect timepiece agree at all times."

"Precisely, Tooma, you state it clearly."

"Let us prove it," I said, consulting my watch. "It should now be half past the fifteenth hour."

"And so it is," cried Zenia, clapping her hands, as she watched the sharp shadow cast by a thin gold wire.

"Oh, don't be so happy, Zenia," objected Tom, "we have a timepiece in our country there's been more said about than will ever be told of that one."

"Which one is that?" I inquired.

"Well, you ought to know, Fean. 'The Old Clock on the Stairs.'"

"What is a 'clock,' Tooma?" asked Tesia.

"Why, a thing to tell the time. The one I refer to was made by a countryman of mine—a Longfellow."

"A careless fellow," declared Tesia. "Why did he put it on the stairs?"

"To mark the ups and downs of the family, sister."

"You are not as clear as the line on the dial," said Tesia.

"But as truly associated with sunlight," added Fulma.

"Good!" exclaimed Oron. "Well, we will now go on to Mantel."

* * *

Mantel, near the eastern boundary, being not far from the mines, we visited one. We descended a shaft where each man had to devote his entire attention to his particular charge. Before we again reached the surface, I learned, as never before, how a pure-hearted, loving woman trusts a man. I made another discovery—auricularly. Tom and Zenia were coming out of a gallery. They paused at the mouth. "Tooma, were you very much pleased at what Tesia said to you at Tissan?"—"Scott! She said lots of nice things."—"I mean after Oron bade us good-night."—"Oh! of course I was. I think she's jolly. Why?"—"I shall not tell you."

My comrade's whistle, though low, was suggestive.

Our trip gave me opportunity to see the working of the Zoeian system; especially here, where we passed several days, going among the vineyards, frequenting the winepresses, and mingling with the home circles. I freely confess I sought to find some trace of discontent; some indication of envy; some evidence of self-seeking—but in vain. The dominant chord—love, loyalty and contentment—vibrated everywhere.

The last evening of our sojourn, as it proved to be, my chum and I were having a heart to heart talk; "taking account of stock," he called it. "Fean," he exclaimed, "these people, positively, are more refreshing than ocean breezes on a hot day. It is curious. I don't know as it is, either; for you and I have seen and experienced enough to make me believe that they are—well, something more than human."

"That has been my opinion for some time," I said. "Then there is the old tradition; and more remarkable still, Hum. Why, we should not recognize him elsewhere. His face, figure and manner of speaking have changed in a way we do not understand. There is some strange power, beside the solar energy, at work here. Do you suppose the girls know anything about it?"

"I think not, Hat. I am sure Zene does not."

"Ever ask her?"

"Never a word! Oh, she is human enough."

"Too much?"

"Not! By the way, we must go to Bacca tomorrow for those addresses."

"We shall be away for two whole days, Tom."

"Goodness! Has it got as far as that, Fean?"

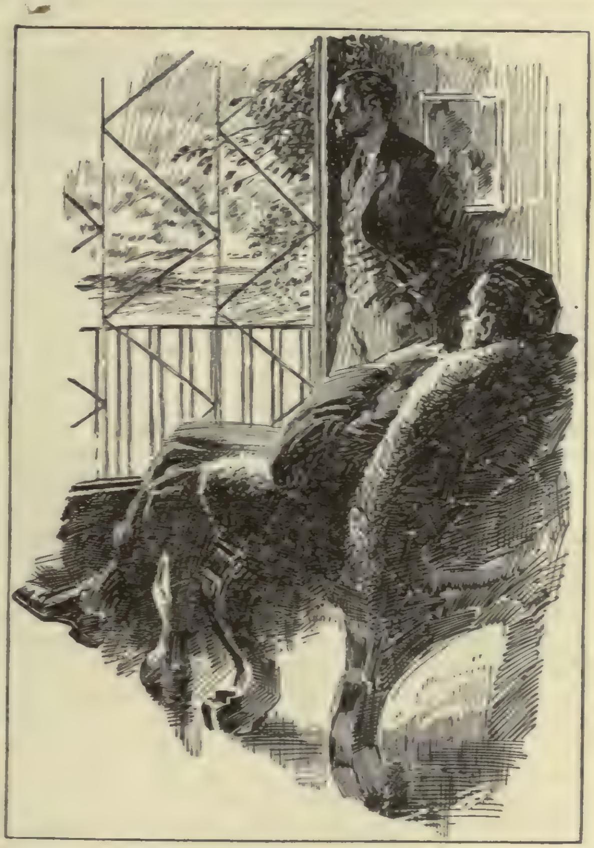
"About that distance, my chum. How is it with you?"

"Oh, I don't know. There's a bit of a fog."

"Why, how is it possible?"

"Zene has a little foolish kink about Tesia. She thinks—"

Oron entered. "I have changed our plan," he said. "I must return to Hokenda. We will leave the rest of our trip for another occasion. We will stop at Pandro, where our mechanisms for lightening labor are best seen in the handling of large stones, and the sawing and polishing of marble. Thence, we will go with you to Bacca; then Tesia and I will return home. Do you approve, my daughters?" he asked of the three who had just come in.



The last evening of our sojourn—my chum and I were having a heart to heart talk

"I hardly know," said Tesia. "We are having a splendid time. I have enjoyed every moment, but I wouldn't miss the addresses on any account; especially Tooma's pictures."

"Thanks, Tesia!" returned Tom. "I will make a special one for you."

"You are very nice and obliging, Tooma."

"Dear Oron," asked Fulma, "will you and Tesia not remain with us until after the addresses?"

"No, daughter. I long to see Oronena; but we shall return. Oh, yes, we shall return," he reiterated. "It is always a joy to listen to our brothers. We have not heard from you, my Zenia."

"I shall be glad to reach home," she said. "I am not sure about going to the hall."

Oron gave her a questioning glance, but said nothing.

CHAPTER XVII

Fairer day than the one on which I drew Fulma's arm within mine and we wended our way to the bower on the hillside, there cannot be. Even here, it was conspicuous.

"Voices of gladness from earth and air mingle in joyous welcome," I said.

"Yes, the Father's blessings are lavishly bestowed, Feanka. They are enriching."

"You are very rich now, little girl, in all that makes for beauty, purity and love. Rich, too, in another way. In England, a large fortune awaits you."

"What is a fortune?"

"Why, houses and lands, stocks, bonds and other things."

"Of what use are they?"

"Of no use here, dear; but there, potent to purchase pleasure or relieve misery."

"I do not understand," she sighed. "I know not whereof you speak."

We had reached the hillside. There was the bower in which her heart had thrilled; here the emerald turf where the tide of her life had turned; beyond and far away, the blue horizon; above, the fleecy sprites coquetting with the sun-god; near by, the voice of a golden robin.

"Come, sit on the turf," I said, "and drink in this radiant beauty."

She came and toyed with the heather a while, lost in thought. Then she turned to me—her tender voice had an undertone of regret.

"Feanka, I fear you think me a stupid woman. There are so many things you tell me, of which I know nothing. I could not know. Why, I was only an infant when I came where all such things are unknown; came to this realm of love."

A shadow crossed the field of blue and gold.

"Yes, I understand, dear. You were a fresh blossom transplanted into Paradise without passing through the gates of death. Why should you know."

Her dimples played hide and seek beneath the love light in her eyes, and her sweet lips parted just enough to say, plaintively:

"Try not to think me dull or unappreciative."

I drew her to me. "Beautiful flower of love and hope, you are the brightest, sweetest, dearest woman I ever met. I love you as only a true man can love a noble woman. I love the very air you breathe, the turf on which your feet rest. I love you, body and soul. Oh, my darling, if you would but choose me."

She nestled even closer, laid her fair hand on my shoulder and looked at me through her smiles. "Feanka, my dear one," she said, "I have chosen you."

"Sweetheart," I said, "when did you choose me?"

"When I pressed the rose, dearest. It was your declaration."

"My declaration?"

"Yes, beloved. Such is the custom here."

There is a love rite as sweet as it is old; one which like the grain of musk, never loses its fragrance. The irresistible lips were sealed. . . . As the waves of her golden hair fell over my arm and her eyes grew liquid, I asked:

"How much do you love me, my precious darling?"

"Oh, Feanka," she exclaimed passionately, her arms about my neck, "I love you next—"

"Little sweetheart, why did you not finish the sentence?"

"Why—how could I?" she laughed.

Some experiences come but once in one's life.

"See, here is the little chain you thought so fragile," I said. "It will hold the precious locket, and bind you and me for life, my Fulma—my Josephine." . . . .

Distant voices caused me to rise and look down the slope. "Come here, dear," I called. "Look—it is the oft repeated tale."

"Yes, the old sweet story—why, Feanka—do you believe?"

"Yes, I do—appearances justify the belief. Hello!"

"Hello, yourself!"

"Come up and join us! Now, little treasure, be very sober."

Presently Tom and Zenia came in view. The cheeks of the Zoeian beauty had an excess of rose.

"Why, I say, Fean, how long were you standing on that bank? Why didn't you call out?"

"There are times, Mr. Selby, when silence has its reward."

"Reward your grandmother! But say, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, we have been 'looking at that beautiful green grass.'"

"H-m; yes, I see! Good deal of a summer-house—superb view—no use, my schoolmate; own up!"

Zenia rushed forward with outstretched arms. "Oh, Fulma!" she cried.

"Come to the bower, my chum. How is the fog?"

"Vamoosed, Fean!"

Some chronicle may record four happier persons than those who descended the hillside with songs and merry jests; paused by the streamlet in the ravine where ferns and lilies abounded; toyed with the rippling water; stood by the quiet pool to watch the reflection of gladsome faces; or romped in overflowing joy. I doubt it.

Again in the garden, we rested where Tom's pent emotions had found voice in the English song.

"Zenia," I asked, "do you know yet the meaning of the four words that aroused your curiosity?"

"Yes, they are the dearest words I ever heard."

"Did you learn any new ones?"

"Ask Tooma—he can tell better than I."

Termal met us. "Well, children, had a good time? Where have you been, and what have you been doing?"

"We have been to school," replied Tom meekly, "and have learned to conjugate one word."

"Work enough for one day, Tooma. Motoo, are you there?"

What was the matter with the boy, that he opened the ivory cabinet and did a "meriba"? Never mind—the wine and fruit were deliciously refreshing.

"Beoteen wants us tonight," said Termal.

"In that case," I said, "we will go to the restafa, and return later."

"Nothing of the sort," he protested. "This is a restafa, and"—he winked—"I have some attractions not to be found there. Now, take an old man's advice, and wake up things in the music room."

Beoteen led us at once to the chamber of marvels where the gigantic telescope awaited the master's touch. To describe that monstrous searcher through space is beyond my pen. A sixty-inch "refractor" implies a massiveness and complexity that must be imagined. Yet, under Beoteen's finger, it became a thing of life, a revelator.

"We will visit our nearest neighbor tonight," said the director. "When we explore remoter regions, we require the mantle of darkness. The satellite so dear to lovers must be veiled."

Beoteen was poetical—was he psychic, as well?

"Another time," he said, "I will show you the planets and the twin stars."

"Beoteen is just lovely," whispered Zenia.

"Director," inquired Tom, "how do you move the leviathan?"

"It is quite simple, Tooma. Come up to the observation platform, and I will show you."

He selected and adjusted their wonderful binocular eyepieces. "Now observe what happens when I touch the silver knobs," he said, pointing to a keyboard.

His fingers passed lightly over the keys; the great dome opened and revolved to position; silently the mighty instrument assumed the requisite angle. All was ready.

"Feanka, you first," said Termal. "We have been here before."

"Why—there are real mountains—and valleys—and bodies of water," I exclaimed, "and—what appear to be clouds."

"Certainly, Feanka. Do not your instruments resolve these things?"

"Well—yes, in a way—but it requires the eye of an astronomer or a layman's imagination to see them. Our scientists believe the moon to be a desolate, uninhabitable region, having no atmosphere nor other elements essential to life."

"Our glasses tell a different story, my brother. We think it may be the abode of beings as intelligent as ourselves; possibly of higher attainments. I cannot explain this as clearly as Paerdo or the Madu Rea, but we believe our satellite may be the temporary abiding place for manifestations which have passed from earth life and await new and higher incarnations."

"My people have much to learn," I said. "Why, one can imagine he sees houses and temples."

"Under favorable atmospheric conditions, appearances suggest their existence," he said. "I should expect to find them there."

"How near to earth does this glass bring the moon?" I asked.

"Within sixty miles."

"Sixty miles!" shouted Tom. "Why—one could walk there."

"Oh, Tooma," exclaimed Zenia; "you wouldn't—"

"Go there?" he assisted. "No, not without good company."

After gentle parley, Tom took my place.

"What!" he exclaimed, looking alternately into the tube and along its outer surfaces as novices with the microscope are wont to do—"why, I see a boat!"

"Oh, where?" cried Zenia. "Let me see! No, no, don't leave the seat, just move a little. There, that is better. Ah! but I can't see very well, Tooma."

"No? Well—how is that?" (His right arm had changed position.)

"Just right—oh, don't move, or you will spoil it all. Now for the boat. Why—I can't see it. I don't believe there was one."

"Possibly not," admitted Tom. "It may have been an illusion."

"Which undoubtedly has been dispelled," laughed Beoteen.

"Now, Fulma, your turn," said Termal.

I stood behind her. The others had turned away to see something suggested by the director. "What do you see, sweetness?" I asked.

"All that you saw, my beloved—but there is something missing."

"What is it, dear?"

Her loving eyes met mine as I bent over her, and her fragrant, sunny curls clustered on my arm. . . .

"Beoteen, we have had a charming evening," I said at parting. "Thank you."

"Come again, soon," he responded graciously.

"I have a proposition to lay before you," said Termal on our way homeward. "It is that we celebrate, some day, by going to the birthplace—the Zoeian birthplace—of our Little Treasure."

"Hurrah!" shouted Tom. "You are level-headed, Termal."

* * *

The canyon through which Termal once carried a "burden" had a ragged, yawning mouth at the base of a precipitous ledge, the lower boundary of a narrow, rocky basin a thousand feet in length, inclosed by low, irregular banks covered with luxuriant foliage. It was an attractive spot.

A cloudless sky canopied a gay party. Tom, who, with Moto, carried well-filled baskets, said that "we ought to be jolly with such a commissariat."

"We can't camp amiss, but there is one particular place I prefer," said Termal as we went down the basin to the mouth of the rift. "Fulma, my child, do you see that flat rock under the overhanging shelf just beyond you?" he asked.

"The one by the curious shaped stone, Padu?"

"Yes, dear. There is where you once lay asleep wrapped in an old tattered garment, while a man, footsore, bleeding and exhausted sat by—alternately watching and dozing—until your faint moans roused him to renewed action. It was frightful! Even now, it chills me to think of it."

"Now, Padu, dear," pleaded Fulma, "there are to be no clouds today; no recriminations, no vain regrets. They are all gone. Why, Padu, if I had not lain there, I should not be standing here."

"Yes—that is true, my child."

"Correct," said Tom, home from a reverie. "Why, Zene, sweetheart, where should we have been?"

"Been? Why, where we are. We could not be elsewhere."

"That smacks of what we call fatalism, Zoesy."

"I know not the word, Tooma, but I am sure our lives are regulated by an unchangeable law."

I looked at her. These words, from her lips, surprised me.

"'All's well that ends well,'" I said.

"True enough, Fean. Awls and ends have united soles before now. Now, for a group, down at the Blue Bird's old nest."

"Admirable idea," I assented. "Come, darling, you must be the central figure."

"Fulma, rest on your elbow," directed Tom. "Now, Hat, you sit here, and brush the bees away if they come, and they will, for they are intelligent. Zene, dear, you sit at Fulma's feet. Good enough!"

"Where are you to be, Tooma?" asked Zenia.

"Oh, just here, Zene, but I shall not obscure you. That would be impossible."

"But you are going to let Fulma come between us."

"For once, my angel; though I am not sure she may not have to come again."

"Why, Tooma?"

"Oh, I can't tell you in Zoeian. You wouldn't understand. Now, Termal, your old place by the boulder. Hooray! Oh, for a camera!"

"I have an instrument here," said Termal. "Motoo, unpack the basket. It is at the bottom."

"Who is to fire the shot?" asked Tom.

"I, of course," said Termal.

"Well, I guess not," declared Tom; "without you, the picture would be worthless. Can you do it, Motoo?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Tooma, I know how to make it go."

"Very well, boy, place the instrument," said Termal. "Now, what do you see?"

"I see you all, plain and good."

"Are Mr. Feanka's feet in the picture?" asked Tom.

"No, Mr. Tooma, but your hands are."

"H-m, sharp boy! Well—now all look pleasant. Let her go, Motoo."

And thus was produced a picture, a copy of which now hangs in a certain house in Maine. A picture that has attracted much attention and been faithfully described in a Boston daily journal.

Later on, as Tom and the girls were arranging the repast and cooling the wine, I asked Termal how he dared to descend the rift with no knowledge of its terminus.

"That is a question I have many times asked myself," he said. "I was impelled by some inner force. It was a wild undertaking."

The afternoon wore away while songs and merry-makings filled the flying hours. Tom scintillated with wit and jest. Moto's cabinet had remained open all the day. The girls wove garlands of wild flowers. They crowned Termal with one of special brilliancy. I can see him now, standing at the mouth of the rift gazing within, lost in thought.

"Well, we must bottle our happiness and take it home," said our host, glancing upwards. "We have no rein on *syuna* (the sun)."

"Oh, just a little longer," implored Zenia. "I want to go to the top of the ledge."

"I would not try it, my daughter."

"Oh, but I must, Padu. I am a true daughter of a daring father. Come on, Tooma! If you catch me I will reward you."

"All right, Zene. The bait is worth the rise."

The ledge fell vertically about thirty feet to a broad shelf, and thence, as much further, to the base. The summit was gained by a rough circuitous path between and over the rocks.

Moto was gathering the fragments of the feast. He suddenly paused and watched the pair, rushing up the rocks, until they reached the long level on top the cliff. Then he dropped his work, scaled the rocks to the shelf, glanced upward, and appeared to brace himself.

We had watched the race heedless of danger. At the moment, we saw Zenia flying from her pursuer, repeatedly glancing back at him. Then—her ringing laugh changed to one wild scream as she bounded over the cliff. Moto caught her in his arms. Her weight bore him backward, and beneath her, against the rocky floor. When Tom reached the brink, his face was bloodless. Termal and I gained the shelf to find Zenia and Moto insensible, her white arms clasping his dark neck.

I shouted to Fulma to bring wine and water; and in answer to Tom's mute appeal, I cried: "I don't know what has happened. Hurry down and help Fulma."

We mixed wine and water and poured it into Zenia's mouth.

"Thank God!" I exclaimed, "she can swallow." Releasing her clasp from round the boy, we drew them apart. Fulma bathed her face and hands. Moto was torn and bleeding; his face was gray rather than black. Termal knelt and called him by name. A quiver of his eyelids was the only response.

"They are badly hurt," said Termal. "We must get them down. Feanka, you and Tooma take Motoo; I will carry Zenia." He took her in his strong arms—as he had once carried a little child. My mind went back two decades, and I looked at the beautiful woman who had promised to be my wife. At the bottom, we laid them by the rivulet.

"Give me napkins, handkerchiefs, anything of the kind you have," cried Termal, "the boy is bleeding badly. Keep cold water on Zenia's head. Give her a swallow of wine occasionally, open her gown, rub her hands. I will come presently." Then he bound up Moto's wounds, all the while uttering words unknown to me. Under Fulma's ministrations, Zenia finally regained consciousness. Aside from severe bruises, she had escaped injury. "Little wonder," she said, half rising, "let me go to him."

Termal had brought faint speech to Moto. "What is that, my boy?" he asked eagerly, bending low.

"Did—I—save—her?" the gray lips whispered.

Termal nodded.

"What did he say?" asked Tom.

"He wants to know if he saved Zenia."

Tom ran to him and pillowed the bruised head on his arm. Moto opened his eyes.

"Mr.—Mr. Selby," he murmured.

"Yes, it is I, my boy. What Mr. Hatfield said about you in the rift—do you hear me, Moto?" The lad nodded. "What Mr. Hatfield said was only half the truth. You have won your shoulder-straps today."

"Fortunately, we have no broken bones to deal with," said Termal, when he returned from Zenia's side. "We must get them home at once."

On reaching Bestofall, Zenia grew authoritative. "Take Motoo to my room," she ordered. "All this house can give is not enough for him. But for him—oh, Tooma!" Tom laid her on the bamboo couch.

* * *

Notwithstanding all she had passed through Zenia came to the evening meal as radiant as ever. Her Zoeian physique conquered her physical ills. "Yes, I am bruised," she admitted, "but I shall banish all by morning. Pardon me," she said a few moments later, rising, "I must hasten back to Motoo. The poor boy needs constant attention. I will nurse him—you and I, Tooma."

"That we will," exclaimed Tom. "I once played that role after I—well, after I rescued a raggid little urchin from drowning. But you can't know what that means, Zoesy."

"Nor I," said Fulma. "I wish you would explain. Whatever you did, I know was a noble act."

"Not as heroic as Motoo's," my comrade blushed, "for I was sure of my life."

"Others may think differently," asserted Termal, coming in; "however, the boy astonished me. His prescience, his quick estimate of the probable arc through which Zenia would fall, his strength, were wonderful. A braver soul never incarnated. What did you mean by the shoulder-straps, Tooma?"

Tom explained.

"Ah, yes. Well, he has won something even better. He has gained the esteem and love of our nation."

"How is he now?" we asked.

"I have stopped the hemorrhage, and made him comfortable, but his flesh is growing hotter. I do not like that. I may send to the College, but I think I can manage the case. I have had some experience. The Father will heal him."

"You believe that, Termal?" asked Tom.

"Certainly, if the conditions are right. Don't you, Feanka?"

"I hardly know what to think," I murmured.

"Well, He will!" he asserted with conviction. "Now, the girls must go to rest. You and Tooma go to the restafa; I want the boy all to myself. Put this calamity out of your thoughts; be cheerful, and rest assured we shall all be able to attend Elida's nuptials next week."

* * *

It was a typical Zoeian wedding. A blend of colors, music, flowers, good fellowship and festivities. Manifestly, each one desired less his own happiness than that of others. A wedding, wherever celebrated, is, or should be, a joyous occasion. One never allied to what might justify my comrade's one-time remark: "Things are all right when the train pulls out, but look out for broken axles, weak rails, misplaced and other variety of switches afterward."

It was the custom of these people to be married at meridian. They believed marriage to be a reunion of principles primarily a unity. With them, the union of man and woman typified the fruit-bearing plant that owes its fertility to the vivifying influence of the sun. Hence, they chose the hour of its greatest effulgence. With them, marriage was a spiritual sacrament, not a civil contract.

Music was an important feature on these occasions. As I have not spoken of the orchestra in detail, I will here say that the stringed instruments were of various sizes and designs. The strings were of gold and silver alloy, so made as to give them all the qualities of cat gut with increased resonance and pureness of tone. The wood wind instruments were complicated in structure, with wide range. The strange shaped, but mellow horns were made from silver, copper or brass. In addition, cymbals and silver bells were used. The music was delightfully exhilarating.

The ceremony was extremely simple. The future bride and groom, attired in white, knelt before a member of the College and joined opposite hands. Then the woman said, "I would be one with him whom I have chosen"; and the man followed, "I would be one with her who has chosen me." Then in unison, "Until we are called away."

The one officiating (in this instance, Loredo) swept his hand round the living circle and declared, "In the name of Kesua, our Master, I bind you with the bond of love." This was all. It was a vivid contrast to our ceremony. No vows uttered to be broken; no hollow mockery of love where passion or ambition alone reigned; no shield for wrong-doing; no convenient adjustment of conflicting circumstances, with the hope of release through a lax judiciary or the potency of wealth; no sacrifice of youth and beauty to debauched decrepitude; no hypocritical felicitations nor sentimental grief.

Love, trust, hope and joy mingled in a rich wedding anthem, and the wedding bells were the peals of mirth from the lovely Zoeian belles, as they wove garlands for festivities.

As Elida and Retram rose, Tom whispered to me: "As easy to enter as a 'catch-'em-alive' mouse trap, and as hard to escape from. Simple, but ironclad."

Loredo came to us with greetings, congratulations for Zenia, and earnest inquiry about Moto.

"A daring act," he said. "One inspired by deep and lasting devotion to you, Zenia. You have not seen Audofa? It is not strange. So many seek to welcome him as a brother Zoeian. I think," he said, laughing, "we shall meet at another wedding ere long."

"Who is to be married, Loredo?" asked Zenia.

"Truly, daughter, who? Do you think we old fellows at the College do not know how the wind blows? Well, it will be a great event. We will make it a national affair."

"And we shall make it an international affair," exclaimed Tom. "Hey, won't we, Zene?"

"Ah! Oh! Tooma! Why, there are others here."

"Only Loredo, and he will never tell. Come on, sweetheart, we must find Audofa—God bless him. I say, Loredo," he called back, "can't you make the solar power move the days along faster?"

"I must apologize for my comrade's lapse into English," I said, "he is overflowing with happiness today."

"It is not necessary, Feanka, I like the language and I like the man. Well mated," he said, watching the gleeful pair; "as well mated as two others I might name."

Wedding festivities usually ended at sunset, but when we saw Termal preparing to lead the Huan orchestra and Audofa standing by, we knew that we were to have the *czardas*.

The fairy isles were gathering; Loredo had said adieu; Audofa had come to us and gone. The merry-makers were departing—Termal, with Tom and Zenia, still lingered by Elida.

I gazed into Fulma's sparkling eyes

"Well, dearest, what is it?"

"Oh, my love," she asked, quivering with delight, "will ours be like this?"

(To be continued)

* * *

CHICAGO

BY JOHN M^c^GOVERN

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE has been faithful to its name. Perhaps, therefore, a national and optimistic view of one of the Great Republic's most remarkable cities—and that view taken by a resident for more than forty years—may have a proper place in these pages.

When I came here, in 1868, Chicago claimed 250,000 inhabitants; now it claims two millions. I heard an ardent and old-time Chicagoan, the other day, declare for three millions. Up to only twenty years or so ago, an adult Chicagoan who had been born here, like the late beloved "Biff" Hall, known to all the actors—I believe he first saw daylight on the site of the Brevoort Hotel—was a rare personage; now, most of the city officials were born here.

The large county of Cook in the state of Illinois lies along the southwestern shore of Lake Michigan for about forty miles. We may consider a strip of territory about twelve miles wide on the eastern side of this county of Cook as practically Chicago. For a good part of the way the Desplaines River is the western boundary. (It is locally always called "Dess Plains.") The corporation of Chicago taxes some 190 square miles of this territory (at the Court House). There are nearly 350 suburbs. The "business centre" of the city lies centrally on its eastern side. This bad arrangement, caused by the desire of the first comers to get near the great lake, favors the suburbanite. In bad weather he hies him to his nearby depot, and joyfully leaves a scene (which he has helped to create) nearly as forbidding as are the precincts of a slightly active volcano. Yet it is not bad weather all the time, and bad weather in the suburbs has terrors of its own for the true cityite.

After entering Chicago, it takes about an hour, on the train, to reach a terminal at the "centre." This is the celebrated "half-hour" of the suburbanite. You cannot ride on a train, or send freight *through* Chicago—you must change cars or break cargoes or trains, while the city levies a tariff of bus-fares, hotel-bills and transfer-charges. This evil reacts on the town, increasing its already sufficient ills and multiplying the number of its industrious detractors. And when your cargoes have been broken, or your goods landed from the Great Lakes, you may send your teamster after them to twenty-seven different freight-depots. It is the greatest *entrepot* the world ever saw, but it is by no means free.

The growth of corporations and corporations of corporations (as we read of Kings of Kings) and the age of science brought migrations of humanity unparalleled since the fall of the Roman Empire. The goal, the object at least of second interest to the discontented, the swiftly moving, and swiftly multiplying race, was Chicago. Here on a low, gray plain it lies, now the fourth population in the world, yet only three-quarters of a century old. Its finance is great—as three to New York's twenty. Do not despise the comparison, nor deem it ridiculous, for Chicago's three represents a weekly sum of ready money as large as that of the ancient and great cities of Boston and Philadelphia together, and as large as St. Louis, Pittsburg, Kansas City, San Francisco, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Minneapolis and New Orleans all combined. And in New York's twenty Chicago believes there is much "skating," "ringing," and over-certification. The present banking houses of Chicago form one of the most impressive architectural sights of the world.

What is Chicago? I will try to guess and to tell. It is a population in number like Canton, in China. It is impressively great, because, for instance, it daily uses 300,000 telephones and over sixty hospitals, some of them very large ones indeed, for here surgery, off the battle-field, has found its busiest haunts. The dead are buried in forty-six cemeteries. Ten of them are Jewish, and there are Polish and Bohemian burying-grounds. The Union printers are filling their third large lot. There are about three hundred great schoolhouses, many of them groups of buildings. When President Taft visited the city in 1909, he was greeted by 150,000 little children, massed on the Lake Front Park, and about 450,000 more were playing at home.

When the poet Byron went to Venice (in "Beppo") he saw "Greeks, Romans, Yankee Doodles and Hindoos." If his lines had been longer his enumeration would have been stronger, but he could not have seen or imagined such a cosmopolis as we have here. And the new-comers have their native costumes laid away in their new homes. One day, at the World's Fair, about 10,000 Poles came down from Humboldt Park, dressed in red boots and white pantalets; you would have thought you were in Warsaw. Professor Lutislowski, now of San Francisco, who first became interested in Chicago when he was at Kazan, on the Volga River, has written a loyal and eloquent appreciation of the Polish race, and I guess he is about right. We owe much of practical good to the Poles of Chicago. They offer examples to many other peoples of nurturing industry for the sake of art and real happiness.

One of our wide-awake educators at the University found that Chicago daily speaks forty-seven different languages. Many of the "colonies" have their own newspapers. Sit here in little Vernon Park awhile, where Mr. Finnegan still keeps all so neat, and where the Irish once held full sway; a Russian pope goes by in his robe and black casque—and he is good-looking, too. A French basilica rises yonder. But generally the Jews expelled by Russia live roundabout. The territory already occupied by Hebrews is a mile wide and three miles long, on the West Side alone, and no such crowding was seen before their day. They are law-abiding, orthodox, and perhaps the most industrious of all the immigrants. Their synagogues are rising in surprising number, and the fear and hatred of the elderly Hebrew for the Christian is slow to pass away. Notwithstanding, the young people make rapid advances into American ways.

There always has been a "spirit of the hive" at Chicago, in the very face of its destiny as Cosmopolis. Volney invented but Chicago produced that sublimest triumph of peace—the World's Parliament of Religions of 1893. The Chicagoan who did it was named Bonney (there is a sound of *good* in the name) and probably the great event taught Theodore Roosevelt a lesson, for he was here and built the log-cabin for the Rough-Riders on the Wooded Island.

Here the songs of the Civil War were first sung, and I heard Professor Elisha Gray first make use of the word "telephone" at the *Tribune* office in 1876. And many believe the telephone was invented here—the telautograph certainly was. Here were invented the refrigerating and the Pullman cars; the fortress-factory; the reaper and mower; the department store. Here were invented and here evolved the derricks and dredges that now swing and grunt over the entire planet. The golden mud of the arctic circle goes through machines made on the West Side that cost $50,000 apiece. But, above all, here was invented the water elevator and the "Chicago construction," now a chief feature of the twentieth century and the age of steel; the water elevator made the sky-scraper feasible.

Our architects and builders went all through the business while the East held its breath. First, the basement was entirely filled with limestone pyramids, and the outer walls were of cyclopean thickness; thus the Calumet Building was erected, eight stories high, still standing, and the Montauk, ten stories high, that was demolished to make way for part of the vast First National. I did not relish walking in Monroe Street across from this Montauk tower of Babel—but I got used to it!

Next came the basement full of limestone pyramids, but the cyclopean wall was built like a cross, in the centre, with terra cotta facings on the street exposures. Of this type was the Tacoma, at the northeast corner of Madison and La Salle streets. Marshall Field began the Woman's Temple on this plan, and then undid $100,000 worth of substructural work, and erected the steel frame of today. The Rand-McNally was the first real steel or cage-like building, and was constructed with then unusual attention to fireproofing.

Since those days the architectural evolution at Chicago has been toward caisson-foundations and subterranean floor-space. The Masonic Temple arose, long before the

Chicago Fair, to thoroughly astonish the world, and to slowly awaken the emulation of New York City.

Twenty-one stories make a building high enough for Chicago, the inventor; and lower structures are better still, but New York has more serious ground restrictions. Its towers are perhaps practicable. Yet its streets would be deemed too narrow for Chicago sky-scrapers, and the inventors are prone to feel that in Gotham there may yet be need of a Baron Haussmann, to tear down and let air in below.

In Chicago the La Salle Hotel, the Blackstone Hotel, the University Club, the Gas Office, give examples of Chicago's maturest cyclopean conservatism, after contemplating the effects of heat and cold, driving snow, hurricane and electrical storm. The La Salle Hotel can furnish 1,170 guests with separate rooms—seven hundred with bath—and, at the highest, the sojourner is only nineteen stories above the ground. The Park Row Building at New York looks about six stories too high in the practiced eye of the Chicagoan after he has accurately counted its twenty-six real stories. It is prodigious, and so, of course, on to the City Investing. Water rocks out of the washbowls on the days of big wind—and narrow Broadway is windier than Chicago. Ye plumbers, invent for New York a chronometer-balance washbowl!

Chicago, reckoned by the world's standard, is truly a provincial city, but mind you it has only a provincial indebtedness—I believe about ten dollars per capita to New York's $170. Reckoned in what the laborer personally receives, Chicago is the cheapest place to live in in the world. This condition has endured for forty years.

The general odor of Chicago is good, except in the extensive stockyard district. Foliage almost everywhere mitigates the rigors of summer. Willow trees send their tap-roots down to water, and the real difference in necessary shade between the suburban retreats and many hundreds of the city's avenues is not discovered to be important.

Now let us come bravely to the subject of the nation's transportation, and grapple with the part that Chicago plays.

Besides its wide streets, its sky-scrapers, its palaces, its shade-trees, Chicago is a car-yard and a factory—the largest the world has ever seen. Hither, sometime, and sometimes often, come the two million freight-cars of the United States, to be bunted into line by our noisy switch-engines. And all these freight-cars, with tens of thousands of passengers, mail and express cars, roll toward the Loop (the inner Chicago). Possibly even the far-off reader occasionally hears of this Loop. It is in itself merely an elevated double-track, third-rail electric road, any particular span of it much like the elevated railway on Sixth Avenue in New York; but at Chicago, for many hours in the day, the tracks are crowded with five-car trains, going in opposite directions. The Loop is seven city blocks long and five blocks wide. If we stand, say, at Madison Street and Wabash Avenue, with these trains thundering overhead, with long street-cars rolling their trolley-wheels against the resounding iron structure above, with wholesale trucks rattling their iron axles over the rough granite pavements, and automobile horns and policemen's whistles punctuating the din, we shall find ourselves in one of the noisiest places on earth, only London, the traditional boiler-factory, and a Chinese theatre or wake outclassing it.

This Loop, however, noisy and hideous as it is, relieves the sidewalks of the presence of hundreds of thousands of people, and, beside, is one of the most convenient adjuncts ever applied to passenger transportation. The stores of some of the great merchants and the fine Lake Shore depot, have doors leading from Loop platforms; thus you may step to New York, or to a local ribbon-counter, on the same level. The five other great depots are all near this Loop, two of them just across bridges, all of them less than one-third of a mile away.

At these six depots the principal car-yards of North America begin. One of the railroad systems, the Northwestern, is erecting a new depot that covers three city blocks northward from Madison Street. The Pennsylvania will have quarters beside it anon, and this will put a new face on the West Side of Chicago. The car-yards of the C. B. & Q. combination extend from the Chicago River down-town westward to the Desplaines River, twelve miles. The corner of Clark Street and Wabash Avenue is in the air. Twelfth Street from

Wabash Avenue westward across the entire South Side to Canal Street on the West Side, is a viaduct—a bridge—and you may imagine the miles and miles of the region west of State Street and south of Polk that are given over to car-yards. Twenty-five railroad systems end near the Loop, at some one of the six depots. Some of them, like the Illinois Central, the C. B. & Q. and the Northwestern, carry a heavy suburban traffic. There is no place in the Loop that is not thus surrounded on all sides—north, east, south or west, and not far off—by car-yards, with locomotives ringing their heavy bells and emitting thick clouds of soft coal smoke. I am sorry to admit that there are miles of car-yards on the once-beautiful lake front. The western side of the city is shut in by a wholly unnecessary car-yard, one of the noisiest in the city. Though it has been elevated at much expense (increasing the resonance of its bells, wheels and engines) there are patriotic and hopeful Chicagoans in multitudes who hope to see both the lake shore and the western nuisance driven to proper and more economical quarters southward.

What causes the chief pollution of the damp air of Chicago? Decidedly, it is the smoke, cinders and gas from thousands upon thousands of locomotives. Is there hope of general electrification? Not, I think, among practical men, unless science shall suddenly make one of its most startling advances—something as unexpected and "impossible" as the X-ray seemed in November, 1895. On the contrary, as the populous Eastern passenger terminals shall improve, there may be additional coal locomotives to be utilized in the West, and Chicago *is* the West. In bad weather, or in still weather, the soot from the car-yards rains down on the city, a plutonian shower. It is not so bad as it used to be, to my knowledge, and on clear and breezy days a Chicagoan does not consider it any more noticeable than the dust and dirt of other cities—even New York. And there is a considerable compensation that should never be left out of the reckoning. Chicago is the coolest of the huge cities; it is always relatively hot at all its summer resorts and in its own suburbs. July and August, in 1909, were much cooler in Chicago than in Duluth. The thousands of locomotives throw their exhaust steam into the air, as well as their cinders. While other smothering cities are sprinkling their streets, Chicago is sprinkling the air.

Finally, it is highly important to consider that the human race has been nurtured in smoke. When chimneys were first built, it was believed that the people must perish, and men "caught cold." Smoke is antiseptic, and is the foe of annoying insects. It is a natural act for men to congregate where there is much smoke.

Murky cities, like London and Chicago, are also favorable to asthmatics and many other pulmonary sufferers. The annual death-rate here is not large, even if we take into account the youth of the city and its large proportion of men of less than middle age.

What shall a loyal and hopeful Chicagoan say of Chicago's oozy foundation, seventy feet deep? How can it be remedied? Will it be remedied? The latest type of skyscraper stands on the sedimentary stone below. Can the streets ever be built on the rock-bottom principle? Until they shall be so founded, the ooze will seep up from beneath. And there would be a necessity of having barriers—mud-custom-houses—around the rock-bottom district, to clean wheels, hoofs and even feet of the adhesive earth for which the Chicago plain or prairie is famous. With no mud from below, the soot from above could be taken care of, though Chicago is wholly provincial in its sturdy belief that the wind should be depended on to clean the streets. As to the snow, Heaven sends it; Heaven will take it away. The Illinois Supreme Court, long ago, held that a citizen was not to be compelled to clean his own sidewalk, and every Chicago snowstorm since has ruined a great fortune in women's clothing. The service-corporations may discover a way not to tear up the streets. Science may come upon a new and cheaper concrete. The streets may be apportioned to various uses—automobiles, trucks, cars, carriages. The nation may address itself to the footways and driveways of its great *entrepot*, and at least take care of that part which concerns the six depots and their interrelations.

It is a problem beyond solution at present. The increasing growth of the nation in the West, and the increasing mobility or "fluidity" of property, doubles the pressure on Chicago every few decades. Twenty years ago we looked confidently and without jealousy for the rise of at least half-a-dozen other Chicagos along the great rivers, and the real-estate booms of those days proved the belief was general that the Lake Michigan port could not alone carry its imperial burden; but more and more still comes hither and goes hence, and the whole Middle West continues to read our daily press and maintain its interest in our purely and even petty local affairs.

Chicago, so we believe, had the leading merchant of the world in the late Marshall Field, for New York City itself has nothing to compare with the wholesale and retail university of distribution that he founded. Mandel's and Carson-Pirie's, at Chicago, are as good as any in New York or Philadelphia, but, of course, the first and middle-class retail stores of New York are far more numerous, though not so conveniently *en masse* as at Chicago. At Christmas the crush is worse in New York, owing to its narrow streets, and Chicago has no danger-spot, like the entrances to Brooklyn Bridge, and suffers from few sleet-storms.

To approach this magnificent shopping district, Chicago, beside its suburban trains and its four (nine) elevated railroads leading to the Loop, operates one hundred and twenty-six different lines of street railway. The cars are new, and thirty feet long. The roadbed is new, and by far the best ever laid on a scale so great. Much of the dirt and chaos of recent years passes away with the new *regime*. Most of the cars you see on the streets run from seven to nine miles, and by transfers you can ride some twenty-five miles for five cents. The line to Aurora, which has a fine station on Fifth Avenue (at the Loop), was long the best and swiftest electric road in the world.

One can give, at least to a New Yorker, an idea of the spread or extent of Chicago by means of these car-lines. Suppose you are at Madison Street, which now divides the city by house-numbers into north and south—a street twelve miles long, running east and west, that is, away from the lake, and there has not been a church on the whole street since the Fire of 1871. Now let us suppose Madison Street were at Fifth Avenue, New York, and that Forty-second Street, New York, were our Ashland Avenue, two miles and a half west of our Lake Michigan. You could take a car at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street and ride westward (in New York) sixty-three city blocks; then you could transfer on the sixty-third street and ride southward fifty blocks further. All the way you would pass through a permanently settled city, usually with stores and three-story cut-stone flats; or you could ride northward about one hundred and fifty blocks on the sixty-third street; or, on the other hand, you could go eastward on Forty-second Street (in New York) for similar alternative journeys. Hardly anyone conceives how vast the new and Europeanized Chicago really is. Would that its inhabitants were as homogeneous as its buildings and its main civic attractions.

Now of Louis Blanc's irresistible organization of labor: The late Mr. Pullman conceived and established the first (then illegal) middle-age fortress-factory; now there are hundreds of places organized rather less benevolently. Mr. Pullman employed or dominated the preachers, lecturers, librarians, hotel-keepers, landscape gardeners—he himself was the city of Pullman, corporate and spiritual. Now we have the great Gary, that even J. Pierpont Morgan journeys to see, where fifty millions dollars are going in; we have the Standard Oil inferno at Whiting; the new Glucose at Argo; the Western Electric at Hawthorne; the Illinois Steel at South Chicago (to be greatly enlarged); Sears-Roebuck; the International Harvester—and so on. We shall have the Colorado Fuel and Iron. We used to think some of these (like the Glucose and the Western Electric) were huge affairs when they were right in town. Our reapers are drawn by camels in Bessarabia, by yaks in Turkestan, by the sacred oxen in India and by the white elephant in Siam.

I used to heartily deplore this medieval, fortress-idea, but when you have forty-seven populations, few of them understanding one another, many of them hereditarily hating one another, what are you going to do—if you do anything and do it now? Evolution came all Mr. Pullman's way, and he was possibly by far the most humane of the captains—until he grew old and hot-tempered.

Art and literature have not flourished in Chicago. In those things Chicago has been as provincial as the humblest hamlet. But science, since its industrial value was espied, has accomplished many of its chief marvels here. We saw the chemist in his little room with his tubes and his retorts; then we saw the first big glucose works on Taylor Street (now at Argo); then we saw fortified Argo; turning 200,000 bushels of corn each day into left-handed twentieth-century sugar and real starch. One of our boys, George Hale (of the water-elevator family), built a telescope house in his back yard, took photographs of the sun's red prominences in broad daylight, and gave the world the benefit of total eclipses every bright day. One of our court clerks, Burnham (the picture of kindly Joe Jefferson) had the sharpest eyes developed by Western peoples, and espied two, four, six stars where other astronomers, even William Herschel, had seen but one. So Yerkes, the grip-car promoter, thereupon generously ordered Alvin Clarke to grind him the largest glass lens that ever was; it was exhibited at the Chicago Fair and installed at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin; now the big planets have twice as many moons as were formerly imputed to them. Astrophysics has had its central office in Chicago, and Mr. Rockefeller has backed the finest of spectroscopical magazines. At Gary, we hear that the coal will be brought from Pennsylvania; the scientists will coke it and turn the smoke into gas, and the gas will make fuel with which to allure electro-motive force. Had science in general seemed beautiful rather than ugly; had science been fragrant where it was malodorous, paradise would have evolved at Chicago. This juggernaut of science has crunched at least 25,000 comfortable and often palatial homes under its wheels. An edifice, in once most admirable umbrageous surroundings, that alone cost Peter Schuttler, war wagon-maker, $350,000 to erect, is now a laundry and coal-office. In Chicago, let Peace and Beauty "look out for the engine," as the sign read when the sacredness of life was considered along with the need of progress.

Chicago's park system, once liberal, is now inadequate, and let us hope her boulevards (and all other boulevards) will soon be deodorized. The nation should see that the Desplaines River is parked and cured. Some extraordinary street-cutting will be done—it has long been talked about. I believe I contributed the first article on the "production" of Ogden Avenue northeastward to Lincoln Park. It was published about twenty-two years ago in Henry Lord Gay's *Building Budget*, and Isham G. Randolph has been faithful to the idea ever since, as he was immediately interested then. Too bad Chicago did not have circular or elliptical walls, to tear down, like Paris and the oldtime cities!

Chicago's drinking-reservoir is Lake Michigan. No other big population has such a supply. If all pumps failed, or burned, as in 1871, we could go to the breakwater and drink, as we did then. One of the five water-tunnels purports to pump 200,000,000 gallons daily, another 160,000,000; the "little one" supplies 90,000,000. The old Chicagoan prefers "unsafe Lake Michigan water" to any "aqua pura" that he buys or that he drinks freely elsewhere. The pollution of Lake Michigan has been a stupendous folly and crime, but those who did it shared the results—that was fair. The thirty million dollar drainage canal helped some, and sweetened the city, but the average townsman blesses it chiefly because it makes navigation in the river difficult for large vessels and impracticable for the cheap little craft that formerly swarmed at the "port of Chicago." It does not seem credible that swinging bridges shall endure between the South and West sides. The water-system and the drainage canal are public works by which the grandeur and democracy of Chicago may be clearly discerned. They should awaken the admiration of the world. Chicago will always be a Garden City; trees will multiply. I have a grateful feeling toward the memory of Ossian Guthrie, who died but a little while ago. He was our local geologist and prophet of drainage. He gave his life to the subject, and received but few of the loaves and fishes when the time came to feed the multitude. He held that his grandfather discovered chloroform, but the mossbacks could not chloroform him on the subject of turning our "river" backward, and all his dream came true before he died. It is a noble example for altruistic hopers.

This cosmopolitan Chicago has produced but one truly representative citizen, the late Carter H. Harrison. He could eloquently promise the people reform (that he knew they knew they did not want) in seven or eight different languages, and thereafter, if necessary, could veto reform in forty-seven—but do not think it ever came to that! He was gratefully beloved, he was foully murdered by an insane man, and he received a pompous, magnificent and fitting funeral. Jane Addams' renown fills the world, and rouses millions of hearts to nobler action. I could wish that Opie Read, the great story-teller, had been born and reared here. It would have delighted his loyal soul to do even more than a filial and pious duty in glorifying this difficult city. We have on our streets as I write, Fernando Jones, one of the original villagers. He early became a maker of abstracts of deeds, and he as a witness touching the condition of property before the great conflagration, occupies a place in local affairs that probably has had no parallel elsewhere. What wonderful folk-lore ought to grow out of the life of Fernando Jones, the ideal "oldest inhabitant"! We all hope he will live to be more than a hundred, and never grow old, as grandfathers used to do.

So I think this is a fair glimpse of Chicago. Consider it an Austria-Hungary compressed into an Illinois county, but note that it is drawn on a world's scale, not a merely imperial plan. Chicago does not wear gloves—does not carry a cane; it has no time for these "polite" things. We boast that it does more, with better machinery, than any other community on earth. It has a kind heart under its working clothes, and has always counted everybody in as one more Chicagoan. Its morals raise the present average of North America, or its population would not increase so rapidly. In appearance, it is often gray and melancholy, like old ocean; but in spirit, as in history, it is young and ever-hopeful. It is the most prolific inventor that time has produced. It still welcomes everybody who can labor, and its generous salutation thrills forty-seven kinds of lowly people with a growing desire to cast their lots here. And that, also, only increases America's chief domestic problem.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

I HAVE tasted the shadow and the shine;
I have tasted the wand'ring fire divine;

I know the delights of the bird and bee,
And the apple plucked from the wayside tree;

I have drank deep draughts from the skies afar
Where beauty makes steppingstone of the star;

I have eaten loaves and fishes, and fed
Even as vulture on carrion dead;

I have plucked from the thorn in diamond dew
Both the wilding rose and the rose of blue;

And I say to youth and I say to maid:
Stay thou at home and be not afraid.

A crust that is eaten by heart that sings
Is better than feasts that are spread for kings!

RECORDS OF A POLAR EXPEDITION

(CONTINUED)

By EDWIN COFFIN

Captain Steamer "America"

EDITOR'S NOTE:—These "Records of a Polar Expedition," began in the February number of the National, and make an absorbing story of experiences in the Arctic regions. They are published through the courtesy of Captain Edwin Coffin of the steamer "America," from his personal diary kept during the last Zeigler Polar Expedition. The reader finds himself taken from Norway, where the expedition goes on board the "America," farther and farther into the frozen North. Working slowly along day by day in the midst of floes of ice the expedition reaches Northbrooke Island in August, where they cache supplies, and then continue on their way. The members of the crew hunt polar bears, and cut ice from a glacier to melt for drinking water. In October they begin constructing the sledges with which to make the final dash for the Pole.

OCTOBER 14.—Wind south southeast, and fresh in gusts; later calm and clear. Sledging ice to the ship from the glacier. Mr. Riliette is having one sledge finished off for Mr. Fiala, who is to use it on a trip to the northeast end of this island, Cape Flidgley, and will start soon as the sledge is finished. Dr. Vaughn accompanies him. Mr. Peters wishes to install a tide gauge on the ice, alongside the ship. I have given him very little encouragement, as I didn't feel that the position of the ship at this place was permanent. He concluded to get the frame made and get ready. 'Twould be of no use to put the tide gauge in for less than one month. The berg which had been in sight disappeared last night. Ice is opening out in big leads off shore to southwest. Mr. Haven wrestling with the sewing machine, trying to sew a canvas bottom on the tent. Steward off with a large baking pan for the chief to make smaller. Mr. Peters having a heavy weight made for his tide gauge. Long for a box to keep his long barometer; Truden after condensed coffee keeps the boys busy. Four dogs fell into a crevasse on the glacier and were not missed until the next day. Fiala, Vaughn and Antone Vedoe located them and hauled them out with ropes, Dr. Vaughn being lowered down to make them fast. They were down on a ledge about thirty-five feet. The crack extended to the water about one hundred feet—near as they could judge by dropping chunks of ice and hearing them splash in the water. At 11 P. M. wind south, and snowing. Barometer 30–05; thermometer 10° above. Bears do not seem to be very plenty. If we depended on them for fresh meat would get left.

OCTOBER 15.—Wind light and variable, southerly. At 8 A. M. thermometer 7° above. Mr. Fiala came with a pony and took the sledge to camp. He will start for Flidgley. Truden off making the tide gauge frame. Morning watch reports a bear seen out by the cache. We walked around the cache this morning, but could see no tracks. Case of white dog again or shadow. Today is the day we lose the sun. February, next, will be the next time to see it just partially visible on the horizon. Yesterday I had a seven hundred pound anchor planted in the solid ice with two parts of steel wire hawsers made fast to it, also two large manila hawsers, as extra fasts, so when this outside ice goes off to be sure and hold the ship. 11.30 calm, bright night. Not a cloud in the sky. Moon rising over the glacier brings out all the snow-white ridges of the high glacier, making a lovely scene which is only seen in Arctic regions. Thermometer 4° below.

OCTOBER 16.—Calm until 8 A. M. After, east southeast wind with thick fog most of the day. Three of the crew went over to Cape Auk on the ice, hunting bears. Saw none. Report many fox tracks around where the bears were previously cached. On the way back saw two foxes, not near enough to shoot. Considerable water off to the west as shown by the clouds of black fog rising there. The new ice does not gain in thickness much. Also keeps very soft, and wet on top. The dogs don't care to go on it. Prefer the old rough high ice.

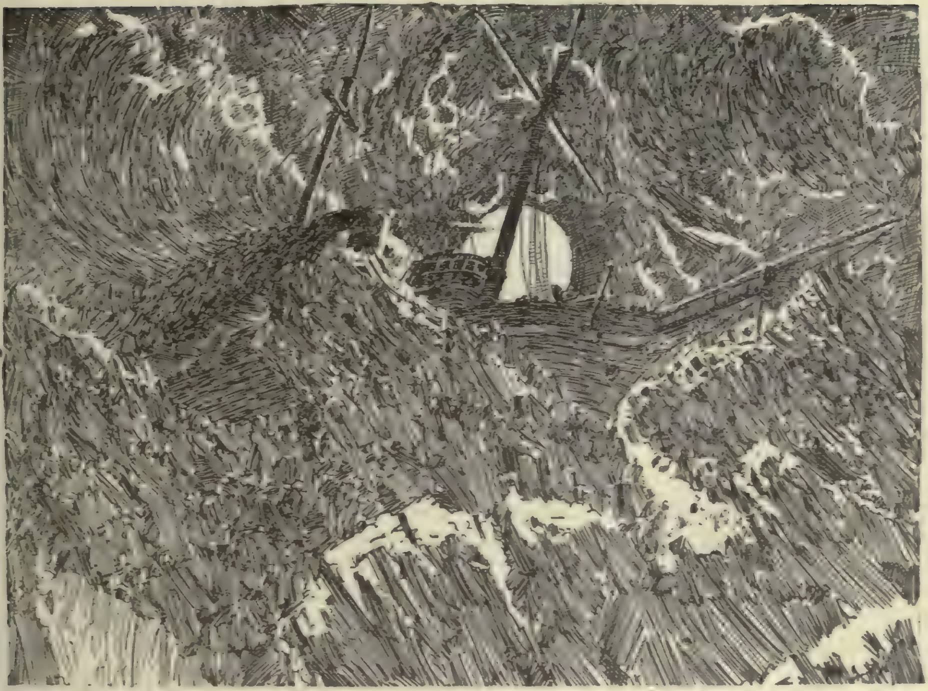
OCTOBER 17.—Blowing a moderate gale southeast. For a wonder the snow is only drifting very little. The ship lists a little with every strong breeze, the ice is so soft and the water from the overboard condenser pipe keeps the ice open for eight feet underneath it. Ice remains the same, plenty of water off shore. Thermometer 3° above. Gale broke at 3 P. M. At 7 P. M. wind breezed fresh east. Lieutenant Truden was the only one off from camp.

OCTOBER 18.—Variable light local airs. Thermometer 12° below. Four men went over to Cape Auk hunting. Saw no signs of bears. Ice remains in same condition. All hands taking a Sunday's rest. The ship is all prepared for the long winter, everything in good order. The sailors have a large comfortable forecastle below the main deck, with a stove which gives them all the warmth they need.

OCTOBER 19.—Blowing a moderate gale from northeast. Thermometer 18° below at 9 A. M. Had a little reminder of the ship's situation this forenoon when the crack inside of us widened out and left the ship all clear. It moved about 2 feet and stopped. I went out on the ice and followed this crack both ways one mile. Found it held by a small point of ice west of us. At 6 P. M. wind is blowing hard northwest, which closed up all the holes outside and jammed the crack together in places only. Snow drifting badly. At 3 P. M. sent my mess boy, Jimmie, to camp for news of the sledge party. Found they had not returned. Rather a rough night to camp out on the glacier. Up to date we have seen six bears, including cubs. 10 P. M. calm. 12 midnight blowing north.

OCTOBER 20.—Blowing strong from the north through the night. At 3.20 P. M., moderate fine weather. Thermometer 13° above. No change in the ice. Long nights now; just a little light the middle of the day. Run the dynamo from 6.45 A. M. to 11 P. M. Mr. Haven finished tent No. 1; 'tis all right and weighs eight and one-half pounds only, built for two men; three can use it very well. Mr. Haven said he hoped they will pitch it north of 86° 34′. The highest north of Captain Cagni of the Duke De Abruzzi expedition. Too warm in my cabin for comfort tonight—had to open the outside door, with the heat from the engine room only. Housed so snug is the cause. Had to fit two large traps over the engine skylights to let the heat out of the room.

OCTOBER 21.—Calm all through the night. Thermometer 12° below and clear. I saw the Cape Flidgley party coming into camp over the glacier at noon, one and one quarter miles distant from the ship. Four inches of ice in the propeller hole this morning. The ice cracks off every day now on shore.



About 8 a. m the worst pressure of all came, and the longest in duration. It came from ahead and shoved the ship bodily up and astern fully seventy-five feet.

Mr. Fiala reports the ice solid on Flidgley to the north, with pressure on the land. The dogs and sleds worked fine. Mr. Fiala had frosted his heels, and Dr. Vaughn his fingers.

October 22.—Blowing after 9 a. m. Thermometer 4° above, increasing after 5 p. m., from east southeast. At 8 p. m. in a very heavy squall of wind the whole outside icepack cracked and moved off, leaving the ship in clear water; the ship strained away from the ice enough to break the wires connected with the camp at the same time. Dark as pitch. I cannot even see the water alongside. The air is thick with fine snow. As soon as possible we got steam up. Another gust came along, tearing up the water and sending it flying over the rails, when the head fasts parted, and the ship swung, and held by the stern fasts. Rung up half speed astern to keep the stern fasts from parting until I could get the big anchor down. All at once the engine commenced to turn slow and stopped, and away went all the stern lines. Let go the anchor as soon as possible in the darkness, paid out eighty fathoms of chain, which held the ship, and she swung to her anchor all right. Then I investigated and found the propeller all wound up with one of our stern lines, which must have parted at the same time as the bow fasts. It was a hard-looking job. Luckily this ship has a propeller well on deck, directly over her wheel; so we could work on the cross beam, which was out of water two feet, one man working at a time, and relieving each other. By using an electric bulb we could see to work and also just how badly 'twas wound up. Hard job with no tools to work with. At 12 midnight still at it.

October 23.—Blowing the same as yesterday. Still cutting away on the propeller. Ship holding to her anchors. At 12.30 got the wheel clear and turned it over by jacking. Had six men on the bars in the engine room, then started turning with steam to cut out what remained between the propeller and the stern bearings. At 1 p. m. there came a fierce gust which carried off the ship as though the anchor had been a straw, listing her over rather more than was comfortable. Started steaming nearly head on to the wind, going on opposite tacks of two hours (near as I could on account of ice). This method would help me keep my reckoning. The anchor hanging with the long scope made an excellent sea drag to hold her nose to the wind in the heavy squalls. To get broadside to the wind would force the ship rail down to the water if not a worse mishap. At 2.30 P. M. the storm lulled a little until 4 o'clock when the gale came on worse than ever, blowing seventy miles an hour, I should judge. The engines could hardly keep the ship's head to the wind. On the eastern tack at 7.30 came up to ice, and worked through it into thick mush ice. The wind having all let go, I kept the steamer heading east for where I judged Cape Saulen ought to be. At 9 P. M. the anchor struck bottom solid. I stopped the engines, and found the ice drifting about, southwest. Up to this hour we had not seen five hundred feet clear of the ship. The compasses nearly all day were running all around. Other times they would not move. This I tried by turning the ship in the mush ice. The ship would make eight or more points before the compass would move. There was some great local attraction. I had observed this in Northern Alaska off Point Barrow, but not to so great an extent. At 10 P. M. tried to heave up the anchor by hand; got to the forty-fifth fathom shackle, but no more could we get with all hands on the windlass, so had to give it up. I wished to steam near the land or shore ice. Will wait until tomorrow for a little light. At 10.30 a thick fog and breezing from the north. The ship commenced to drag. Paid out seventy-five fathoms of chain and rang up slow speed ahead. Plenty of ice (flat) looks as if it broke off the edge of some bay ice. Blowing northeast at 11.45, and thicker than ever. If it would clear up I ought to be able to see the land—Crown Prince Rudolf Island—if my reckoning is right. At midnight it seems inclined to clear up toward the land. Have had very little sleep. The crew are standing regular watches since the ice broke off. Two of the crew are on shore (night watchmen) which makes us a little short handed on the ship.

OCTOBER 24.—Strong easterly wind in gusts. At 7 A. M. the big pack ice drifted down on us. It cleared so I could see three miles, and I found my position in the pack. We were in a bight about one mile inside with solid ice all around. Stopped steaming and when the solid ice came against the ship it dragged the anchor off the bottom. Backed out and steamed south around the point of the pack, and hauled in through the mush ice. At 9.30 Cape Saulen came in sight bearing southeast, one-half south, four and one-half miles distant. Steamed until the anchor brought upon bottom solid; then stopped and tried to heave it up. Had to give it up as there was so little light to make fast to our old quarters. Much against my will, I gave orders to cut the chain. Which was done with a hack saw. We soon rounded the Cape, and sighted the camp with the good ship "America" looking like a floating berg. Tied up to the ice head on, with temporary fasts for the night. Got dinner for all hands at 4 P. M. Everyone thankful to get back, for it truly has been a time of much danger. The "America" has once more proved her worth in navigating Arctic seas of ice with all the elements against her. Tonight as I lay in my berth I seem to hear the shrieks of the gale in the rigging and grinding of ice on the sides. It looks like mild weather tomorrow. Now I will go to sleep and let her go.

OCTOBER 25.—All hands busy making ship fast. The water is all frozen over. Steamed alongside our old berth through the young ice. Planted two anchors in the ice and shackled the port chain (1½-inch wire) to one anchor ahead. Ran wire hawsers through the other on the quarter, using manila lines for springs. Now, unless we unreave running rigging, we have no more fasts to put out. No, the cold weather cannot come along too quickly to suit me, for 'tis our only salvation to freeze in before the ice pack comes in with a westerly blow. I think now even the field party recognize the serious position of the ship. Even after the ship freezes in it will be a constant care for the ship's company for weeks to come, or until some new conditions take place. With my twenty-five years' experience among ice in Arctic Seas (ten as master on one ship), I find there is much to learn about the treacherous ice of which I have always kept a close record, but as no two Arctic seasons are alike, or the movements of ice packs the same it keeps one guessing. In our Arctic business we find that men in their first year's experience think they know it all; the second year they think there are a few things they don't know, and the third year they say, "Why, there is much more about icing than I thought," and so it goes along until they get quite sure there is much to learn. By the light of lanterns the ship was made fast as securely as possible, at 4.30 P. M. I wish to say here, that all throughout the perilous trip we have had the past three days, all the crew worked well; showed no signs of fear; every order given by the officers was carried out cheerfully and quickly. Loss of sleep and extra work done proved that our Yankee seamen were all right. The engine room department was the same. The officers on the bridge were ever alert and always at their post of duty. Unlike other Arctic ships on the Atlantic side, the "America" has a fine pilot house, which I had built in Trondhjem, so the men were comfortable while steering the ship. Mr. Fiala and Mr. Peters came off with lighted lanterns at 2.30 P. M., for a short visit, and reported everybody well, and the animals all in good condition. Thermometer 8° above at midnight; calm and thick fog.

OCTOBER 26.—At 2 A. M. all the new ice broke off from the bay ice and drifted off to the west, and at 10 A. M. there is no big ice in sight from topmast head. Found a coil of four-inch line today which was put out for extra fasts. Engine connected, all ready to steam at any mniute, as we have always fifty pounds of steam up to run the dynamo. Commenced to fill coal bunkers. Dr. Shockley, Mr. Peters and Mr. Porter were off this forenoon. Dr. Shockley came alongside this afternoon for a few minutes and returned. The weather conditions make the boys get back to camp quickly. At 6 P. M. the wind east southeast, strong and increasing. The ship is straining hard on all the fasts, but unless it comes to a howling gale the fasts will hold. The first to part will be the stern or quarter lines. Then the ship will swing head on holding by the one and one-half inch chain, which can only break in seaway. All easterly winds to north blow off the ice, consequently there can be no sea only a back wash, which is small. All clear water outside of us; blowing fresh enough so it does not freeze.

OCTOBER 27.—At 3 A. M. the wind moderated slowly, and at 9 A. M. came a lull. Hauled in slack of the lines, which had stretched out, to get the ship alongside the ice and get a gangway out. At 1.30 P. M. it is calm with a low barometer. Looks like southwest wind, which I don't care to have at this stage of the game. Today Mr. Fiala said he would send his baggage on board. It was so much brighter on the ship, no noise, no confusion, and he could do his writing and figuring without being disturbed. I was very glad he made up his mind to stay with us, only to make the trip on shore every day will be a task at times. Running the dynamo from 7.45 to 10.30 P. M. at present. Mr. Haven started in again making tents.

OCTOBER 28.—Variable light winds; thermometer 14° above, and snowing. I find the ship is leaking a little more on account of having so much ice on her sides, from our late experience, which we have not had time to chop off. At the water line the ice is forty-six inches thick, bringing the ship down to the old leak. I don't think we started any more seams this last trip. Ocean all frozen over and no big ice in sight. At 5 P. M. the wind breezed east and carried all the young ice out. The boy, Jimmie, was the only one to go to camp.

OCTOBER 29.—Light variable winds all around. Clear. Thermometer 2° above. Ice conditions remain the same. Finished coaling the bunkers at dinner time. The steward came off after pans. Mr. Fiala is on shore for the day. The crew are working on sledges.

OCTOBER 30.—Same weather. Thermometer 1° above. At 11 A. M. a little twilight, just enough to see one mile. Don't see any ice off shore, as the young ice telescoped in all directions last night. I presume the pack is moving in at a distance and crowding it. Got stores from our cache on the ice. All busy, excepting the watchman, working for the field party on sledges. At 9.30 P. M. young ice squeezing up pressed the ship on two ice spurs, which protrude from under the floe ice.

OCTOBER 31.—The young ice to the southwest of us is about ten inches thick, and is covered with snow. It looks like old, heavy ice. The pack moving in with the southwest wind has piled it up in all shapes—some quite high ridges. It makes a noise like surf thundering in on the beach at a distance. The near ice breaking up sounds like tons of glassware falling. I can't say at this time, "the stillness of an Arctic night." The pressure reached the ship at 12 noon, and brought up on the floe, piling up over it. The ship was out of the direct line of pressure, so did not get any heavy squeeze. At 5 P. M. wind veered to the north; the ice slacked up and moved off south thirty feet and stopped.

NOVEMBER 1.—Wind north, northwest, light and clear; thermometer 22° below. No water in sight; where the ice moved off last night it is frozen over this morning. Mr. Fiala held religious services on the ship at 2 P. M., also on shore in the evening.

NOVEMBER 2.—No movement of ice today. five finished sledges sent to camp. At 3 P. M. it is quite dark, although it is clear. Commenced stopping dynamo at 10 P. M. to economize on coal.

NOVEMBER 3.—Wind north and west; light. At 9 A. M. thermometer 26° below; fairly clear. The ice freezes in the propeller hole four and five inches during the twenty-four hours, but much slower on the outside ice, which now is eleven inches in thickness. Mr. Nichols and Mr. Vedoe are making dog harnesses. All the others are working on the sledges. At the camp and the ship everything works smoothly now. All looking forward to the dash north. Any member of the crew will be offered a chance to volunteer to participate. And I am confident most of them will go. The ship's position is better with a bulwark of new ice, probably three to six miles, to take the pressure from the pack coming in from the southwest. But as the ice will break off with the next blow from the north to east, it will depend how near the ship it breaks off. We can only stand and take it as it comes. There is no way of evading it now.

NOVEMBER 4.—Two bears came to the ship today. The dogs sighted them and took their trail. The bears separated and the dogs ran one into a little crack, when the men came up and shot him. Went to camp for a pony and hauled the bear to the ship. All the bears run. Not one so far has showed any fight. Thermometer 26° below. By the moonlight I can see there was a heavy pressure from the northwest, as the ice is piled up high on Cape Saulen, and also nearer the ship. No pressure felt here. Could hear the noise of ice breaking all night. Thermometer 29° below.

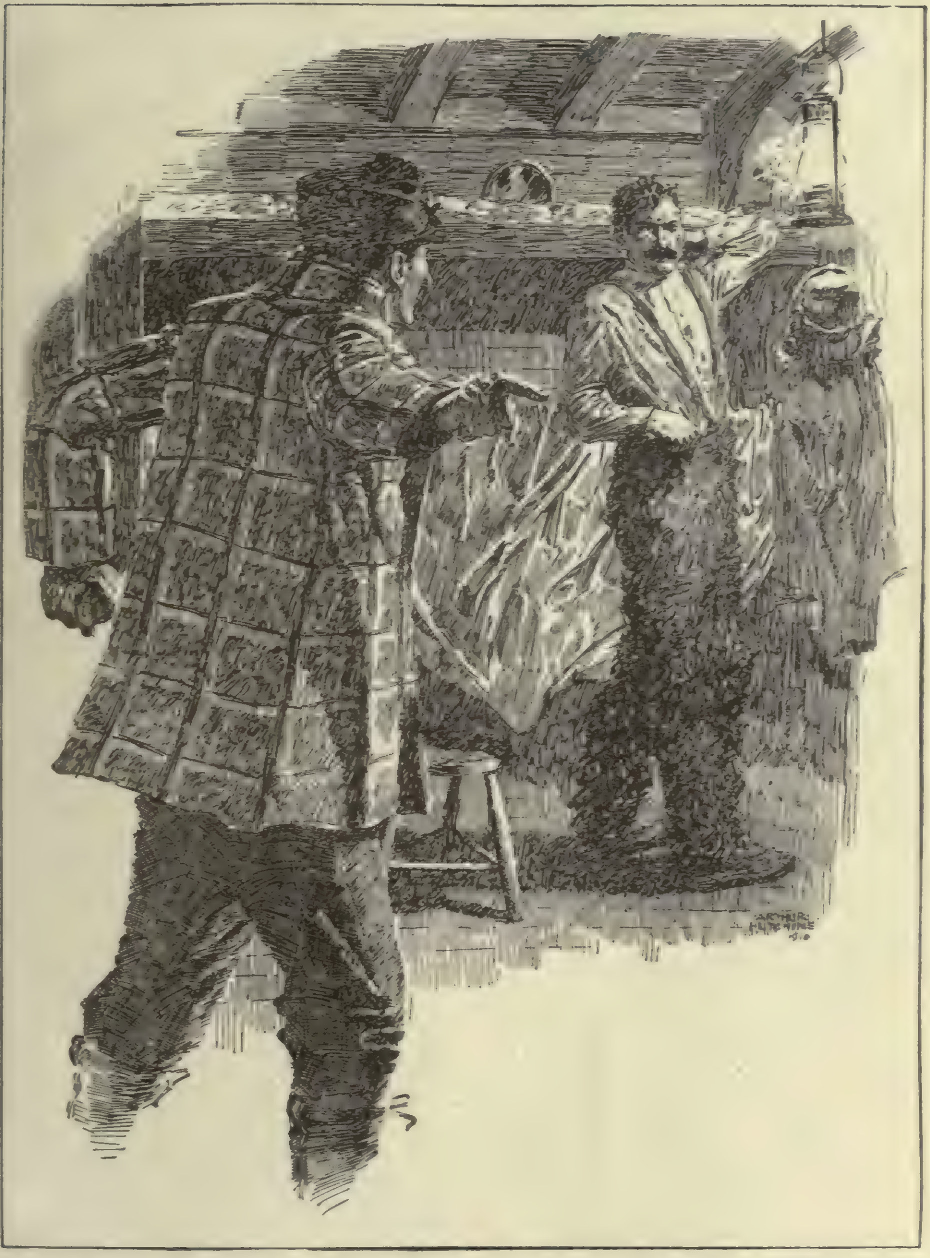
NOVEMBER 5.—Calm and very clear all night. Mr. Haven cut a new propeller hole; found the ice thirty inches thick against the side of the ship. Ice is stationary. Seventy feet outside the ship the ice has cracked through; the first time the ice goes out, it will go at that crack, leaving just seventy feet of protection. At 11.30 A. M. can just distinguish a dark spot which I call the camp. Have to use a lantern outside during any time of day. Crew all busy on equipments.

NOVEMBER 6.—Wind in same old quarter, north and west; light and clear; thermometer 16° below. Frost fog with the moon showing faintly through is all the light we get today at noon. The electric lights on poles on the trail to the camp are a great help in bad weather. Six men off from camp this evening. Fog overhead, otherwise a fine night

NOVEMBER 7.—Variable north and east winds, and calm; same old fog. The ice moved out from the seventy feet crack about twenty feet and stopped. Sent seven new sledges on shore. Working regular hours from 9 to 1 and 2 to 6 P. M. Two engineers went to camp to fix the arc light in the house. At 9.30 P. M. thermometer 28° below. Bright moonlight. I can see many leads of water off northwest. Mr. Peters took supper with us, and he and Mr. Fiala took a long walk, the evening was so fine. Have had a long spell of good weather; expect we will pay for it when the easterly winds come again.

NOVEMBER 8.—Very clear most of the time. Lowest thermometer 38° below. Today, Sunday, is our day of rest. Mr. Fiala held religious services in the carpenter's shop between decks. The moon looks cold—almost a silver color. The dogs don't mind the cold; they are either lying curled up on the snow or hunting for something to eat. The cook took a short walk; thought his nose was frozen when he came back. Nose was all right. Had to face the wind coming over the glacier. The ice around ship is unchanged. At Cape Saulen it broke off in a line to the southeast, which shows tonight in the bright moonlight.

NOVEMBER 9.—Light and variable winds from all points, and calm; thermometer 39°


ARTHUR HUTCHINS

Mr. Haven came to my door and said, "The wind has changed, blowing southwest, and the ice is coming back." (111)

below; clear. Five men off from camp. Mr. Fiala informed me this morning that he would put the members of the field party on night watch at the camp. A very good move. Gives two more men to work on board. I presume the boys will like the change. There is no change in the ice to be seen from the ship.

NOVEMBER 10.—Light variable north winds and calms. At 8 A. M. the thermometer was 42° below. The air is full of frost fog. At 12 noon the thermometer at camp was 45° 50′ below, at the ship 44° 5′ below. Shut down the dynamos at 9—saving more coal. The steward wanted to exchange the coal from the camp for ship's coal, as their coal was mixed with ice. Was making pork and bean biscuits for the trail. Ice the same, six inches made in the propeller hole. Mr. Peters and Dr. Shockley were off this afternoon. Mr. Fiala went to camp and took supper with the boys. I took a walk on the ice seaward and landward; gone about twenty minutes. With a deer skin coat I did not feel the cold at all, as it was dead calm. Could not realize that it was nearly 50° below. With a fresh breeze it would have been another thing. Then 'tis only safe for two to go out together, so at the first sign of freezing, known by the exposed part (the face) turning white, immediately take the hand from the mitten and press it over the spot turning white (do not rub), and it will draw the frost out. Each man is supposed to be watching the other. I have often tried this method when wintering at Herschel Island, north of Mackenzie River. I learned it from the Eskimos at that place in 1894. At 11 P. M. I can hear the ice crushing up off to the south and west, as though it was moving quickly, at the ship 'tis just perceptible. In the darkness it is impossible to tell which way it is moving. I should judge from the westward. With no wind behind it there will be but little pressure here. First increase for the Ziegler Polar Expedition: five puppies were born this morning.

NOVEMBER 11.—Calm and light variable northeast winds. Lowest thermometer 46° below; 9 A. M., 42° below; 10 P. M., 32° below; in my room this morning 56° above; 11 P. M., 62° above. In the upper cabin they said it was rather cold this morning, but they did not mind it. Ice now still brought up on the land. Several cracks opened out on the new ice near us. Seven inches in propeller hole this morning. Took one man two hours to cut it out. Mr. Fiala went on shore this afternoon. No one off from the camp until evening—Mr. Peters, who came off with Mr. Fiala and returned at 9.30. The weather is fine and was clear all day. At 10 P. M. everybody turned in. The cook told me today that he couldn't sleep, because he used all his time thinking what he would have for breakfast. Work is going on on expedition equipments. One of the firemen is sewing fish-skin soles on hair sealskin uppers for the trail. Takes all kinds of mechanics to cope with the needs of a polar expedition, as there is much alteration and always something new to be made, which calls out all our inventive genius. There is nothing like work to keep men out of mischief in these latitudes.

NOVEMBER 12.—Wind moderate southwest. Thermometer 23° below. The ice has been grinding and crushing all the night, off in the distance. Gradually it sounded nearer. At 1 A. M. we commenced to feel a pressure at the ship, and later on the ice commenced to break and shove under the ship and by her to the floe. It was three feet thick on the inside and about two outside. The pressures would make the ship crack and fairly groan; then it would let go for a while, and then come with a rush, piling up the ice on the floe twenty feet high. Looked rather dubious. Had Mr. Haven call all hands and be all ready to leave the ship at a minute's notice. Another bad pressure came and gave orders to throw all necessary clothing and expedition equipments out on the ice, which was done amid the horrid din. There was no excitement, and everything was done in good order. The pressures all let go before all the equipments were taken out, so we left off taking out the rest. Upon investigating, I found the ship was squeezed out one foot, fore and aft about the same; the ice had destroyed all signs of a hole over the propeller. Many thicknesses of ice were shoved under and over each other, and I could not tell if any damage was done to the propeller, or to the rudder, which is shoved hard over to starboard. I dug down to the upper blade and found it unbroken; the two lower ones cannot be got at. Some of the heavy iron plates on the after side are started off. The rudder is splintered on the inside. The propeller cannot be moved from the engine room. As soon as possible I will clear away and investigate. Now the cache of provisions on the floe ice had to be moved as the pressures cracked the ice inside of it. Had the ponies and plenty of help and finished moving the cache at 1.50 P. M. The outside has all the marks of a heavy pressure. There are high ridges and ice sticking up in all shapes everywhere. The last squeeze the ship had was the worst, when it smashed the three-foot ice, and that was the last of it. Afterward I found a partial crack one hundred yards inside of where the cache was moved; it did not run out of the floe as the other crack did. Now there is the liability of the bay ice breaking off, carrying off the ship and all hands in the darkness before we know it. In all fresh easterly to north winds I will have a continual watch kept at the places liable to go, and that is, under the circumstances pending here, all that I can do. All material needed for the day's work will be brought on board only. Of the stores for the ship, I will keep about one week's consumption on board. At the best 'tis only a fighting chance for the ship to live until spring. I can see that the crew are now fully aware of what might happen. All hands were tired and turned in early.

NOVEMBER 13.—Wind breezed up fresh after 12 midnight, south southeast. At 5 P. M. it is blowing, and the air is thick with drifting snow. The feeling of insecurity among the men was evinced rather forcibly early this morning, when somewhere between 4 and 6 A. M. eight of the men left the ship and went to camp, thinking the ship would be carried out with the ice. It was very dark, and as the wind was in the right direction to move the ice, they stampeded and were missed only when some of the officers turned out. The boys came back again toward night, not feeling any better for their little vacation. Dr. Vaughn and Sergeants Moulton and Truden were off and stayed most of the day in the upper cabin, the guests of Mr. Fiala. Rough traveling today to and from the camp. Thermometer 15° below. During a lull at 12.45 P. M. I could see the ice had broken off to the west and south, from Cape Saulen in a line north and south. No movement of ice near the ship today.

NOVEMBER 14.—Wind southwest and clear. The thermometer took a sudden rise, and is now 24° above. I took a good look at the ice this morning from Saulen. It broke off inside there, and now runs southeast as far as can be seen by the color of the horizon, about six miles. The nearest water now is one-half mile due west from the ship. I noticed that the steamer's first mooring place seemed to have had the most pressure of any place along the floe. Lucky the ship was not there. There was some big ice at that spot which would quickly have made an end of the "America." Made another examination of the rudder, and think it is unbroken. The stern part is cracked, twisted and a little out of line. I am quite sure it is no worse than it looks. Put all the men that could work clearing away the ice that is piled up under the stern to get at the propeller. No leak and every other part of the ship is O. K. Will have all hands send clothing to camp tomorrow, leaving necessary clothing for present use. The wind breezed up west northwest this afternoon and the ice off shore closed up to the west. Called the men together and had a little talk with them. Mr. Fiala also talked with them on expedition affairs at quite a length. I am sure the boys will not be the first to leave again. Hoisted one boat to the davits from the ice today, although a boat would be of no great service in this temperature, except, perhaps, to cross a narrow lead just broken off. In the event of the ship being carried off with the ice the boat would be no use. They are built of oak and weigh eighteen hundred pounds—too heavy to haul over any rough ice.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15.—The wind is east at 7 A. M., in puffs quite strong. The thermometer has taken a drop to 25° below. Just examined the ice in shore and off shore, and find no change in it. Last night the ice was crowding in, making its usual hideous noises. I should judge it was one-half mile off. At 3 A. M. stopped working. No pressure at the ship. I went to bed at 2.50 A. M. Very low barometer—28° 80′—and the thermometer rising 19° below—looking like a southwest blow. The wind was variable and light, west to north at midnight, and snowing fast. Had no religious services today as the stove was being repaired in the carpenter's shop. Mr. Peters was off to supper.

November 16.—Wind light and clear north and west. Barometer low, 28° 90′. Thermometer 30° below at 9.30 A. M. Must have been quite a breeze off shore as the ice has squeezed up hard and brought a light pressure on the ship. Cape Saulen keeps off the direct pressure coming from the northwest. At 4.30 P. M. the pony teams came off and took all the spare clothes for all hands to camp. Mr. Nichols is making nose bags for the ponies. The ice is moving off shore again this afternoon. I am pumping the ship every two days; takes thirty minutes with steam.

November 17.—Wind light with some snow. Frost fog later. Thermometer at 9 A. M. 13° below; barometer 29° 20′. At 2 A. M. the ice could be heard crowding up on Cape Saulen, but there was no pressure at the ship. The arc light from the camp was brought off to be repaired. All hands busy at the same kind of work. I don't see the firemen working on boats any more. I believe the long nights are telling on some of the nervous temperaments. At 10.30 P. M. I went out on the ice with my electric lamp to examine the ice. Found a new crack about one hundred yards out, running into the old floe crack about forty-four miles ahead of the ship. Calm at 11.30 P. M.

November 18.—Thermometer 36° below. No movement of the ice last night. I examined the ice around the ship and found it unchanged. The chief reports the engine on bottom center and wants to move it bad. Looks now as if we never would be able to cut away enough ice to find out how much propeller we have left. Five men are at work steadily, and I hope to get through directly over the propeller sometime tomorrow. The worst trouble is there, as layer on layer of ice is crowded under, and the water now comes in and freezes as fast as it can be scooped out. The men are constantly getting their feet wet; then have to come on board and change. Mr. Haven is doing this work.

November 19.—Light variable winds and clear. At 9 A. M. thermometer 27° below. The aurora is showing, but not bright enough to give assistance in seeing the trail to camp. The men always use a lantern or electric lamp wherever they go. It is impossible to see the trail without, excepting in the moonlight. I have found so much ice underneath the stern around the propeller that I am quite uncertain if it is possible to clear it enough to turn it. First Officer Haven has to leave his tent-making for this outside work, as the second officer has equipment work to finish. Water showing up off Cape Saulen, where the ice seems to be moving continually of late. I went out to the main crack in the ice, one hundred yards outside ship, and found it opened last night about eighteen inches and working. At 3 P. M. frost fog makes it feel colder. Sent six more completed sledges to the camp. At 10.30 P. M. the ice was moving in from the west, but soon stopped.

November 20.—Thermometer 19° below. Working, cutting over the propeller with small results. At 12 noon cut through just enough to feel one blade. Could feel ice against the stern post seven feet further down. At 2 P. M. had to give up, beaten on this job. Now we can cut another hole for water in case of fire. Two pony teams off this morning. The outside ice moved out about two feet and shoved up in ridges. At 7.45 the wind is blowing thirty-six miles an hour. Gave orders for a watch to be kept on the floe in shore near the crack of November 12, to give notice of the first movement. All hands are ready to leave the ship tonight, should the ice in shore break off, before it breaks off outside the ship. If it does break off first outside the inside ice will not move, as the crack has not widened since opening and now must be frozen together. At 11.30 P. M. the first officer and I examined and found the ice firm at all points.

(To be continued)

A PROSPEROUS RANCHER'S HOME IN ALBERTA

A GREAT COLONIZATION PROJECT

By JOHN S. DENNIS

IN 1894, the Dominion Government withdrew from homestead entry and sale, in the Province of Alberta, a block of land containing three million acres, along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway just east of the city of Calgary. This reservation was made to enable a settlement to be effected with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company of the balance due them on their land grant subsidy and to enable that company to undertake the construction of a vast irrigation system to cover the fertile Bow River Valley included in this block, it being realized that such a project could only be successfully accomplished by so administering the lands therein that the promoters would not be hampered by vested interests created by the alienation from the government of any of these lands. This project, the greatest irrigation undertaking of its kind on the American Continent, is now being pushed to completion.

It has an average length east and west of about 150 miles and an average width of forty miles north and south, and it is expected that this block of irrigated and non-irrigated land will ultimately be divided into some fifteen thousand farms, sustaining six individuals each, including hired help, making a rural population of ninety thousand. The ratio of rural to urban population according to the last census was as three to two. This would make a town and village settlement of sixty thousand, or a total population in the block of one hundred and fifty thousand people. The colonization of this vast area and "the creation of the most closely settled and prosperous mixed farming, dairying, and stock-raising community in Western Canada" is the ambitious program the railway company is now carrying out in a most aggressive manner.

COLONIZATION FROM THE RAILWAY STANDPOINT

The land business of this great transcontinental railway is, naturally, a side issue. Its business is transportation. Its interest in the mere sale of an area of land tributary to its system fades into absolute insignificance

A GARDEN IN ALBERTA

compared with its vastly greater interest in the creation of new traffic. The land is sold only once, whereas the occupant is a customer of the company for all time to come. The making of homes for the creation of this traffic is its all-important aim to obtain these results.

So it is that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, in addition to spending the vast sums necessary to construct the irrigation canals in this great block, is undertaking the greater work of colonizing this whole enormous area. Success beyond anticipation has so far been encountered in this colonization work, but the titanic proportions of the enterprise can hardly be grasped. It is so vast that the task of a generation must be reduced to a decade. The traffic department wants business.

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY AT HAND

Those who know predict that the present era will be the greatest in the history of southern Alberta's development. The magnificent crop just harvested, which will be found to break the record for any part of the American continent for many years, has created an increased confidence on the part of capital, both north and south of the line, and a widespread sentiment in favor of settlement and investment. One of the golden opportunities which occur at long intervals is at hand, and the railway company proposes to utilize it.

CO-OPERATIVE HOME-MAKING

The Canadian Pacific Railway has been offering its land for sale in this irrigation block at reasonable prices and on long terms for payment, but now they are going a step further and inaugurating a system which is nothing less than a general invitation to the farmers in over-crowded districts of the world to come to southern Alberta and go into partnership with the Canadian Pacific Railway. This is no mere catch phrase. It means what it says. The company will offer new settlers a land contract under which the land pays for itself. No crop, no payment.

The most striking feature of this novel departure from the past policy of railway companies in selling their land grants is the apparent confidence the company has in the ability of the land to pay for itself. To the well-informed, however, this is a safe proposition in that a large number of farmers in southern Alberta have been getting sufficient

WORK IN PROCESS ON AN IRRIGATION DITCH

out of the land to pay for it in full almost *every year*. Be that as it may, the proposition is undoubtedly one that will appeal to the average farmer, and it is confidently expected that where one farmer is being put on the land under the present system, ten will be located on the "crop payment" plan.

ADVANCED DEVELOPMENT POLICY

In its efforts to encourage actual settlement at the earliest possible moment, the company goes a step further. A great many purchasers of land are unable to move on to their farms at once, and would, therefore, be greatly assisted if they could have the preliminary development work done for them so as to enable them to get a crop growing and a cash revenue coming in as soon as possible after going into occupation. The company, therefore, agrees to initiate farming operations for absentee land-owners on a contract basis. No charge is made for the time of the employees devoted to supervising and inspecting this work and only a small percentage is charged to cover the actual outlay in supervising the expenditure of amounts deposited for development. The work is entrusted to responsible parties only, and it goes without saying that the company by reason of being in a position to contract for thousands of acres of breaking, harrowing, discing, seeding, etc., annually, is in a position to demand the very best class of work at the lowest prices going.

AN EDUCATIONAL PROPAGANDA

The company, realizing that the bulk of the settlers coming into occupation of the irrigated lands will be more or less uninformed as to the proper methods of handling and applying water, has placed at their disposal expert advice and assistance. It operates at central points farms devoted to demonstrating the agricultural possibilities of the district. The staff of the company's demonstration farms is always ready to assist new colonists, and on some of the farms are maintained pure-bred bulls and boars for the free use of the settlers. The maintenance of these demonstration farms is in line with the general policy of endeavoring to create a prosperous agricultural community.

THE SPECULATIVE FEATURE

Land-selling as an occupation "out West" has earned the contempt of the farmer to such

THE THRESHING OUTFIT TRAVELS FROM FARM TO FARM

VEGETABLES ON THE IRRIGATION FARM AT CALGARY

TEN OF THESE TEAMS WILL CUT FOUR HUNDRED ACRES OF GRAIN A DAY

HEAD-GATES OF THE "BIG DITCH" NEAR CALGARY an extent that he shuns the real estate man. The operations of the unscrupulous "land shark," who saddled his clients with worthless land and caused him to dissipate perhaps his life savings in a vain attempt to make a living and pay for his land, are chiefly responsible for this. Another reason is the insatiable hankering of some farmers for speculative investment and their failure to discriminate between sound investment and "wildcatting." While the average farmer should buy with a view to home-making, he need not eliminate entirely the speculative feature from his proposed investment. As much clear profit has been made out of farms in western Canada from enhanced land values as from the products of the soil itself.

The fact should not be lost sight of, however, that the only elements that give value to land are population and transportation. Without these the best land would be almost worthless. In the irrigation block, transportation facilities of the very best already exist, and with a proper system of branch lines this area will be as well served as any in western Canada. Actual settlement within the irrigation block is what the railway company desires, and is securing; consequently substantial development and increased land values will be assured within a comparatively short period. The capitalist speculator is not wanted. The farmer speculator is welcomed with open arms.

CALGARY'S DESTINY

When the railway has succeeded in settling immediately east of Calgary a population nearly as great as the present total population of the whole of the province of Alberta, that city's position as one of the leading wholesale and manufacturing centers of Canada will be assured. Furthermore, there is no district in Canada or the United States where there exists so vast an agricultural area, devoid of waste lands, as that east of and tributary to Calgary, which can be developed under irrigation. This is a civic asset of no mean proportions. A city with the commanding geographical situation of Calgary, and surrounded by a vast body of rich agricultural lands, the future home of a dense consuming population, with available water power, enormous coal resources and nearly every other natural advantage that enters into the creation of a great commercial centre, cannot avoid its destiny. Calgary stands today on the site of the future great western industrial metropolis.

BUILDING A TOWN IN THE IRRIGATION BLOCK

THE LIQUOR SITUATION IN MAINE

By CHARLES EDSON OWEN

DURING a recent interview at the state capitol Governor B. M. Fernald handed a dozen letters to the writer. "These letters," said Governor Fernald, "are letters of inquiry selected from a large number upon the same subject. They are from men of prominence in public life, one from a college president, one from a governor of a great state, two from lawyers, three from legislators and several from clergymen. These men," continued the governor, "are evidently confused and disturbed by numerous statements about conditions in our state as related to the prohibitory law. I would like to have you write for me an answer long and broad enough to give these men and others like them the information they need."

The task was undertaken. To frame a composite answer to a dozen letters, each seeking from different standpoints definite information upon various phases of one subject, and that a vexed and complicated one, was not the work of a single day or a week. Governor Fernald's approval of the work is attested by the presence of the letter herewith:

WATERVILLE, MAINE, Feb. 25, 1910.

Dear Sir:—Your courteous letter of recent date calls attention to numerous statements and comparisons in circulation relating to criminal conditions in our state. Statistics indicating that drunkenness and crime are on the increase and comparisons discreditable to our prohibitory law are cited.

In your estimation the value of the law is in the balance. Unless these allegations can be denied or explained all confidence in prohibition must be abandoned.

This is the way our correspondents usually put the matter up to us. But a new crop of statistics appears with every moon, and new comparisons are constantly coming in. Dealing with statistics and comparisons, therefore, is an endless task; and besides disproving the alleged facts does not vindicate the law, nor admitting them, condemn the law. A knowledge of other important facts and conditions is necessary before any sound conclusion can be reached as to the real causes of the conditions inquired about.

A newspaper in Oregon published the criminal record of a certain city in Maine, showing that the arrests for drunkenness had increased fifty per cent. in three years. Comparing this with that of a license city of about the same size, prohibition was made to appear a very dangerous proposition. Radical prohibitionists were sorely grieved and license advocates were gloriously elated. In this piece of false logic, the important facts absolutely necessary in order to reach any safe conclusion were wanting.

Our correspondents will be best served by putting before them such important facts and experiences as will enable them to intelligently interpret the significance of many succeeding bulletins of "startling statements and comparisons" as they appear.

But first let me give you the barest outline of the history of the law and the provisions for its enforcement.

The statutes of Maine have made it unlawful to manufacture or sell intoxicating liquors, for beverages purposes, since 1851, except for two years, 1856 and 1857, when the state again licensed the traffic. In 1884 prohibition was placed in the constitution by a vote of 70,630 in favor and 23,658 against it.

The responsibility for the enforcement of the law rests first upon the local officials in each of the twenty cities and five hundred and one towns; next, upon the sheriffs, county attorneys and courts of the sixteen counties of the state. In case the enforcement of the prohibitory law is neglected by both the municipal and county officers the governor, as chief executive, is authorized to appoint an enforcement commission to administer the law in any negligent sections, the expense of such enforcement by the state being borne by the county in which the service is rendered. Thus the ultimate responsibility is lodged with the state.

The effectiveness of the law during its early history is not in question. That it was satisfactory to the people of Maine as late as 1884 is abundantly attested by a popular vote of three to one placing it in the constitution.

About five years after the adoption of the constitutional amendment wood pulp was adopted for paper-making, and Maine experienced a great industrial awakening. Two-thirds of her 31,500 square miles area was forest. Immense pulp and paper plants in great numbers, some of the largest in the world, were erected.

This new industry created at once a demand for railroad facilities, and within the last twenty years more than eleven hundred miles, equal to nearly four times the entire length of the state, have been built, and over four hundred miles of electric railway have been constructed.

Now this industrial revival, this building of pulp and paper mills, railroads, power plants for the electric systems, and cutting and driving such immense quantities of lumber meant the introduction into Maine of thousands of laborers. They were mostly men of the Saxon race, strong, vigorous, with red blood in their veins. These homeless men of strong passions in such numbers were a new source of temptation to the towns or cities near which their work called them.

Bangor has been quoted everywhere as the most conspicuous example of the failure of prohibition to prohibit. Bangor is the natural headquarters of great lumbering interests and the number of men who annually go through Bangor, on their way to and from the woods, railroads, and pulp mills, far exceeds its population. In Bangor, their base of supplies, they plan to spend from three to six weeks of "vacation time," and they seek such "entertainment" as their early education and their "tastes" require.

Responding to this demand law-defying men made a business of trading upon the appetites and passions of these transient visitors. This came to be the regular occupation of a small but desperately persistent gang, in Bangor and vicinity. The extent and character of their business can better be imagined than described. Drunkenness and disorder increased inevitably.

This condition of things, not vigorously handled at the start by the constituted authorities, put some substantial citizens, business men and even some ministers, in a critical attitude toward the law. Many frankly said: "While prohibition may be satisfactory in the towns and smaller cities under ordinary conditions, it does not work satisfactorily in Bangor." Certainly prohibition did not work in Bangor. No one worked it. Local officials, city and county, and even some judges of the court supposed that local sentiment was strongly against prohibition. They therefore conceived "a plan" by which "dealers" in Bangor were "regulated" and tacitly allowed to sell liquors, fines being imposed at stated intervals.

In this famous "Bangor plan" there was absolutely no attempt at prohibition. It was "regulation" pure and simple; and yet its results have been exploited throughout the country by the advocates of the license system as a fair sample of what prohibition will do. Would it not be a marvel if under such conditions arrests for drunkenness and other crimes did not rapidly increase and especially among non-resident laborers? Bangor's police reports faithfully record this increase, and show that, for the year ending March 31, 1909, seventy per cent. of the arrests were non-resident. Bangor's experience has been repeated in modified form in other sections of the state.

But these laborers are not the only invading army which has entered Maine. At the time prohibition was adopted Maine was comparatively isolated, was and still is essentially rural. More than two-thirds of its permanent population live in towns of less than five thousand inhabitants. The largest of its twenty cities is Portland with about sixty thousand inhabitants. Two generations ago Maine's vast stretch of sea coast, measuring three thousand miles and punctuated with hundreds of beautiful islands, was very thinly peopled by farmers, fishermen and quarrymen. Now this picturesque and rock-bound coast has been transformed into a veritable summer paradise peopled by scores of thousands of visitors from other states. Magic cities spring into being each summertime upon our islands and along our coast. Within the past year the bureau of industrial and labor statistics has investigated the value of property owned and occupied for vacation purposes by people outside the state and has recently reported that summer homes and hotels representing, with their furnishings, over thirty millions of dollars are the property of non-residents within our state. In Bar Harbor alone, the homes of summer residents are assessed at $3,400,000.

Moreover, it must be remembered that at least two hundred thousand people annually visit the inland lakes and country hillsides where they have established summer residences. Would it be strange if the annual coming of these visitors, four hundred thousand strong, the major part of them doubtless from license communities—would it be strange if their mingling with the people of Maine should break down prohibition sentiment, and weaken the enforcement of law? In the beginning of this summer invasion it was feared that the temperance interests of the state would suffer demoralization. Some mischief was done and gaily reported, but that period is passed. It is confidently asserted, that, as a rule, these summer guests are best suited where the saloon is entirely excluded. We are assured that the summer residents of Bar Harbor are in entire accord with the local officers in the strict enforcement of the prohibitory law. The largest and best summer hotels, catering to the best class of people from all sections, have little temptation to violate the provisions of the prohibitory law. These people come to Maine for rest, comfort and recuperation, and find these in their perfection where the saloon influence is absent.

But Maine experienced a political backsliding as well as an industrial revival. After the adoption of constitutional prohibition in 1884 political inertness seized the busiest, brainiest and best citizens in the state. With prohibition enshrined in the fundamental law it was vainly expected that the end of all effort to overthrow the law had been reached. It was taken for granted that all officials would observe their sacred oath to enforce it. The importance of the careful selection of candidates for officers to administer law was overlooked by the intelligent and well-meaning citizens and as promptly recognized by those whose business the law interfered with. As a result in some sections of the state, the police power quietly slipped into the hands of the enemies of prohibition, its friends in many instances innocently contributing their votes. The political inertness of the best citizens, uniting with the political alertness of the worst, greatly reduced the effectiveness of the law.

This result was considerably augmented by a serious defect in the enforcement machinery itself. State authority to make laws is necessarily accompanied by state responsibility for the enforcement of these laws. For many years, however, after the appointment and control of the sheriffs were taken from the governor the connection of state authority with the enforcement of law in the several counties was broken. The governor as chief executive of the state was, to use a mechanic's phrase, "shipped to a loose pulley," being absolutely without power to interfere with the independent control of enforcement by each county, city or town. The state's policy was distinctly declared in its constitution and statutes, but by this singular defect the enforcement of the state policy was left optional with each county.

This defect has been remedied: First by the Sturgis law of 1905, giving the governor as chief executive of the state the authority to appoint, when necessary, an Enforcement Commission to enforce the law of the state in any county where local officials refused or neglected to do so; and second, by the statute of 1909 giving the governor power to remove delinquent county attorneys and to appoint others in their places. "Illegal county option" which the citizens of the state as a whole had no idea of endorsing has thus become a thing of the past. Each and every county must now enforce the state law, or pay the costs of having it done by state officials. We wish to warn our correspondents, however, that "alarming statistics" are still in circulation, based, not upon facts drawn from the vast sections of the state where the law has been normally effective, but upon statements drawn from those places where through defective enforcement machinery and bad citizenship the law was temporarily outraged.

Federal interference is now our most serious handicap. If the state had exclusive police control of the liquor traffic within its borders it would be manifestly fair to credit the Maine law with all the beneficial effects, and to charge to its account all failures and shortcomings. But the state of Maine is very far from having full police control of the traffic within her borders.

The United States mail is freely used by the liquor dealers of other states in soliciting orders from practically every voter and from many boys. The federal interstate commerce law protects the delivery of every order against seizure by any officials within the state. The liquor dealers of Boston boast of having built up an enormous mail order and express business in Maine, and a number of wholesalers have combined and, invoking federal laws, have instituted legal proceedings against our sheriffs to restrain them from doing what the law of the state authorizes and requires them to do in the suppression of the liquor traffic. The results of the mail order and express business cannot be justly charged to the prohibitory law. It will not be regarded as an unreasonable estimate that at least seventy-five per cent. of all the arrests and commitments for drunkenness and crime and of all other evils arising from the use of intoxicating liquors in Maine for the past year are justly chargeable to the licensed liquor trade of other states projected into Maine by the mail order and express business under the protection of the federal government.

Let it be distinctly understood, however, that there is no disposition on the part of the intelligent and law-abiding citizens of Maine to surrender the prohibitory policy or relax its enforcement on this account. The state is defending, by her Attorney General, the sheriffs of Maine in the suit brought by the wholesale liquor dealers under the federal statute. Prohibition is the settled policy of the intelligent citizenship of Maine. After a half century of experience the people believe in Prohibition as sane in method and right in principle and therefore capable of securing valuable results for the general well-being and betterment of the whole people. Business and professional men of all political faiths as well as men and women organized for distinctly moral and religious progress are more universally in accord with the prohibitory policy than ever before in the history of the state.

The nature of the commodity, and its well-known evil effects, forbids that the state, as a protector of the home and society, should take any other than a prohibitive attitude toward the liquor traffic. The sense of the absolute righteousness of the policy laying hold of the consciences of the fathers and mothers has sustained the law through its hard experiences A native faith in the ultimate triumph of a right policy, because it is right, accounts for the persistence of prohibition in Maine. And this faith is one of the grandest moral assets of the state or nation. It was this faith to which Lincoln appealed in the nation's crisis when on February 27, 1860, in Cooper Union, he closed his immortal address with these words, "Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

You have heard that our law makes hypocrites. No law makes hypocrites. It simply reveals the ready-made article. The quality of Maine manhood and womanhood is not questioned by an intelligent public. "Maine's best crop is men," is a proverb accepted from ocean to ocean.

The traffic is helpless as compared with its dominating strength under the protective system. We have no wealthy, liquor-enriched aristocracy. Three years ago it was officially stated of Missouri that three and one half times as much money was invested in her liquor interests as in the railroads of the state. In Maine the liquor industry as such represents no capital worth mentioning. The entire plant and paraphernalia of the whole illicit trade of Maine would not equal in value one thousandth part of the money invested in her railraods.

If it were possible, the outlawed traffic would be an important factor in the political affairs of the state. No element is more alert and watchful of opportunities. To hold the balance of power and to get control of the administration of the law has always been its chief aim. To openly and defiantly dictate policies and control the administration of government, name candidates and carry elections is scarcely within the range of possibility under the prohibitory policy as we know it in Maine.

It has no social standing. The man of high degree socially is brought low when caught in illicit liquor trade. The proprietor of a fashionable hotel or drug store serves his sentence in jail for violating the liquor law just as any other criminal would do.

From the economic standpoint Maine certainly has not suffered on account of her policy. One-half of the people of the state live in their own homes, pay their taxes, educate their children and have comfortable bank accounts.

STUMP-PULLING

By B. F. McMILLAN

THE report of Secretary Wilson, of the United States Agricultural Department, for the year 1908, shows the values of the farms to be twenty billion dollars, with a revenue of about eight billion dollars. Compared with this, the largest industry in the country, that of the United States Steel Company, looks very insignificant. It is also an established fact that nearly seventy-five per cent. of all the manufacturing industries of the country depend on the farms for their raw material.

If the same conditions prevailed in farming which govern other business, the marvelous prosperity of the farmers in recent years would make the demand for farms so great that it could not be met without exhausting the available supply of unoccupied land in the country. It is a noticeable fact that men with money rush into one business after another, frequently created by the passing fad, and lose their capital. Likewise is it true that they will rush into this business or that regardless of the fact that the business is already beyond the demands of the market. Men with capital seem to overlook the fact that there is always a demand for the products of the farm, even in panic times. People can get along without automobiles, but they must eat. The present profitable prices are to continue for a long time, is the opinion of the Secretary of Agriculture, for the population has grown much faster than the farms; therefore the business of farming ought to hold the attention of those seeking success. Farming is essentially an industrial enterprise. It partakes of many of the characteristics of the various manufacturing lines. It enjoys the distinction of being the best paying and at the same time the poorest managed business in the world. Somehow or some way the farmer, regardless of misfortune, mismanagement, hard luck, and lack of means moves along, gets his three meals a day, and ultimately turns up with a nice bank roll and furnishes the capital with which men in other lines of business operate. He is the backbone of the country, and without him the rest of the world would shut up shop. Whenever an additional youngster is added to the family roll call, he does not run up a distress signal and cry out because there is one more mouth to feed, but on the contrary takes a day off to receive the congratulations of his less fortunate neighbors. Race suicide is not a disturbing element in the family circle, and the boys and girls who grow up surrounded by the healthy environments of farm life are the men and women who later control the country's destiny.

The development of the Central West has been an interesting study to me for over a quarter of a century, and it appeals just as strongly today as it did thirty years ago. Marshfield, Wisconsin, now a thriving city of seven thousand population, with financial institutions that show one and one-half millions of deposits, at that time had no existence. The country around and about it was practically a virgin forest with little or no development. Here and there some homesteader had come in from the country farther south, built for himself a log cabin, and started clearing in the hopes of securing a home for himself and family that he might call his own. New settlers appeared from time to time, and as the homestead land was taken up they bought from the mill men the cut-over lands in the settlement, at nominal prices, without any cash payment, and made such headway as they could under the most difficult and trying conditions.

These new settlers or pioneers had the advantage, however, of being able to obtain employment from the mill men which gave them sufficient money to maintain themselves and their family until they were self-supporting from their own land.

The history of the development of this particular locality is no different from the history of the development of the greater part of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan. The pioneers were all poor men, and as it took a great deal of courage to meet the obstacles in the path of the home-builder the development was slow. The mill man, on the contrary, was continually adding to his facilities for handling the timber and manufacturing it into lumber. As a consequence thousands of acres of land were cut over and abandoned as seemingly worthless, for the reason that the settlement would not keep apace with the lumbering. Ofttimes these lands were sold for taxes, and some fifteen or twenty years ago these lands and other large cut-over tracts passed into the hands of speculators at a nominal figure.

Aided and abetted by the railroad companies, they were placed upon the market for sale. Glowing pictures of profits were painted, and through constant and persistent advertising the lands were sold over and over again by real estate agents, and the price of the land continually advanced without any actual increase in value. Fully eighty per cent. of all the purchasers of these cut-over lands failed to go onto them and develop, notwithstanding their original intention, while the remaining twenty per cent. naturally made very little progress, most of these being men of limited means. Owing to such conditions the work of colonization has been exceedingly slow, as both the increased price of land and lack of employment operated against rapid development.

The same methods adopted here have been pursued all over the United States by land agents and the railroads, but today, no matter which way a man turns who seeks a farm home, whether it be to the arid West or the booming South, he is confronted with the same conditions. The poor man, and by that I mean the man whose only asset is a large family, is practically eliminated, as it requires from five hundred to one thousand dollars to get a start. This may be all right in itself, but where there is one man who has the necessary five hundred dollars, and is satisfied to go on the land, there are a thousand whose only capital is a willingness to work, and enough ready money to build a cabin and move the family on the land.

The poor we always have with us, and it is the poor man that we must rely on for actual settlement. There is no disputing these facts. Analyzing these conditions, it is plainly to be seen why so few of the hundreds of people who barely eke out an existence in our larger cities and not infrequently in our smaller ones do not turn to the land for relief. There is no question whatever that if the proper opportunities were presented, thousands of people would turn to the land for the betterment of their conditions.

The Federal government has been brought to a realization of this fact, and is now seeking some method whereby the cut-over lands of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota can be cleared up and opened for settlement. A bulletin will soon be issued by the Agricultural Department giving such information as it was possible to gather concerning the method and cost of putting logged-over lands in Western Washington into a state of cultivation. This year it is proposed to make similar investigations here in the Central West.

The work of the Department along this line should bring excellent results, as it will open the eyes of the country to the necessity of employing more modern means in developing the timber localities.

There has been little or no advance in the machinery employed in this class of work so far as I have been able to learn, except a new machine that has been introduced by the Consolidated Farm Company, of Marshfield, Wisconsin. This company is composed of local business men who have been engaged for several years past in trying to solve the problem of settling cut-over lands. This company was organized in response to the demand for some newer and better method of helping the poor man in establishing himself, and it was not long in discovering that the only settler that could be secured to go on new land was the man who had little or nothing to start with. It also discovered that unless the new settler could secure some employment during the first few years of his residence on new land he was practically helpless in obtaining results.

In nearly every instance he became discouraged and abandoned the project of carving out a home in the woods. Those who could obtain work at the nearby mills, and those who had several hundred dollars with which to start, invariably succeeded, and in a few years had good farms and experienced very little, if any, hardships.

Knowing these conditions, the business men of Marshfield determined to organize their company and locate such settlers as would come to them on tracts of from five to forty acres, either improved or unimproved, as they desired and their means would warrant. They also decided on giving the new settler an opportunity to work at good wages while he was building for himself, and to do this determined to clear lands adjacent to the settlers, there being ready sale for improved land.

To facilitate their work they introduced a new steam stump machine which has remarkable power, and through a system of cables and derrick is capable of clearing from two to four acres of stump lands per day. During the past season the company has cleared over three hundred acres and has given employment to a large number of new settlers which it has induced to locate here. These settlers are all happy and contented, and all show marked progress.

We give space to the foregoing statement because it presents an original idea in that, instead of holding the land, waiting the slow methods of the settler for development, the land is cleared in advance of the settler; instead of pursuing the necessarily crude methods of the poor men, the best machinery that capital can buy is possible; instead of letting the little fellow fight out the battle alone he has the benefit of the hearty co-operation of the business interests which recognize the fact that every new settler in a community, if successful, is worth from three hundred to five hundred dollars annually to the business interests, while the speculator contributes nothing to the community, and is usually a menace to its progress.

The great absorbing question of the day is how to relieve the congested conditions in the city and make fruitful the unproductive lands in the country. The old methods have failed; the new ones must be tried.

I WAIT

By OWEN CLARK

Today, I wait:
No more with gay and steady tread
I keep my way and forge ahead;
Nor even, burdened with a load
Of anxious haste, toil up the road:
I wait:
Nor haste nor anger dare essay,
For cloud and chasm bar the way:
So I must wait.
Ye have been brave and patient, heart and will:
Be yet more brave; be patient still!
The clouds will break! The fog will lift!
And through each hazy rolling rift
I shall more clearly see my proper way
Discern where lurking danger lay.
Be calm and steadfast, O my soul,
For thou shalt surely reach thy goal
And what is there for thee will wait:
Thou canst not be too late!

AUTOMOBILES A FACTOR IN COMMERCE

By W. C. JENKINS

ACCORDING to a report just issued by the United States Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor, the automobile must henceforth be recognized as an important and rapidly increasing factor in international commerce. The value, in round numbers, of motor cars exported from all countries in the year 1909 is in excess of $50,000,000, to which the United States contributed $8,667,397, which represents a gain of 450 per cent. in automobiles exported from this country since 1899. The total value of American automobiles and accessories manufactured in the year 1909 approximates over $150,000,000. This places the motor car now among the six leading articles of American manufacture, a fact that testifies eloquently to the progress, enterprise and prosperity of this country.

The total number of gasoline cars built in this country in the year 1909 was close to 73,000, while the total value of all motor vehicles built, and their accessories, approximates over $200,000,000.

In 1896 the present type of automobile made its appearance, and one of the first companies organized was the Olds Motor Vehicle Company, with a capital of $50,000. Later the Olds Motor Works was organized with a paid-up capital of $350,000, R. E. Olds being president and general manager. In the spring of 1901 the Detroit plant was destroyed by fire. The plant was then moved to Lansing, Michigan, and by the end of the year 1903 the company had grown to a $2,000,000 corporation.

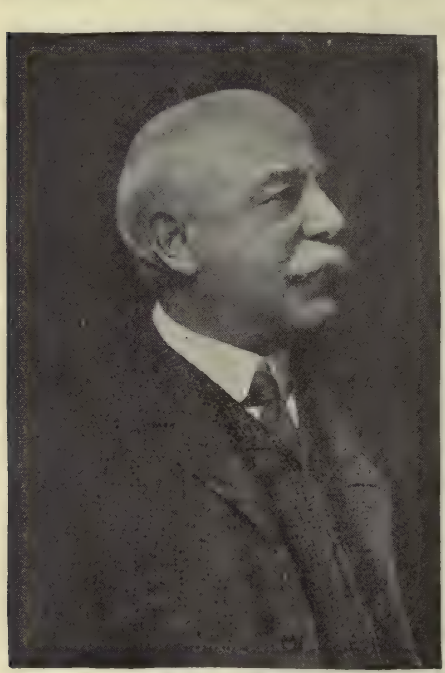
R. E. OLDS
President Reo Motor Car Company

In January, 1904, Mr. Olds retired from the active management of the company, and later sold his interests. In August of the same year his friends induced him to return to the active manufacture of automobiles, and within three hours after his consent was obtained enough stock was subscribed for a million-dollar company, which resulted in the organization of the Reo Motor Car Company, with R. E. Olds as president and general manager.

On October 15, 1904, the first Reo car was placed on trial, and by November 20th Mr. Olds had personally driven this car over 2,000 miles, besides superintending the construction of the new manufacturing plant. When the new plant was ready for business on January 1, 1905, 120 men were put to work and by March 21st the first carload of Reos was shipped. Over 3,000 cars were sold, and that year the Reo sales amounted to $1,378,000. In 1906 shipments of Reo cars amounted to one hundred carloads a month. For 1907 the output was 4,000 cars; in 1908 the product amounted to $4,800,000, and for 1909, 6,600 cars were manufactured, valued at $6,273,000.

In addition to his automobile interests at Lansing, Mr. Olds is president of the Capital National Bank, the Michigan Screw Company, the Atlas Drop Forge Company, and a number of other large concerns, as well as a large real estate owner. Mr. Olds is one of the few business men who controls such a large business without borrowing any money. He claims that there are times when it is necessary to borrow money, but personally he prefers to avoid such an expediency.

With the beginning of the 1910 automobile season the manufacturers have in many instances been compelled to greatly increase their capacity for the production of cars, owing to the unprecedented demand for autos which the increasing prosperity of the country has made almost a necessity.



E. R. THOMAS

In a recent interview, Mr. E. R. Thomas, of the E. R. Thomas Motor Company of Buffalo, one of the early pioneers in the automobile line, gave some interesting facts regarding the immense growth of his business, and in view of the fact that he is sole owner and proprietor of the immense plant which bears his name, his story of the early struggles of auto builders against prejudice, panic and hard times is a remarkable one. He said: "It would take too long to burden you with a narrative of the business, present and future. In my opinion the surfaces of the automobile business have never been scratched. I believe that to be thoroughly true. Because of the changing demands of the business, it costs a lot of money to keep up with the times, and necessitates many changes. We have been accused of changing a little too much when we saw anything good, but if you do not progress, the first thing you know you will be a 'back number'; and I think that some of our competitors who have not progressed will reach that same conclusion.

"We admit that we have made our mistakes —a great many of them—and we have probably spent more money to build a good car than any other manufacturer in the business and in building up an organization such as would benefit not only ourselves, but those who handle and purchase our product. I really feel as though we have such an organization.

"You asked me to tell you what I have had to go through to reach the position attained. I do not want to make you weep, and I think you would have tears for us, for no man knows what the automobile manufacturers went through in the experimental days. And I tell you they have just cause, now, to be proud, when you consider what they have gone through during the past years. I do not like to dwell on the value of the name Thomas today, but I believe that we have far more success in store for the future than we have had in the past.

"You can easily realize our own growth when you compare our present plant with the one we had in 1900. Every year we have expanded. The original little plant, 80x100 feet, on the corner of Elm and Broadway, has been supplanted by this immense factory. We have grown year by year, and are still growing. As the factory increased in dimensions and facilities it also matured in spirit. The organization was perfected and became more effective, centralizing its efforts on the one real purpose—the production of the finest car possible—a spirit of unanimity pervading the immense plant that is remarkable."

The Thomas cars this year are not the creation of this year alone. Their inception dates back to the little shop on the corner of Elm and Broadway, when the entire working force of the little shop consisted of about sixty men. Through all these years Mr. Thomas has steadily held in view his ultimate ambition of being the builder of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, cars in the world. That his ambition has been realized is a matter of history. The winning of the great New York-Paris Race capped the climax. This was the great prize for which E. R. Thomas has striven. In spite of the fact that the sale of foreign cars in America has always been insignificant, he resented the widely published claims of superiority over the American cars, and was determined that if mechanical talent and a complete disregard of cost, supplemented by years of experience, was consequential, this boasted supremacy would be soon terminated.

The reason for Thomas success in the automobile business seems to have been that they have always made reliability and excess of power the main features in the construction of their machines; endurance tests of the past few years and their immense plant proving conclusively their claim.

What was formerly the York Motor Car Company, Incorporated, of York, Pennsylvania, is now the Pullman Motor Car Company, since it was believed by the company officials that it would be advantageous to have the name of the concern and the product alike. Furthermore the company plan to build a new branch factory at Evansville, Indiana, and the name York Motor Car Company would be inappropriate for a factory that was situated outside of York.

A THOMAS FLYER IN DEEP SNOW

The new contemplated plant at Evansville, Indiana, will have about 200,000 square feet of floor space, mostly on the ground floor. The company will have there about fifty acres, on which their contemplated one-mile testing track will be a feature. The drop forge and pressed steel plants, foundries, etc., will compose a plant in which every part of the car from the raw material can be made. In the York plant they are now manufacturing their own engines, transmissions, steering gears, bodies, tops, etc. Lately the company added about 110,000 square feet of floor space to the York plant, and besides have leased two additional buildings and a plot of ground 50x250 feet, on which it is intended to erect an additional machine shop and a building for testing purposes. The output this year will be about 2,000 cars.

The manufacture of commercial cars, while not an innovation, has attracted more attention at the present time than at any former period. It is generally recognized that the first gasoline propelled commercial car built in America was manufactured by Max H. Grabowsky, in Detroit, about ten years ago. At that time Mr. Grabowsky was the owner of a small, but well-equipped machine shop, and he had given the subject of gasoline engines and motor cars considerable thought. In the early days of the automobile, several of the models of the pleasure vehicle were so arranged that their passenger bodies could be demounted and the delivery box placed on the frame, but the failure of this style of machine to hold up against the wear and tear of business service rendered it commercially valueless. The first car built by Mr. Grabowsky was bought before it was finished and gave good service for many years; in fact it is still running in Detroit.

More orders came in quickly as the result of the first trial of this car, and Mr. Grabowsky formed the Rapid Motor Vehicle Company for the manufacture of cars of his design. The business grew like magic, and was later moved to Pontiac, Michigan, where a factory was built to accommodate the growth of the business. After a few years, Mr. Grabowsky made some very great improvements in the commercial car, which he felt would prove of immense value to users of motor trucks.

Collecting Supplies
Fire Sufferers

GRABOWSKY POWER WAGON
Used in collecting supplies for the sufferers from forest fires in Michigan

To build these new trucks he returned to Detroit and in 1908 formed the Grabowsky Power Wagon Company. A moderate sized factory was obtained in the summer of 1908, and the first of the new Grabowsky power wagons was completed. This new truck shows a number of mechanical features that were positively revolutionary in their nature. The movable power plant, located in the front of the car, under the hood, can be drawn out in front of the car for instant inspection and adjustment just as the business man pulls out the drawer of his desk. The power unit, comprising the motor, transmission and control, is mounted on a sub-frame and can be pulled out clear with the car where it is supported by a folding tray.

The importance of insuring accessibility and frequent inspection of the engine can be readily understood by anyone who has had experience with a motor truck.

Another feature which Mr. Grabowsky has originated, and which is shown for the first time in the Grabowsky power wagon, is the use of hardened steel bushings in all wearing parts. These steel bushings take all the wear, and, when necessary, can be replaced at small cost, while, on other cars, it must be replaced at considerable expense.

Mr. Grabowsky's entire experience in motor cars has been developed on the commercial side, and he has consequently gained a great deal of experience in necessary details not apparent to the eye of a layman.

Strength is necessary in a commercial car; speed is seldom essential, but proper distribution of weight is most important. All these various points have been Mr. Grabowsky's constant study for years.

A new factory is being built in Detroit, which will be ready for occupancy about July, 1910.

U.S.S. ALABAMA.

REORGANIZATION NAVY PLAN

By CHARLES GRASTY GORDON

NATIONAL and international interest has been concentrated on the plan of Secretary George von L. Meyer for the reorganization of the Navy Department. It is a simple, practical, sensible proposition that follows the natural evolution of present-day business methods. It is the logical result of naval experience and of the careful study of past failures and successes, resulting from departmental action and governance of the branches of the service. Secretary Meyer will establish such a record in this department as he has left behind him in all other posts of the Federal Government which he has so ably filled. His observations in Germany, Russia and Italy confirmed him in the conviction that the one great purpose of the Navy Department must be, first and always, the efficiency of the fleet, subordinating all bureaucratic and departmental routine and tradition to the welfare and perfection of the great armament which Uncle Sam maintains upon the seven seas. Nothing short of the highest military efficiency will answer and brings into action the suggestive word, "preparedness," which means so much at a critical time. The outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War illustrated what it might mean to have a navy unprepared and inefficient, as in the case of Russia. On the cohesive organization of the Russian navy much depended, and at the critical moment they found themselves unable to compete with the efficient naval forces of Japan.

The organization of the Navy Department in 1798 provided for a secretary of the navy, chief and other clerks and for all matters pertaining to the construction and equipment of vessels—all being placed under the control of the secretary. Since that time various commissions, bureaus and boards have been organized, but of late years, with six secretaries in seven years and a clerical force comparatively the worst paid and holding the least attractive positions of any government department, it has become apparent that new methods must be brought into operation.

With his practical turn of mind, Secretary

Meyer proceeded to materialize his executive plans, keeping strictly within the present statutes, by appointing aides from among the experienced and effective officers of the navy, who are now directly responsible to him for the proper performance of any matter under their charge. Instead of eight bureau chiefs, each working along in his own lines, and in a way independent of all others, Secretary Meyer determined to have four aides looking after different branches of duties, and keeping in personal and almost visual touch with the bureaus and with the immense and varied work of the navy—in fact to be his eyes and ears.

Rear Admiral Wainwright was appointed aide to look after the movements of vessels and all matters pertaining to operations of the fleet. When I entered the Admiral's office, adjoining that of the Secretary, I found him deeply intent upon tracing the location and work of each warship engaged in watching the Nicaraguan trouble on the Central American coast. A tall man, with heavy moustache and iron-gray hair, he looked just the person to keep the Secretary of the Navy directly in touch with details regarding the fleet, although one could well believe that he would better enjoy leading a line of battleships into action. He keeps the secretary directly informed as to the movements and manœuvres of the fleet in times of peace or war, and in close touch with the results of target practice, tests of steaming efficiency, strategic and tactical manœuvres.

Admiral W. P. Potter, who has oversight of the personnel of the Navy, keeps in touch with the action of all boards, the details of offices and drafting of men for gun ships, and the details and regulations for the training, education and discipline of officers and men.

The Bureau of Navigation, under Admiral R. F. Nicholson, has somewhat the same functions, but deals more particularly with recruiting and re-enlisting men for the Navy, and with the actual detailing of officers to duty. Records of enlistment during the past year have been most satisfactory, showing less than five hundred men lacking to complete the full force authorized by Congress. The records of desertions indicate a marked decrease, while re-enlistments are increasing, and the personnel of the Navy has been remarkably improved—in fact, so much so that large corporations throughout the country will often accept a certificate of naval training as a sufficient guarantee of fitness to fill important business positions.

The aide detailed for the duties of the division of material, that is, the manufacturing or supply bureaus, is Rear Admiral William Swift, who has a varied and important task in keeping track of the equipment and maintenance of ships on the ocean or at the docks and navy yards. Though economic and good business management has not always existed at the navy yards, it is one of the most important features of naval affairs. Here effective economy can only be established by maintaining a practical and universal system of accounting, and for this part of the work Admiral Swift is expressly fitted by a wide experience on service in all parts of the world, and a personal knowledge of what is indispensable and what is superfluous in red tape regulations. There is a natural separation of navy yard work into "hull" and "machinery" repairs and constructions. The commandants of the navy yards are to be selected for their practical knowledge and experience and are to be kept in one place long enough to enable them to obtain such a clear idea of effective administrative policy as might not be secured if they were frequently changed. The new plan recognizes the close relation of the navy yards to the fleet, and regards them as mainly repair plants, rather than as separate manufacturing or commercial propositions. The line officers are also given the experience in the navy yards necessary to maintain vessels in the best possible condition while afloat, without recourse to the navy yards.

Captain A. Ward, who will soon be appointed rear admiral, now has supervision of all inspections and tests ordered by the Secretary of the Navy, and will cover not only the officers of the fleet, but the various shore stations. Heretofore inspections have been made principally by those interested, but now they will be carried on by officers without administrative interests who will report direct to the Secretary.

The results of the new system are already apparent, and an unusual feature of its installation is that it has been brought about without any appeal to Congress, or application for more appropriation. In fact, the new plan has already effected a reduction in the expenses of the Department. The *London Times*, of the December 17 issue, contained a very significant editorial leader concerning the reorganization of the navy, under the plan outlined by Secretary Meyer, and suggested that the English Admiralty would do well to look into the practical innovations involved in the carrying out of these new suggestions in the United States Navy.

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When Secretary Meyer first took office he had a report made, with a view to gathering information to see how the various conflicting orders and regulations could be welded together to economize effort, time and expense. The proper status of all the bureaus was thoroughly analyzed, and in a few months the plans were put into effect without waiting for the long delays of congressional action. This reorganization has already given a more military definiteness and efficiency to the naval arm of the government.

Heretofore, the Secretary of the Navy has not always possessed definite and exact information as to the actual condition of all the branches of his department, and it was felt that the boards of inquiry and investigation did not furnish adequate information for present needs. The new practical plan simplifies the organization and secures complete and definite accountability, while developing the *esprit de corps* of the active department. The changes made under Secretary Meyer, though few in number, are of vital importance and follow the line of natural evolution rather than effecting a radical change. It is simply giving the Secretary four responsible advisers, who are fitted to gather information and advise him regarding the various matters assigned to them. The new arrangement will enable him to keep in touch with every detail of importance regarding the ships, and the crews, as well as to become conversant with the latest and best in modern equipment. The aim is to clearly define the duties of the various bureaus and departments, and focus the efforts of all upon the general purpose of making the navy a great, formidable and always efficacious machine.

A business man, experienced in the supervision of large New York corporations, talking in the corridor of the new movement in the Navy Department, said that it has long been recognized that three or four efficient aides are much more effective than six or eight general assistants. The few direct reports to the chief give him a clearer, sharper insight than the desultory information on all kinds of matters which inevitably made it difficult to clearly understand a situation, and often resulted in a conflict of authority and loss of efficiency.

In the corridor of the Navy Department is kept a registry of returning naval officers, from the middy to the commander and admiral. The names mingle in a very democratic roster. The details arranging for the transfer of officers from one ship or post to another, or from sea to land and vice versa, look as intricate as a problem in mathematics, and are all figured first from the roster where every name appears, giving preference to the men according to time of service and good records. Circumstances sometimes necessitate departure from these rules, when a man with certain ability or experience is needed for a given position without delay. Commander Wilson, who

GEORGE von L. MEYER
Secretary of the Navy

did such good work for the Bureau of Navigation, in the Recruiting Department, now has charge of this detail work. As he stood at his desk penning little dispatches, it was easy to imagine the thrill that some of those missives would bring to naval officers, who were being detailed from one post to perhaps some distant part of the world. Those official dispatches are sometimes the "ill-omened page that spreadeth gloom across life's happy way" for the sisters, the wives and the mothers, who do not always welcome promotion if it takes the loved one far from home. Such a thing as disobeying orders is never even imagined by the officers of the navy or their relatives.

All the orders for shore leave must be signed personally by the Secretary of the Navy, but other orders are signed by the chief of the Bureau of Navigation, and the little printed slips circulated every day by Admiral Nicholson, chief of this Bureau, are bulletins of "detail" and of vital import. Sometimes the fatal word, "dismissal" occurs, a single word often embodying a tragic story for a young fellow or his friends.

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In the corridors of the Navy building are models of various warships, and a large number of visitors may almost always be seen grouped about these glass cases. Usually there are several boys eagerly studying the models of the nation's great armament, and no department appeals more strongly to patriotic pride. Visitors here realize that they are face to face with the aggressive and forceful personalities of the nation. There is an air of business and a sharply defined military spirit that is invigorating. The personnel of the United States Navy has long been the admiration of the world. The "men at the desks" as well as the "men behind the guns" have an initiative that counts. The efficiency of the fleet, combined with this unquenchable, irrepressible American go-ahead, makes a fascinating study that fits well with the plans for the reorganization of the Navy Department. Youth, experience and sharp training are things which the Secretary feels are needful to enhance the completeness of his men, and he prefers a commander who has had training enough to understand how to handle his ship afloat, and keep it in repair despite all emergencies, which could never be done by a man who had had no specific education along this line. Commanders now are expected to actually know their ships, as well as their men.

In the new system of accounting, a daily balance must be struck at all the navy yards, so that any errors can be easily detected on the day they are made. The total amount of cash must be equal to the payroll, and the payroll must be equal to the amount of labor estimated in the various orders that have been filled. Labor and expense charges are itemized so that the shop foremen know just where it would be possible to retrench and improve with a view to obtaining better results as in any other industry. It is hoped that naval appropriations in the future will be so made that they can be used and accounted for on a more modern business system and principle than has hitherto been the case.

The assistant secretary of the navy has charge of current matters connected with the bureaus of yards and docks, the manœuvres, the naval militias and the war records, also the Marine Corps. He prepares the civilian and navy yard pay rolls, and estimates for the appropriations of Congress.

* * *

There has always been more or less difficulty in securing concerted action among the various bureaus and their chiefs, who are necessarily engrossed in the details of their own duties, and on whom has hitherto come the responsibility of evoking order from the complexities and conflicting interests placed before them in the creation and maintenance of a modern fleet. The Department has long since grown beyond the possibility of a secretary's personal supervision, except through such information as he might secure from the various chiefs, more often by verbal information, rather than by businesslike reports, as in the new plan. Year after year, for nearly a third of a century, the reports of secretaries of the navy have emphasized this lack of business efficiency in the administration of the department. It is felt that this will be largely remedied by the new plan, which will extend even to the matter of coal and transportation appropriation. This now reaches upward of six million dollars per annum, and a close watch is to be kept on it that the secretary may know exactly how and where the coal is used, and if it is applied for the maintenance of the efficiency of the fleet in the most economical manner.

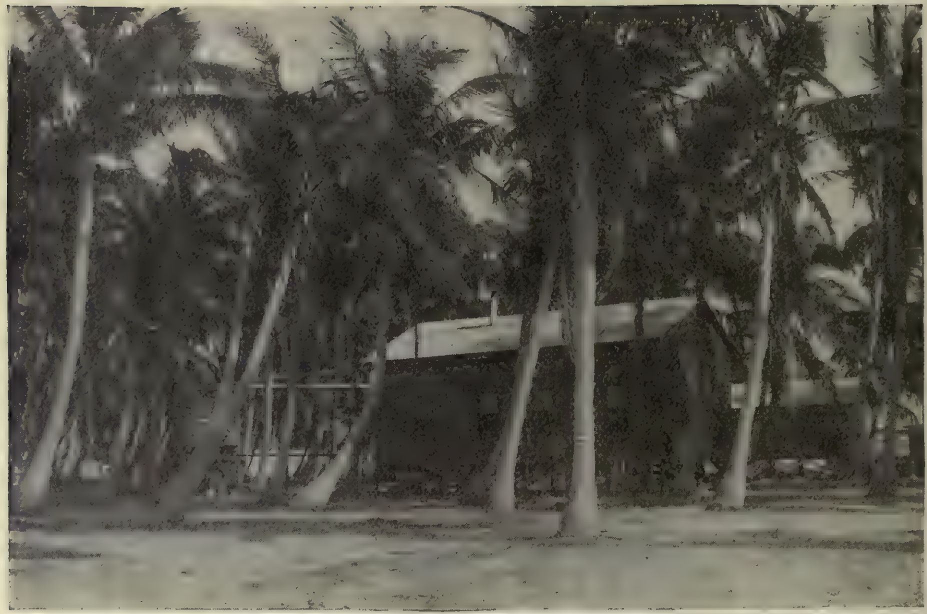
The old-fashioned endless chain of endorsements, signatures and red tape, characteristic of governmental work all over the world, is to be largely eliminated by Secretary Meyer, and a considerable amount of paper work will be discarded. He has advised the abolishment of the Bureau of Equipment, in order to distribute its duties among the other bureaus. He has called attention to the inadequacy of the Naval Reserve. About six thousand men are organized in naval and militia organizations in the states bordering on the sea and Great Lakes, and he deplores the fact that, while these small groups of men are enthusiastic and generally efficient, they are not under central control. Special legislation has been requested to provide for a national naval militia, which will bring together into cohesive organization the naval reserve. Some of the militia organizations served on the Atlantic Battle Fleet this summer.

* * *

Secretary Meyer is a business man of large experience and practical knowledge, and is director of many of the largest and most successful manufacturing companies of New England. Aside from his five years experience as a member of the House of Representatives, in Massachusetts, three years of which he was speaker, and his business experience, he gained a great deal of useful information while ambassador to Italy and Russia. He was involved in extensive business and diplomatic negotiations during the Russo-Japanese War, and made a remarkable showing during his two years as Postmaster General, when he helped in the reorganization of that department and pushed forward the parcels post and postal savings bank movements. As Secretary of the Navy, he performs duties very similar to those of the president of a great corporation, in receiving reports and making quick decisions, made possible because, under the new plan, he feels he can rely upon the information and advice obtained through his advisers. He will no longer be obliged to depend upon haphazard information. Noting the constant coming and going of admirals and bureau chiefs through the swinging doors of the secretary's office, each official carrying a bundle of carefully prepared papers or reports, it seemed that the important business of the navy had already felt the impetus of the new system.

In view of recent developments in the navy department, the annual report showing the sea strength of the world is especially interesting. It reveals a wonderful growth of German sea-power within the past few years, and shows that the United States stands only third in rank of the great naval powers. The three navies, English, German and American, run about the same in some points. France has made a specialty of torpedo boats, having 259 to thirty owned by the United States, and sixty-nine by England. Three times more war tonnage is accredited to England than to either the United States or Germany. Twenty-seven rear admirals are recorded on the American naval list, with forty-three thousand enlisted men and about nine thousand marines; the total strength of the navy is estimated at about fifty-five thousand men, being practically the same as France and Germany, whereas England has one hundred and twenty-eight thousand men enrolled, and Japan's strength is a little less than that of the United States.

It will be noted that despite the continual recommendations, it seems that in the past the Navy Department has at times overlooked the vital point, "sea power," and that there is an abundance of work to be performed by the department in the future, which promises to be well done by Secretary Meyer and his four able advisers, who are busily collecting all manner of detailed information under the businesslike new plan of reorganization of the United States Navy Department.



LIBRARY AND HOSPITAL AT LONG KEY

THE HIDDEN WEALTH OF FLORIDA

By MITCHELL MANNERING

OFF for a sea voyage by rail, with never a thought of steamer rugs or trunks! The blue prints that only a few years ago hung on the walls of Mr. Flagler's office were the prophecies of wonderful causeways and bridges, over which today one rides at ease on a magical "sea-going railway," speeding over the restless surges of the Gulf dryshod, as the army of Israel crossed the Red Sea between the impending billows, held back by the decree of Jehovah. By the magical creations of modern engineering the traveler now rides in a luxurious Pullman, and from its windows now views a beautiful tropical seascape, and at other times panoramas of the Floridian keys, long expanses of shallow seas and inland lagoons, and the fairy islets of the Gulf.

* * *

'Twas blustering March in Washington, and amid the periodical storms incidental to the Inauguration date the mere mention of Florida brought warmth to the heart of a chilled and disconsolate mortal, shivering with coat collar turned up and hands thrust deeply in his pockets. What a change it was, in less than twenty-four hours after leaving the Capital, to sweep along the coast line via Charleston and Savannah to rose-embowered Jacksonville, Florida. The heavy overcoat, the clinging rubbers and faithful fur cap were unendurable; not to be thought of in a land where orange trees were blooming and old Sol was dispensing light and heat with all the fervency of June. I felt positively silly as I struggled over the heated pavement, breathless, almost gasping beneath my load of winter clothing, which I hastened to consign to cold storage. Donning summer attire more fitting for that "Land of Flowers" wherein Ponce de Leon dreamed of finding "The Perpetual Soda Fountain," I could afford to smile pityingly at other poor Northern travelers who were still struggling with suffocating overcoats, rubbers and furs.

The gateway of Florida, when approached by water, is Jacksonville, and the city has grown like Jonah's gourd within the past five years. It has long been known as the entrance to the magical road into that enchanted Southland, where the sea-beaten "Keys" form veritable steppingstones across the shallow seas that girdle the low, coral coast line.

On to St. Augustine we sped, and soon stood in the shadow of her castellated walls, erected four hundred years ago. The old Indian town was called Seloy, but when Ponce de Leon led his Spanish cavaliers, arquebusiers, lancers and crossbowmen through everglade and across sandy shallows, he left the little Indian village unmolested, to remain untrodden by the feet of white men until the advent of the French Huguenots under Ribaut in 1564.

What a ride that was along the titanic roadbed of the Florida East Coast Railway, the "outward and visible sign" of the constructive genius of Henry M. Flagler, who, in little more than a quarter century, has made an unequalled record in the history of developing a state.

St. Augustine is no longer "far to the South," for scarcely were its railroad connections completed when Mr. Flagler pushed on down the coast line, along which the most famous winter resorts of the New World have sprung up, rivalling in climate and attraction even the Riviera.

When the train backed into Ormond, across the shallows, it seemed like entering a moated castle across its ancient drawbridge. All along the coast fleets of swift motor boats cruise up and down, from the St. John to the Halifax River. At the several stations delicious pineapples, oranges and tangerines, picked from the trees that day at sunrise, were brought on board the train. No one who has not eaten these fruits the day they were gathered has tasted them in perfection.

Hour after hour we had swept along amid orchards whose resplendent fruitage, set amid emerald leaves, awakened the delight of our Floridian enthusiasts, many of whom were retired business men enjoying the autumn of life in the sunny Southland. Celery growers told of successes achieved; other enthusiasts spoke of big profits on small outlay in tomato production; and information on fruit and vegetable culture was distributed broadcast. Growers told how the roots of the pines search for and find fertilizer placed here and there in the ground; how celery is best bleached by old newspapers, and how by the magic of the refrigerator system over two thousand cars of produce were shipped North from Florida last year.

On all sides were amazing evidences of the way in which a state may be opened up by the "iron horse" and his magical rails. The fruit industry alone has grown to undreamed-of proportions, and the possibility of securing fresh fruit and vegetables at all times of the year at reasonable prices has revolutionized the breakfast table of the American people, and doubtless added years to the average span of their lives. The Florida farmers, growing the luxuries of the table, naturally secure better proportionate profits than those accruing from crops of the Northern agriculturist, though the latter may raise staple foods in larger proportions.

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Daytona is another pretty New England settlement, on an arm of the Halifax River, where the beach is of hard sand well suited for the famous automobile races. The machines bowl along the beach like yachts under sail—a sight to charm shoreman and sailor alike.

About midway of the east coast of Florida is the quaint little place known as New Smyrna. The archives of old Madrid in Spain have the record of this curious colony, planted four hundred years ago. A Greek and Minorcan colony was established in 1765, and the descendants of these colonists are today scattered through the city of St. Augustine and along the east coast. They were brought here as peons, but fought for and regained their independence. In the old Minorcan houses, with their coaquina walls, quaint chimneys and curiously hewn stones, there may still be seen traces of those early days. The renowned Rock House is one of the oldest churches in the United States.

The modern town was established by Dr. Turnbull in the Eighteenth Century, and was named in honor of Smyrna, Asia Minor, the birthplace of the Doctor's wife. That old town by the sea is unique in its rare atmosphere of antiquity and restfulness.

Not hers your vast imperial mart,
Where myriad hopes on fears are hurled,
Where furious rivals meet and part
To woo a world.

. . . . remote from smoke and noise,
Old Leisure sits knee-deep in grass;
Where simple days bring simple joys,
And lovers pass.

I see an envied haunt of peace,
Calm and untouched—remote from roar,
Where wearied men may from their burdens cease
On a still shore.

* * *

Through December, and into the early spring, the roses bloom all over this favored land. It is hard for the Northern traveler to realize that it is the climate and not the calendar that is reversed when he visits Florida. It is not surprising to find scattered through these many thriving towns along the Florida coast thousands of well-to-do retired merchants and business men, who are spending the sunset hours of life in a land of unequalled climate. There were some few travelers who insisted that this "always afternoon" and "lotus land" suggestion did not suit them; they enjoyed their few weeks sandwiched into a busy Northern winter, but persisted in saying that they preferred the snowbanks and activities of the Northland. However, when asked: "Why do you not stay in the North if you prefer it?" they seemed nonplussed for an answer.

* * *

At Fort Pierce, on the platform of the yellow-painted station, pineapple vendors permitted the purchasers to sample their fruit, and to hand in a card ordering a crate sent to their home or hotel address. Here one learns what pineapples and oranges mean in a land where they are indigenous and where they combine the most refreshing food and summer beverages given to mankind.

Fort Pierce has the distinction of being the first place where a tarpon was taken by rod and line in Florida, and the excitement of catching these immense fish has attracted thousands of tourists. When the Northern fisherman catches a tarpon in these Southern waters he can talk of nothing else for many a week; the "catch" is duly mounted and taken North, where the proud fisherman for the remainder of his life points with pride to the "big fish" which adorns the dining-room of the town mansion. It is natural that "bigness" should appeal to Americans, and doubtless this member of the finny tribes has saved many a fisherman from humiliation, for its length and weight furnish material for a "fish story" that ought to satisfy even the most exacting. Its flesh is not edible, nor is there any known use for the fish, except as "substance of things hoped for" and evidence of things not always seen in the fish world.

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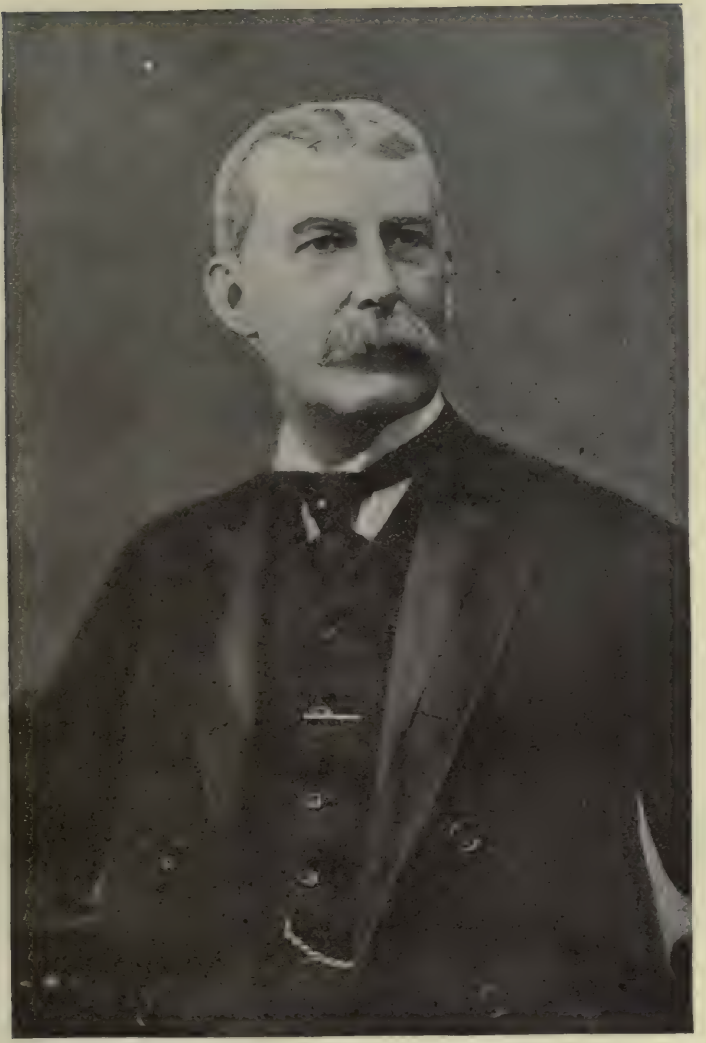
In the evening, when the lights twinkled like fallen stars through the tropical palms, the train dashed across Lake Worth. Here the Hotel Royal Poinciana and The Breakers are the center of the great winter social season. Here real live dukes, belted earls and genuine counts adore rich American girls and their millions, and the aristocracy of birth mingles gracefully with the wealth, all ready to aid in the "burning of money."

The train arrives direct at the hotel, and the passengers walk down a long hall into the rotunda of the Royal Poinciana. What a change dress may make in one's appearance. After my traveling companions had blossomed and effloresced into evening gowns and dress suits I failed to recognize them, until they politely accosted me, when with a shock of surprise I recognized them by their voices and eyes, which happily no dress can change.

After dinner it was a delight to rove through the hotel grounds, which are a veritable tropical fairyland. The foliage hangs over the winding walks in a profusion unknown in the North; and lovers pass slowly to and fro beneath the witching light of the Southern moon, or stand to listen to the boom of the breakers—or, perchance, to the melody discoursed by the orchestra in the ballroom not far away.

"Full of soft dreams and sleep and quiet breathings," one longs to sit forever in this charmed spot. Farther on a quaint touch is given to the scene by the old street car line along the beautiful Avenue of Palms, on which the cars are drawn between the two hotels by a solitary mule.

Next morning on the sands it became apparent that all the guests did not come here to dream. Some of the men visitors had shot a shark, which was the centre of attraction. Any little incident here occasions a delightful ripple of interest, as in the free life on shipboard. Nerves and worries are forgotten, and the visitors laugh and chat happily as children out for a holiday.



HENRY M. FLAGLER

While Nature has done much for Palm Beach, the generous expenditure of money in improvements has converted it into a paradise of hoteldom. Situated between the lake and the ocean, the art of the landscape gardener has had ample scope, and the results are a joy to the eye. Nothing could exceed the charm of those smooth stretches of greensward, interspersed with groups of live oaks in gowns of sombre gray Spanish moss. Side by side with these gray-clad "lady abbesses" of Nature are the waving palm trees of the cocoanut grove, in full fruit, while the gay parterre of flowers along the lake front is like a beautiful giant band of ribbon that binds them all together. In this paradise no horse or beast of burden has ever trodden, save the favored, steady-going old animal that draws the summer car. Visitors remaining here for any length of time learn the art of walking, for there is no other means of locomotion except the wheel chairs, with bicycle attachment, which are called "negromobiles." Hundreds of these little vehicles are seen about the walks at night, and their occupants and drivers make a striking feature of the picturesque grounds.

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Not far away is White Hall, the home of

Mr. Henry M. Flagler, which is without doubt one of the handsomest residences in the United States. White Hall brings up visions of the beauty of the dwellings of the time of Louis XIV of France. Beholding it, one seems suddenly to step out of the realities of this workaday world and into the realm of romance.

Flagler and Florida are almost synonymous, for in the opening of this wonderful fairyland the life purpose of this one man has been realized—a boon rarely given to mortals. A volume of history might be filled with what has actually been accomplished in the time of this one master mind, who has found his greatest delight in aiding the home-building and settlement of his adopted state.

* * * *

February 1, 1910, witnessed the consummation of the greatest constructive work achieved by any one man in the history of the nation, and evidenced in a most striking way the triumph of Yankee genius in solving the great problem of exploiting American trade, carrying cargoes all over the earth—sailing vessels and running trains in apparently impossible places. The development of a country follows in the wake of its railroads; civilization strides side by side with the gangs that lay the ties. This splendid route, bridging the Florida Keys—each hundred miles of railway being accounted equal to a thousand miles by ship—is the greatest time-saver in transit that has yet been evolved.

The new railroad will do more than merely save time; it will solve what has been declared by Senator Root to be the twentieth-century problem of the American nation—the acquisition of South American trade. The representatives of the South American Republics made a trip to Cuba over this Florida East Coast Railway, and as they wheeled in comfort over the waters of the Gulf, they realized that each one of the twenty-one republics of the Southland had suddenly been brought thousands of miles nearer to the United States. With a single blow this railroad had eliminated a large part of the distance, as an experienced woodsman strikes off a withered branch from a valuable tree. One can now leave New York and reach Havana in forty-eight hours, which seems to bring Havana much closer than it ever was before. The fact that a sleeping-car can start from New York and, in less than forty-eight hours, traverse the waters of the Gulf to Key West—whence in a few hours a steamship will land the passengers in Havana—presages tremendous trade development in the near future. The most successful trade-producers in the world are tourists, who, like the blood that revivifies the body, traverse the bands of steel that knit more closely together the Western hemisphere and bring life, activity and progress to all sections of the New World.

Few people realize that Key West, the terminal point of the new road, is four hundred miles nearer to Panama than New Orleans or Galveston. The great rail traffic of the Mississippi River is certain to converge in Florida, which hangs out like a Christmas stocking from the map of the United States. The toe of that stocking is Key West, the terminal which brings the whole Western Coast of South America, the Orient and Australia into closer proximity to the markets of the United States. Bearing these facts in mind, Mr. Flagler has courageously pushed his operations through the jungle of Florida, opening a thoroughfare from one continent to the other in the process, and it might seem now almost as a side issue of this tremendous plan, promoting the development of the fairy state that he loves.

People are awaking to the fact that this road means much to Cuba, in bringing the new republic almost within a whistle's toot of our border.

Yes, the sun was hot; we were all loath to leave the gaieties of Palm Beach—where Dame Fashion reigns supreme, while real princes and counts dance with heiresses to the Rainbow and Merry Widow airs—but nothing less than a trip on a "sea-going" railroad could now sate our lust for adventure.

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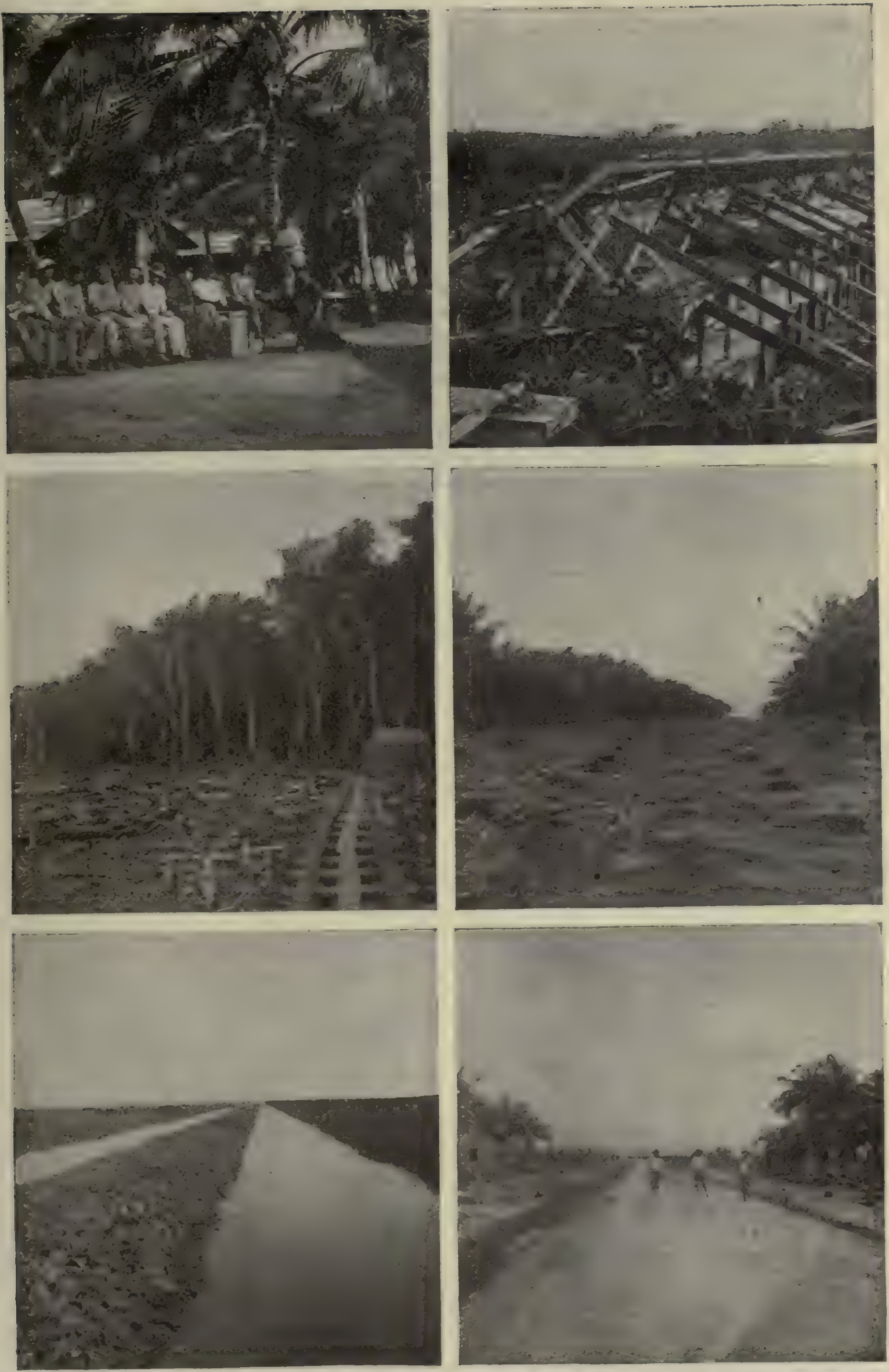
In the sleeper, standing on the siding at West Palm Beach, I experienced something of the suffering that may have confronted the early pioneers when they were attacked in front and in rear by the enemy—the mosquitoes. To my relief came George the porter.

"If you remove all your clothes, sir, and let me take them away out of the car, you won't have any more bother with mosquitoes."

Being the lone occupant of the car at that time I hastened to take good advice. George spirited away the garments I had worn—I



SCENES ALONG THE RIGHT-OF-WAY BEFORE THE LAYING OF THE RAILS. A GROUP OF THE WORKERS, AND AT THE LOWER LEFT-HAND CORNER THE EMBANKMENT THROUGH THE EVERGLADES

Courtesy of the Leslie-Judge Company

LOOKING SEAWARD FROM LONG KEY. A VISTA OF THE CONNECTING RAILS STRETCHING AWAY TOWARD THE DISTANT HORIZON

smoked a cigar and sank gently into a night of unbroken sleep, triumphing in the knowledge that for once I had eluded the ubiquitous mosquito; but the next morning I remained late in bed—George had mislaid the clothes.

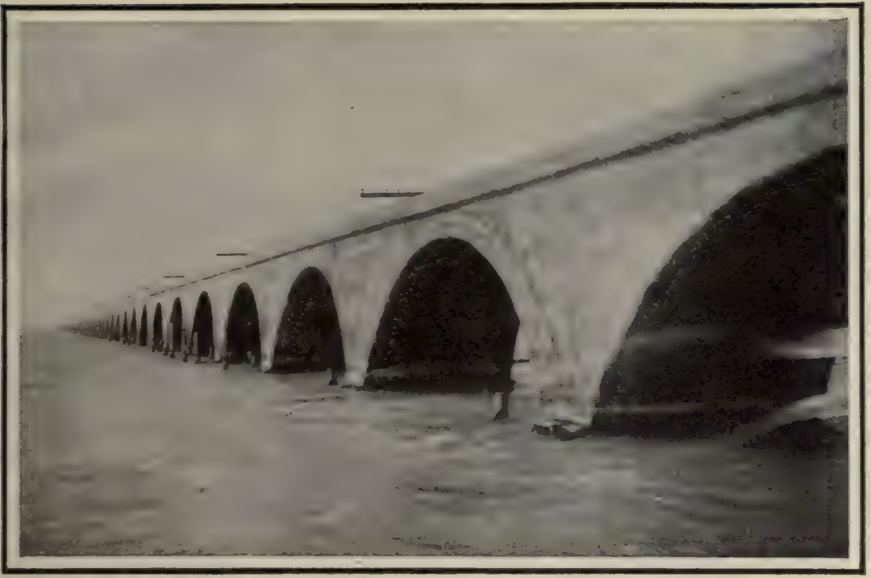
Never shall I forget that Sunday morning when I awakened at Jew-Fish Creek and learned from the porter that we were leaving the mainland; on one side of the car I saw the fresh water and the foliage of the everglades, on the other rippled the salt waves of the Gulf. We were entering the keys of Florida and swinging around Cape Cable, that gleams in memory from the page of the well-thumbed geographies of our youth. There is no fresh water on these five hundred and sixty keys, and all the fresh water used has to be hauled on tank cars from the great tank at Manatee.

On one key, which is nearly forty miles long, orchards and grapefruit trees are thriving, having been planted by drilling holes in the coral rock. Once firmly set in this manner the trees grow as rapidly as hothouse plants. Upon the keys grow chiefly mangrove trees, and the foliage is a trifle tame in appearance. The tangled roots of the trees form islets in the water, and sweeping along in the train I could not but marvel at the genius of engineers who could blaze out a path in this wilderness—I had a sympathetic remembrance of my slight experience of mosquitoes, carefully protected as I was. One of the keys is named after Senator Root, and all have been christened and stand out with individual characteristics in the minds of the engineers.

Lake Surprise, a large body of water almost ten miles wide, discovered by the surveyors of the railroad, was duly given a place on the map to atone for the neglect of earlier explorers and government map-makers.

In constructing this unique railroad it was necessary to dig a basin first and build the dredges there. About two hundred such basins were excavated to a considerable depth below the surface of the water. Then the dredges worked themselves out up to shallow water, thus building up an embankment, after which they worked side by side, filling in the trestles and transforming the huge coral sandbars into embankments between the keys. Over this roadbed the train now rushes at express speed, for there is nothing shaky or ephemeral about this construction; it will constantly strengthen as the years pass, because the industrious little coral insects are forever at work.

Seen from the train, the general effect of the views caught of the Everglades



Courtesy of the Leslie-Judge Company

THE FAMOUS CONCRETE VIADUCT, EXTENDING FROM LONG KEY TO GRASSY KEY A DISTANCE OF TWO AND THREE-QUARTER MILES

is not unlike the prairies and fields of Illinois and Iowa. Here and there the landscape is enlivened by clumps of trees which were originally little islands in the Everglades, and the eye seeks unconsciously for the smoke of the farmhouse which it seems to the traveler must be hidden there amid the waving foliage.

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Entirely out of sight of land, we swept over the waters of the Gulf; on either side of the train extended the beautiful sea—green, golden, turquoise, such vari-colored water I never expect to see elsewhere, though I have looked upon the Mediterranean, the Blue Grotto of Naples and the lakes of Switzerland. Like a ball of fire, the sun leaped up abruptly above the dazzling horizon.

Later a key swept into view, bedecked with tall cocoanut trees, bent at a curious angle, telling how the hurricane had swayed them in the past. They were planted years ago by English people, who dreamed of reaping fortune from a cocoanut appetite—a dream that never came true.

Farther on, the scene was like the stage-setting of a comic opera, calling up visions of Captain Kidd and his hidden treasure, and of the hundreds of people who have searched in vain for it all these years. Since it was not found by the railroad-makers, it seems unlikely that it will ever be disclosed to the gaze of mortal man, for those engineers certainly did go over the land with the utmost thoroughness.

For miles the water is so shallow that there is no surf, no other sign of motion than a little line of white foam along the verge. There is very little tidal rise and fall, and the danger of the embankment ever suffering from heavy seas is minimized, as all the waves break far out and their force is spent before they reach the railroad.

An unrivalled triumph of railway construction is the viaduct at Long Key. Here was located one of the largest construction camps, which nestled in a tilted cocoanut grove, making a pretty picture when seen against the low water line with its shimmering green and opalescent tints burnishing the far horizon. Here elderly couples come to enjoy an evening honeymoon. "Ma and pa having a good time together" is the inscription on the postals sent home to the grown-up children.

By those crossing from Havana, Long Key is regarded as an oasis where the travelers who have suffered from seasickness may stop to convalesce, lulled by the swish of cocoanut boughs, which movement resembles the sound of falling water. Long Key is reached just before coming to the great viaduct. The cabins cluster around the hotel, each one being named after a fish. The hotel itself is on a genuine "coral strand," and its pillars are of cabbage palms.

The guests minutely inspected the signboards on each little cottage to be sure they were entering the right one; sometimes the name had a curious applicability to the occupant—a cadaverous money-lender emerged from a little house labelled "The Shark." A blooming orator, of ample proportions and rounded outlines, found a home at "The Porpoise," where he was permitted to sport to his heart's content. A lady owning a liberal supply of remarkably large and remarkably false-looking "store" teeth, was lodged in "The Barracoota," named after the only fish known to have teeth, a savage creature that has been known to snap off the legs of a child while bathing. Other names of fish displayed there are the kingfish, sawfish—in fact, every sort of seafish that I could think of—except a sucker. Though they disport themselves in water so iridescent and inviting, some of the fish are dangerous, and bathers use only the regular, protected pools.

Here, as all along the keys, the fishermen use motor boats. The tarpon is found here, and it is a beautiful sight when one leaps from the water, looking like a streak of silver. Many fine specimens of young manhood were here, bronzed and muscular, fishing in motor boats, or sitting on the verandas relating the experiences of the day. Now and then a cocoanut falls in the grove, sometimes with dire effect. As I was coming out of a cabin a nut just grazed my head—and it takes a thick skull to withstand the impact of a falling cocoanut. In the morning the falling nuts often serve as alarm clocks.

Long Key is but one example of the way in which Mr. Flagler utilizes material that other constructors would allow to lie idle. He not only overcomes hindrances, but having conquered them turns the very labor camps which were assaulted by false charges of peonage as "pestilential" into a popular winter hotel resort.

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Hitherto our great systems of railroad construction have been on parallel lines from East to West. Now the tendency is to pass from North to South. Having come across Jew-Fish Creek, along Key Largo, to Plantation and on to Matecumbe, where we viewed the grape-fruit groves and passed forward to Crescent Key, we crossed the famous concrete viaduct, 2.68 miles in length, and came to Grassy Key, which has been opened for farming.

From Long Key, across the viaduct, the journey seemed to be continued over a trunk line of finest proportions. What symmetry there is in those immense ranges of piers and arches that recall the masonry of ancient Rome, made to withstand the action of the ages. Here one gets a view of the road where the curious, stern-wheel dredges, looking like river boats, have been working. Here and there is a drawbridge, which permits the tide to rush through into the viaduct.

Passing through Viacca to Marathon we reached a former terminus, where the engineering corps has their headquarters. At Knight's Key is the dock from which the boat ran last year to Havana, a distance of one hundred and seventeen miles, covered in nine hours.

All along the line are noted the peculiar loyalty and enthusiasm of the Florida East Coast Company's workers, who seem to delight in carrying out the plans of the great leader, who gave the final orders for this great work when past seventy, and witnessed its completion in the glory of a long life of four-score years.

Off in the distance Key West was pointed out to me as the only city in the United States that had never known the touch of frost.

Curiously enough, after this introduction to the city, at the Long Key Camp I met Mr. Allen, Mr. Porter and Mr. Korn from Key West, who have done much to develop this southernmost metropolis of the keys. As I had been told on the lighter, eighty famous cigar factories are located here, and the cigars are made entirely from real Havana tobacco.

The average smoker probably does not realize that a Key West cigar is in every way equivalent to an imported Havana, made by Havanians of tobacco grown on the island and in a Havana climate. All these conditions are fulfilled in Key West, where the cigars are made almost entirely by Cuban workers. The fact that they are made in Key West is prominently set forth on a label pasted on all cigar boxes, and this insignia is very important for

Courtesy of the Leslie-Judge Company

ONE OF THE FISHING COTTAGES ON THE BEACH AT LONG KEY

the protection of the consumer, assuring him that the cigars have come from the factories on the Gulf, and have been made in Key West. When the shriek of the locomotive was heard in that quaint town, it heralded the sure development of manufacturing interests along the keys.

* * *

The magic welding of the keys was consummated, bidding defiance to old Father Neptune. Riding about the country, noting the many hundred acres planted with tropical fruit farms, vegetables—egg plants and other tropical growths—suggests the great opportunities which one man has opened up for his fellows, making a hive of industry not to be equalled in any other southern climate in the world.

The mystery of the Everglades attracts many and will doubtless eventually be solved. This strange tract of country looks like swamps, covered with scum water, but it has been discovered that beneath that scum the water is clear, cool, and the finest in the state. Among the Everglades is Lake Okeechobee, a large body of fine, fresh water. This has long been regarded as a useless tract of country, a blot on the map of the United States, but now that J. E. Ingraham, land commissioner of the Florida East Coast Railroad, has led the way across the Everglades, it seems likely that in a few years there may develop in this apparently waste land seedless orchards and other novelties and attractions that will make the Everglades one of the richest sections of the country.

In returning from a side trip to Knight's Key, over the Florida East Coast Extension, we had a view of Mr. Flagler's experimental grape-fruit grove at Kendall, where over seven thousand grape-fruit trees are thriving. At Homestead also and at other places along the line, cultivators were busy raising tomatoes and other early vegetables. The farming is done in the winter time and many farmers go North for their summer vacation.

Without other evidence, a peep at Dade County, of which Miami is the county seat, would prove that the story of Florida's development is no exaggeration. Here, less than fifteen years ago, there were about six hundred inhabitants; today there are more than ten thousand. A few hundred dollars, in the hands of a farmer who understands his business, will go farther here than in the chill North. Growth is rapid, returns are quick, and while the man is working he is surrounded by beautiful flowers every month of the twelve, rich land and fertile fields and all the luxuries of life. Certainly farming in the South is not as strenuous as in the North, where the agriculturist contends not only with the soil but with the climate. More and more American people are beginning to philosophize and endeavor to get the most out of life, and farmers especially are coming to see that life need not be for them the incessant hand-to-hand struggle that it has been in past generations.

The magical growth of Miami is another object lesson in achievement. Here the county fair, recently held, was a remarkable revelation of the development of thousands of acres of virgin soil. Thirteen years ago the place consisted of two houses, between which the railroad ran when it reached what is now Miami. A site was quickly selected and ground was broken for the Royal Palm Hotel, and a fairyland grew up there as if by the wave of a magic wand. Today the Miami River, for miles beyond its mouth, is thronged with motor boats owned by guests from the North. The Biscayne Bay is a beautiful sheet of water, known to all who love sea views, and is another of the attractions which draw visitors to this thriving city, with its splendid residences and fine business houses and well-paved streets. Here I met a farmer who told me that he had sold eight thousand dollars' worth of tomatoes last year which suggested other sources of revenue than that provided by the many guests.

The best way to see the country surrounding Miami, and realize the amazing development, is by driving or automobiling over the coral roads, which vie in excellence with any New England thoroughfare.

Riverside, the farm of General Lawrence, of Medford, Massachusetts, is an evidence of what is being done; over seven thousand five hundred boxes of grape fruit were harvested here in 1909, besides oranges shipped north, and there is no reason to suppose the next year's crops will diminish. The General has developed his territory with true New England enthusiasm, co-operating with and assisting the Agricultural Department: on every side the trees were laden with fruit and in some cases had been propped up to enable them to carry their heavy load.

In many places fertilizer has to be used, but in Florida everything needed seems to lie close at hand and there are great phosphate beds right in the state, which are formed by the bones of mastodons and other prehistoric creatures known to us by name only. Florida might be called the land of "hidden treasures," for here tracts that look like bare coral reef can be developed into profitable soil. Apparently every inch of Florida can be made profitable if the worker "knows how." Even the turpentine forests are not a small feature in the profitable industries.

* * *

When I first heard of "hammock land," I had visions of leisure and luxury, swinging under the trees, but when "hammock land" was disclosed as a jungle of hard wood there was in it no especial suggestion of "a soft snap." Like all else in Florida this land can be made very fertile, as evidenced at Mr. McCrory's place, where we stopped to see the cleared lands, which reminded me of the cultivated prairies. In a few years such land is bound to yield enormous profit.

At Cocoanut Grove are many beautiful homes, situated on transformed jungle and marsh. Little steamers come into a canal, going to and from the houses which are built in Spanish style, the interior finish being cypress. The little inlets with light bridges thrown across them, the great turtles captured nearby and now lying in the pools, and the melodious song of the mocking birds make up a scene not to be surpassed for beauty and restfulness. Everywhere schoolhouses are in evidence, for Floridians think of other interests than building beautiful houses and harvesting rich crops.

* * * *

Regretfully I hied me back to Jacksonville, donned my heavy suit, took my overcoat in one hand and my rubbers in the other, and set forth for the land of bleak winds and March weather. With every few miles I added a trifle to my clothing until I at last landed in Boston robed as I had set out, but the richer by a fine coat of tan and a store of happy memories.

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By Frederick Hulzmann

WITH the balmy days of spring comes the desire to get out of doors. The porch, which has been deserted during the winter season, again invites the household to partake of its attractiveness, and this year, as in years past, the entertainment of porch parties will chiefly consist of the playing of popular airs on the talking machines. At a large banquet recently held in one of the big hotels in New York, slips were distributed among the diners containing the words of the chorus of several popular songs of the day, and between the courses, the assembled guests joined heartily with the orchestra in singing these familiar selections.

Unquestionably one of the greatest distributors of popular music is the talking machine, and each month it features one or two of the reigning popular selections. Perhaps the most conspicuous song of the month, which is offered by each of the companies, and is sure to be wafted on the April air from the veranda, is Berlin's new hit, "That Mesmerizing Mendelssohn Tune," given in excellent style by Collins and Harlan.

* * *

Mr. Berlin, who has rapidly gained popular favor since his "My Wife's Gone to the Country," contributes also to the Columbia list for the month on a double disc record, "Oh, How that German Could Love," which has the added advantage of being sung by the author himself—in a duet with Snyder. The opposite side of the record gives Billy Murray's clear tenor in "My Little Dutch Colleen."

The Columbia Company make announcement this month of their exclusive contract with the English artist, George Lashwood, of Music Hall fame Mr. Lashwood has already made a name for himself in American vaudeville, and his selections on the Columbia list, "Sea, Sea, Sea," and "In the Twi-Twi-Twilight," introduce him effectively to Columbia owners Those who attended the charming comic opera, "Belle of Brittany," will welcome the opera waltz by Prince's Orchestra, and "Two Giddy Goats," a baritone and soprano duet in which Miss Stevenson impersonates "Toinette" of the play, and Mr. Stanley, "Baptiste." Other selections from the opera are given by Prince's Orchestra on the record with Gus Edwards' sentimental ballad, "By the Light of the Silvery Moon."

An exceptional instrumental number is the double disc "Farther, Farther in the World" and "One Little Girl in the World for Me," rendered by A. Selzer on a Hungarian "tarvgatto" or liberty-horn. The expressive contralto of Mrs. A. Stewart Holt seems particularly well adapted to songs of a deeper sentimental nature; this month she sings impressively the old-time favorite, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," and De Koven's "A Winter Lullaby."

"Ring Out, Wild Bells," Gounod's musical composition on Tennyson's universally known poem, has long been a favorite, we are told, with David Bispham. This, with "The Palms" by the same singer, composes a very striking record.

Several band and orchestra selections among the April numbers are quite worthy of mention—notably, "Boston Commandery March," "Boy Trumpeter," an intermezzo, and Sousa's "Liberty Bell March" by the band; "Belle of Yokohama" by the orchestra, and Sousa's "Semper Fidelis March," coupled with "The Famous Twenty-second Regiment March" by Lacalle's Band.

* * *

An interesting number on the Edison list is "Sheridan's Ride." The poem has stirred the hearts of loyal Americans since Mr. Read first immortalized the daring of "Phil" Sheridan, and the masterful elocutionary work of Edgar L. Davenport, assisted by orchestra introduction, cheering and finale, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," has produced a novel record that every Edison owner, especially he whose young son is now poring over Rebellion history, should possess.

Another achievement by the Edison people is represented by "A Day at West Point," by the New York Military Band. The number is proclaimed by the Edison Company as "one of the greatest military medleys ever compiled," and no one who has heard the strikingly realistic reveille, drum assembly, sunrise gun, adjutants' call—on through the entire day's military program—will attempt a disputation. The New York Military Band's second number for the month is "Miss Liberty March," a valuable addition to the several brilliant march compositions of the youthful composer, Joseph M. Daly.

"Cloud Chief," of the Indian variety, forcefully rendered by the American Symphony Orchestra, will be appreciated by the lover of Indian music; while the admirer of negro dialect will delight in "A Coon Wedding in Southern Georgia," by the Peerless Quartette, in which Arthur Collins and Frank Stanley take leading parts; or in Marie Dressler's coon absurdity, "Rastus Takes Me Back."

The Edison circle continues to follow with smiling interest the wanderings of "Uncle Josh." This month the incorrigible old fellow gets into complications with a Chinese laundryman. Cal Stewart's impersonation is as usual clever and laughable.

Five very exquisite selections make up the Grand Opera list: "Grande Air d'Agathe," from Weber's "Freischutz," in French by Marguerita Sylva; "Romance de la Fleur," from Bizet's "Carmen," in French by Florencio Constantino; "Valse," from Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette," in French, by Blanche Arral; "Brindisi," from Thomas's "Hamlet," in Italian, by Ernesto Caronna; "Blich ich Umher," from Wagner's "Tannhauser," in German, by Walter Soomer.

The music of the several light opera companies which have so appealed to New York theatre-goers has furnished the Victor Company with some very entertaining material this month. "My Hero," the vocal waltz from "A Chocolate Soldier," is rendered in the clear soprano of Lucy Isabelle Marsh; on a double-faced record are given other waltzes from the same opera, by Pryor's Band, and the "Dollar Princess Waltz," by the Victor Orchestra. An excellent medley from "The Arcadians" is given by the Victor Light Opera Company.

The Victor list is replete with music of a sentimental variety: the Vienna Quartette has contributed the delightful "Bridal Song," from the Rustic Wedding Symphony, and in vocal selections "If I Had the World to Give You," sung by Percy Hemas and "Life's Lullaby," by Hamilton Hill, are ballads of especial merit. The beautiful theme in "The Garden of Roses" never fails to make a deep impression on the listener, and all Victor owners will welcome this record.

The revival of old songs to the limelight has for some time been recognized, and among the old-time favorites perhaps nothing can outshine Foster's "Old Folks at Home," so often called "Swanee River," and "Loch Lomond," both included in the Victor April list on a double-faced record.

Arthur Pryor's Band offers the "Invincible Spirit March," a military number with novel variations; and among the comic selections are two Lauder hits, "Hey! Donal" and "The Bounding Bounder."

John McCormack, who is fast becoming a favorite on account of his charming rendition of Irish songs in forceful tenor, sings "Killarney" and "Come Back to Erin," with an added number, "The Minstrel Boy."

Two Italian numbers by Donizetti, "Farewell to Earth," from "Lucia," and "Down Her Cheek a Furtive Tear," from "Elisir d'amore," constitute excellent music for the lover of graceful Italian work. Among the Grand Opera selections of unusual note are a complete act of "Faust" (Scenes I and II) in French, by Geraldine Farrar and Marcel Journet; the first act finale of "Faust," in French, by Caruso and Journet; the Mignon duet, "Song of the Swallows," in French, by Farrar and Journet, and two numbers from "Otello" in Italian, "Ave Maria" and "Salce, Salce," by Frances Alda.

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EX-PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT ARRIVING AT LUXOR

He was met by Chief Mursey (who wears a fez) of the Upper Egypt Railway. Though he has been a year in the African jungle the former president did not forget to ask "How's Goethals getting on at Panama?"

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WASHINGTON D.C.

COLONEL GEORGE W. GOETHALS
Chairman and Engineer of the Isthmian Canal Commission, Culebra. The man who has worked wonders on the Isthmus and who is loved and honored as a brave soldier doing his duty on the field

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

PICTURE Uncle Sam watching the digging of the "big ditch" with a smile on his face, and you realize the attitude of the United States toward the Panama Canal. In unpretentious quarters, in the Mills Building Annex, Captain Boggs represents the Isthmian Canal Commission in Washington, handling correspondence and details which are constantly coming up in the expenditure of the vast sums allotted by Congress for the work. The total cost of the construction of the Canal, including the $50,000,000 paid to the French Company and the Republic of Panama, is now estimated at $375,201,000. This also includes the $20,053,000 necessary to carry out all the sanitation plans, while $7,382,000 will cover the cost of civil administration. The Panama appropriation was the only one which escaped the pruning knife in the policy of retrenchment pursued by the present Congress.

Quietly and without strife, in contrast to Napoleonic methods, the world map is being changed by the beneficent conquest of great natural barrens and their utilization for commerce and peaceable intercourse. The man-made canyon at Culebra is a magnificent example of such conquest. Other phases of the undertaking, while less spectacular, have required equal forethought and arduous work to carry them to completion, for the digging of the canal has necessitated the eradication of the jungle and the dangers of the tropical climate, resulting in the creation of a resort for tourists that may well be called "El Paraiso." On the Isthmus the "white man's burden" has a bright side, for out of toil and frequent disappointment has come victory over obstacles deemed insurmountable. Benefits have been conferred on the human race that will grow in value throughout the centuries. In the excavation of great ditches, the building of giant locks, and of railroads under tremendous difficulties, thousands of men have received a training impossible to secure in foray, siege, battle or institution of learning.

Every visitor to the Isthmus, whether he be a high official or a humble civilian, is convinced, as he looks at the work completed and in progress, that this is an investment worthy of the federal government. On returning home each traveler is impressed with the eagerness of the people to hear "how the digging is going on." He is as a man returned "from the front," but how different the news he has to tell! Contrast with the pride and pleasure felt in Isthmian achievement the thrill of fear with which the daily paper is opened, or the bulletin read in war time, when a list of "killed, wounded and missing" may include the name of some loved one.

The conduct of the enterprise is military and suggestive of conquests, but they are the conquests of peace and emphasize the fact that close-knit organization is valuable to the nation at all times. The whole world is watching the spectacle of thousands of men and millions of money employed in building a mighty waterway that shall change the paths of the sea, and create new ideals and standards for the republics of the future, whether in the torrid, frigid or temperate zone. The benefits to be derived from the completion of such an enterprise have been pronounced by many an Utopian dream, but those who have been there know that the nation that has remembered the old motto, "To give is to gain," will never regret that she undertook the digging of the Panama Canal.

Copyright by Clinedinst MRS. POLITTE ELVINS
Wife of United States Representative Elvins of Missouri; a charming Congressional hostess

* * *

AMERICAN women have a way of initiating new ideas that is refreshing. In Chicago a woman's club has started a new feature in a theatrical censorship. They are determined that their good money shall not be spent in looking at inferior plays. If any given show does not come up to the standard or is in any sense demoralizing in its effect, the word is passed along and that box office is not visited by any of those women. This is another peculiar phase of the "boycott movement," which appears just now to be pervading the country, and if the women of a city make up their minds to place a ban on any play in a pronounced and emphatic manner, the managers soon discover that the bill must be withdrawn. The purpose of the movement is economical as well as ethical, for it has been decreed that no more good money is to be wasted; inspection of records has shown that far more money goes in this way than is realized by most people, and that the results are positively bad. This outbreak of the rampant spirit of organization of our time will be watched with much interest, as a sort of guide post indicating the trend of thought of our own day and generation.

* * *

WHEN the Democrats and insurgents overruled the chair and evicted the old rules committee consisting of Speaker Cannon, John Dalzell of Pennsylvania, Walter I. Smith of Iowa, Champ Clark of Missouri and J. J. Fitzgerald of New York, it only enabled the House to show that there was one man who could unify all the discordant elements of the House, and that man was Walter I. Smith of Iowa.

He has been classed as a regular but has always shown a large degree of independence and has by his uniform consideration for all members and his fair and broad way of dealing with all questions endeared himself to the Democrats as well as all elements of his own party. Scarcely was the old rules committee ousted before Mr. Hayes of California, chairman of the insurgent caucus, announced that the insurgents were all for Walter I. Smith for membership on the new rules committee and when the ballot was taken Mr. Smith led all the rest receiving twenty-two more votes than any man in the United States, and forty-two more than the third highest. Mr. Dalzell has been on the committee since Speaker Reed's time and was the choice of all the regulars but still Smith led him twenty-two votes.

Many think this clearly foreshadows who will succeed Mr. Cannon as Speaker and that the Speakership is about to be returned to Iowa. We have spoken in the past of Mr. Smith as a fitting Senator from Iowa, but it now looks highly probable that he will soon hold a higher office than that of Senator.

His rise has been rapid but continuous. He graduated at the Council Bluffs High School at fifteen years of age; attended for a short time Park College in Missouri; studied law and was admitted to the bar at twenty; at twenty-eight was Judge of the District Court in a district which has nine counties and ten county-seats; at thirty-eight he was chosen a member of Congress to fill a vacancy; and took his seat at the short session of the Fifty-sixth Congress; he was appointed at his first session on the committee to investigate hazing at West Point; the next session he was appointed on banking and currency and elections; two years later he was appointed to the committee on appropriations; a year ago, when the Republicans first chose their members of the rules committee in caucus, he was selected as the successor of Vice-President Sherman. He is now member of the committee on rules, member of the committee on appropriations, chairman of the fortifications committee, ranking member of the committee on the sundry-civil bill, chairman of one conference committee with the Senate and ranking member of another, member of the House building commission and member of the joint commission of the two houses charged with the solution of all questions relating to the bonding of Government officers.

Few members have risen so rapidly without exciting jealousy in the House, but the recent vote showed him apparently the most popular man in that body. He is now between forty-seven and forty-eight years of age.

* * *

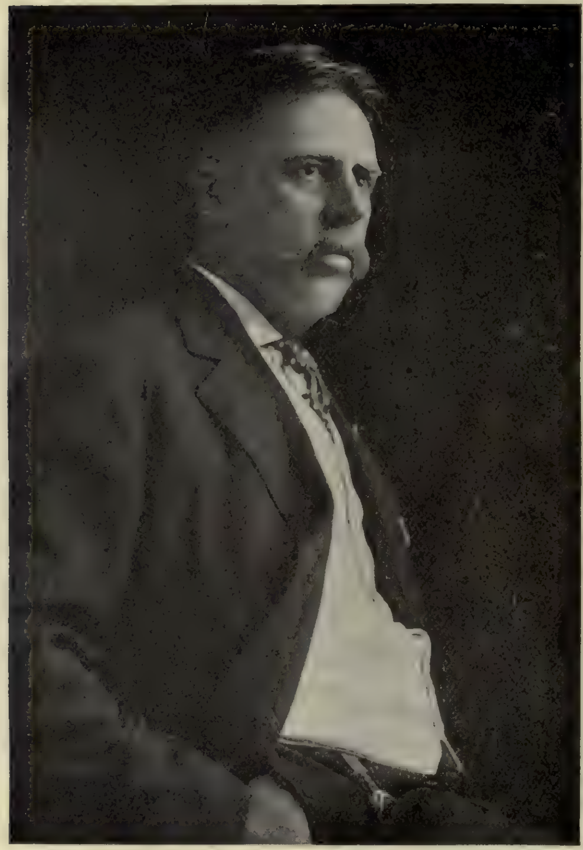
WHEN Congressman James Kennedy of Ohio gets ready to make a speech he always has something to say that is worth hearing. In addressing the Business Men's Association of Alliance, Ohio, he ably discussed the high cost of living. Going to the tap root of the matter, he insisted that the new tariff bill had started a discussion and study of prices all over the country. In his opinion prices are advancing all over the world and food stuffs will never again be sold at as low a figure as they have been in the past. He pointed out the fact that the increased gold supply has had much to do with the rise of prices.

Photo by Harris & Ewing

CONGRESSMAN W. I. SMITH OF IOWA

The largest gold producing country is the Transvaal, where the output increased from eight million dollars in 1889 to one hundred and thirty-three millions in 1907.

The increase in the production of the Transvaal mines made during the year 1907 almost equalled the entire production of the gold fields in Alaska. In round figures, the world's production of gold from the discovery of America in 1492 to 1880 was about six billion, three hundred million dollars. The entire world's supply of gold could not have been in excess of six and one-half billion dollars. The last thirty years has doubled this supply, and if the present production is maintained for another generation, it will double again. As gold has long been the world-wide standard of value, these statistics certainly suggest that the increase in the production of this precious metal may indeed vitally affect prices. Our dollar can never have greater purchasing power than the exchangeable value of the gold that is in it. The statement that we see everywhere in the papers that all prices are going up is a truth that could as well be expressed in these words, "the exchangeable value of gold bullion is shrinking."



L. WHITE BUSBEY, SECRETARY TO SPEAKER CANNON

Mr. Kennedy seems very sure that we shall never again buy eggs so cheaply as those he brought to market years ago and sold for fifteen and twenty cents per dozen.

The marvellous increase in the visible supply of the world's gold does not mean that the purchasing power of gold has decreased in the same ratio that its volume has been augmented. As gold becomes more plentiful its exchangeable value decreases. At the same time its uses in the fine arts and manufactures are multiplied, and this has a tendency to somewhat retard the shrinkage in gold values.

When relatively viewed, and when the increase in the earning power of the people is considered, prices may really not have undergone so great an advance as is supposed. When the change in the relative value of money is considered, the farmer who sold his wheat in 1880 at fifty cents probably received as much in exchangeable value as the farmer who sells his product today for one dollar. In fact, a scholar who has looked up old letters and papers of thirty years ago reports that the lament on the increased price of living contained in those documents might be printed as the present day utterances of farmers and city dwellers.

The situation is somewhat reversed to that of 1893 when the farmer could show that the "city fellers" were getting the best of it.

* * *

AT the annual convention of the Rivers and Harbors Congress, which took place in Washington, there was a blaze of enthusiasm, and the faces of the delegates were bright with pleased anticipation as they gathered in the hotel lobbies. That great body of business men and the national character of the gathering were in sharp contrast to the delegation which assembled in Baltimore eight years ago, when the first national Rivers and Harbors Congress was convened. The programme of the recent meeting reveals that it is only a question of time when proper attention will be given by the government to the development of the nation's inland waterways.

Photo by W. A. Lu Puy

AN EXCITING DAY IN CONGRESS

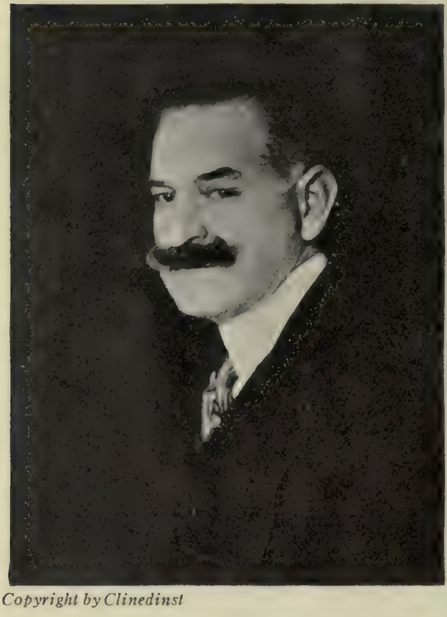
This picture was taken at the most vital moment in the House of Representatives on Saturday, March 19. The Speaker, after a two days delay in ruling on the Norris resolution, is finally brought to do so, although he knows that it will mean his downfall. As the picture is taken he is reading precedents for the action he is about to take. The scene is one of the greatest intensity. It is at very rare intervals that pictures of the House or Senate in session are taken. But one such picture of the House has been taken in the last decade, and it portrays merely a routine scene. Never before has a picture at a great crisis been taken. Here was the regime of forty years being broken down. Here was the greatest gladiator that Congress has produced in a generation facing his enemies. History is here being made

A great wet blanket descended and enveloped the convention when President Taft did not unreservedly endorse the bond proposition. The President desired to have specific plans for improvement made through Congress. "Perfect your plans, then get the money and avoid extravagance," was his advice.

In spite of this chilling of anticipations the Congress continued its deliberations, with a few snowballs from Speaker Cannon, whose chief crime is that all through his public career he has sought to stop the onslaught on Uncle Sam's treasury vaults. Senator Chamberlain of Oregon had a rap at Congress and handled the bond issue problem with sleeves rolled up. He insisted that both President Roosevelt and President Taft had essentially endorsed the bond issue. He also said that it was quite as proper for bonds to be issued for the development of inland waterways as for the building of the Panama Canal. He derided the policy of Congress in putting off things to the next session, and stated that it did not accord with the will of the people, who had, he believed, been emphatic and clear in the expression of their desire for the issue of government bonds for the development of the waterways of the country.

* * *

AMONG the ambassadors appointed by President Taft, the career of Richard C. Kerns, now located at the Austrian post, stands out conspicuous. His family originally lived in Iowa, but later moved to Missouri. The first employment that the present ambassador to Austria secured in Fort Leavenworth was as a teamster or, as they were called in those days, "a mule whacker." Young Richard became an expert teamster, and was soon promoted to the position of assistant wagon master. Now, as he appears at the Austrian court, among the historic Hapsburgers, one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of Christendom, the erstwhile "mule whacker" of Missouri represents the great republic of the West, and affords a curious contrast to the gentlemen of the proud court with whom he will be associated. He will move amid scenes which may suggest to him the Viennese play, "The Merry Widow," rather than recall the busy days of his early youth on the plains of Kansas.



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DR. THOMAS JONNESCO

Discoverer of the value of "Stovaine" as an anesthetic

* * *

NEW and important discoveries are coming in thick and fast nowadays. Professor Jonnesco, of Bucharest, who has experimented widely in that city, London and elsewhere, announces great results with stovaine and strychnine combined. Stovaine, discovered in 1902 by Eduard Fourneau, a French chemist, consists of small, crystalline white scales soluble in water or alcohol. The first experiments with this new anesthetic, reported by Dr. F. Billon in the French medical press in 1904, and later experiments by physicians in that country, Germany, Scotland and England, demonstrated that in some instances the use of stovaine was followed by paralysis of the lower limbs, sometimes lasting a full week, and in other cases the patients were troubled with headache and continual vomiting for several days after an operation. It is claimed by Professor Jonnesco that the combination of strychnine with stovaine does away with all these disagreeable after effects, while its use permits the patient to retain every sense except that of feeling.

Stovaine is injected into the spinal canal by means of a hypodermic needle. At first it was not considered wise to use any form of stovaine for operations in the upper part of the body, but when the system is supported by the addition of strychnine, it is believed that any danger of a paralysis of the heart is done away with. The Professor's claims have been confirmed by a series of several hundred operations, some having been performed at the Bucharest Hospital and at the Seaman's Hospital at Greenwich, England. The discovery is regarded as of great importance by the medical profession all over the world, and the experiments made in this country are being eagerly watched by the medical profession, for the use of this new anesthetic promises a revolution in modern surgery.

* * *

AT THE National Press Club, Cy Warman, the author, gave startling information in reference to American immigration into Canada, stating that 50,000 citizens of the United States, possessing an average wealth of $1,000 each, have migrated to the sister country. This is immigration that counts. While Great Britain has begun to fear for the future of her Western colonies, because of this great influx of Americans, it is not likely that the Canadians will regard their alarm as other than added proof that "the

MISS RUTH BLISS

house of peers has become the house of fears."

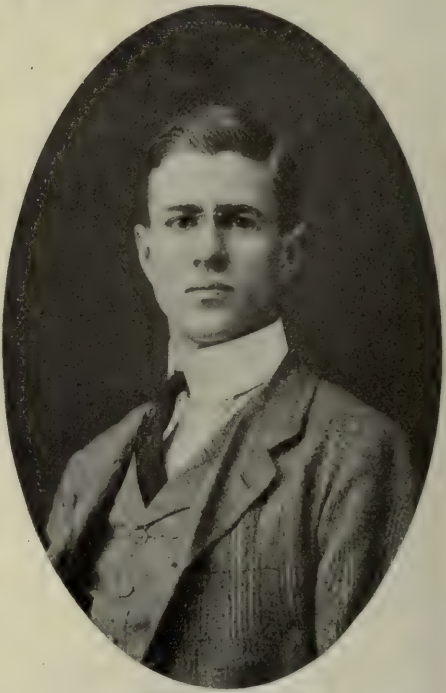
England seems to be in the throes of a succession of scares, ranging all the way from airships to immigration. The insular Briton finds it difficult to realize that the line of demarkation between the two great new nations of America is largely imaginary, and that what benefits one country is sure to be good also for the other. The great province of Saskatchewan produces nearly as much wheat as Minnesota, but on this side we do not regard this fact as alarming. Though recognizing the value of Canadian nickel mines and asbestos quarries and other great natural resources, the United States realizes that new resources in our country must be developed to keep pace with the unconquerable exploitation spirit of the hemisphere.

Photo by Harris & Ewing

WARREN JEFFERSON DAVIS

Vice-President National Democratic League of College Clubs and Chairman Intercollegiate Democratic Association of the District of Columbia

YES, the monster gasolene must still prevail in the tests of the Geological Survey at Washington, the denatured alcohol not having proved to be efficient as fuel. It was found that it took from one to one and a half more alcohol than gasolene to produce a given amount of work. This has been the result of a series of tests, made on special engines suited for experiment, where the fuels were tested gallon for gallon, with a view of obtaining definite information as to the productive power of each. All these tests are interesting when one remembers the virtues accredited to denatured alcohol by its champions, and what might be accomplished if it could have a fair chance.



ROGER SHERMAN HOAR

President National Democratic League of College Clubs

Potato parings and other refuse of the farm as a means of converting waste into denatured alcohol, which would save the cost of keeping horses or hiring other forms of power for work on the farm, has not yet materialized. Scientists will have to make further discoveries before denatured alcohol can compete with the familiar gasolene with its pungent and penetrating odor that lingers in the wake of the buzz-wagon and worries the life out of citizens of the United States who are still walking or following a horse.

* * *

THERE is something refreshing in a chat with Seth Bullock of South Dakota, even when mingling with the nabobs of Washington, for he always remains the same picturesque character who made Deadwood famous and put respect for the law even in the hearts of the frontier "bad men."

He now insists that a homestead out in Dakota is as rare as a buffalo. "Business is good, everybody is happy, tax and other laws are obeyed, and I see little sign of insurgency in the Dakotas," he says, with a genial twinkle in the keen blue eyes peering out from beneath his heavy eyebrows and slouch hat. Sheriff Bullock is always ready with a story about the early days when the men with notches on their guns were the rulers of the wild and woolly West. He says that the only place where one can hear or see much of this kind of life now is in the canned cowbow plays on Broadway, or in the modern novel. Each community has its library, church and school, and many a farmer has his automobile, piazzaed house and grand piano, and rooms filled with trophies of travels in Europe and elsewhere. "The time may come," Mr. Bullock says, "when we may have to change some of the real, good old names in the Dakotas, even those encircling Deadwood."

One of these changes may eventually rechristen the classic defiles of Go-to-Hell Gulch, which in its section is mentioned in the same naively unconscious way that a New York lady would speak of Broadway.

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CHANG YIN TANG

The new Chinese minister who was accompanied on his arrival in Washington by his wife and daughter, fifty attaches, secretaries and students

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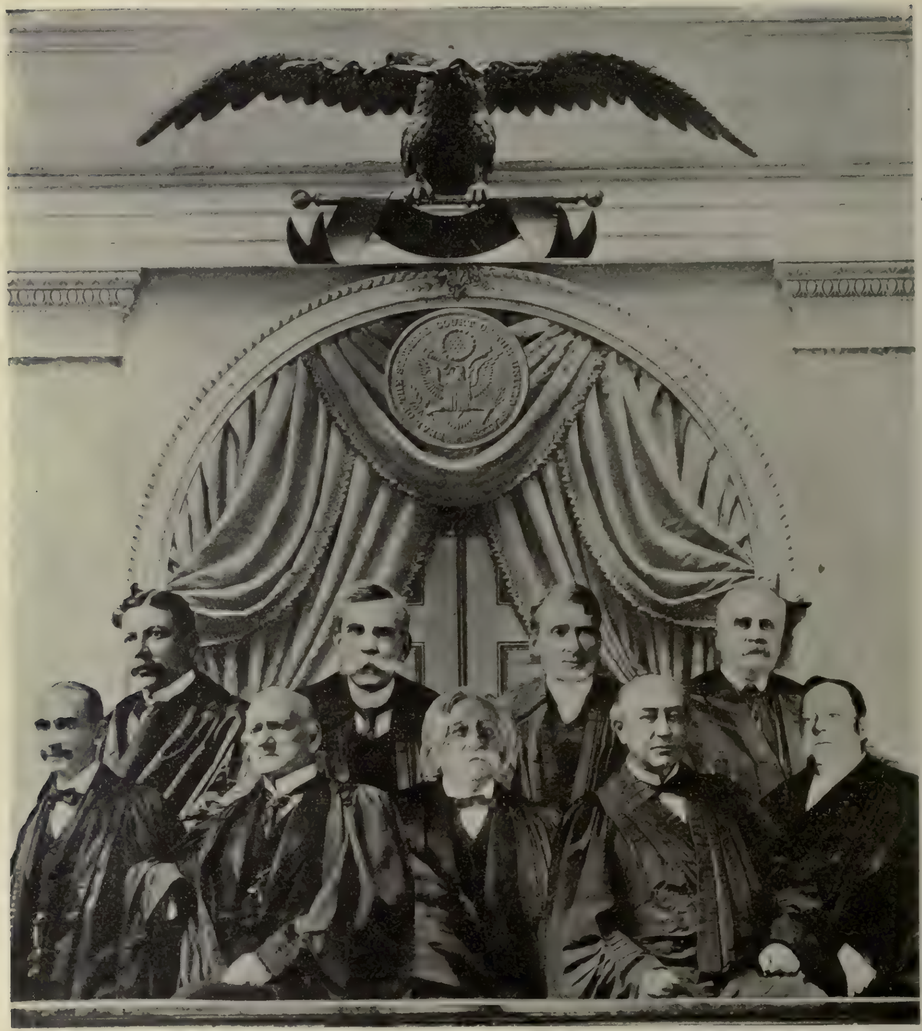
MRS. HENRY CHANG

Who was married to the new Chinese Minister's son at the new Chinese Legation, according to the Chinese custom



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DAY MOODY HARLAN HOLMES FULLER M'KENNA *BREWER LURTON WHITE

THE JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT

Like all local names in the West, it seems there was good reason for this cognomen, since, when the great strike set in at Deadwood, off on one of the hills there was a gulch that seemed to have been overlooked. Prospectors returning from their work were often questioned regarding the outlook for ore at this location, and generally responded only by a grunt. At last, however, their patience gave way and when asked further regarding the place where the strike was made, they changed the grunt to three words not current in polite society, which name the gulch still bears.

* * *

THE spirit of comradeship among the Justices of the Supreme Court brought to light an incident that was somewhat of a diversion from the consideration of briefs and hearing the drawing of legal arguments. Almost every eminent man is more or less familiar with the Scriptures, and one night when Justice Brewer was

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*Deceased.

CEIBA BUTTRESSED TRUNK AND ZONE POLICE ON THEIR MOUNTS present the degree of his familiarity with the Bible was discussed. He insisted that he knew as much of the Holy word as most men. Then the question was asked: "What is the happiest animal in the Bible?"

The justice tried "Balaam's ass," "the dove that flew back to the ark with an olive leaf," "the oxen that drew the sacred ark," but he did not guess the right answer, and the usual "give it up" was passed. Then the questioner at last gave the reply, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." There was a ripple of laughter, and one of the company who believed that he saw the point of the joke, laughed with the rest and made up his mind to take this amusing question home to his wife. The good lady hazarded several guesses, but her husband shook his head. "Will you give it up?" he inquired.

"Yes," said she, "tell me the answer."

"The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth."

She looked mystified. "I don't see any joke in that. You have not brought it home straight, Samuel." This last was said very severely.

"Yes, yes, I have," replied the legislator. "I didn't see the point at first, until they all laughed. You wait a minute and it will come to you—when it does it is very funny, 'the wicked fleeth when no man pursueth.' It's fleas, you know, Sally—just ordinary fleas."

IN THE PANAMA JUNGLE THE SIGNAL HOUSES LOOK LIKE BIRD CAGES

"Samuel, you've got your Biblical quotations on crooked. Use a hat pin."

* * *

THE story of Auguste Rodin, the eminent French sculptor, has a never-failing interest for Americans visiting Europe. Ever since his withdrawal of the famous Balzac statue, which he had been commissioned to create and withdrew because of unfavorable criticism from the Society of Men of Letters, he has attracted increasing public attention. The Society refused to accept the model.

and though he might legally have held them to the terms of their contract, he at once took back his statue and made no effort to compel the Society to fulfill its obligations. The sculptor retained the statue in his studio and refused all offers for it, and it remains there today, a triumph of his genius, which many persons visit the studio to study.

At the present time Rodin is considered to be as great a master in French sculpture as Wagner is in music, because he has brought to his art, genius, power and inspiration. Perhaps no single work of his more aptly shows the trend of his thought than the rejected Balzac statue, which shocked conventional ideas at the time it was modelled. He has chiseled the great writer attired in a clumsy and ill-fitting dressing-gown instead of flowing mantles, accentuating the head and features of the great master of literature. The lapse of time will reveal this statue as a new and permanent phase of a deathless art.

A YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING ON THE CANAL ZONE

GRAVE fears have been entertained recently as to the fine mooly cow that is allowed the liberty of the White House garden. The grass that grows in front of the State Department is used for the executive cow almost all winter, and she seems to enjoy it. Photographers have been kept busy taking pictures of Mooly, and directly under the window of Secretary Knox the pastoral scene is visible. The latest thing is the suggestion that a fence be run around Mooly to keep the people from clipping her tail, and carrying it off piecemeal as souvenirs, for the cow of the President has a distinction all her own, whether she knows it or not.

* * *

TO a group of Bostonians Count A. de Sonis, of Paris and Algeria, announced that Boston was the most interesting city in this country. With an expression of "Boston only" they listened to him, while he related his impressions of

COLONEL GOETHALS' PRIVATE YELLOW "BRAIN CAR" USED ONLY ON THE MAIN LINE

"Bostone." The Hotel Touraine suggested to him the famous chateau in France of that name where is emblazoned the fleur-de-lis, the coat of arms of the kings of France.

"Bostone is more beautiful than Washingtone," said the Count, who is the owner of 30,000 acres of cork forest in Algeria, and sells much of his product in this country.

He insists that the Germans have made all the trouble in Algeria, and that but for them there would have been a peaceable solution of all differences.

* * *

WITH the same persistence with which he has followed up his convictions in public matters, Senator Gore, the blind statesman from Oklahoma, has insisted that some day he will see. His cheerful optimism is infectious. He has been undergoing treatment with the hope that he will at least be able to distinguish the outlines of objects, that he may be able to go about without an attendant. One of his ambitions is to become a Mason, and he desires to become one "at sight," the same as President Taft. It has been agreed by the Grand Master that when he can distinguish the outlines of any object, the special dispensation will be granted.

An indefatigable worker, the Senator keeps in close touch with his constituency in the new state, and takes particular pains to render every service that might be expected from a man in full possession of his eyesight. While feeling keenly his affliction, no word of unmanly complaint has ever been heard to pass his lips.

* * *

VISIONS of '93 came to mind when I met General Jacob S. Coxey in Washington. Yes, it was the very same Coxey who led the "Army of the Unemployed" to the White House in that momentous year of soup houses and corn honey. His army was long ago disbanded, and he is now a plutocrat of the first water, owning silver mines which he secured at that time, and even a gold mine, now, 'tis said. When

THE DRY DOCK AT BALBOA, PACIFIC END OF THE CANAL

tariff matters were under consideration the general duly arrived at the Capitol, to see about the duty on arsenic, for he also has a mine producing that commodity. He did not hesitate to make complete confession that he is no longer a free trader. Europe produces arsenic chemically, but Coxey assured the folks in Washington that his mine produces the pure stuff. A duty of one and a half cents on arsenic was required to keep the mines going, and the general was doing his part to secure what he wanted.

* * *

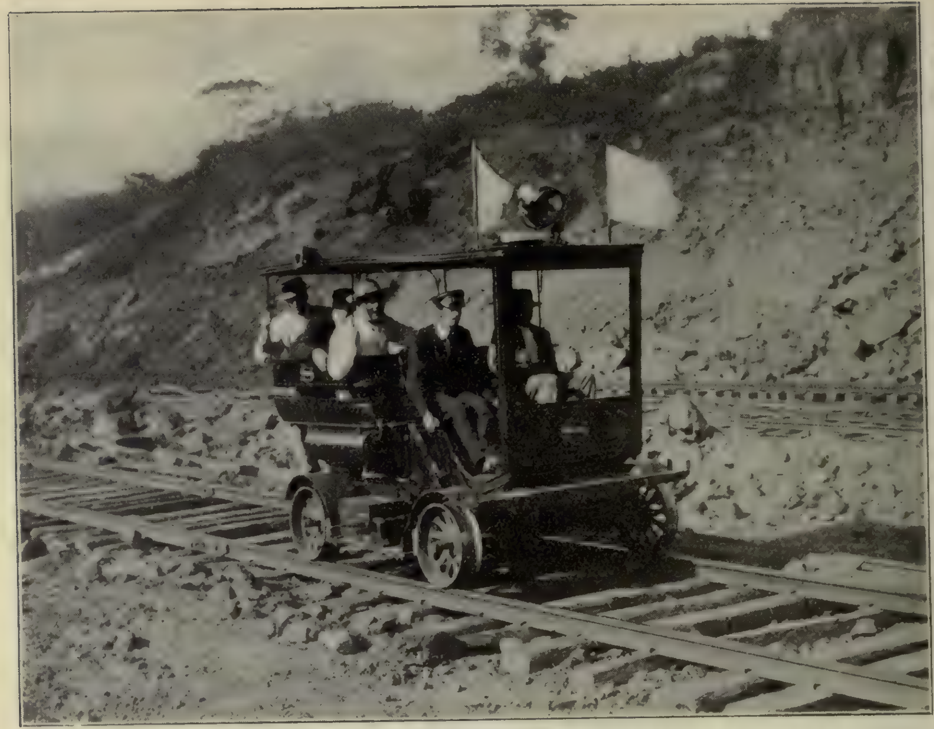
"YOU Americans always think of doing big things, and have always been able to boast of the gigantic achievements of your country," remarked an Englishman.

"But think of the Cape Town to Cairo Railway," said Mr. Gilldemeester, "that covers a stretch of sixty-four hundred miles from one terminal to the other."

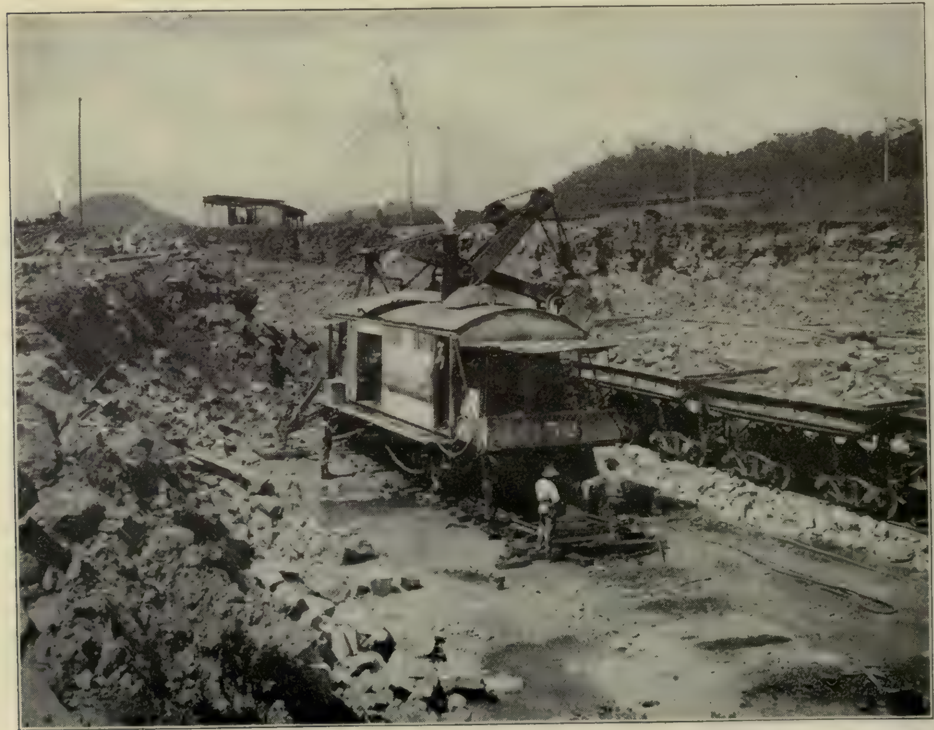
There are now twenty-five hundred miles to be completed, and it will be finished in three years, being then the longest railroad in the world, covering sixty-four hundred miles with one straight track—think of it. When completed the traveler can reach from Cape Town to Paris in ten or eleven days. The track traverses and opens up a country rich in every mineral, including gold, silver, and even diamonds. What it will accomplish for the continent of Africa the world can only partially comprehend.

"Many American engineers," said Mr. Gilldemeester, "are employed on the work, which is largely being done by Kaffir laborers, and when we have this railroad spanning the continent from tip to tip, we shall have something that will set you Americans thinking of building your railway to Alaska, and on through Mexico to South America."

However good the sea routes may be, it cannot be denied that railways are necessary to fully develop a country from coast to interior and from interior to coast.



THE "BUGGY CAR" AMONG A BLOCKADE OF DIRT TRAINS IN CULEBRA CUT

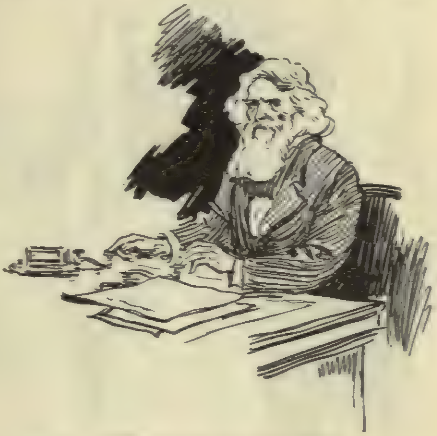


EXCAVATING BLASTED ROCKS FOR A LOCK SITE

THE absorption of the Western Union Telegraph Company by the American Bell Telephone Company brings to mind memories of Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. Of all the inventions of the past century, none have more greatly promoted civilization than the completion of that magical method of transmitting messages. The first that went to Washington from Baltimore was "What hath God wrought?" which tersely embodied the reverent recognition by Mr. Morse of the Creator who had permitted him to make this wonderful discovery, at a time when it could no longer be used to tyrannize over the whole earth. The telegraph has been responsible for the development not only of this country but of the whole world. It is to the credit of the United States government that at least this invention was favorably exploited and aided by a government appropriation.

The story of Samuel Finlay Breese Morse, born fifteen years after the battle of Bunker Hill, is one of the thrilling romances of American biography. On Main Street, Charlestown, at the very foot of Breed's Hill, I found the birthplace of the great discoverer who fulfilled the almost prophetic utterance of Shakespeare when he spoke of Puck as "girdling the earth in forty minutes." He fought battles and won victories that were just as important as those of any general or admiral on land or sea; he has practically conquered time and distance. He began his career, strange to say, as an artist, and amid his struggles and hardships learned that courage and energy would do more than anything else in this world, whether in art or in the pursuit of some abstruse problem in science. Enemies could not dismay him, and inch by inch he fought his way until he won the victory that was flashed out to the world across telegraph wires.

Mr. Morse's father was a Congregational minister, renowned for the force and convincing reasoning of his sermons. Daniel Webster spoke of the elder Morse as a man "always thinking; always writing; always talking and always acting." His mother was the granddaughter of Dr. Finlay, the president of the Presbyterian University at Princeton, and possessed clear judgment, tactfulness and moderation combined with the forcefulness that often characterizes the Scotch race. She managed the parson's sparse income in a way that would astonish the modern housewife. The boy, who later became famous, was known as "Finlay Morse," and was the oldest of eleven children, only three of whom reached manhood. The first artistic talent shown by young Morse was evidenced in etching a pen-and-ink likeness of his teacher on a chest of drawers; an artistic venture for which he was soundly punished by the schoolmaster. When at Yale the young man manifested a great interest in chemistry, and especially in the then mysterious subject of electricity, which was involved in the proposition of Enfield that should the circuit be interrupted the fluid would become visible, and when it passed would leave an impression on any intervening body. This theory was the basis on which the young student began investigations that crowned his name with undying laurels.

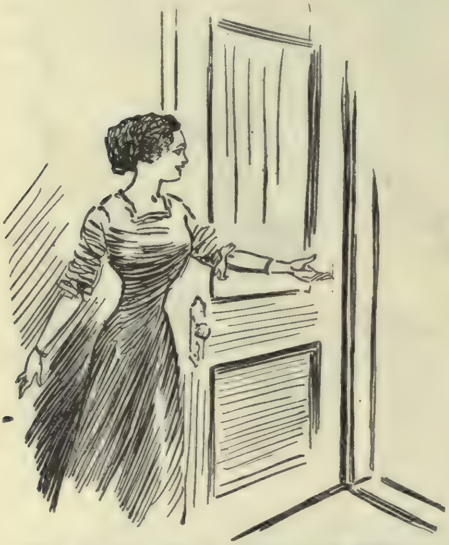


"What hath God wrought?"

"The fact that electricity could be made visible was the crude seed which took root in my mind, and ripened into the invention of the telegraph," said Mr. Morse, fifty years after his student days. His letters home at the time he first began to study electricity were filled with information and theories regarding that mysterious subject, although with his liking for the pencil and brush and his artistic talent, none of his friends ever supposed then that this poetic, idealistic young painter and dreamer would become the most renowned inventor of his time.

* * *

DESPITE all labor-saving inventions, there never has been a time when good home-making abilities meant so much as they do now. Lessening the drudgery and hard work in keeping a home neat does not lessen, but rather increases the love of home. It gives the mother time to care not only for the physical comfort of the members of her household, but to undertake many little, yet important, matters that only a woman can fully appreciate and understand. How quickly a lovely woman can transform an unattractive room into a nest of cheer, comfort and restful charm, and how quickly she can also transform a hungry, scowling husband into a happy, cheerful companion, content and worthy to dwell in a home that is so full of comfort and beauty. She can meet him at the door and dissipate the frown in a few minutes. The pleasant word, the cheery smile, are as effective in altering the appearance of a man as a bit of stucco or a little whitewash or a picture are in altering the look of a home. When the White House was built, the only form of ornamentation known was stucco, but then as now there were the little details—mere trifles—that make up the ensemble which impresses the visitor with the conviction that here indeed is a home that might serve as a model to the nation.



"She can meet him at the door and dissipate his frown"

* * *

WHILE England has just emerged from the throes of a great agitation over "the budget" on appropriations and revenues, involving important issues such as have seldom engaged the attention of British statesmen at any time since the days of Magna Charta, the work of pruning Uncle Sam's budget goes steadily on, unaffected by the worry which such changes excite in other countries. The figures of last year were cut $123,000,000 under a deft pruning knife, and whatever anesthetic was used to make the operation painless seems to have been effective in allaying any outspoken disaffection. The Panama Canal funds alone escaped the knife. Nothing was asked for new ships of war, which indicates that the German "bogey man" has not as yet found his way across the Atlantic, and although English papers are filled with startling information concerning the Kaiser's vast armament, papers on this side speak more alarmingly of the phenomenal industrial power and development of the German nation.

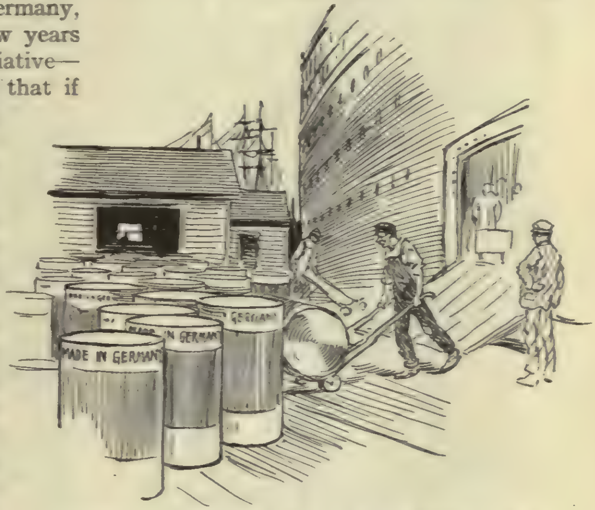
Though the United States is remarkable for initiative and enterprise unparalleled in any other country, it is pointed out that there is a lack of thoroughness, concentration and focused effort. The training which has resulted in Germany's commercial prosperity and prestige and enables that nation to reach to all parts of the world is begun in the public schools. Each phase of industrial development is studied with as close attention as any form of scientific research, and industrial questions are carefully considered by German teachers as well as students. The work of Kant, Goethe and a host of other famous German students is now finding fruition in the great object of modern life —success in business. A German professor who had been for some time in this country, studying conditions, having been sent out by his government, confidentially remarked to me, asking that his name be not used:

"I came to the States impressed with Germany's all-sufficiency in equipment both for commerce and conquest. I find that, while the thorough knowledge and firm grip of Germans on what they do know is most valuable, it is no match for that subtle enthusiasm and go-ahead spirit that prevails in the United States. It will be a blend of these two forces that will conquer the world's trade."

He added that he had recommended that young men entering the trades in Germany, should, if possible, be given a few years in the United States to learn initiative—"But," he added, "the danger is that if we send them here they will not return," for the opportunities offered are too much even for the phlegmatic Teuton.

His just criticism of the lack of thoroughness in our country is exemplified in the graduates of our high schools, who, after a diversified course of study, acquire a smattering of many subjects but a firm grip on none. In most business colleges, students are sent out as proficient after a course of three or four months, and are thrown but half equipped upon the mercy of the commercial world. A course requiring two years in the older countries is rushed through in the United States in three months. The result is that thousands and thousands of mistakes in every line are made, incurring a fearful waste of time and patience among American business men, to say nothing of actual monetary losses to employers, through errors often arising from a lack in common school English studies.

Speaking of Germany, the fact is brought out by the Bureau of Statistics that that Empire is the chief source of all imported paper and paper goods coming to the United States. More than seven out of the twelve millions of dollars' worth of paper goods used in the United States come from Germany. The lithographic labels and prints comprise nearly half the total imports along this line, and are valued at about five million dollars per year. On the other hand American manufacturers have sold paper in foreign markets to the amount of eighty million dollars during the ten years past, but in the same period the United States has purchased seventy million dollars' worth of paper and paper goods from manufacturers abroad. Over fifty different countries have made separate enumerations of paper in their official statements of exports and imports, which shows that one of the potential products of today is that used in connection with printing, which is used in all nations and in all climes. The increased production and lower cost of paper for which the wood pulp is used have spread knowledge and aided in the development of the world as has no other single product of commerce. Without an abundant supply of paper, even the potent printing press would be like a great gun with no ammunition.



"Germany is the chief source of all the imported paper coming to this country"

* * *

AS I was leaving Washington one evening, on the eight o'clock train, a company of laughing, gaily dressed young people followed into the car a gentleman and lady; in the folds of their garments I observed rice enough to feed a Jap family for a day—and drew my own conclusions. It had not occurred to me, in my recent study of rice culture in the United States, to think of the festive use at weddings of the white grains which we associate with the Mongolian dietary.

One of the veterans of the Department of Agriculture, Dr. S. A. Knapp, has been identified with the development of the rice industry in the southwest, and he is a perfect mine of information on this subject. Many farmers from the northwestern states have settled on prospective rice farms and dug ditches and erected canals, going at the work in a systematic manner, until production has increased beyond their wildest dreams. Probably very few people know about the new rice fields in eastern Arkansas. In several counties the industry has shown remarkable possibilities within the past few years. Some of the prairie lands about Lonoke and Stuttgart have been dyked and flooded by pumping up some of the great underflow of pure water which is found near the surface.

"In the folds of their garments was rice enough to feed a Jap family for a day"

The Department has an experimental rice farm in South Carolina, where valuable experience is being collected. As there is some drawback in all forms of agriculture, so "neck rot" has proved the bane of rice-growers. A new variety of seed, which appears to be immune from this plague, has now been obtained from Madagascar, and experiments are being made with it.

The first rice grown in this country was brought to South Carolina by a sea captain and was planted in Virginia. Southern rice lands are now handled on a plan which is very similar to that pursued on the large northwestern wheat farms. In appearance a rice crop somewhat resembles wheat, though the mode of cultivation differs. The seed is sown by machinery, and when the plant is six inches high the fields are flooded, the roots of the crop remaining covered with water for weeks.

"Isn't the coast of Ireland red with those fish?"

Over thirteen thousand gallons are absorbed by every acre during the day. Before harvest the water is turned off and the land is allowed to dry. Great care is taken, when the rice is in the shock, to prevent fermentation. When the grain is taken to the mill the outer chaff is removed by machinery, and to us it seems hard to believe that before this process the rice is yellow or straw color. Rice-eating countries do not allow the polishing process required for the American trade; thus the people get the full nourishment from the grain, as we are now endeavoring to do by urging the use of whole wheat.

In Europe and the United States, however, where the highest degree of intelligence is generally established, rice is erroneously considered unfit for food unless pearly white, and it would be hard to sell in these markets rice in any other form.

* * *

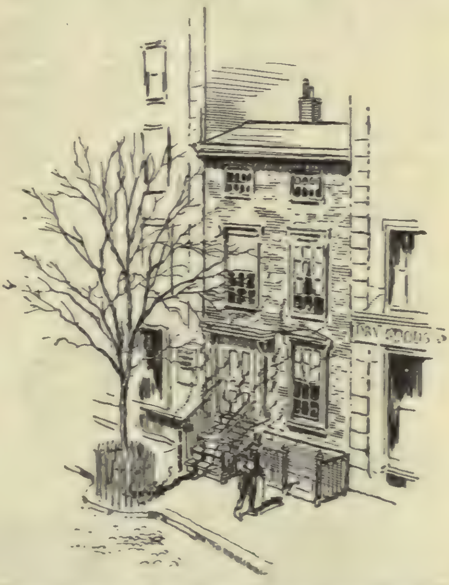
THE Washington Congressman was just entertaining a friend who had formerly arrived from the "Old Sod," but had attained fame as the man who had carried "the fourteenth precinct in the twenty-second ward." With such a visitor to entertain the Congressman thought the best thing was to take him to Harvey's Lobster Palace. The gathering there somewhat impressed Pat, but when the waiter placed before him a great, rich, red lobster, set down with an airy and nonchalant wave of his hand, Pat's eyes opened a trifle wider than usual with astonishment.

"You did not get anything like that in your native town," remarked the entertainer. "These red lobsters are considered a delicacy suited to the palace of a king, and I understand were in high favor ever since the time when Nero insisted on having them for every meal—have you ever seen one before?"

"Ah, go on wid ye," was the reply. "Seen one? Isn't the coast of Ireland *red with those fish*—although a few of them have escaped lately and come across and got into Congress in Washington."

* * *

A PATHETIC story was recently related concerning Wendell Phillips, who during the last days of his life lived alone in his old Essex Street home. The floor of his room was carpetless and no curtains shaded the windows, which looked out upon the many skyscrapers that had closed in upon the old house, seeming about to smother it, as they had threatened to do with the Webster mansion on Summer Street and Church Green. The best days and love-life of the great orator's stormy career were associated with those familiar rooms and he pleaded eloquently before the indomitable "condemnation committee" that his old home might be spared to him during his lifetime, offering to leave it by will as a free gift, provided he might end his days in peace in the room he knew so well. The juggernaut of building development was not to be turned aside, even by the touching plea of his palsied hands and quavering voice, and the wave of "improvement" swept away the home in which Wendell Phillips had hoped to dwell in his old age. He, whose ringing voice and eloquent gestures had stirred the souls of many myriads, was powerless to influence the members of the committee, or persuade them to stay the wave of street and city renovation which surged upon him in the sere and yellow winter of his life.

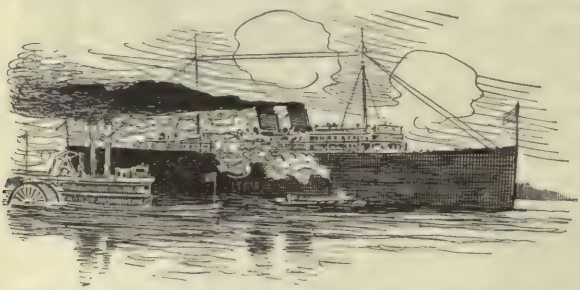


The old house on Essex Street, Boston, where Wendell Phillips lived during the last days of his life

* * *

A MEXICAN editor was greatly disturbed in his mind because of the simple attire and appearance of President Taft, as compared with that of President Diaz, during the meeting at the border. His remarks upon this point recalled the excursion made by the White Squadron, costing millions of dollars, which was regarded by many as a frightful waste of money for mere display, despite the results which have followed from that showing of strength. Possibly persons holding these opinions might have been as much mortified as was the editor aforesaid in regard to the wilted collar and suit, "which did not seem his own" of President Taft, in strong contrast to the appearance of President Diaz, clad in the grand uniform of a general, and looking the very personification of dignity and official splendor.

Again the Mexican editor was greatly shocked that the President of the United States should have ridden in a coach "which might have been a public conveyance," while the president of the other republic sat in state in a magnificent landau, drawn by handsome, well-groomed horses. In equally strange contrast were the khaki uniforms of the United States soldiers compared with the gorgeous military trappings of the Mexican soldiers. What shall be said in reply to a challenge in regard to this American negligence? Perhaps the homes of the two republics might not furnish a contrast less unfavorable to the United States, for the American nation must always be a nation of homes. These two presidents, if they represented republics, represented as well homes and the plain people first, with empirical display as only an incident.



The great battleship "Mississippi" on her way up the river of the same name

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THERE was something of the enthusiasm of the former days among the descendants of the old river steamboat men when the great battleship "Mississippi" found her way up that historic stream. The feeling was universal that if a big battleship could navigate the Mississippi there was no reason why ocean steamships should not do the same. Residents in that region hope to see a day when merchantmen will plough up and down the great waterway, going from the great fields of the West swiftly and directly to Liverpool. When this river and its tributaries are properly utilized, there will be a much more remarkable equalization of transportation rates than could be effected by any government edict or ambitious rate laws. The use of the waterways will also be a powerful factor in the development of the South and Southwest.

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HAVE you not had some of those wonderful early morning dreams, those startling "manifestations of the sub-conscious"? You know just how it is—the brilliant dream is there all right, but tired and sleepy nature does not favor arising to put it all down in writing. Betwixt waking and sleeping I had what I supposed were some great ideas, and thought it my duty to preserve them for posterity by following the example of the great essayist, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who always wrote down a thought when it came to him, on a tablet near the bed. In the dim light I groped around, knocking chairs about, and at last discovered paper and pencil; when I believed that I had those great ideas hermetically sealed, encased, and crystalized into language, I returned for one more nap.

Nothing would induce me to divulge what I found written on that paper pad, but when I read those great thoughts in the light of the morning, there came to my mind the story of the good man who had read and heard much of the philosopher's stone. One night he awoke from a sound slumber, grasped his wife by the arm and cried, "I have found it; I have found it."

"What," said the lady drowsily, "the baby's teething pad?"

"No, no," he shouted. "I have found the philosopher's stone. It is a secret, and it has been revealed to me in a dream. If I tell it to you will you be sure to remember it in the morning?"

"Better get up and write it down," drawled the good lady.

Stumbling over the cradle, stubbing his

toe against the leg of the bureau, throwing down a chair with a loud crash, and pushing his watch off the bureau, at last he reached his study, lit a candle—for all this happened long ago—and wrote down the magical secret. Sighing "it is safe now," he returned to bed and slept the sleep of achievement.

In the blaze of the morning sunlight, even before he made his toilet, he sought the precious piece of paper which he had imprisoned beneath a great dictionary and complete set of the works of Shakespeare. Holding the magic secret which should bring him unaccountable wealth his hand trembled. He almost feared that it might be in ancient Chaldean, which would take months to decipher. No, it was plain English and read,

"Walker with one leg,
Walker with two,
I have a new boot,
Which won't fit you."

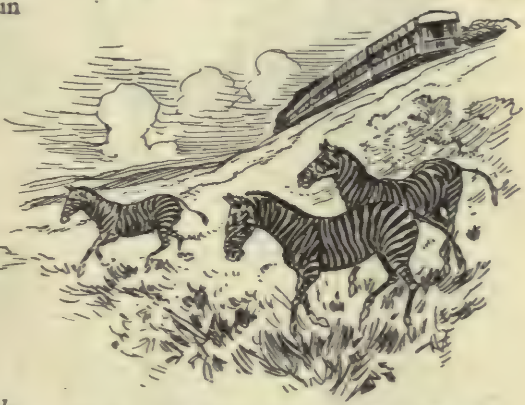
From that time forth the head of the house disliked the word "Walker" so much that no one would dare to introduce him to a man of that name, or mention it in his presence, while the subject of dreams was forever tabooed in his home.

* * *

IN a recent issue of the *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, "price one penny,"—one of those staid, conservative publications from which Englishmen take their cue—appears a long and critical statement regarding the doings of Theodore Roosevelt, and the fact that he is making use of the prairies of Africa as "a playground." The *Post* makes no mention of the thousands of "idle honorables" who visit the prairies and cities of the United States, and carry off not only wild animals, but rich American girls, but it protests:

"We have not built railways through the jungle, and across the stupendous dip in the land which is happily named the Rift Valley, merely to provide a rare show of wild animals for tourists, or suitable taking-off places for discriminating and indiscriminating hunters. Nowhere else in the world can immense numbers of zebra, hartebeeste, and wildbeeste be seen in their natural state from the windows of a railway train. Part of our mission in East Africa is to preserve its wild game so long as the interests of the natives and settlers are not injured." (Not a word about income derived from the shooting licenses.)

The writer goes on to tell how the railroad was planned in the belief that it would be a more economical way of stopping the horrors of the slave trade than the original plan of keeping five war cruisers along the coast. Each year the British exchequer provides over a million and a half dollars to pay off the loan on the railroad, and this payment must go on until 1925. Meantime the railroad receipts each year are not one-third of this sum. Under these circumstances, any American road would welcome passengers, especially profitable ones like the Roosevelt party. The insular view of the matter is certainly comical—because the railroad does not pay they are indignant that foreigners should have the benefit for something that has cost them so dear. The *Post* seems to forget that foreign money has pretty good value when British gold fails.

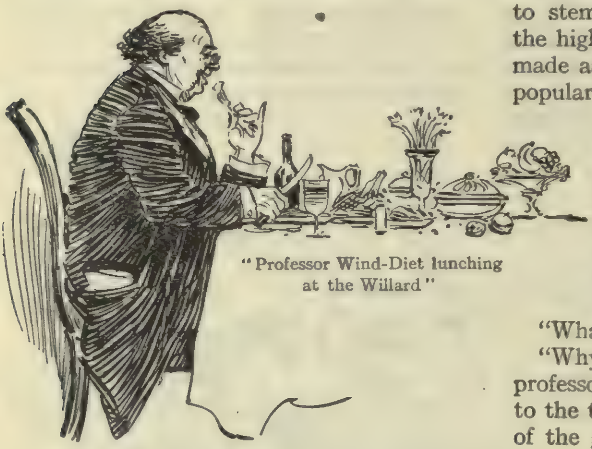


"Railway through East Africa providing a show of wild animals for tourists"

Judging by the present tone of the British newspapers, the English government has at least learned that the residents of a country are the best aids to its development, and everything possible is being done to insure happiness and prosperity to African natives; the black races are now providing by far the larger proportion of the revenue raised by taxation in the African Protectorate. As the *Post* says, "Their well-being is essential to the prosperity of the country."

* * *

THE status of the scholar in America has been the subject of earnest discussion among literary men for years past, often forming a theme for discussion at Washington. It has been pointed out by Mr. Andrew Lang that as there are no baronetcies to give to learned Americans, there appears to be no especial distinction to which the scholar of this country may look forward; he has nothing to expect except emoluments in political service or business. He also remarks that in Germany and the United States most of the scholars are exclusively university professors, while in France and England many of the great scholars are entirely outside the institutions of learning.



"Professor Wind-Diet lunching at the Willard"

It cannot be expected that the public will pore over mathematics and obscure metaphysical propositions. Even the Greeks, enthusiastic over learning as they were, did not feel any excitement over the teaching of Socrates, and Theocritus relates the pathetic fact that his own poetry proved a drug on the market. However, the time may come when United States scholars will find a wide and appreciative circle to admire their attainments, though no high-sounding titles may be bestowed to distinguish them from less learned citizens of the Republic.

AGITATION of the high cost of living has been the latest thing to stir up the senatorial mind and secure an investigation. Every time that it is desirable to quiet surging excitement in popular feeling "a probe" is announced. A lecturer has recently arrived at Washington to tell how the latest "probe" may be withdrawn and the difficulty met by living on fifteen cents per day. It was suggested that it would be an excellent thing to have him work with the "probers" and lecture in the city and help in this way to stem the tide of emotion relative to the high cost of living. An inquiry was made as to whether his lectures had been popular with the Washington people.

"Is Professor Wind-Diet doing well with his lectures on how to live on fifteen cents a day?"

"Fine, fine," was the reply. "I met him in the Willard after one of his lectures, the other evening, making heavy inroads upon a five-dollar dinner."

"What about his fifteen cent theory?"

"Why, I guess, when it applies to the professor himself, the fifteen cents refers to the tip he leaves behind, to the disgust of the garcon."

* * *

THE faces of the members of President Taft's cabinet are now becoming familiar to Washington people, and the point of comparative elegance and style in dress is being discussed. It has been decided that the palm lies between Postmaster-General Hitchcock with his long, flowing coat, without a crease, dainty lavender tie and carefully combed hair, Attorney-General Wickersham and Hon. George von L. Meyer, Secretary of the Navy. To those impressed by quiet elegance the prize would be given to General Wickersham, who wears rich-looking garments, though it has been said that the fact that he always arrives in a carriage, provided by his department, may have something to do with his spick-and-span appearance. Secretary Meyer's clothing always has an English cut, whereas Mr. Hitchcock's garb may be called distinctively the latest fashion plate from New York.

Sergeant Black's Last Memorial Day

Maitland Le Roy Osborne

WILLIAM BLACK—Orderly Sergeant Black on the rolls of his old company; Bill Black to an unappreciative and forgetful public—was the village ne'er-do-well of Fairfield. He had served his grateful country at the Battle of Bull Run, at Fair Oaks, Vicksburg and Chickamauga, had followed Sherman "to the sea," parted with his left arm in her defense at the Battle of Five Forks, and had gone back to the ways of peace with shattered body and weakened will to enjoy the pension of sixteen dollars per month bestowed upon him by the grateful country aforesaid.

That the greater part of Sergeant Black's pension regularly found its way into the till of the village tavern quite properly caused those conversant with his failings to forget his record of "distinguished bravery," and inspired them to sneer at the ridiculous practice of paying pensions for old sots like him to get drunk upon.

But Sergeant Black did not mind the sneers. Once he would have minded—but that time was past. He had marched away to war as strong and straight and proud as any man in his company, with his young wife's kiss fresh upon his lips and the memory of her bonny brown eyes glowing warm in his heart, and had crawled back again after four years of weary marching and fighting and starving, worn and spent, with the taint of Rebel prisons upon him, to lay a little bunch of the flowers she had loved upon a fresh-heaped mound. Then he had brushed his one remaining hand across his eye and stumbled away along the path of loneliness.

Amy had left behind her a baby boy, to be promptly adopted by her maiden sister and trained up according to the dictates of her stern New England conscience. She argued that William Black could not for a moment be considered a fit guardian for an infant child, and meekly he assented to the decree that robbed him even of the rights of parenthood. As the years went by, increasingly conscious of his own shortcomings, he more and more effaced himself, till in time he came to be almost a stranger to his son.

The only treasure left to him was memory—the only boon he craved was to forget. The blood he had freely shed on fierce-fought fields crystalized into a handful of paltry dollars every quarter, with which he could purchase welcomed oblivion. So his habitat became the village tavern, and his manner of life to be abhorred by the virtuous ones who had remained by their own firesides and offered up petitions for peace while they fattened on government contracts.

Yet Sergeant Black was not universally despised. A comrade whose life he had saved at Cedar Mountain at the risk of his own did not forsake him, and the children of the village loved him—loved his absent-minded, gentle manner and his kindly ways; and his little tumbled-down shanty across the river from the village sheltered always a few outcast cats and dogs, broken and useless like himself.

At only one season did Sergeant Black appear in the habiliments of respectability. On each recurring Memorial Day, clad in his old uniform, shiny and worn, but carefully brushed, with the left sleeve pinned neatly across his breast, he would take his place among the men in blue, gray-haired for the most part like himself, bent, and toil-worn, who stood with uncovered heads while the white-haired minister—the "fighting parson" of his old company—invoked with quavering voice the blessing of the Great Commander upon the memory of the fallen whom they had assembled to honor.

In time the boy—grown to be a man—married, and one day the news reached

William Black that he had a grandchild. They named it Amy, and they let him hold the tiny brown-eyed image of the Amy he had known long years before for a moment upon his arm, till the little tears of recollection flowed down his cheeks and sudden sorrow for his wasted life shook his form with sobs.

Only the pitying angel of forgiveness knew the battle that he fought for weary weeks thereafter, but William Black had taken his last drink. Never again after Amy's eyes looked up into his own out of the face of his grandchild did he enter the door of the village tavern. And never did a toddling, lisping child have a more devoted slave and nurse than the little Amy. With infinite solicitude he guided her first tottering footsteps across the floor, watched sleeplessly by her side through measles and croup, soothed all her childish sorrows, and painstakingly taught her to form her first scrawling letters.

Then, too, he could tell her fairy stories by the hour, and sing her to sleep with the martial strains of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" and "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." But best of all Amy loved to sit on his knee in the hour preceding bedtime, cuddled snugly against his sheltering arm, while he told her endless stories of the heroes that he blindly worshipped—Grant and Sheridan and the rest of that brave and gallant band, and of the great and good Lincoln himself, and the meaning of each star and stripe of the glorious flag he loved.

* * *

Memorial Day of 1905 dawned bright and fair, and the sun, looking in through the window of his cabin, discovered Sergeant Black making ready for the one day of all the year that he looked forward to—the day when he was counted worthy to stand shoulder to shoulder with his old comrades as they marched slowly down the dusty village street to the quiet God's acre where others of their comrades lay.

With but one hand to do the work of two, Sergeant Black was a long time in completing his preparations, but at last he had brushed and donned his old uniform, kept carefully folded away out of the dust for the balance of the year, shaken out the folds of the little silken flag he treasured—the flag that Amy's loving fingers had fashioned—and at eight o'clock was making his way along the railroad track toward the village.

Already it was oppressively warm down there in the rock-cut where the breeze did not reach, but some of the "boys" would be coming down from the next village on the morning train, and he wanted to be at the depot in time to welcome them, so he tramped along almost buoyantly, if not as briskly as he would have done thirty years before.

A quarter of a mile beyond him the track swept in a wide curve round the hill, then straight across the river to the village, nestling in the valley beyond. When he came to the bridge he stepped carefully from tie to tie until he had reached the middle, where he paused for a moment to let the refreshing breeze cool his brow. Beneath him the swift-rushing stream gurgled against the framework of the bridge. From this spot he had often fished in the intervals between the infrequent trains for the greedy bass that lay in the shadow of the bridge. Now, as his gaze wandered up the river, he became aware of a moving dark spot on the water just within range of his vision. He watched it for a time, wondering what it might be, until he was able to distinguish an enormous log, adrift from the boom of the sawmill further up the river.

Down it came on the breast of the swift current, heading straight toward where he stood. As he watched its silent approach, he speculated idly as to whether it would pass through the arch or lodge against the bridge. Before any thought of possible danger had occurred to him the huge mass of wood was hurled with the force of a gigantic battering-ram against the timbers that upheld the center of the bridge. The shock nearly threw him from his feet, and looking down to see what damage had been done, to his horror he discovered that the wooden framework, weakened with age, had crumbled like paper at the impact, leaving the track suspended in the air, supported only at either end.

He recognized the danger at a glance. To the engineer of an approaching train the bridge would present its wonted appearance, but any train crossing it in its weakened state must inevitably be precipitated into the river below.

With the idea in mind that he must hurry to the village and give the alarm, he started as fast as he could run along the track. But hardly had he gone a hundred yards when he heard far behind him the whistle of the morning train. Long before he could reach the depot the train would be on the bridge. He must stop it himself—but how?

Hurriedly he retraced his steps, panting and stumbling in his haste. In crossing the bridge he missed his footing several times and came near falling into the stream. But in a few moments he was across and running around the curve in the sweltering heat at the top of his speed.

As the approaching train neared the curve, the engineer was startled by the apparition of a white-faced, bare-headed, blue-clad figure stumbling toward him in the middle of the track, wildly waving a small flag as a danger signal.

A long, shrill blast of the whistle echoed among the hills, and the startled passengers craned their heads from the car windows as the train slackened its speed. It was almost upon the blue-clad figure, still desperately waving the flag in warning.

Too late he took thought for his own danger and attempted to step from the track. Exhausted by his exertion and bewildered by the warning blasts of the whistle, he stumbled. The engine struck and hurled him with cruel force against the rocks beside the track.

Hardly had the train come to a standstill when a dozen men in army blue were gathered about the pitiful figure lying in a huddled heap upon the rocks. As one of them tenderly lifted his head from its hard resting place, Sergeant Black's fast-glazing eyes opened and he gasped, "The bridge—don't cross—the timbers are bro—"

His welling life blood choked his utterance and stained with vivid crimson the blue field of the little flag tight clasped against his breast.

"TAPS"

By A. VAGRANT

They are marching with a halting step,—
A halting step and slow;
And many in those blue-clad ranks
Have hair as white as snow:
Their youth lies on the battlefields
Of forty years ago.

The faded, tattered flags they bear,
All torn by shot and shell,
Are sacred emblems of the dead
Who loved their country well:
How great their love and sacrifice
No human tongue may tell.

Those serried ranks are thinning fast
That once with martial tread
The knapsack and the musket bore
Where Grant and Sherman led:
Their sleep is sound and peaceful
In the bivouac of the dead.

No more the reveille at dawn
Shall rouse them from their sleep;
No more shall wives and sisters mourn;
No more shall mothers weep;
Their names upon the roll of Fame
Time's hand has graven deep.

And some lie on those hard-fought fields
Where now the Blue and Gray
Clasp hands across the battle lines
Their blood has washed away:
Where once the tide of battle flowed,
Their children's children play.

The passing years speed swiftly.
And silence round them wraps;
And to their listening ears there comes
No sweeter song, perhaps,
Than when the battered bugle sounds
Again the old call—"Taps!"

—From "Pipe Dreams."

POLITICAL HEALTH OF THE NATION

By ROBERT L. OWEN
U. S. Senator from Oklahoma

THE inability of the American people to get relief from high prices, from a high tariff, from corrupt campaign contributions, from corrupt municipal government, from corrupt state government, is due to *one vital fault* in the American political system. In a vital spot the nation is politically sick, and every evil consequence of bad government flows from this source.

That fault is a system by which commercial interest *may make alliance* with men interested in politics as a business, and who are influenced in following politics merely for profit.

Since the war, *the convention as a system of party mechanism* has grown to be grossly abused and *has become an agency through which sinister commercial forces operate in the control, first of party government and second of government itself.* Under machine politics of both political parties, *where these influences operate*, you will find a precinct boss, who manages the precinct primary. He calls the primary meeting on short notice, obscure advertisement and in an inconvenient or unpleasant room. He fills the room with his own strikers; he names the precinct delegate. The members and voters of his party in that precinct do not name the precinct delegate. They are not present for various reasons.

The first reason may be that they did not know of the meeting.

Second, if they did know of it, they knew it would be upstairs in a back room over Tim Sullivan's saloon, and they did not like the place.

In the third place they knew that Sullivan, the precinct boss, would have the room full of his strikers, and that one or two independent citizens had no show in that primary.

A fourth reason was possibly that politics had been made disgusting to the ordinary citizen by the notorious rascalities which had taken place before, and had made the duty of a citizen to attend the primary offensive.

Whenever *the precinct delegate* was named by Tim Sullivan, the precinct machine boss, *then and there departed the control of the members of the Republican party* of that precinct and of the county and state and congressional district. Thereafter the precinct delegates had all nominations and all platforms within their sacred keeping. The same thing, of course, is true of proceedings under like Democratic machine processes where they exist.

Thereafter the precinct delegates met in county convention, or municipal convention and selected delegates to state conventions, or to the congressional district conventions.

Thereafter the state conventions of machine delegates nominated the delegates to national conventions where national platforms are written and presidents nominated.

Thereafter state conventions made up of machine men, just as far as this system happens to prevail, will write state platforms and nominate candidates for state officers from governor down.

Under such a system of party government, men desiring high political position or great political power find it necessary to control the machine or to be controlled by the machine. The building up of a machine is a natural outgrowth of human nature and of human ambition and human intelligence which puts together the factors necessary to success.

In many of the states, in part or in whole, one party or the other party, or perhaps both parties, are absolutely dominated by the machine.

Commercial interests find a potent ally with the men who control the state or city machine of either party or of both parties.

These commercial interests furnish money when necessary, and only when necessary, on a large scale or a small scale as their interest seems to justify, and in this way are able to influence nominations and influence state, county and municipal platforms and political issues, and are able to influence the action of legislatures, national, state and municipal; are able to influence the action of executive officers, national, state and municipal.

What do the machine politicians care for the unorganized clamor of the people? Their only fear is on the day of the election, and if commercial interests can nominate candidates of both parties, such commercial interests need not fear the result, even on the day of election. I care not who elects if I can name the candidates of both parties. *Selection is more important than election.*

It is easy to perceive how this evil condition can be remedied. The members of the Republican party in every precinct, in every state where machine politics are entrenched should organize a liberty league or a Republican league, with a president and secretary, and with a postal vote, and through the postal vote, without leaving their homes, should nominate the precinct delegate and every other candidate, if they like.

Will you suggest that the political machine would pay no attention to the nomination of the majority of the members of the party in the precinct of the precinct delegate? I answer that a federation of such precinct liberty leagues could sweep the machine out of existence and defeat every candidate named by the machine; that such an organization of precinct leagues throughout the state could be easily accomplished, and in that contingency could by postal vote name its own delegates to a state convention, who would represent the rank and file of the party and could oust from position any political party theretofore existing.

The same policy pursued by the members of the Democratic party would break down the evil consequences of machine politics and restore the political health of the nation in both great parties. The nation has been sick with political corruption, with political selfishness, with political self-seeking and with a corrupt alliance between machine politicians and commercial interests engaged in the exploitation of the American people by artificial high prices, by national statute, by state and municipal contracts. (Witness Pittsburg.)

Let Republican Leagues and Democratic Leagues be organized to oust the machine politician of both parties, and we will have the national political health restored.

PLUCK WINS

From the Book "Heart Throbs"

Pluck wins! It always wins! though days be slow
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go.
Still pluck will win; its average is sure;
He gains the prize who will the most endure;
Who faces issues; he who never shirks;
Who waits and watches, and who always works.

THE NEW ARKANSAW TRAVELER

By NATHAN B. WILLIAMS

THE traveler has ever been an object of interest. His stories of places and peoples, his recitals of change and material development in the countries he has visited are ever received with live attention.

Three wise men journeyed to Jerusalem. The instinct of travel has carried our explorers far into the frozen North. They have covered and chartered the whole globe.

The old Arkansaw Traveler, he of the song and story, early found the delights of existence in his adopted state. The genius of an Arkansas citizen, Col. Sandy Faulkner, caught the most picturesque of his species and fixed his place in literature. The story is a familiar one. It has in the past been used as a symbol of the supposed unprogressiveness of the people of Arkansas. Many columns of newspaper type have been used in an attempt to deplore its publication. It has been declared to be a base slander upon the people of the state, but there was a day when the idyllic existence therein pictured was no wild stretch of the imagination.

The frontier fiddler was a type. Many of the crude witticisms told in the story were early heard in New England, Virginia, New York and Indiana. The only real Arkansaw travelers, who yet exist, are those who have not yet learned by exploring the "big road" that the original type no more lingers within the borders of Arkansas, than in any other community of this great country.

Perhaps you have at some time smiled, indulgently, at the naivete of the replies of the frontier fiddler. A fiddler who was never able to get past the "turn of the tune." You must know that the piece of music which bears the name of "Arkansaw Traveler" has a turn in the tune. This fiddler as pictured in the story, was never able to get past the "turn in the tune," but the new Arkansas citizen has reached and passed the turn in the tune and is well down the highway of progress.

The original Arkansaw pioneer when asked as to why he did not repair the roof of his cabin, is quoted as saying; "that when it was dry it did not need repair and when it was raining he could not fix it." When he was asked by Col. Faulkner where the big road went to, replied: "He did not know; that it had not gone anywhere since he had been there."

Thus we have the supposed original Arkansas farmer, fiddling away but never getting past the turn of the tune; his cabin out of repair, the roof falling in, his corn "yaller" because he had planted the "yaller" kind; a splendid and magnificent picture of indifference to surroundings and of the future; fiddling away but never getting past the turn of the tune.

But he has now reached and passed the turn of the tune. Instead of a coon-skin cap, he now wears a silk tile or a five-dollar Stetson. Instead of a cabin, his home is modern and well equipped. He has embraced and put to practical use the accumulated knowedge of the State University and the original type is quite extinct. But there is a more modern type of Arkansaw Squatter who is found everywhere; not alone in Arkansas, but in every community; in the halls of legislation, in the pulpit and the professions, in every walk of life.

Wherever men see disease, poverty and degradation about them and make no real, earnest endeavor to make such conditions impossible, their failure to act is for the reason that they are unprogressives.

A town or city which has not plenty of parks and playgrounds is full of Arkansaw fiddlers.

Disease-breeding tenements are kept and permitted by the same type.

None of these have yet reached the turn of the tune.

But we are reaching the turn of the tune. The old order changeth. New ideals of civic duty and responsibility are everywhere being realized. We have reached the turn of the tune in municipal corruption. No longer is bribery a "conventional crime."

Public officials are coming to know that they are the "hired men" of the whole people. The people have reached and are getting past the turn of the tune. The Arkansaw Traveler, symbolic of the growth and development of this nation, you are coming into your own!

In Arkansas, the turn of the tune has been reached. The broad highway which passed the fiddler's door now leads to great cities. It winds along the banks of the beautiful White River. It leads through rice fields and among cotton plantations where grows the wonderful long staple, sought by the buyers of the old world at twenty-five cents per pound; through great forests of virgin elm, oak, cotton-wood, cypress, pine, walnut and hickory.

At every turn of this road is a schoolhouse or college and new ones are building every day. Our road takes us to the only diamond field in America, Pike County, Arkansas.

Slate of every color and shade to tempt the artistic architect is found in abundance. Beautiful black marble, zinc, lead, antimony, cement, phosphate and pottery clays but await the turn of the tune in their development.

Our traveler now follows the road to the vineyards and orchards of Arkansas, to where the ever pleasant rays of the sun kiss the purple and amber into the grape, for be it known that the native grapes of Arkansas have presented to the world some of its most splendid varieties. He visits some of the largest strawberry fields in the world and notes the abundance of other small fruits. The fig and the orange are to be found in the southern part of the state, while among the beautiful Ozark Mountains of the northwestern part of the state grow the most beautiful and finest flavored apples of the world. Evidently the Ozark plateau is the original home of the apple. More new varieties of the apple have been produced and developed in this section than in any other part of the world. The counties of Benton and Washington in northern Arkansas have each more apple trees in them than there are in any other counties in the world.

Geologists tell us that the Ozark plateau is the oldest land upon the western hemisphere. What were once rugged mountains, as they rose from the waters of the earth, are now gentle hills and pleasant valleys. Their beauty never tires. Here the industrious husbandman in ever increasing numbers is finding the turn in the tune in his efforts for a prosperous and happy existence.

It being true that this is the oldest land in America, then of a certainty here was the Garden of Eden and the apple used by Eve to tempt Adam was a Shannon Pippin, a native of Washington County, Arkansas. No wonder Adam succumbed. If you have not yet inhaled the aroma of this most delightful apple or experienced its delicate flavor, there is a glimpse of paradise yet in store for you. Here the great artist paints the downy skin of the peach till it takes on a blush never equaled by a Chase or a Sargent.

Politically, Arkansas has reached the turn in the tune. Instead of a professional politician, a contractor and business man is Governor. Service is the watch-word of its officials. Fitness is the test applied by the voter to candidates for office. Numerous instances of breaking away from party lines occurred in the election of 1908. We record facts not personal opinions.

The South has reached the turn in the tune. A generation of strong young men, who have come to maturity since the turmoil of Civil War, men who are intelligent and educated, are coming into the thought and destinies of the South; that most thoroughly American section of the United States. The men were born and have developed among pleasant surroundings. The greed of money-making has not touched them. This corruption of ideals has been prevented by the ease with which a competency may be secured in this favored clime. They have inherited the traditions and facts of personal honor and civic integrity which distinguished their forefathers and in the settlement of national questions and in determining national ideals will be heard to good effect. Patiently have they labored to overcome the poverty and destitution left by the war. Lovingly and tenderly have they cared for the widow and orphan. With kindly solicitation they have kept their fathers and grandfathers in the places of public honor and trust, but these grand old men, who loved honor better than life, are rapidly passing, leaving a rich heritage to those, their children; a heritage whose influence will be long felt, remembered and cherished.

These men, having re-built and re-established their country, now see the turn of the tune. They invite honest men and women from everywhere to share in the future glory and development of the sunny Southland. Many new travelers are coming in increasing numbers. They behold the turn of the tune The nation has awakened to new conceptions of duty and responsibility. This section is but now catching the spirit of a great awakening in material development; its boundless resources conserved and reserved for the development of a great people whom riches will not corrupt nor serious problems dismay.

Behold the turn in the tune! Its rising cadences shall fill the world. Its sentiment will touch the heart, its beauty thrill the soul. The present generation will catch its spirit —has caught it. Dying happy, its notes will attend them and they will desire no finer epitaph than that they were Arkansans and contributed their part in the upbuilding of their beloved state and the greatness of the American Union.

Easy Roads Do Not Lead to Ease

By Herbert Kaufman

IF you try to make life *too easy*, you'll soon find it *too hard*. *Ambition* is a *dream* without an *awakening*, unless it makes your *will* as eager as your *wish*. Effort is *exercise;* endeavor produces *endurance.*

It's no *trouble* to cut through *butter*—but it won't develop *strength*. The *hewer* of *stone* wears the *strong arm* and bears the *long labor.*

Persistence is the key to *existence*. Success *invariably* rewards the *good fight*. Knowing *what* to do or *how* to *do* it won't bring results. *Action* must drive *ability*. The *nail* is *useless* without the hammer. Courage is the *complement* of knowledge.

Easy roads do not lead to *ease*. *Worn* paths run to *spots* and *things* which *others* have *already* found.

Opportunity is trampled *underfoot* in the *crowded* thoroughfares. The *greater* chances always lie *ahead.*

But the *price* matches the *prize*. If you *want* more than the *average* you must *pay* more to *secure* it. You can't buy with *counterfeit attempts*. The *true* coin of *accomplishment* bears the mint marks of *grit* and *honest labor.*

You can't have *our best* unless we have *your* best in *return*. You can't *arrive* unless you *survive*. Half journeys are *wasted*. Only the *stride* which lands you at the *finish* counts.

You can't take *pleasure* and *indulgence* with you in the *climb*. You must forego temptation and cut out the *short cuts*. The *wrong* road is *never* a *long* road—*therein* lies its *danger.*

If you meet with *brambles* and *boulders*, reflect that there are *fewer* toward the *end*. The more *rugged* you find the way, the less *likelihood* that you've been *preceded.*

You need no *capital* but a *fixed idea* and the *resolve* to carry it *out*. Want a thing *harder* than the world wants to keep you *from* it, and you'll wear through every *opposition* and *get* it.

Mere *knowledge* isn't *competition*. The man who *secretes* must *give way* before the man who *creates*. A *bulging forehead* can't conquer a *squared jaw.*

When old Henry Harper died he willed his *millions* to *charity* and his will to his *sons*. This is the letter which they found in his strongbox:

"I gained my money from men *weaker* than *myself*, and I *return* it to them. If you are *strong* enough and *bright* enough to *retain* my estate, you have the *necessary* tools with which to build one of your *own.*

"If you *cannot* succeed *without* my wealth, you *couldn't* have succeeded in *holding* to it.

"Others will think that I have *pauperized* you, but *I* understand how *great* a legacy I have willed you: the incentive to *prove* yourself—the *supreme right* to *test* your powers without the *handicap* of *assured maintenance.*

"Only the *builder* truly *rises* above his *fellow*. Go out into the world to *earn* and thereby *learn*. Rub against men and get an *edge*. Enjoy the most *supreme* of all *recreations*—the thrill of *creation*."

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The Panama Canal as it IS

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

DOWN to the wharf we dashed in taxis—doesn't that sound swell for editors?—and boarded the United Fruit Company's steamer "Turrialba," a staunch and beautiful new ship, named after a Costa Rican volcano. Loth to leave New Orleans, we had lingered until the latest possible moment.

As the great ship swung from her moorings into the Crescent Bend of the river, with her nose pointed southward, a party of Chinese among the ship's crew discharged a monstrous battery of firecrackers, to the value of over three hundred dollars; it sounded like the *feu d'enfer* of a section of Maxims. Far above the masthead the crackers hissed and exploded. If evil spirits in truth fear firecrackers and noise, as the Celestials believe, our Chinese crew must without fail have scared off any spooks that might have been disposed to abide with us. With wildly swinging pigtails, the Chinamen danced about the decks, determined that every cracker should detonate to the very last of the immense red strings. A fitting salute for our embarkment for Panama!

We steamed slowly down the river lest the waves in the wake of the boat, rippling on the shore on which the Acadians once dwelt, should overflow the levee. There was dancing on the deck from cake-walk to sedate waltz and hopping two-step. All the young people made merry, but the old wiseacres in the shadows on the deck murmured: "Tomorrow;—wait for the morrow—and then—"

In the morning we had passed the great jetties and were out on the turquoise waters of the Gulf, which, alas, were somewhat hash-like and choppy. The effervescent spirits of the young people were at their lowest ebb, and many seemed to have lost all appetite. Excuses were rife —they had "danced too much last night." Some passengers sat at the table and pecked at the food, ordering about everything on the menu "to find something that would taste good"; and at last hastily retired for more sea room. Personally I thought I knew now how Lady Gwendoline, the heroine of the dime novel, felt when she "toyed with her fork."

On board were Henry W. Savage, the well-known theatrical manager, and his party, bound for Swan Island, bent on having a real Robinson Crusoe outing. One of the young ladies insisted on giving us *da capo* of the "Merry Widow" waltz, "before and after each meal," as the medicine label hath it. There was also Captain A. Adams, "King of Swan Island," who for nearly thirty years has lived on this tiny islet in the Gulf of Mexico, about a hundred miles from Honduras. Many were the exciting narratives which the weather-beaten sea captain related about his cruises all over the world, before he settled down in peace and comfort on this beautiful island in the Caribbean.

We first made Cape Antonio, the most western point of land in Cuba. As the lighthouse loomed up in the distance, glasses were levelled, but the sea continued

A VISTA OF THE CULEBRA CUT WHICH SUGGESTS A VIEW ON THE HUDSON

"THE MAN WITH THE UMBRELLA" AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CULEBRA EXCAVATIONS

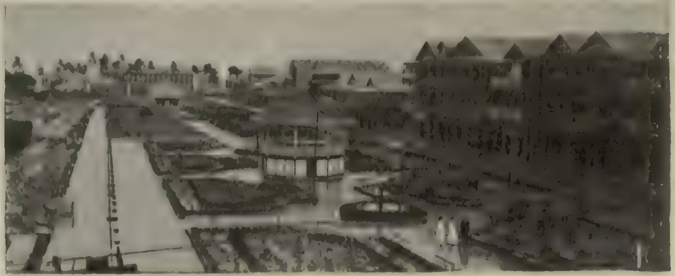
NEW BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER CHAGRES AT GAMBOA

CEMENT WALLS BEING CONSTRUCTED AT THE PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS "choppy," and some passengers—always some, you know—sobered down to life in steamer chairs, and even the Pearl of the Antilles was passed with an indifferent glance, for land, without landing, is not interesting to the sea-ill ones. When Swan Island was sighted, with its great cocoanut groves gracefully waving a welcome on the horizon, in their feathery shade we could discern the capital city of the realm which Captain Adams had left some months before to visit old friends "way down east." A few weeks before our arrival the wireless telegraph operator had inadvertently electrocuted himself with his apparatus, and as the party for the island prepared to disembark in a small boat, the coffin brought for the dead man was lowered into it—a rather gruesome accompaniment to a holiday party. Mr. Savage in leaving glanced back, remarking "pleasant prospect this," as he looked down at the great casket already in the tossing boat. The last we saw of them the Jamaican oarsmen were pulling hard for the shore, the boat tossing up and down, the casket the most prominent feature of the party. The island has a mule railroad, and a fort at the northern end, built by the old buccaneers. There is a fine deposit of fuller's earth on the island and it is also rich in tropical fruit. The temperature is pronounced the most equable of any part on the Gulf, there are no reptiles, and the great, sandy beaches are ideal for bathing. The island was long claimed by Spain, but for many years was deserted, until an American placed it under the protectorate of Uncle Sam in 1852.

A PANAMANIAN VILLAGE, IN THE INTERIOR, DURING THE RAINY SEASON

As the "Turrialba" proceeded, everyone was reading something about Panama. "Phancy my pheelinks," as Orpheus C. Kerr used to say, when I asked in New Orleans for "the latest book on Panama," to have a copy of the National published three years ago placed in my hand as the most recent and comprehensive description of the Canal. Books and magazines have a different flavor on board ship, and were in much demand. Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" was, as usual, a favorite source of consolation to the afflicted, the chapter on sea sickness being read probably as a prophylactic for the benefit of the white-lipped patients lying in the deck chairs. Captain Clarke, who hails from Dublin town, is a typical sailor and was a favorite with all the passengers; he cheered up the patients with his jolly ways, played deck golf with those who were well, and skipped up and down the deck as blithely as the captain of the "Pinafore." He had sailed the seas for years, had been many times "around the Horn," and there was no official stiffness or shallow pretension in the make-up of the sturdy little Irishman. One day we found him writing up the ship's log, and he spoke of the new-fangled notion of doing away with the ordinary terms of "boxing the compass" and calling the east 90, the south 180 and the west 270 degrees; there would then be no "nor'-west" or "sou'east." As we listened it seemed to us that the very basic principles of navigation were being undermined. No wonder the Hydrostatic Office at Washington took notice when a contribution under the pseudonym "Neptune" appeared in the *Marine Journal*, and told the scientific fellows a thing or two about practical navigation.

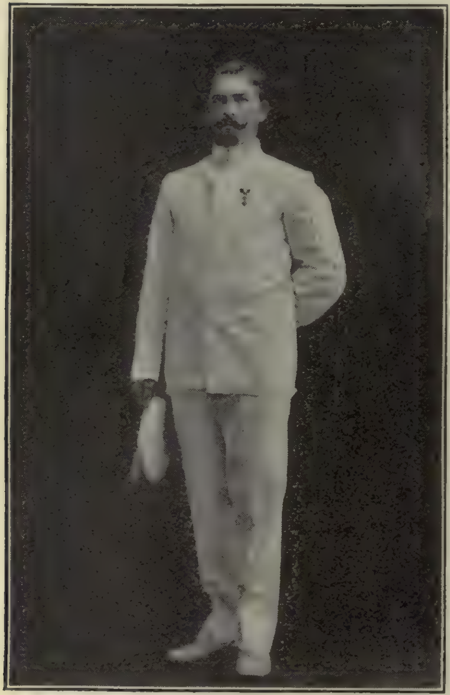
In the bright glare of the tropical noonday we came into Colon. At times the



1. View in Colon Park after a tropical shower.
3. Shore line at Colon, near Columbus statue.
5. Roosevelt avenue, Colon, a popular shore drive.

2. A view of the surf at Colon.
4. New railroad station at Colon.
6. Glimpse of Fourth street, showing improved sanitary conditions.

Colon docks do not afford safe anchorage, and when there is a "norther" coming the vessels lying there pull out to sea. It was almost like reaching home to see the familiar wireless pole and the shore-line rimmed with white surf of the Caribbean breakers. Dr. Pierce, the quarantine officer, felt our pulses and looked into our eyes to see that we did not smuggle infectious diseases into the Isthmus. We landed in full uniform—white suits and Panama hats. After passing Cuba the cooler garb was brought forth, for in tropical sunlight dark colors seem to oppress the eye, with their psychic suggestion of heat. Looking at the ship's thermometers, we felt that no extraneous hints of warmth were needed.



C. R. ERWIN OF THE ZONE POLICE

The Custom House guard of little Panamanian officers in full uniform had a pleasant smile of greeting all ready for us. No sooner had we touched shore than off the Americans started, carrying their own suit cases, at a Seattle pace. No porters or lackies could handle those valises fast enough. We soon recovered from this attack of speed and fell into the leisurely ways of the tropics. Then I began to wonder if I had really been here before. Could this be Colon? Could this be the pestiferous sink hole of old days? It looks now like a popular winter resort in Florida. In a cab we dashed, on a ten-cent fare, up Roosevelt Avenue, lined with cocoanut trees, and swung around the old De Lesseps mansion on the Point. Here I had to endeavor to make good as one of the party who had "been here before."

Crossing one of the well-paved streets the traveler passes from Colon, Panama, into Christobal, which is in the Canal Zone. The handsome new railway station, with its imposing dome, indicates the permanence and thoroughness with which the plans for the future are being carried out. I gave a glance of greeting to the statue of Columbus, who is depicted gazing in the direction of that land which has made the nuptials of two great oceans possible.

The operation of the Panama Railroad is one of the marvels of modern transportation. Over nine hundred trains are handled every day on that little stretch of track, a little over fifty miles in length. In a short time we were aboard the train looking upon Monkey Hill, now called Mount Hope Cemetery, where twenty thousand victims of yellow fever are buried.

The Canal Zone contains 448 square miles and includes the little group of islands in the Panama Bay, Puerin, Calabra and Flamenco, with a half interest in Naos. The United States owns outright 322 square miles of territory, but under the treaty with Panama may purchase, by right of eminent domain, any buildings or watercourses, etc., needed for the construction, sanitation, operation or maintenance of the Canal, or any part of the 124 square miles within the Zone, previously owned by private parties. By the French purchase over 2,150 buildings of various kinds were secured; these differ from the American structures, and represent over two million dollars to the government. The conquest of the Isthmus is revealed in its towns and institutions and in the life of the people on the Zone.

The Conquest of the Panama Jungle

AFTER the second United Fruit Company's steamer, "Cartago," arrived, the editorial party took the train direct for Ancon, or Panama, fifty miles away on the Pacific side. Then the volley of editorial questions began—Colonel George W. Goethals, Chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, Secretary Bishop and Colonel Hodges, and the other members of the Commission, were kept busy answering queries plied over and over, and all their replies were made with good nature and patience.

There were glimpses of tropical scenery from the train windows. Here and there in the swamps near Colon the Egyptian papyrus was growing, reminding one that this plant once furnished the Egyptian Pharaohs and priests of forgotten dynasties with the only form of paper then known, except the skin of animals. "Ohs" and "Ahs" were heard on every side as the train passed through tropical verdure, giving glimpses here and there of abandoned machinery left by the French in the jungle, though much of this has been sold as scrap iron at a flat rate of $17.30 per ton. Over the Black Swamp—in parts of which it is said no bottom can be found—we passed, and saw the historic Stephens tree associated with days of '55. It is an immense ceiba, and was christened in honor of the celebrated archaeologist and traveler, on account of his expressed admiration for this beautiful mass of foliage. The tree is over fifteen feet in diameter, including the great buttress roots, and over one hundred feet high from the base to the branches, which originally spread a mass of foliage one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. John L. Stephens was the first president of the Panama railroad, and a true lover of the rare and beautiful in nature. He insisted on sparing the tree and its splendid growth of lianas; but for him it would have fallen under the axe or machete. Worn out by tropical wanderings, Mr. Stephens died in New York, October 10, 1852.

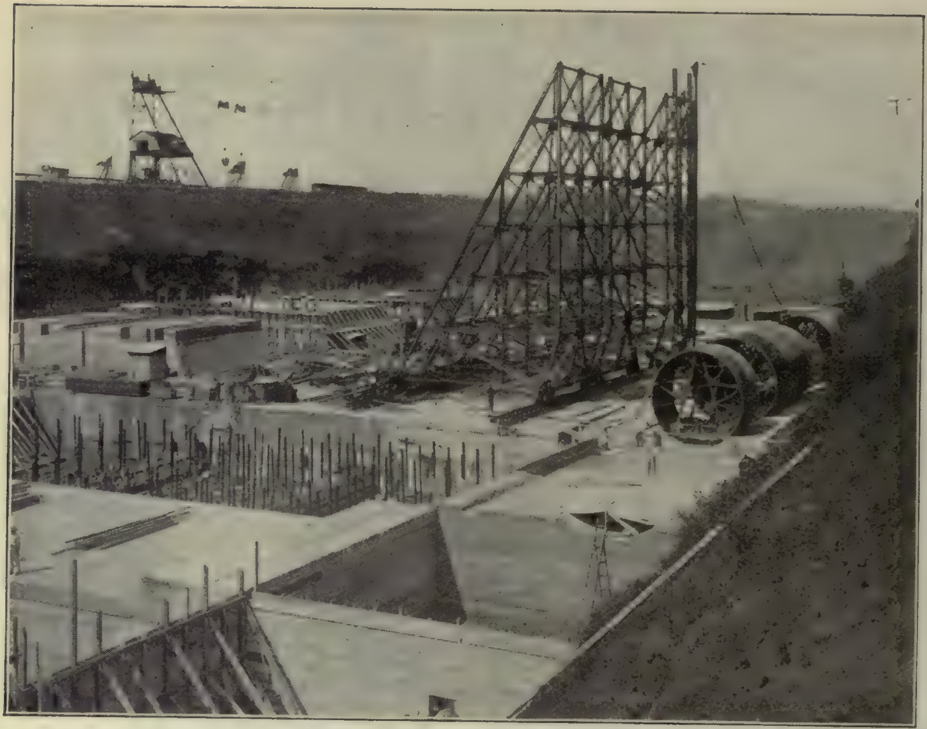
Here were also great flowering trees resembling the "bell-topped" elm, with not a leaf upon them, but gorgeous with great yellow blossoms; on other trees the blossoms were red; others again were purple. The drooping blooms reminded me of the lilacs clustering about the old home. How tales of the tropical jungle passed from lip to lip, and traveled the length of the car! Side by side with the productive cocoanut trees were graceful wild banana trees, which, however, bear no fruit.

* * *

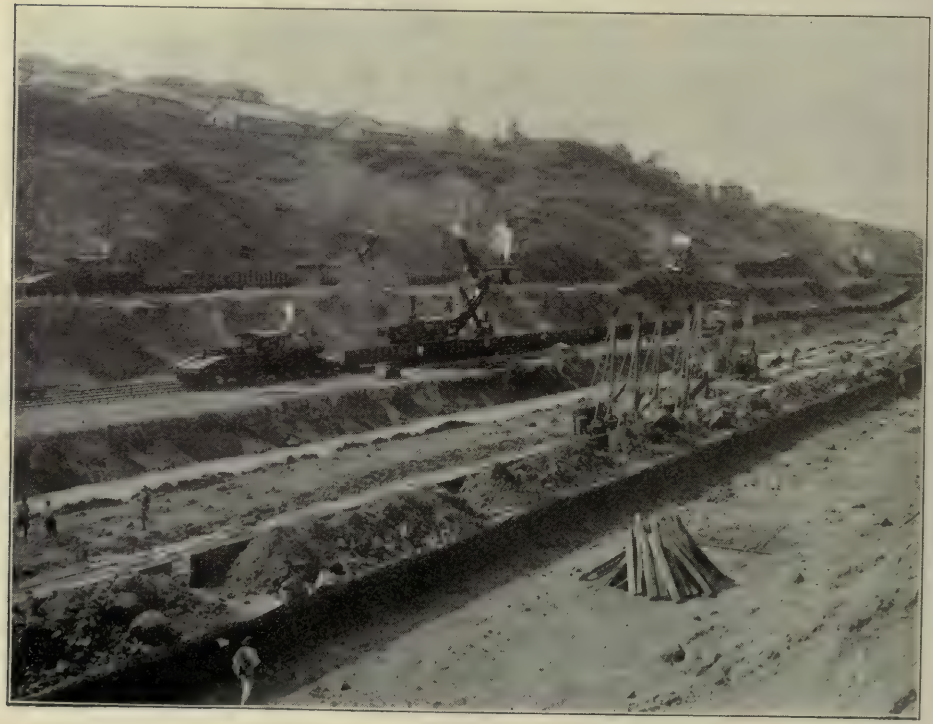
The building of the Canal has already witnessed four notable epochs of progression, each one of deep significance, reflecting in itself a great achievement of the present century.

First: The sanitary organization, which included the discovery of the stenopheles or yellow fever mosquito, that led to the conquest of yellow fever for all time.

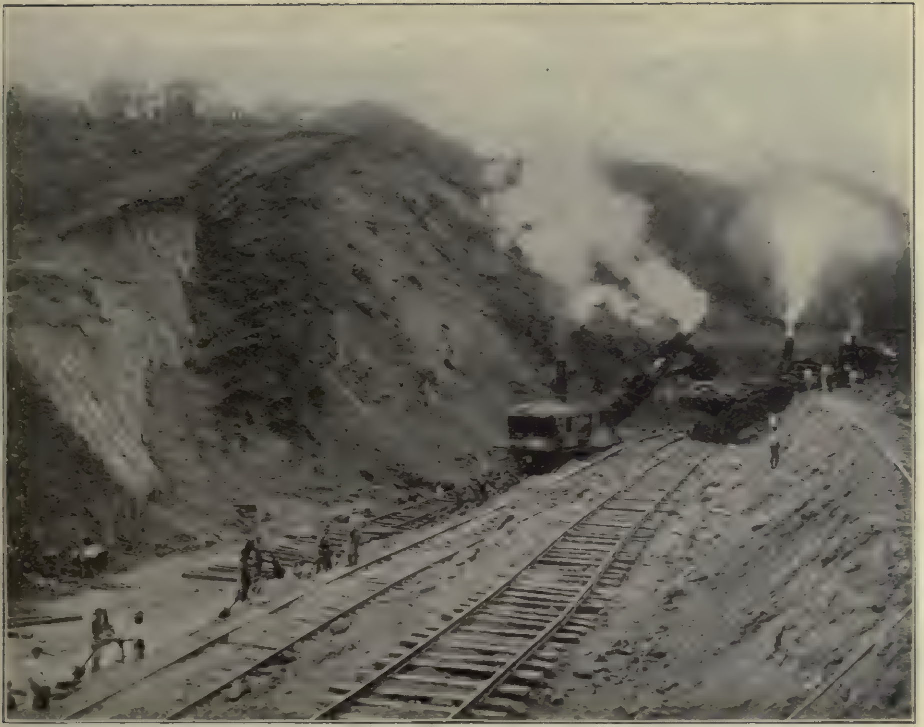
Second: The organization, by Theodore P. Shonts, of a cohesive and centralized industrial force, on plans which have proved effectual in the marvelous development of the United States.



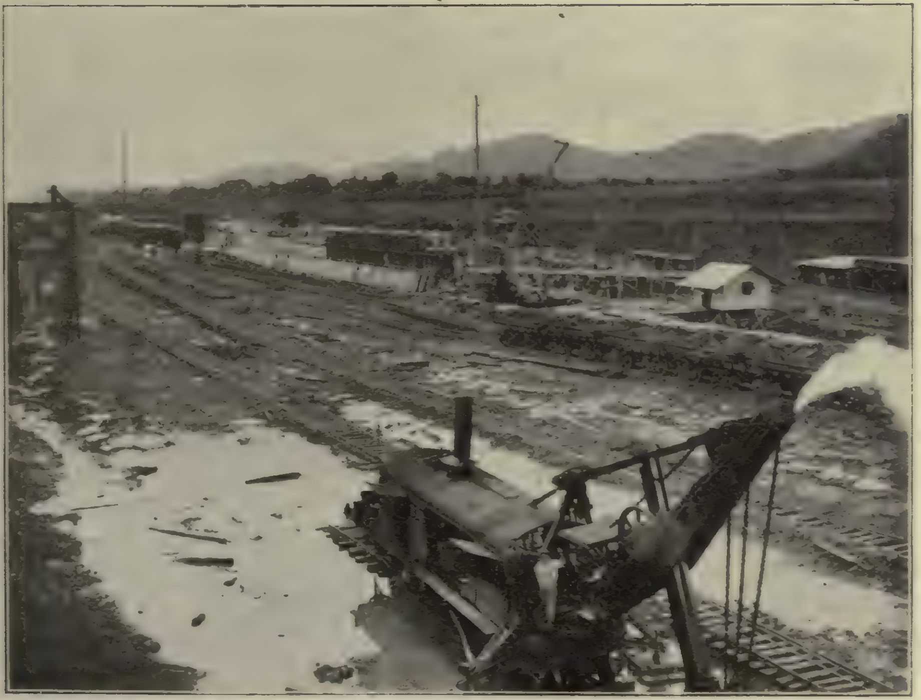
CONCRETE FLOOR AND WATERWAYS IN GATUN LOCK



WELL DRILLS EXCAVATING FOR BLASTING



SHOVELS DEVOURING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CANYON AT BAS OBISPO



LOOKING SOUTH FROM PEDRO MIGUEL LOCK SITE, SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF LOWER MIDDLE APPROACH WALL, JANUARY, 1910

Third: The steam shovel and rail transportation of dirt, being a direct outgrowth of railroad efficiency. This surmounting of the great trackage difficulties, that has made possible the digging of the vast man-made canyon, is credited to the genius of John L. Stephens.

Fourth: The solution of the lock problems by such experts as Colonel Goethals and Colonel Sibert, who have continued the great work by means of a corps of workers, organized under army methods.

The men who are personally acquainted with conditions on the Isthmus, and really understand the immense difficulties that must be coped with, do not hesitate to bestow unstinted praise on their predecessors for what has already been accomplished; from first to last the Canal has absorbed the attention of men of marked ability; their power to overcome such difficulties as have never been met with in any similar enterprise has made the building of the Canal possible.

Colonel Goethals' tribute to the French and their work was poetic in its eloquence. Baffled by yellow fever, he considered that they deserved much credit for what they had accomplished.

"The real heroes of the Canal work," he continued, "are Drs. Lazear and Reid, who fearlessly faced death in order to prove their theory concerning yellow fever. It is not hard to face death in the open, with one's comrades, and in the excitement of battle; but it requires a very brave man to lie quietly and willingly in a close room and watch the approach of the 'Grim Reaper.' These doctors and some of the Cuban nurses offered their lives to prove that yellow fever germs are carried by mosquitoes. They were willing to sleep in a close room, heated to ninety degrees and over, lying down among infected clothing brought from the fever hospital, and take their chances of recovery. More than one life was sacrificed in these experiments, but the proof was conclusive, and the Panama Canal became a fact—primarily because of the conquest of yellow fever."

When sanitation on the Zone is under discussion the name of Colonel Gorgas comes to mind. An example of patriotic devotion, he has done much to bring about healthful conditions on the Isthmus. The Colonel pushes his work forward under the red-tiled roof of the Administration Building. At the moment we entered he was moving his desk that a new floor might be laid to replace the one which the ants had just devoured, for nothing has yet been found to exterminate these tropical pests.

Here we obtained information regarding the recently discovered "larvaecide," which is almost certain death to the mosquito; it is composed of carbolic acid, caustic soda and resin, and is more effective than kerosene, because it makes an emulsion, or mixes with water. It was compounded by the chemist at the laboratory, who worked on it for many years with as much concentration and enthusiasm as though a great fortune depended on the discovery. A few drops of this larvaecide works wonders in the relentless extermination of the fever-breeding insects. Precautions are observed as strictly as ever, and there is continual inspection of cans, tanks and all water receptacles throughout the entire Zone, and at Empire and Colon. Previous to the institution of this rigid inspection water jars everywhere, even in hospitals, were breeding grounds for mosquitoes and consequently multipliers of yellow fever cases. The sanitary reports now indicate that malarial fever is the most prevalent ailment on the Isthmus. Most of the patients are Jamaicans arriving from the West Indies, already badly infected with malaria. One fatal case of yellow fever came on the "Cartagena" from Venezuela; the infected man had entered that port and gone ashore, though he denied having done so when questioned by the health officers; his report was in a measure endorsed by the ship's papers. This case at once resulted in stricter regulations regarding quarantine. The chief fear among natives now is a visitation of the bubonic plague.

The large South American bound packages marked "disinfectants" brought a creepy feeling as we looked at them. It is said that in some South American cities the merchants appear to have no fear of yellow fever, and show no anxiety to exterminate the disease because in their opinion it prevents foreigners, who

THE NIAGARA GORGE AT GATUN BEFORE THE LOCKS WERE BUILT

DEEP CUTTINGS AND MASSIVE CONCRETE FLOOR AND WALLS OF THE PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS might prove progressive rivals in trade, from locating in their cities. When the bubonic plague is mentioned, it is quite another thing. Residents in South American countries turn pale with fear at the thought of that dreaded malady.

* * *

The present plan, whereby the aid of military workers is secured, stirs patriotism and evokes enthusiasm, without any firing of guns or shedding of blood upon a hostile battlefield. The fact that military discipline has been applied to the digging is the chief reason for the rapid advancement of the work. Men who have passed the crucial Canal test and have made good are being eagerly sought. An army officer is, as a rule, not easily tempted by a handsome civil salary, which might be offered him by a large corporation because of the comprehensive experience and discipline which has made a canal worker one who understands how to do things under orders without excuses or parley.

COLONEL GEORGE W. GOETHALS
"All aboard! We cannot stop dirt trains, even for United States editors."

The critical eyes of over a hundred editors closely inspected the work on the Isthmus. It presented at once curious, fascinating, kaleidoscopic views of past, present and future. The charm of the Zone grew upon us every hour; those who had written the most severe criticisms before visiting the work now caught the Canal fever, and were loud in their praises. We had caught the tune of the great anthem, "the Canal is being built," and we each wanted a hand in the building. Those who have visited the Zone return home convinced of the thoroughness of the work and its importance. Each one feels that the honor of the United States is involved in bringing the Canal to completion, and would be willing to contribute his own private funds rather than have any delay in the Panama Canal programme. One poetical "we" asserted that "Panama is the brightest jewel that sparkles on Uncle Sam's watch chain." His dutiful nephews and nieces feel that, inasmuch as the old gentleman has never before craved adornment, he should now have the very best. The magnitude of the undertaking makes it an appropriate achievement for a great nation that hopes to inaugurate the peace of the world. The success of the work on the Isthmus will be the solution of many vexed problems in the Latin Republics, and will aid them in organizing stable and successful governments. One of the object lessons which they seem to be taking advantage of is the sight of the marines on the war vessels at Nicaragua; cooped up on board for a length of time, the men become very restless and look with longing eyes over the rail, and the Southern nations hardly understand the perfect discipline which restrains the American soldiers and sailors, despite their natural desire to be "let loose."

We very soon learned to keep out of the sun at noonday, to use an umbrella, and take advantage of the cabs to be had at such reasonable rates. The battalion did not forget, however, the old habit of drawing forth fountain pens and note books at every spare moment, to record canal information. Writing of what has been seen, the mind again lives in those vivid pictures, which memory portrays even more faithfully than the ubiquitous camera, which cannot secure the spirit and feeling of "the time"—"the place"—and other things.

The Giant Locks of The Canal

AT Gatun Station, completed last year, we met Erwin, the police officer who remembered the magazine pilgrims of three years ago. He took the party in tow and from the hill near the station we looked for the first time, with almost speechless wonder, in the glow of the evening sunlight, at the work of the Gatun locks. Out of an extreme length of forty and a half miles from the Atlantic shore to the Pacific coast line, the first six and one-tenth miles of sea level canal leads to the first of the three great Gatun locks, each 1,000 feet long and 110 feet wide, inside measurement. By the successive use of these docks west-bound vessels will be lifted eighty-five feet to the surface level of Gatun Lake, and east-bound ships will be lowered eighty-five feet to the sea-level canal. The three Gatun locks include six-tenths of a mile in length, which are the most stupendous examples of concrete construction ever attempted by man.

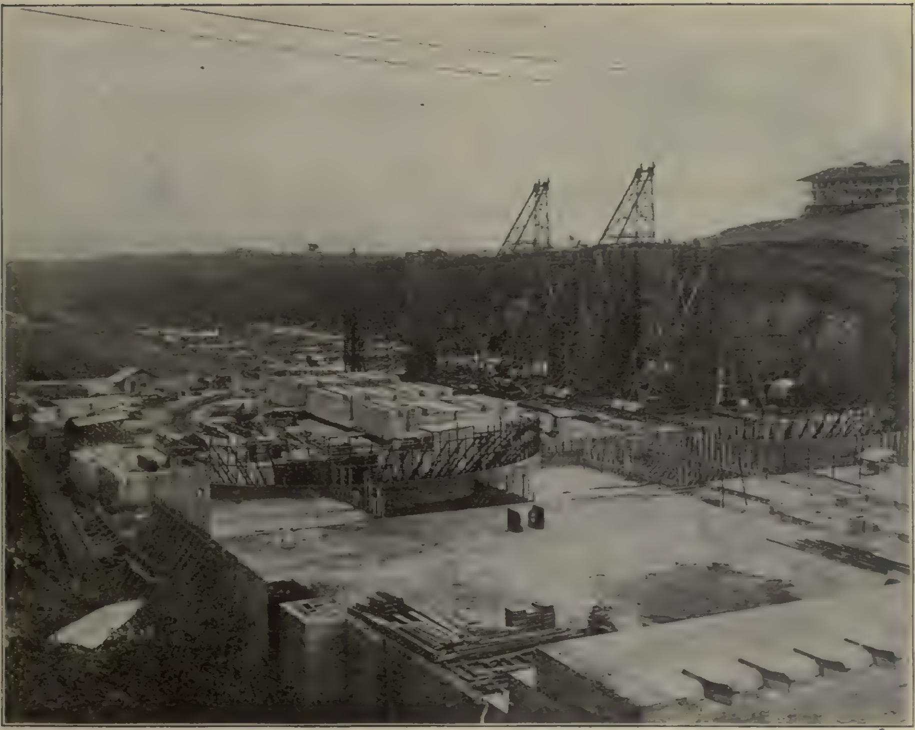
One of the great monoliths was finished, having been built step by step to a height of over one hundred feet. Founded in the solid rock, massively constructed, it appears to be as enduring as the pyramids of Egypt. A twenty foot solid bed of cement, with "tooth picks" of French rail-scraps to "reinforce" the cement and tie it more firmly together, ought to be as nearly adamantine as anything sublunary can be. These locks are certainly a triumph of American engineering.

Down into the bed of the immense rtio of twin locks we went, crossed the great masonry floor and surveyed the immense holes, that look like sewer manholes, through which the water will spout to raise the vessels to a higher altitude, or be let out to lower them to sea level. There are six locks in three pairs, and when one considers that a lift of eighty-five feet is divided among these, one admires the boldness of the engineers' design, even while the mystery of the process capable of lifting a great ship is made clear. Across the locks run the wire cables on which the buckets of cement are conveyed. swinging like great pillows in the air, Thousands of tons of cement have been consumed in the titanic undertaking, and much more will be needed to complete it. On the other side revolve the cement mixers, out of which swiftly running third-rail electric cars are filled and sent to deposit their plastic lading where it will lie and harden into eternal rock.

On the banks of the old French canal stands the great cement warehouse, where nearly five million barrels of Atlas cement, brought from Northampton, Pennsylvania, are handled for the mixers. Close at hand are great piles of crushed rock from Puerto Bello, and of sand brought from Nombre-de-Dios; the first captured by Admiral Vernon in 1741, and the latter famous for an ill-fated raid by Sir Francis Drake in Queen Elizabeth's time (about 1686). A constant succession of electric cars, running automatically, pass along at regular intervals; one part of each cra contains cement, another rock and another sand. Loaded from above through a

AFTER THE STORM, THE LOCOMOTIVES PUSH THROUGH THE FLOODS

CEMENT PLANT AND ELECTRIC TRAIN AT GATUN LOCKS



A CONCRETE FLOOR THAT WILL OUTLAST THE CENTURIES

SUSPENSION BRIDGE ACROSS THE CULEBRA CUT AT EMPIRE chute from the big "stock piles" the ingredients pass to the cars and on to the mixer, apparently as if by magic, for all cars are operated by the third rail, which the Jamaican negroes have at last learned by practical experiment is fatal to human life if carelessly stepped upon—a needless danger, for the cars practically run without human intervention en route. Watching these ingenious time and labor saving contrivances, one begins to think that perhaps the stories of the wonderful creations that came from the forge of Vulcan may not be merely myths, but memories of a time when men were wiser than they are now. The blasting began in the lock excavation work about five o'clock, after the workmen had retired. It sounded like a Fourth of July celebration on a large scale, and was a fitting sunset salute. A flag with red and white squares indicates that the blasts are being prepared; electricity is used to explode the charges.

EXCAVATION WALL OF THE GATUN

Peering down, as we passed, into the caverns of those great locks, we could see in fancy the leviathans of a later age, larger than the "Mauritania" and "Lusitania," being raised, as though by magic, through these locks to the bosom of the Gatun Lake, and passing along the canal which leads from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The great dam, looking like a long, low mountain, extends between two hills. Measuring 9,040 feet (one and eight-tenths miles) along the crest, including the spillway, and 1,900 feet wide at its greatest thickness at the base, its crest is 115 feet above sea level, 100 feet in breadth and thirty feet above the normal lake level, where the dam is 375 feet thick. Immense "toes" or layers of rock will protect both the inner and outer slopes of the dam, and the upper slope on the lake side will be farther strengthened by ten feet of rockwork. In the heart of this artificial mountain is a filling of sediment, the drainage of the dredging waters pumped in night and day; it becomes a solid substance for the core of the dam; the whole structure has been made sixteen times stronger than was at first required by the engineers, the purpose being to allay all apprehension by making absolutely sure of the impregnability of the canal work. The spillway has a channel 300 feet wide, over which 140,000 cubic of water will flow every second, and through which the waters of the Chagres will flow.

* * *

The great lake will cover a space 165 square miles in area—it is a "lake" rather than a "lock" canal. Timber was being cleared from the immense anchorage basin in Gatun Lake, just above the dam, and many a vessel in 1915 will anchor above the very site of a beautiful tropical jungle; and keels will float eighty-five feet above the old village of Gatun. It is a busy scene—thousands of men hurry hither and thither, filling in behind the breastworks concrete masses to become reefs of eternal adamant. Locomotive whistles shriek, bells clang, trains rumble along, long lines of workmen come up out of the lake basin—making a picture of industrial activity never to be forgotten.

GATUN DAM AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY TO BE SUBMERGED BY THE LAKE

THE GATUN DAM BASIN, WHERE THE WATER IS DRAINED OFF TO LEAVE A SEDIMENT, WHICH HARDENS INTO A ROCKY SUBSTANCE

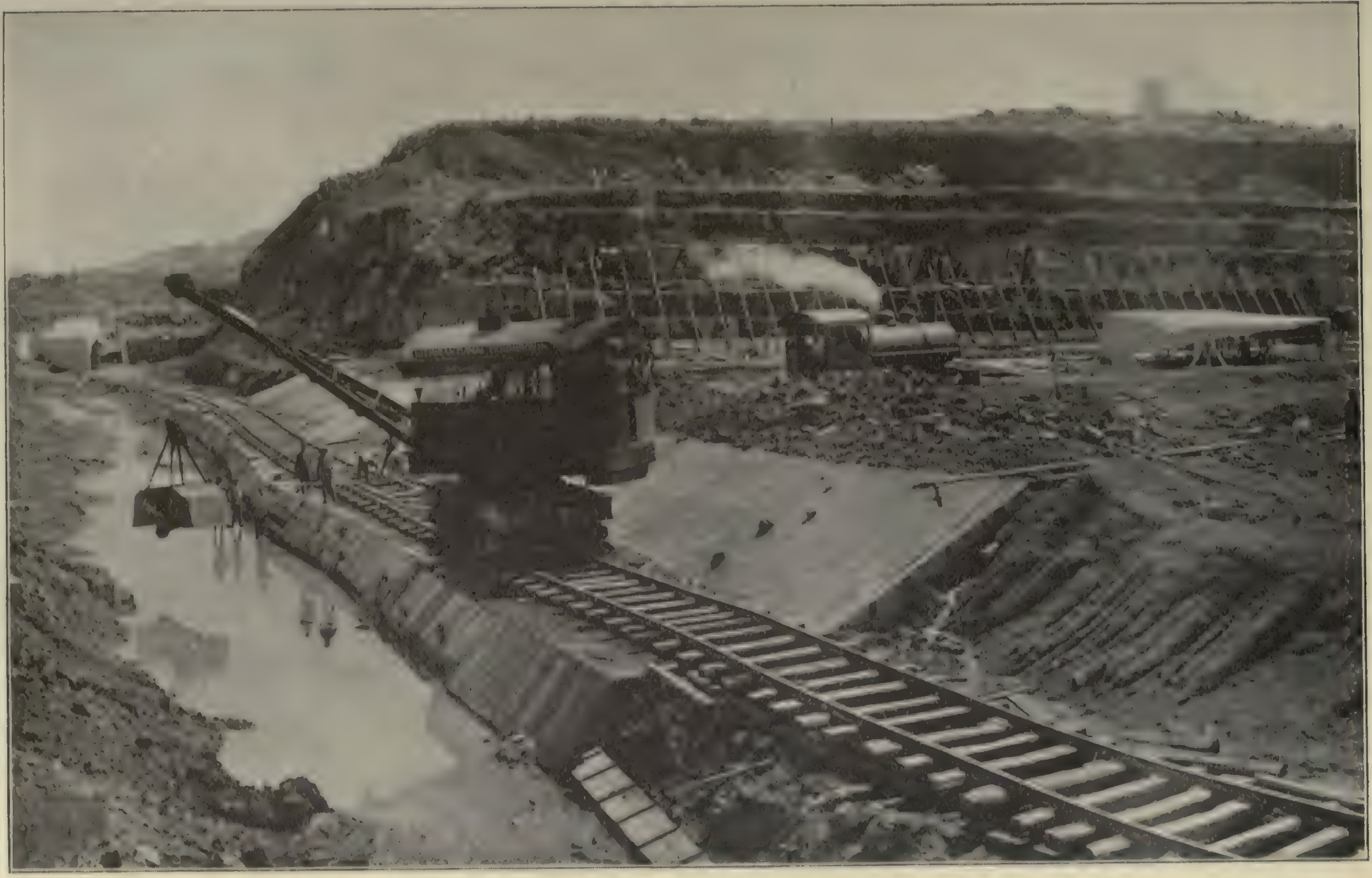
In the early afternoon the train was ready, with Colonel Goethals aboard, to take the party to Culebra, where our first visit was to his official quarters. His office is on a very high hill, and the editors were "puffing" in another way than was their wont as they passed the threshold. After the climb the party listened to a full explanation, in terse, clear language, of the Canal work and plans. In the chairman's office was a model of the locks and the Canal, showing the safety device—the great chains, electric towing engines and false dam. The manner in which the water comes into the locks from the bottom was illustrated. The provision for using only a small portion of the one thousand foot lock was explained; this is most desirable and economical as ninety-five per cent of the steamers likely to use the canal are less than six hundred foot craft. The time of locking is estimated at ten to twelve hours, from one ocean to the other. Travel here will be more rapid than on the Suez sea-level canal, partly owing to the fact that here there is no sandy formation, compelling vessels to go at a rate of about three miles an hour, to avoid washing down the banks of the canal. In the Panama Canal, the average speed will probably be over five miles an hour—including all lockage, and it will be possible to lock through forty-eight vessels a day. A model of even the largest "dreadnought" looked small in the canal model in comparison with the length of the great locks, which will give the largest craft an aerial flight or perpendicular lift of eighty-five feet.

The map on the wall of the office was studied—to gain a comprehensive idea—also a relief map. Pointer in hand, Colonel Goethals took up every detail of the construction of the Canal, and soon had an intensely interested audience. As Professor Bailey of Cornell University remarked, "It was a class-room lecture seldom excelled." The simplicity and directness of the explanation made every minute of that too brief hour full of interest. Looking out of the window of the office, one saw the work in process on the Culebra Cut, while turning to the bas-relief model on the table, and the map on the wall, the whole great scheme lay unfolded before us.

Ships enter the Canal at Limon Bay, on the sea level, going seven miles to Gatun locks; here they are raised eighty-five feet by means of a series of three pairs of locks, each being twenty-eight and one-third feet, which brings them to the level of the Gatun Lake. This great body of fresh water is even larger than Lake George in New York and provides an anchorage basin sufficient to accommodate our entire navy without crowding. Sweeping down the lake, steamers reach Pedro Miguel locks, having traveled the thirty-two miles at full speed. Here the ships are lowered thirty feet, by means of a single lock. Now they cross Miraflores Basin—about a mile in width—and are again lowered by means of two locks of twenty-seven and one-half feet each, this being a total drop of eighty-five feet to the sea level canal of the Pacific which is five miles from the island-protected harbor. Fifteen of the fifty miles across the Isthmus is passed by means of the sea-level canal, the rest of the distance being in the Gatun Lake, Miraflores Basin and in the locks.

The Atlantic entrance of the canal is at sea level, has an average depth of forty-one feet and the average tide is not over twelve inches, or one foot. On the Pacific side the tides range as high as twenty-two feet, and the channel is dredged to forty-five feet. At full tide the Pacific is ten feet above the Atlantic, and at low tide it is ten feet below the Atlantic. The Chagres River has been practically buried in the Gatun Lake. The rainfall last season was the heaviest recorded for many years, and raised the river over thirty-nine feet in a single night, but this would make only a rise of four inches in the lake. Observations show that the annual rainfall of the watershed of twelve hundred square miles is much more than sufficient to keep the lake well supplied with water. The average rainfall is one hundred and forty inches on the Atlantic side, and eighty inches on the Pacific, while the rainy season extends from April to December. This gives an ample supply of water to draw upon during the dry season. The evaporation from Gatun Lake is estimated at fifty inches per annum.

Every question asked by the editorial



EXCAVATING THE GATUN SPILLWAY, WHERE THE CHAGRES WILL FLOW party was most courteously answered by Colonel Goethals, who was ready to straighten out every kink with just the right information. With his wide practical experience of the work, he was an ideal instructor and demonstrator, and it was plain to see his special genius was in executive work and lock construction. In the cross-examination by the editors some interesting facts concerning the career of Colonel Goethals were incidentally brought to light. He was born in Brooklyn and was appointed to West Point by Congressman "Sunset" Cox, who previously had been much annoyed by candidates who failed to pass the examinations. The lad with blue eyes and Dutch blood assured him, "I will enter if appointed." He was appointed and entered, and will always do honor to his alma mater, the great military school on the Hudson, by his achievements, though they are in the paths of peace rather than war.

His first assignment was on the Tennessee River, where a delayed contract was worrying the citizens of Chattanooga. The local Chamber of Commerce had its troubles in its efforts to secure a water-competitive freight rate. They arranged to have a boat through the river on a certain date, because if not done then it would be impossible to secure the benefit of water rates from the railroads for Chattanooga. Young Goethals was detailed to handle the work, under the orders of General Casey. He brought the boat up the river on the fourteenth, a full day before the time limit required. He served his apprenticeship to General Casey, who became famous by completing a contract for the Library of Congress and for returning five hundred thousand dollars of the appropriation to the treasury. He also finished the Washington Monument in the time allotted for the work, and erected the Army and Navy Building at the capital within the estimates and in time. These were undertakings which trained the man now directing the destinies of the Panama Canal, and it was an eloquent tribute that the Colonel paid to his former chief, General Casey, under whom he had learned to make reliable estimates and carry out work according to military orders, and within the specified time. When Colonel Goethals says the Canal will be completed by January, 1915, his statement is implicitly believed by all who have seen the work or who know the man.

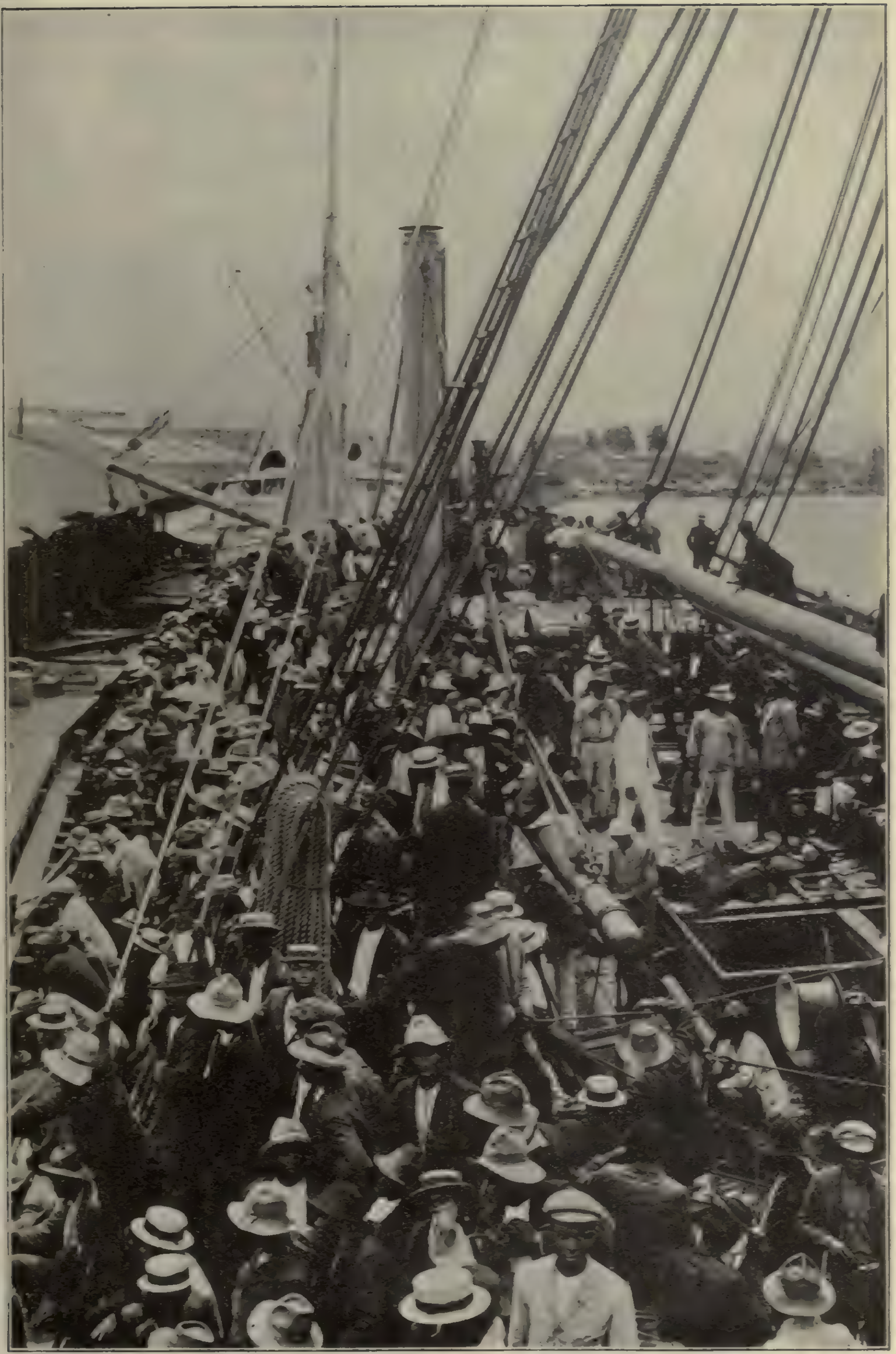
* * *

Every Sunday morning Colonel Goethals hears all grievances from canal workers, and not a man on the Canal force but feels free to go to him with a complaint. It is not popular down on the Isthmus to "kick" these days, just for the fun of kicking. The Colonel claims that he learns more from these grievances than he does from routine inspections. One locomotive engineer insisted that he was hauling eighteen carloads while others hauled fifteen. "This is not right," he complained.

"Of course it is not right," echoed the Colonel. "Hereafter they will all haul eighteen cars if you can do it without difficulty."

Referring to the time of the French, the Colonel insisted that the development of the work as it progressed would have soon suggested the feasibility of a lock Canal to these earlier workers. They would have had to face bitter disappointment in finding that much of what they had already done was useless. With twenty-three rivers pouring into the prism, and the land slides coming into it from time to time, it is seen even by unskilled observers that a sea level canal was out of the question, if the purpose of getting ships through at all times was to be achieved. The sea level advocates in our party were converted very quickly when they saw the canal and the country through which it must run. Had the sea-level plans been adopted, it would simply mean the removal of mountains in order to reach the depth required—with precisely the same attendant natural dangers..

As the work progresses, it seems providential that the decision was made in the beginning for a lock canal, for every month proves more emphatically that it is a decision approved by Nature herself. Over and over again the same questions regarding the work were shot at the Colonel—and he replied with saintlike patience, though some of them must have sounded foolish to a man of experience. He was especially gallant to the ladies, and was



THE FORWARD DECKS OF INCOMING SHIPS ARE LOADED WITH JAMAICANS, COMING TO WORK FOR SOME OF UNCLE SAM'S SILVER careful to see that they had every opportunity to understand the work.

One of the main considerations kept constantly in mind by the Colonel, is his cost system. Pay checks are signed and countersigned by the seven different men who check disbursements for the work; The undertaking on the Isthmus may be looked upon with the closest scrutiny and the conviction arrived at that not one cent is being wasted. Nor are there any drones in this hive, for the process of elimination has been carried to perfection, and those who do not "make good" are reminded, in the words of the inimitable Mr. Rourke, assistant engineer of Culebra, that "the boat goes back every five days."

* * *

The clanging of the locomotive bells sounded like early morning chimes as we sat out at dawn again to view the work on the gigantic locks at Gatun. What has been accomplished in four months tells the story of what can be done in the coming year; the locks at Gatun will be practically completed within a year. The great dam, together with the spillway and locks, looks like the gorge of Niagara. The Chagres River is now flowing through the spillway, as placidly as a mountain brook. Here the power is to be generated that will run the electric tramway to tow the vessels through the locks and operate the entire railway system. Near the spillway the great concrete mixers continue to work night and day. Many barrels of Atlas cement are here unloaded into the mixers, and hundreds of men and machines were pressing to completion masses of concrete.

The last day we spent in a trip to the site of the Miraflores locks—Miraflores means the Lake of Wonderful Flowers—here the locks lower the ships into that beautiful basin by a drop of thirty feet. This little lake is fifty-five feet above the Pacific sea level, and is a piece of engineering that farther proves the logical status of the Gatun Locks. The whole nation knows now that a lock canal is not the impossibility that it was represented to be a few years ago. The objectors who insisted that water could not be retained above its natural level now understand that these artificial lakes are no more remarkable than those set by the hand of Mother Nature on mountain tops, or the great water reservoirs on the Isthmus and elsewhere. For over three hundred years there have been no earthquakes that would disturb concrete structures on the Isthmus, and there seems, therefore, to be no cause for apprehension regarding either the lakes, locks or canal.

The sand for the gigantic concrete work on the Gatun Locks is taken from Nombre-de-Dios, an historical spot in Panamanian territory. Here the big suction dredge is kept busy pumping into the barges, which are towed down the Atlantic and up the old French Canal to the stock piles, near the mixers. Nombre-de-Dios means in Spanish, the name of God, and, like nearly all the old towns and noted places throughout the Isthmus, preserves traces of Spanish occupation. An academician of the party, who was not camera-laden, took pencil and paper and figured long and carefully to discover how much more masonry would be used in the construction of the Panama Canal than had been required for the Egyptian pyramids.

After all the work on the locks and dam has been put into position 6,000,000 rivets will have to be driven, these being exclusive of the millions of rivets already put in place in the prepared parts that have been taken to the Zone. The clatter of a million skyscrapers being built all over the land would be as nothing as compared with that mighty chord of ringing staccato that will ascend from this little strip of land, the Canal Zone, when 6,000,000 rivets go home to the position they will occupy for hundreds of years.

The work at Gatun is in charge of Colonel Sibert; clad in army khaki, wearing square-bowed spectacles and bronzed to the roots of his hair, it is evident that his whole energy has been concentrated on the construction of the great triple twain of locks.

The progress made here and at the Cut seems to create more local interest than current news from the States. Four or five days elapse between the arrival of vessels coming from the States, and "news" is a little stale before it reaches the Isthmus. But every day's work on the gigantic Gatun Locks is read as eagerly as November election bulletins.

The Man-Made Canyon of Culebra

THE wide channel across the Gatun Lake narrows at San Pablo to eight hundred feet, being about five hundred feet wide until it reaches Bas Obispo. Thence to Pedro Miguel it narrows to about three hundred feet, keeping this width for eight miles. The depth is from seventy-five to a hundred feet. At Bohio the wide channel has been cleared of underbrush for fifteen miles after leaving Gatun. Most of the excavation done by the French company was between Tabernilla and Bas Obispo, but a large part of their work could not be utilized in the present plan. To-day the Chagres River in its winding course crosses the line of the Canal fifteen times, and at Bas Obispo turns abruptly at a right angle to cross again, but will be buried deep under the waters of the lake, and it cannot create even an undertow or current. When the water is turned on in the lake, instead of the tortuous windings of a tropical river, there will be a great body of fresh water, extending over an area of 165 square miles. The Matachin dyke has been built to protect the work going on in the Canal, the river now being above the work of the shovels. When the lake is raised to its normal level, the river beds and banks will be far below the surface of the canal-lake level, a level high enough to menace any part of the work.

The great nine-mile Culebra Cut will have a minimum width of 300 feet and follows the old surveys. This is the most spectacular feature of the enterprise; for riding through the Culebra Cut—a great man-made canyon—one gains a vivid view of the immensity of the task. At the "angle" or curve in the cut one is reminded of a glimpse of the picturesque Hudson and of what has already been accomplished. Here is a great canyon, 333 feet wide, between Gold Hill and Contractor's Hill (650 feet high), in process of excavation; into it landslides of dirt from the old French dumps have descended during the rainy seasons. These hinder the progress but cannot be prevented by engineering. When these slides occur it is simply so much more dirt to be carried off. They come so gradually that the palm trees growing on the moving soil remain upright and flourishing, despite the sinking of the land. The prize slide occurred at Cucaracha, where the shovels were making a star record. Here the great industrial battle raged with military precision—the shovels vigorously contended with the steady attack of vast masses of mother earth, while numerous drillers, the advancing sappers of the battle line, made holes for charges of dynamite. Each hole is loaded with a charge of seventy to a hundred pounds of the explosive, which is placed at a depth of sixteen feet. Pipes, like a vast water system, distribute compressed air through the cut to provide power for the drills. The holes are drilled in parallel lines and are connected, being discharged by means of electricity. In these blasts over a million pounds of dynamite are used each month.

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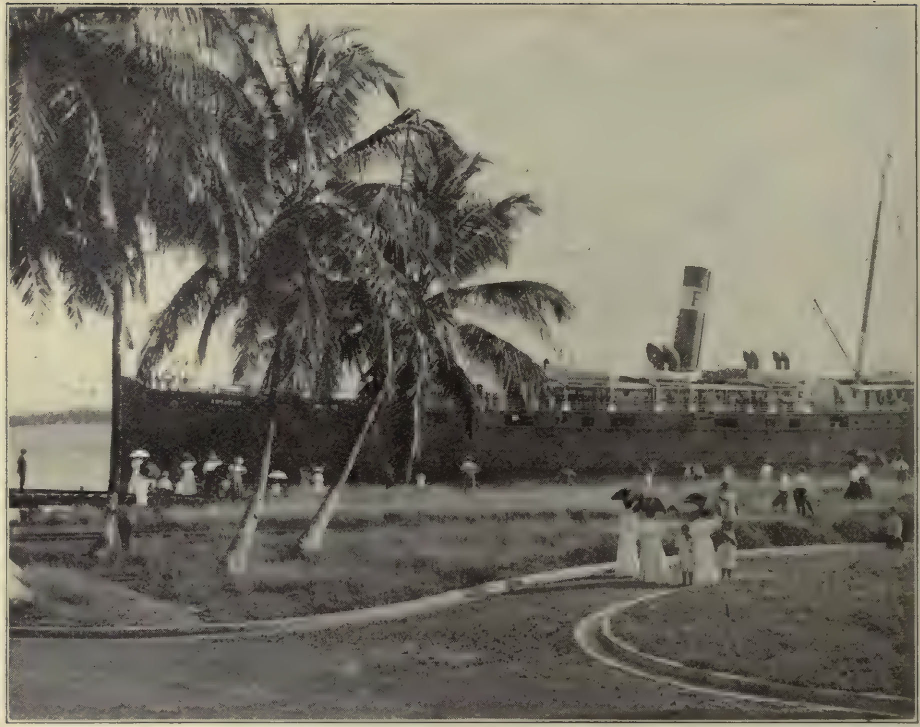
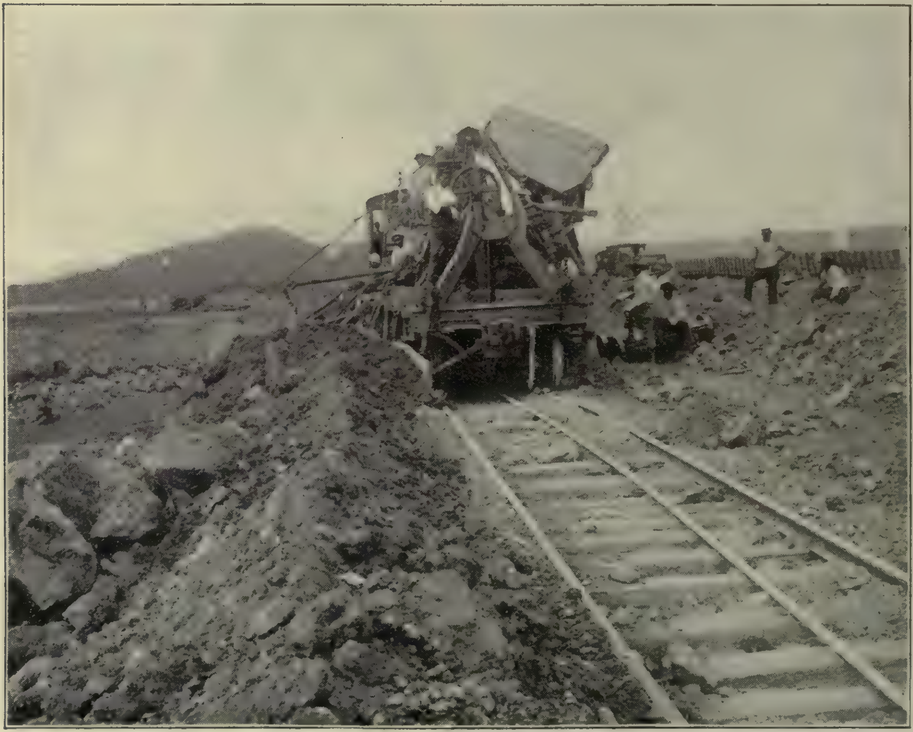
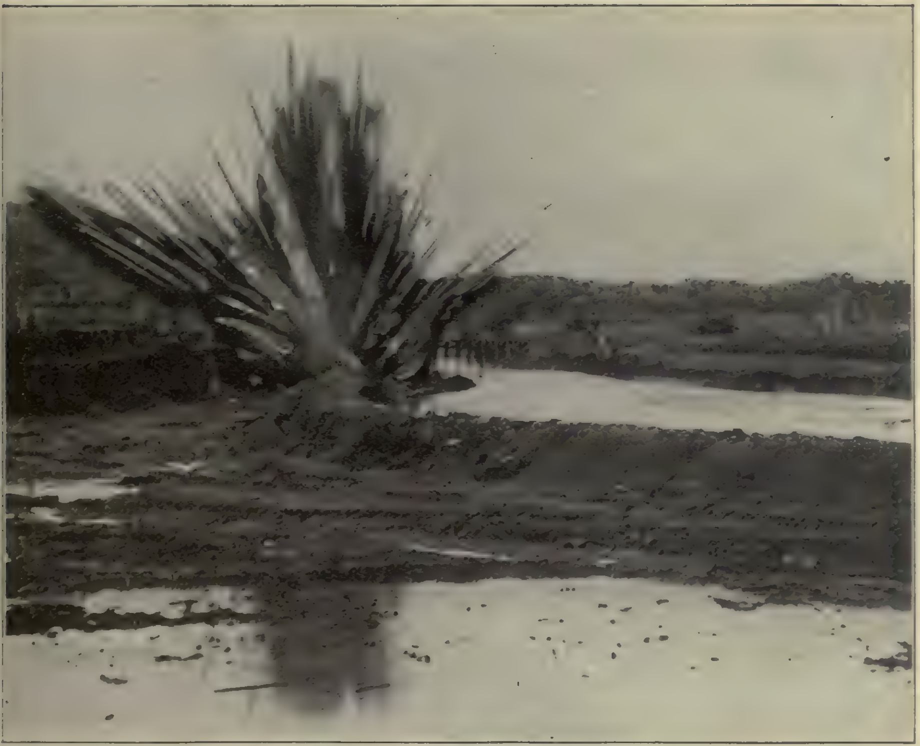
As on all battlefields, tragedies have occurred in connection with the work of this great construction. The casualty at Bas Obispo cost the lives of twenty-four laborers, and was caused by a premature



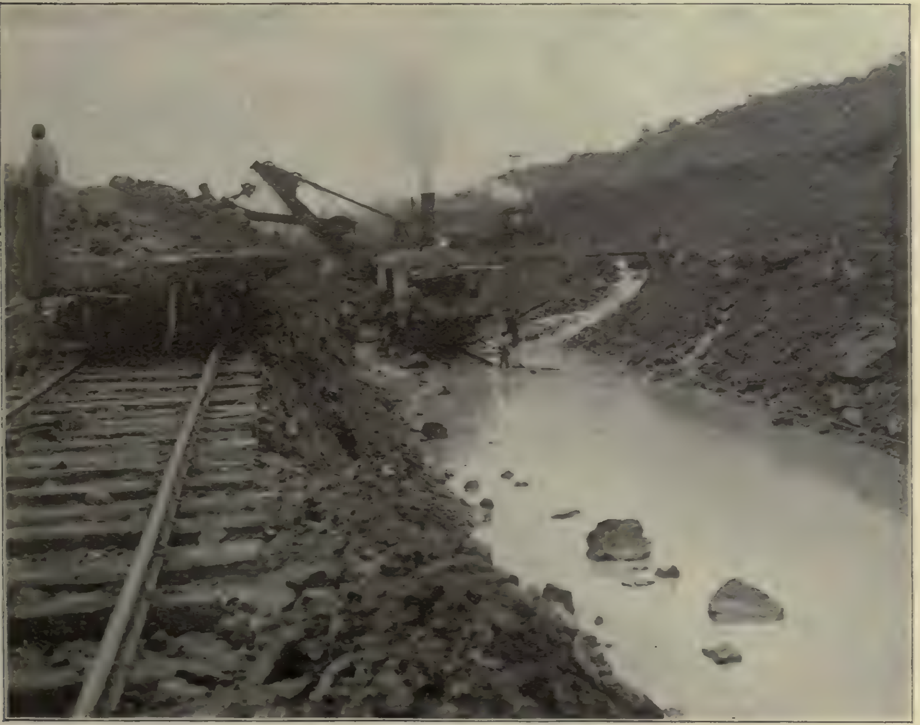
A GREAT SHIP MOORED UNDER THE COLON PALMS



SPREADING DEBRIS FROM THE EXCAVATIONS ON THE BREAKWATER



A BLAST IN THE DYKE AT MATACHIN



LOADING CARS IN THE PRISM, OR BOTTOM OF CULEBRA CUT explosion o twenty-two tons of dynamite, loaded in fifty large holes. It is said that the water in the holes being slightly acid the nitro-glycerine in the charges was liberated by the shock of some distant vibration. One man, working on a steam shovel, had the presence of mind to jump into the bucket; he was carried some distance with no worse injury than a few bruises, and returned home to tell the wondrous tale of his aerial flight in a shovel. Now the holes are never loaded on the same day they are shot, no chances being taken. If the rock is not so broken that it can be easily munched by the shovels, the larger masses are broken into small pieces by "dobie" blasts. At present the battery of steam shovels on the Atlantic side of the cut, at Matachin, are two feet below the prism, or final depth of the Canal.

CHAMBER CRANE AT PEDRO MIGUEL
Completed section of lock floor shows the holes through which the water will come to flood the lock as ships are raised.

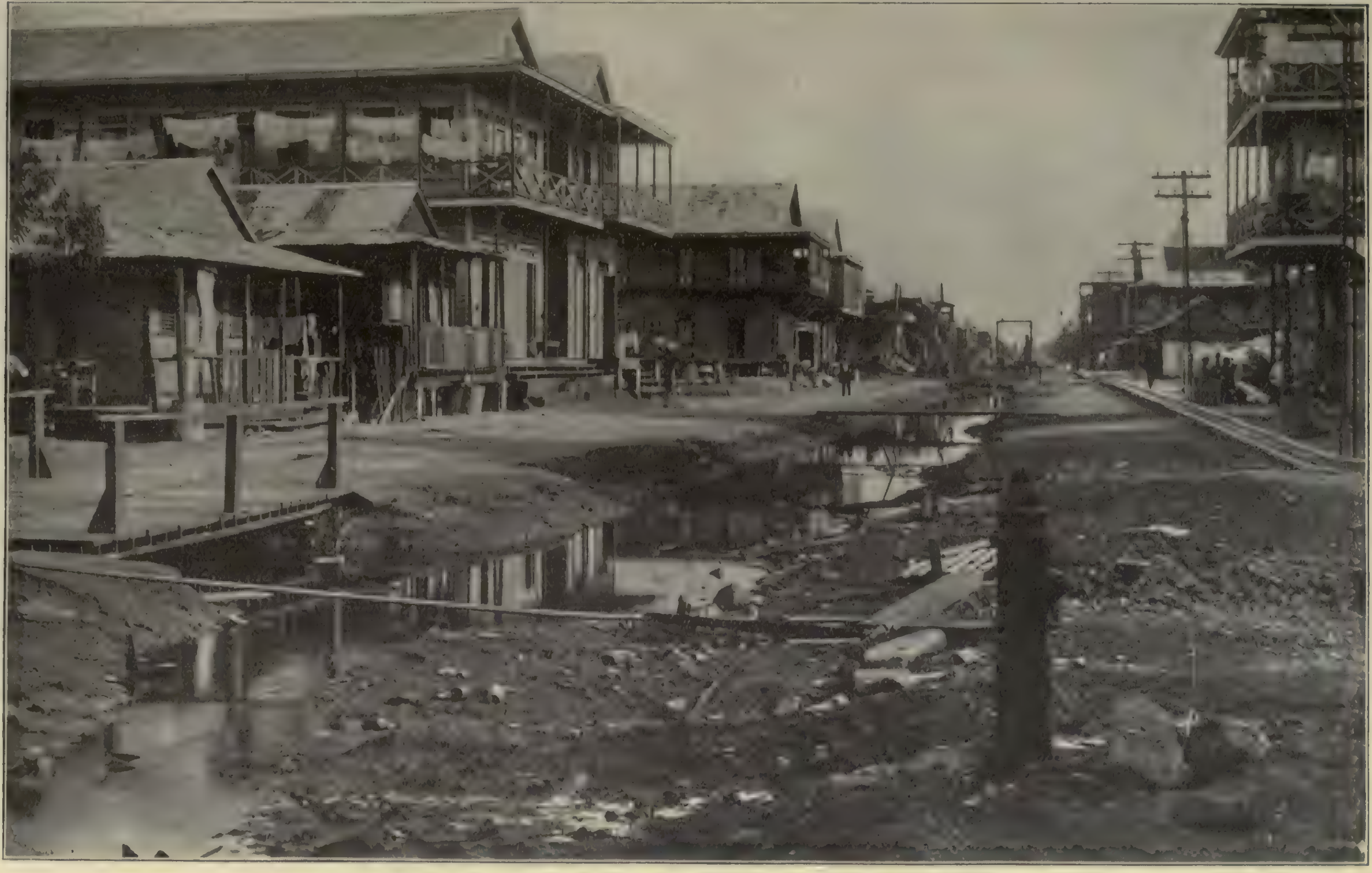
Very little water comes down from the sides of the cut, and no pumping is needed during the dry season; but gigantic drainage ditches slope in each direction, to prevent water in the rainy season from sweeping away the work.

The steam shovels stand on terraced levels and in fifty minutes load a train of eighteen flat cars, which are unloaded in fifteen minutes more amid a shower of dust. The line of cars are followed by "spreaders." All through the cut puffs of steam here and there indicate where the shovels are burrowing their way and pushing the work forward. Watching shovel 221, I stood on engine number 298 when she was at work. Engineer Harrison, his hand on the lever, was pushing the cars up in due course as the steam shovels filled them, while the conductor, raising and lowering a flag, directed a "shove-up," so that even while loading it is sometimes necessary for an engineer to keep his hand on the throttle. One shovel accomplishes probably as much work in a day as could be done by six hundred men, and there is a great deal of rivalry among the operators to make the best record.

The record of steam shovel 223, for one hot October day, shows how the dirt flies on the Isthmus; 313 cars were loaded in 470 minutes. In the language of Larry O'Grady, this was "going some"—almost an average of a car a minute, with eleven seconds grace, or a rate of a cubic yard of earth every seven seconds. A remark was made by a sad-eyed man of unknown nationality. "It looks as though the dirt had wings, doesn't it?" Over 50,933 cubic yards of rock have been taken out in twenty-five working days by one shovel, and a completed tunnel through the cut is excavated within every month. During the day spent with the dirt trains I took a meal at Culebra, and a better lunch I could not desire at the moderate charge of fifty cents.

* * *

Active excavations on the Culebra Cut did not begin until 1907, when fifteen million yards were removed, which record was more than doubled in 1908 by the removal of thirty-seven million, and followed by thirty-five million in 1909, making a total



TENTH STREET IN COLON; OLD STYLE, BEFORE RECONSTRUCTION for the two years of seventy-two million yards, or an average of nearly three million cubic yards per month the past two years. National readers may remember that three years ago, when I visited the Isthmus, the pace was set at one million per month—now a record of four million cubic yards has been made in a single month. The amount of the French excavation that can be utilized in the present canal is estimated at thirty million cubic yards, although in all they excavated more than seventy-eight million yards. The total amount of excavation required, allowing for all changes in the plans and counting on the earth that must be moved owing to slides, is over one hundred and seventy-four million cubic yards; of this over ninety million cubic yards have already been taken out, which indicates that even if continued at the rate of the past two years the excavation will be easily finished in three years. The prediction that the Canal will be completed in 1915 is very conservative, and those best acquainted with the progress of the work do not hesitate to mention 1914 as the date of completion.

* * *

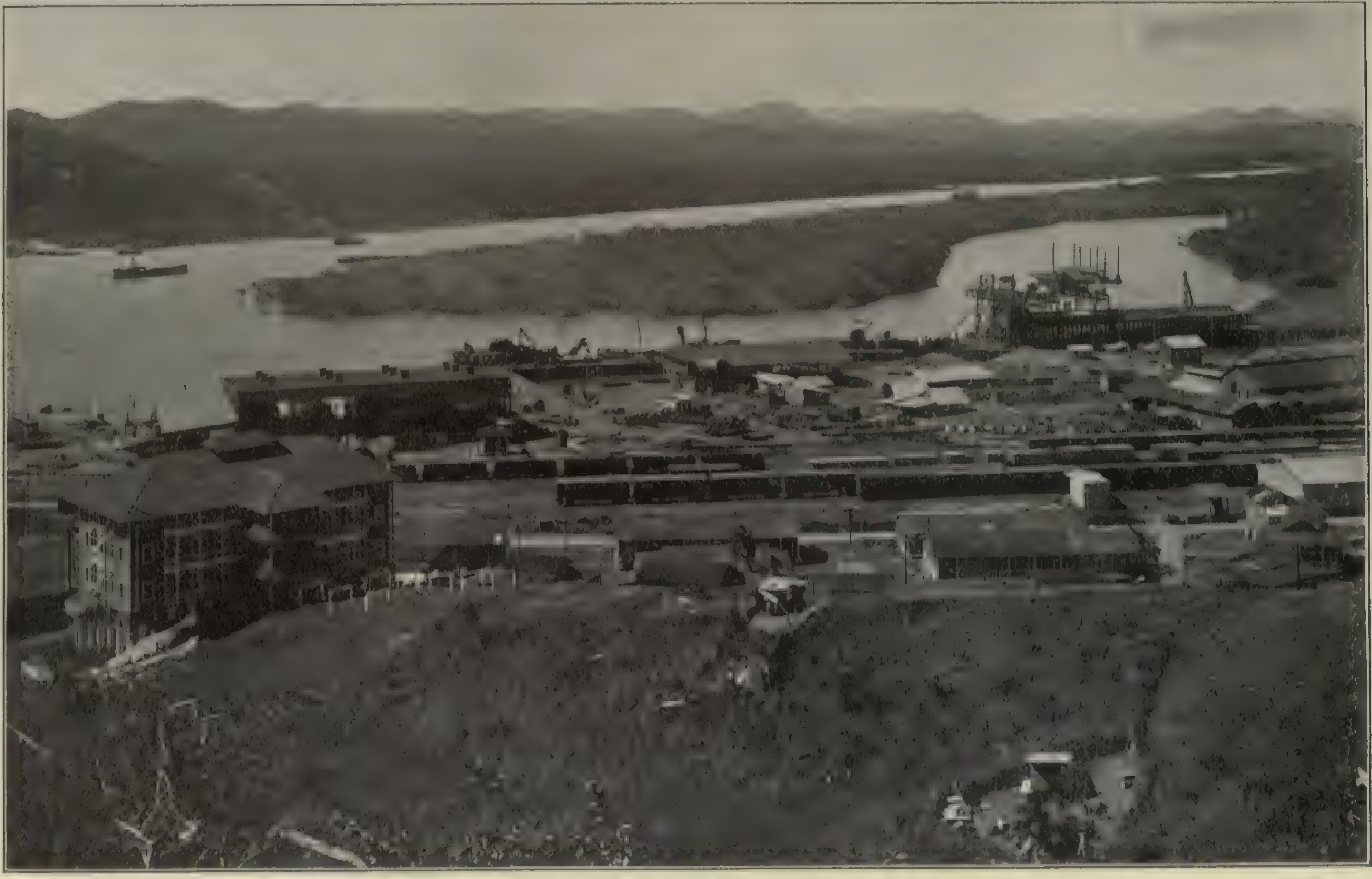
Part of the indurated blue clay, trap rock and blue granite taken from the Cut, goes into the construction of the dam, and part is used for filling and like purposes and the breakwater, according to its nature.

A trip through the Cut is especially interesting if made under the guidance of L. H. Rourke, the efficient assistant engineer, the last of the T. T.'s (Tropic Tramps). He is one of those inimitable persons who have had so much to do with the Canal that they seem to be a portion of it. A graduate of the Institute of Technology '95, he bears the manly stamp of his native place near Plymouth Rock, Mass. He is a born leader of men and has a happy faculty for getting the right men and keeping them right on the job. Mr. Rourke is tall and like most of the workers without an ounce of superfluous flesh. He has a way of talking that commands attention, and the loyalty of his men is remarkable. When Mr. Rourke finds that work has not been done right, there is no shuffling in explanations given him and no mincing of words when he expresses his opinion.

In the bed of the big cut we gathered fossilized oyster shells and other souvenirs which indicate that the ocean at one time swept over this part of the continent—how many aeons ago no man may say. Requests for "specimens" flowed in so fast that we received a "Rourke" promise. Next day, at the hotel, there arrived a capacious box, "Explosives. Dynamite. Look Out!" Passersby gave that box a wide berth, determined not to stir up any dangerous explosives, until it was discovered that it contained nothing more dangerous than specimens for the editorial party, which Mr. Rourke had promised should be supplied to them if they would not get off and stop dirt trains by insisting upon gathering shells on the prehistoric Culebra "beach."

Looking up and down the Cut, when crossing the temporary suspension bridge across the great chasm at Empire, the favorite Sunday stroll for young people, I could not believe that my eyes beheld the same place that I had seen three years ago. Mountains of earth had been removed and the Canal now shows a clear course from Bas Obispo to the ocean, being completed to Matachin. Through the heart of the cut there is a section where the shovels must dig down eighty feet more, but it does not seem a great task compared with what has already been done. Judging from the past records, four years at the outside should see all the excavation finished.

Three concrete barges, to carry the hydraulic excavating pumps on the Pacific Division, are being constructed at a point nearly opposite Corozal. They will be sixty-four feet long, of twenty-four feet beam and five feet eight inches draft. The walls of the hulls will be built of one thickness of half inch mesh number twelve wire cloth, stretched longitudinally, on half inch iron rods, twelve inches apart, and transverse half-inch iron rods eight inches apart. On the frames formed the concrete will be applied as plaster is put on laths. It will seem marvelous that great masses of concrete forming the hulls of vessels or dredges are floating on the Canal, through the great man-made canyon, where material of the very rocks rent asunder rides over the waters.



THE EIGHT-MILE ENTRANCE TO THE CANAL, ON THE PACIFIC SIDE

Coming home from the lecture given at Culebra the cameras were kept busy, now photographing a native boy, now a tree lizard, or a part of a Young Men's Christian Association building. All manner of views were taken. The "rubber neck car," without springs, furnished ample opportunity to see everything and the vistas of scenery we passed were superb. En route we noticed that everything had to get out of the way of dirt trains, the despotic monopolists of railroad transportation on the Isthmus. To see the long line of locomotives daily returning after their day's work seemed like watching an army of sappers and miners on a great battlefield. The engines and shovels were human in their individuality. The rich foliage everywhere was always interesting; some of the shrubs have been imported from India by the coolies, whose turbaned heads added to the picturesqueness of the various views photographed. There is on the Zone a curious mingling of races, remarkable in so small an area. One of the marked demonstrations of this is the singing of the Jamaican negroes who seem to regard their work as play. Their chanting suggests the voodoo incantations of their ancestors and they move much more cheerfully and gracefully to the rhythm of their weird songs than the old-time laborer did, who worked on railroad construction gangs without musical accompaniment other than Flannagan's explosive cuss words.

WHERE THE "RUBBER-NECK" CAR POSED

A number of the signal men are Jamaicans, and it is notable that they do their work well, although in the early days it is said that one of them was found lying across the track sound asleep. On being hastily awakened he was asked:

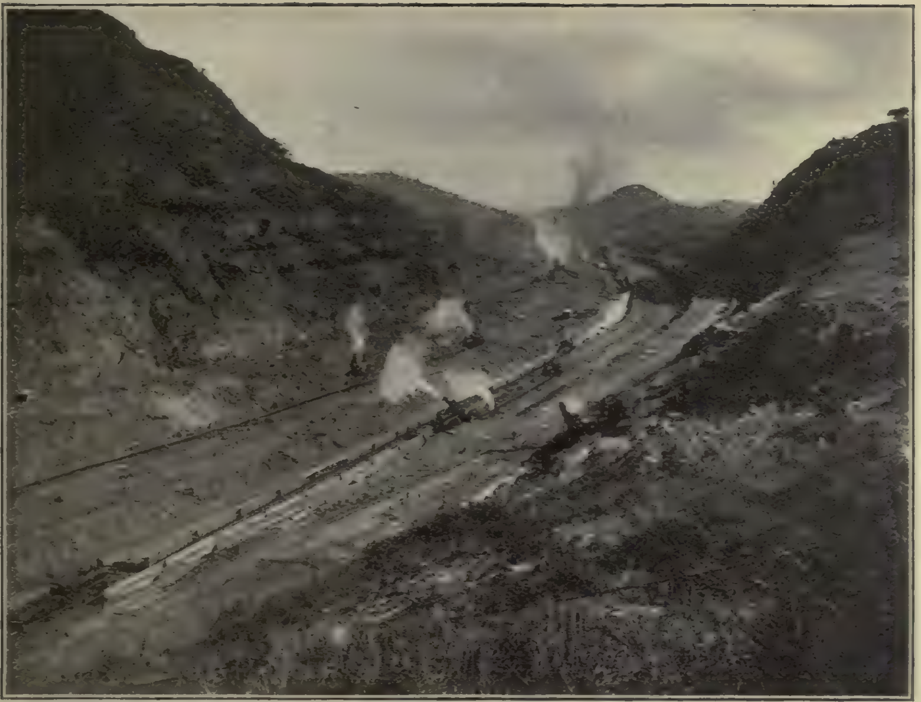
"Suppose a train had rushed past?"

"No train passes here unless I know it, boss," replied the drowsy guard, rubbing his eyes and looking up and down the track on which he had been lying.

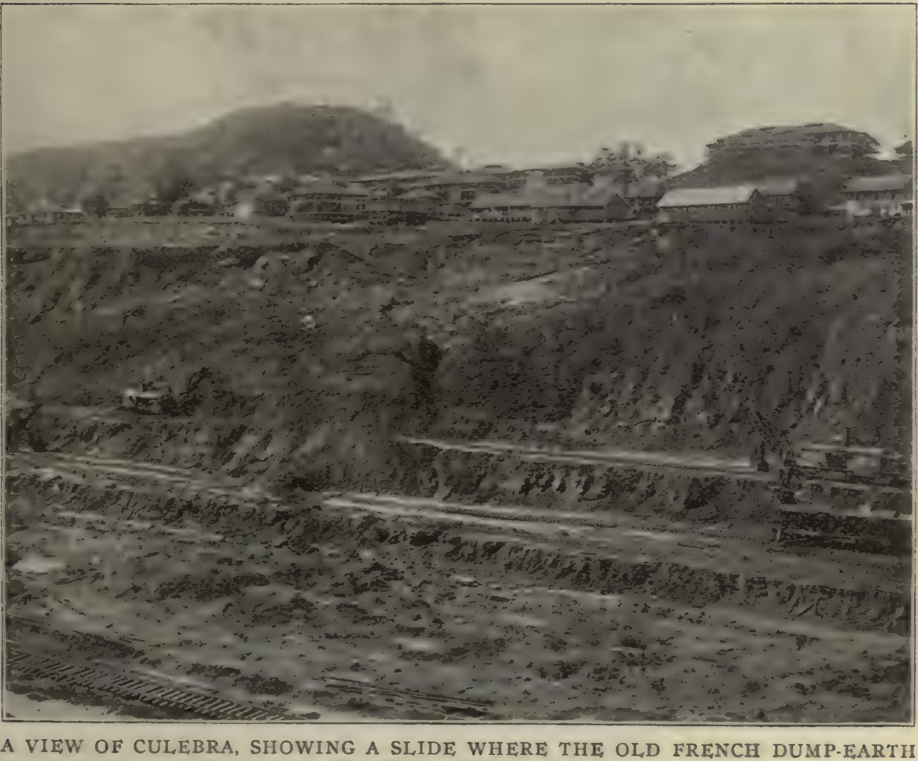
The movement of trains is regulated by a system of flag signals, that suggests the "wig-wag" signalling of the navy. A yellow flag is used for caution; white for clear and red for danger on the track. In the signal towers are men who control the operation of all trains,

Photo by F. M. Crane

THE BALBOA TOWER FROM WHICH THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS MAY BE SEEN



A VIEW FROM THE HEIGHTS, CULEBRA CUT. NOTE THE TINY FIGURES OF MEN AT WORK



A VIEW OF CULEBRA, SHOWING A SLIDE WHERE THE OLD FRENCH DUMP-EARTH IS BEING EXCAVATED which sometimes follow each other in very rapid succession. Occasionally two steam shovels are used to load one car; over a hundred shovels are at work, but the number will soon be reduced, as it is becoming more difficult to handle trains in the deepened Culebra Cut and pulling up grade out of the great "cellar."

* * *

OUR SHIP SAILED WITH COLORS FLYING

COLONELS SIBERT AND HODGE
Members of the Canal Commission who are on the field

Every minute of our time was scheduled for some diversion, and tourists would come downstairs in the morning rubbing their eyes, at five, and wondering if this was a real "vacation." At the hotel there was a continual comparison of things done and seen during the previous day, and much information was distributed in the evening chats in the cool of the piazza. Everyone who knew anything of the former conditions of the Isthmus remarked how much more healthful it now is. Three years ago, when I was there, quinine was on every table, but today, both in Ancon and Panama, there is no fear either of the water or the climate, and both places are rapidly becoming ideal tropical resorts.

At the dispensary, near the hotel, I saw Dr. Ornstein mending the fingers and toes of Jamaicans, as fast as they came in for repairs. They waited patiently and seemed to rather enjoy being patched up one by one. In the room was a sign directing visitors to take off their hats, as wearing them causes bald heads—which is indeed a terrible affliction in the opinion of the West Indian natives. There was also a request not to talk with the dispenser, with the addition, "He mixes poisons." Quinine and rum are made into an attractive looking beverage for the Jamaicans, but the medicine is not made toothsome, for any mixture with rum in it proves popular, however nauseous its taste.

The monthly reports of the sanitary department, under Colonel Gorgas, are documents that make interesting reading for the health departments of many states and cities at home. And the man-made canyon of Culebra was made because of man's understanding of the physical man.

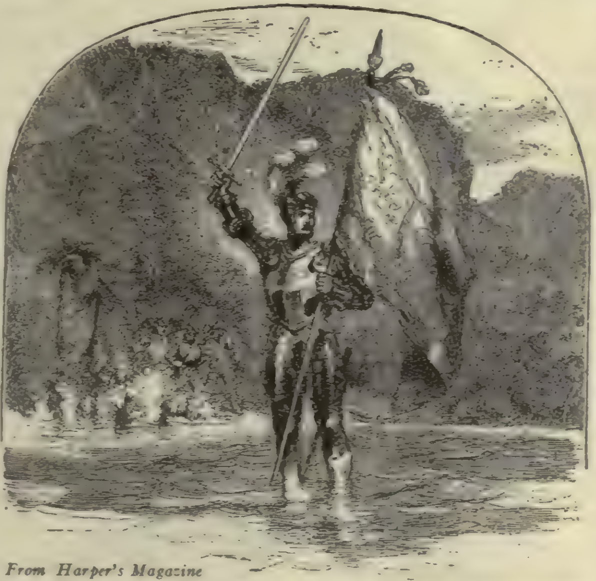
ON A HIGHWAY IN PANAMA

The Isthmus In the Days of Balboa

By Clarence J. Dorgan

LONG and varied is the list of those fearless adventurers who have sacrificed human life and accumulated treasure in the country which is now the Canal Zone. Always replete with human interest, the history of the Isthmus is now of more importance than ever before, whether to the young folk studying American school geographies or to "grown-ups" reading descriptive matter concerning that historic neck of land.

A romantic figure, standing prominent in the pages of the story of the Isthmus, is Balboa, clad in Spanish armor and plumed helmet. He explored and partially conquered Darien, and has always had the distinction of having discovered the American shore of the Pacific, acquiring rich booty of gold and pearls for his associates and the Spanish king—only, alas, to encounter ingratitude and bow his fearless head to the executioner's axe. Pizarro, later the conqueror of Peru; Devila, De Lussan, the indomitable swordsman and adventurer; John Oxenham, the Devonshire captain who, first of all Englishmen to cross the Isthmus, died in the fires of the Lima inquisition; Sir Francis Drake, his avenger and the scourge of Spanish commerce, who made many successful attacks but was repulsed with loss at Nombre de Dios; stout, burly John Hawkins, his crony and vice-admiral; Henry Morgan, who captured Porto Bello and then plundered and burned old Panama; and Admiral Vernon, who in 1741 with but six ships took the Iron Castle and Porto Bello, failing most disastrously in the following year before Cartagena, are a few of the mighty men who here dared all that men may dare in peril of sea and land.



From Harper's Magazine

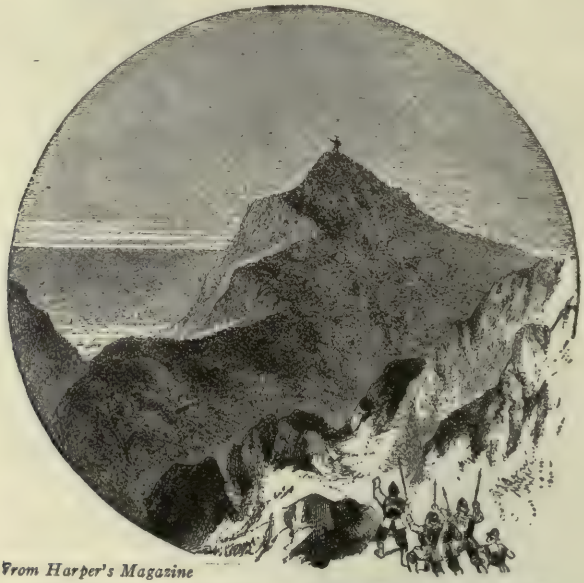
Balboa, first white man to discover the American shore of the Pacific
Entering the water he proclaimed the sovereignty of Spain

These ancient heroes suffered all the pangs of hunger, thirst and mortal plague, the stress of battle and the merciless enmity of cruel and bigoted men, without so much as a thought of the Canal of the Twentieth Century in their wildest dreams of achievement.

As the books say, Balboa "was born of poor but honest parents." He had noble blood in his veins, and living a somewhat "rapid" life in his youth some of his relatives many times wished him "across the seas." He went to San Domingo, but did not make a success of the prosy plantation life. To escape creditors he was smuggled on board ship in a wine cask to join an expedition to Darien. An insurrection occurred and the young Spanish adventurer found himself in supreme command. From Indians and natives on the Isthmus he learned of an ocean across the jungles. Going in quest of this unknown "sea," the old Spanish records state that on September 25, 1513, Balboa obtained the first view of the great ocean; he is depicted standing on the highest point of land on the Isthmus.

Intensely enthusiastic over his wonderful discovery, he went from place to place, and named the first gulf he looked upon San Miguel; he selected for the ocean the name of Mal de Sur, "South Sea," which was later changed to the Pacific, owing to the fact that no storms were ever known on the coast of this newly discovered ocean washing the shore of the Isthmus.

Balboa was deposed from his command by intrigues at the Spanish court, and, although he continued to live in the land which charmed him, on the shores of the Pacific, he was betrayed by one of his best friends, and fell into the hands of Devila, his hated rival, the Spanish governor. He was accused of intrigue and beheaded within sight of the ocean which he had discovered and christened. His name will always be indissolubly associated with the Isthmus, and the town named for him, on the Pacific entrance of the Canal, will perpetuate the memory of the intrepid Spanish explorer, who first looked upon the peaceful waters of the Pacific from the American shore. In the shade of the mangled stump of the old Balboa tree, the young folks brought forth their histories to read in the shadow of the waving palms the accounts of Balboa's adventures, which were sent back to Spain where they still remain as the rare archives which have furnished the basis for the most thrilling and romantic pages of medieval history.



From Harper's Magazine

On the heights of the Isthmus. Balboa discovering the Pacific

Crossing the Isthmus in '49

By Captain Elisha Ryder

(A reminiscence of crossing the Isthmus in 1849)

IN the memorable year "49," when adventurers of all nations were making their way to California, I also caught the gold fever, and with the rest decided to try my fortunes in the new Eldorado. Like many Cape Cod boys, I had followed the sea from early youth, and had no desire to take the overland route. The "Red Jacket," "Flying Cloud," "Dreadnought," "Tam O'Shanter," "Sovereign of the Seas," and "Queen of the Seas," were unrivalled for beauty, speed, equipment and management in that era of United States supremacy at sea; but the passage around Cape Horn, even in the splendid full-rigged ship of that day, was too long to tempt a man who could afford the shorter and easier Panama route—especially when we thought that every day counted in reaching the great gold fields of California.

The Panama Railway Company had not begun building the road, and boat, or rather canoe, navigation in the shallow Chagres River, and a mule caravan over the mountains to the Pacific were fairly well organized for passengers with light baggage. A single trunk carried my own modest outfit, and loving hands had packed it closely, adding many little necessaries that were of great convenience in my later travels up and down the Sacramento River.

We sailed from New York in a side-wheel steamer, in October, and without special incidents rounded Hatteras, and entered the Caribbean Sea by the windward passage off the eastern point of Cuba. Landing at the mouth of the River Chagres, we found a small village of thatched roof houses, just inside of a point, guarded by an old unused fort, from whose walls we secured a beautiful view of the tranquil haven bathed in the afternoon sunlight, on the day of our landing.

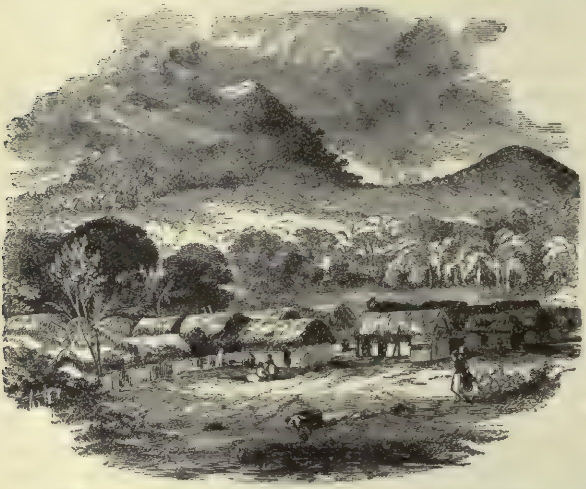
We engaged passage in a *bongo*, or large dug-out canoe, furnished with a rude awning amidships, and propelled by paddles, and made about ten miles that night, landing at another little village of huts, roofed with thatch. Fortunately, Mr. James P. Flint, my companion, spoke a little Spanish and was able to secure lodgings for us under cover; and using our boots for pillows we slept soundly for a while, in a native hut in far-off Panama, dreaming of the white houses and the old homes on the Cape. Our bedroom was a loft with a rude floor. During the night we were awakened by a general chorus of cries and yells from the family beneath us. The grunting and squealing of disgruntled porkers mingled in the air. The family pigs had made a raid into the house and were being ejected.

We spent two days more upon the Chagres River, the crew for the most part paddling their cumbrous *bongos* over the shallows, although there were deeper channels against whose swift current the native canoe-men had to paddle lustily.

While we reclined amid our baggage under the *toldo* or rude cabin, the boatmen worked vigorously under a tropical sun which at mid-day drove even the loquacious parrots and many a sweet-tongued songbird into the shelter of the deepest foliage, and to utter silence.

There was much to see and admire in the great wild jungle, for the river swept toward the Atlantic in curves, each one opening a new picture of tropical verdure, scenery and interest.

Here a range of low hills was closely skirted by the stream, and there a broad savanna trended from the outskirts of a native hamlet to the inland heights. Again a shallow lagoon covered with broad-leaved and curious aquatic foliage was dotted with golden-hearted, snow-white callas and long slim-petalled water lilies. Close up to the margin grew palms of more than one species, some slender and tall, their fronds lit up with scarlet and yellow seed-tassels; others, thickset and dwarfish, with great branches of big leaves. There were ceiba, cedar and *espabo* trees, with smooth trunks one hundred feet in the clear, whose branches shaded acres, and were hung with trailing vines, from the thickness of a rope-yarn to the bulk of a ship's cable. Here and there an aged tree was seen that had been fairly choked to death by these *lianas*, which had formed a perfect network of parasitic growth around the tree.



The type of village which the 49-ers found in crossing the Isthmus in that eventful year

Certain palms grew, instead of seed vessels, huge clusters of nuts, each the size of a lime, whose scarlet showed like rubies against the emerald foliage. Immense clumps of bamboo, climbing masses of passion flower, curious orchids, and vivid trumpet-shaped tropical flowers blended with the walls of forest foliage, which in places was so dense that they resembled ancient towers and walls overgrown with leafage.

A few monkeys, an occasional alligator, a coiled serpent or two, flocks of noisy parrots and exquisite humming birds and butterflies, and in the dusk the wandering lamps of the cocuyos or fireflies made up the wild life as we saw it along the Chagres.

For drink we had the water of the river, clear and sweet enough, but not very cool, and for food the little stock of eatables which we had provided for the voyage, which was exhausted early on the third day. I was sleeping soundly when we arrived about ten o'clock at night at Gorgona, a native town, beyond which river navigation came to an end. Each native cottage, built of bamboo stalks or slender trees, and covered with a lofty, steep-sided roof of thatch, was already filled. We could get nothing to eat, nor any place to sleep that night, although everybody seemed to be awake and about, dancing, drinking and talking. Wet, hungry, and itching with the bites of myriads of gnats and mosquitoes, it was nearly morning before I found a shelter and storage for my outfit. Here we remained some days until enough mules and horses could be secured for all our party. It was not considered safe at that time for small parties to follow alone and unguarded the ancient trail to Panama. The native huts were small, often little more than twelve or fourteen feet square, but in some of them a dozen California-bound argonauts often bought a night's lodging at two dollars for the use of a hammock, or half, or even a third of a rawhide covered bedstead. Eggs, before the rush ended, sold at twenty-five cents apiece, and other eatables in proportion.

It was nearly a week before the caravan was ready to move on from Gorgona. Our trunks and bags were firmly hitched on the baggage mules. We mounted our saddle-horses or mules and started out in the early morning. There were some laughable incidents at starting, for few of us sailors were expert horsemen, and it was difficult to know whether the mule was going forward or astern. Better accustomed to walking a pitching, reeling deck, than to bestriding a rearing, stumbling steed, I was fortunate in my mount, and secured a quiet little horse with a fairly easy gait, which carried me in good style over the rough, narrow road, leading over clay ridges and around hills to Matachin, where level meadow lands shaded by tall palms promised an easier highway. Beyond we found the Rio Obispo in flood, and the fords so deep and swift that the muleteers would not attempt to cross until the waters subsided.

* * *

We "off-saddled" and let our animals feed, for some hours, when the river falling as rapidly as it had risen allowed us to cross in safety. After crossing the Obispo, we followed the old Spanish trail over the mountains, a steep and slippery road in which holes from fifteen inches to two feet deep had been dug and deepened by the feet of the mules and horses which were trained to step in these holes, changing their step from left foot forward to right foot forward, or vice versa, as the position of the holes demanded. Only in this way could these unshod beasts carry their loads upon the narrow slippery path which like a snake wound and curved along the side of the mountain range toward its summit. From hence, we saw the now famous Culebra, which was then a tiny Indian hamlet. The Pacific Ocean was visible on clear days. Over the irregular ridges of the valley of the Rio Grande lay the ancient trail to Panama, only twelve miles away. At one point in the road we came upon an old anchor, rusted and overgrown with jungle, and were told that it had been brought to this point by some of the crew of a Spanish war-vessel, and left as too heavy and cumbrous to be worth carrying any further.

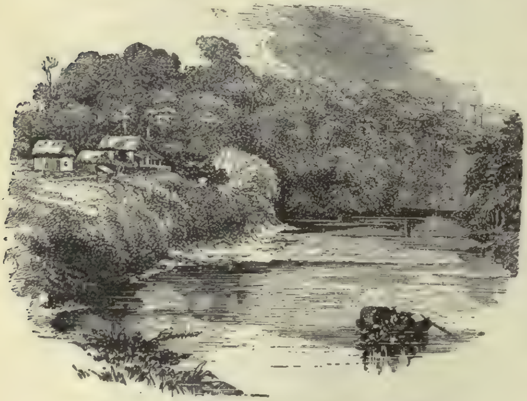
It was eleven o'clock at night when tired, cramped and hungry we entered the gates of the city of Panama, and the beauties and dangers of the last eight miles were alike unnoted. All that I cared for was to get out of the saddle, wash off the accumulated grime and mud of the journey, eat and drink my fill and go to bed. We found what they called a hotel, full of men smoking, drinking and going in and out to all kinds of festivities, but a bare bench was the only substitute for a bed, not previously preempted. Still I was tired enough to enjoy even this, and we got some hours of sleep in spite of the noise and constant coming and going of "the argonauts."

* * *

Next day Mr. Flint proposed to several Nantucket men who were with us that we should hire a house and canvas stretchers and board ourselves until our boat sailed for San Francisco.

My Spanish-speaking friend purchased all the supplies and one of the Nantucket men cooked in good old fisherman style. We had whatever we chose to eat and good cooking. The beef was sold in long strips, but it was fair beef, and we had other meats, poultry, eggs, fish, vegetables and fruit. It was a long time thereafter before any of us lived as well as we did that week, "in our own hired house" in the old city of Panama.

The city was, of course, a great curiosity to American eyes. After the capture of the older city of Panama by Sir Henry Morgan and his buccaneers, the present site (about four miles farther west) was fortified by Spain at a cost of many millions of dollars. Built upon a peninsula about half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, it still retained the ramparts and watch-towers that once surrounded the streets and dwellings, and were pierced by three portals, the northern, eastern and western gates. The beautiful hills of Ancon reared their palm-covered crest near at hand, and to seaward, dangerous coral reefs stretching far out into the Pacific made it impossible for a fleet to bombard the walls without encountering the dangerous harbor. There was the historic old cathedral, the spires encased with shells of the pearl oyster that shone like silver in the sun. There were red-tiled houses with rounded arches and roughly painted balconies, iron-barred windows and doors with enormous hinges; locks and handles of hammered iron and studded with great nails; and narrow streets, twelve or thirteen feet wide. Everything was going to decay at Panama and on the Isthmus when the "gold fever" sent in the advance guard of civilization—tens of thousands of gold seekers who later made Panama the busiest port except San Francisco on the Pacific Coast.



Poling a bongo up the Chagres in '49

The dirt and dust and bad smells, naked children and half-naked, unwashed, diseased men and women crowded the suburbs of the city, and burrowed in the ruins of the casemates and stone barracks of the city wall, and the decayed mansions, once owned by wealthy Spanish families. It was a piece of great luck for Panama, when California drew through her seaport the greater part of the "Forty-niners." Many were there, waiting for months to secure passage for San Francisco.

We were among the first of those who crossed the Isthmus by the Chagres River. We waited for the good ship "Panama," the first mail steamer bound for San Francisco, having come via Cape Horn. We called at Acapulco, the chief city on the west coast of Mexico, but our captain knew so little about the coast that we steamed past the entrance of the harbor and had to retrace our course for some miles. Here we found much the same conditions as at Panama, except that it had never been so strong and famous a city and was not quite so ruinous. Here we got some supplies, especially sugar and a number of cattle; which latter were hoisted on board by fastening rope-loops around the base of the horns and hoisting them, kicking and sprawling like kittens held by the nape of the neck, onto the deck.

Leaving Acapulco, we crossed the mouth of the Gulf of California, holding well to westward to clear the extremity of Lower California. The officers of the steamer directed a course closer to shore than most of us, accustomed to Nantucket shoals, approved—but this time we were only passengers. They seemed loth to sail out of sight of land, and took very little chance of coming to grief on the shoals and reefs that abound on the coast.

One night an old Missourian, who was sight-seeing from the top-gallant forecastle, suddenly called out that there were "white things" ahead. The officer of the deck at once saw that the "Panama" was heading toward a reef, stopped her headway, and, changing her course, ran out into the deep water before bearing away for San Francisco; and we all turned in, feeling easier as the vessel pushed her way out to sea.

Still we kept close to the coast until we made Monterey, running so near the land that we not only saw the city, but several wrecks upon the beach. This was our first introduction to the state of California. We were later told that the inshore passage insures almost complete calm during a large part of the year, while off shore lively breezes are met with; but I think our captain was new to the coast, much of which was then poorly set down in English charts, the only ones then available.

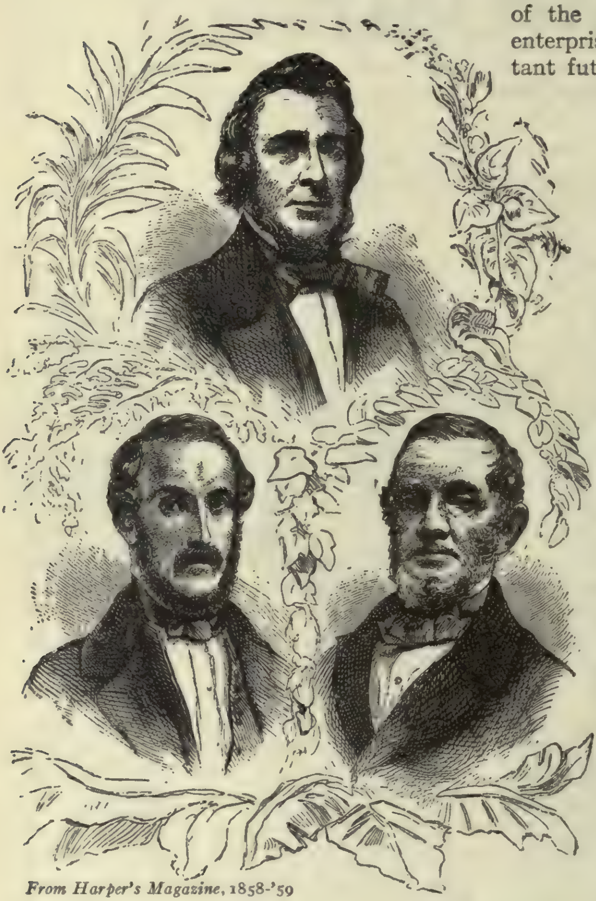
We finally entered the narrows of the Golden Gate, about ten days out from Panama. It may interest the people of today to know that the canal across the Isthmus was then being discussed, but we little dreamed that vessels would cross over the mountains in twelve hours when it had taken us four long days.

When The Panama Railroad Was Built

By Laurence Banning

As visitors of today whirl across the Isthmus, by rail, seated in a parlor car, they find that an historical review of the evolution of the Panama railroad is an interesting phase of the story of the Canal Zone. In the early half of the Nineteenth Century, when New Granada was a struggling republic and unable to attempt so great a task, she was willing to give to any nation, rich and powerful enough to undertake it, the privilege of connecting the two oceans by a ship canal. England had considered the proposition and was appalled at the magnitude of the enterprise. France, more enterprising, actually surveyed the route, and entered into a contract to build it, but failed to secure the capital necessary and finally the concession was lost by default. The settlement of the Northwest Boundary, by which the United States came into possession of an immense tract on the northern Pacific coast, and the war with Mexico, which secured the great territory of California, opened the eyes of Americans to the necessity of a more speedy and economical mode of connecting the two shores of the Republic, as the distance around Cape Horn rendered it almost inaccessible to the class of immigrants who usually settled in the United States. Congress in 1848 authorized contracts for the establishment of two mail steamship lines, one from New York and New Orleans to Chagres, and the other connected with this by the Isthmus of Panama, from Panama to California and Oregon. The inducements held out did not attract the favorable attention of investors, and the contracts were taken by parties who for a long time offered them for sale without result. Finally, Mr. William Aspinwall, a merchant of New York, secured the Pacific line, and George Law the Atlantic. The Atlantic route promised almost immediate remuneration as it connected Savannah and New Orleans, terminating at the portals of the Pacific Ocean; but the Pacific line was generally looked upon as sure to tie up a large amount of capital for an indefinite period.

Shortly after, Mr. Aspinwall with two other merchants of New York City, Mr. Henry Chauncey and Mr. John L. Stephens, entered into a contract with the Government of New Granada for the construction of a railroad line, crossing the Isthmus of Panama. Mr. Stephens had wide experience as a traveler and archaeologist in Central America and Yucatan, and a large practical knowledge of the route through which the road was to pass, and much personal contact with the inhabitants and resources of the country. Mr. Stephens, with Mr. J. L. Baldwin as engineer, explored the route and decided on its feasibility, discovering a summit gap, not more than three hundred feet above the sea level. A formal contract was then entered into with New Granada for constructing the railroad across Panama. All public lands, lying on the line of the road, were to be used gratuitously by the Company, and 250,000 acres given it, were to be selected by the grantees from any public lands on the Isthmus. Two ports, one on the Atlantic and one on the Pacific, were to be the termini of the road and made free ports, and the Company was privileged to establish such tolls as it might think proper. This contract was to be continued for forty-nine years subject to the right of New Granada to take possession of the road on payment of five million dollars at the expiration of twenty years after its completion; on payment of four million dollars at the expiration of thirty years, and on payment of two million dollars at the expiration of forty years. At this time the calculations of the projectors were based upon the advantage of shortening the route to China, Australia, and the East Indies, and in the development of rich but almost inaccessible countries along the Pacific Coast. In the latter part of 1848 the discovery of gold in California brought a tide of immigration across the Isthmus of Panama; swamped the moderate facilities for transportation by the usual river and mule caravan routes, and changed the prospects of the projected road. From being an enterprise which must look into the distant future for its profits, it became one insuring immediate returns from the capital and labor invested, and one in which the people and government of the United States were immediately and deeply interested.



From Harper's Magazine, 1858-'59

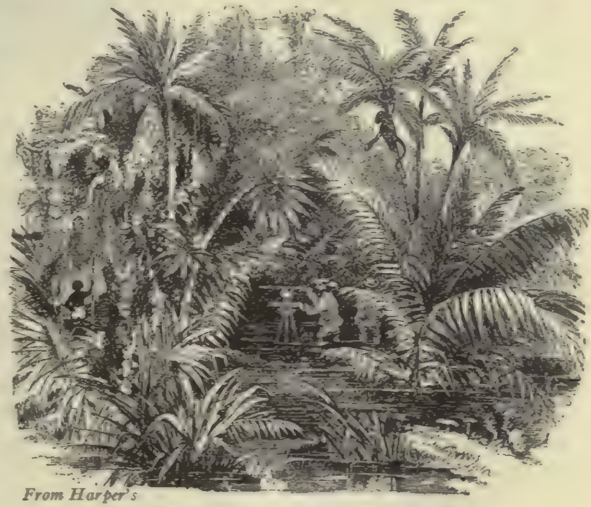
John L. Stephens William H. Aspinwall Henry Chauncey

Under a New York charter, a stock company was formed with one million dollars capital, to which Messrs. Stephens, Aspinwall and Chauncey transferred their contract and of which Mr. Stephens became the first president. A party of engineers, under the command of Colonel G. W. Hughes, in 1849 surveyed and located a line of the road from ocean to ocean, through a summit gap even lower than the one previously discovered, and not exceeding fifty miles in length, with its Pacific terminus on Panama Bay and the Atlantic terminus at Navy Bay. Naturally, the country through which this line must be carried presented many and most formidable difficulties to the projectors. For thirteen miles inland from Navy Bay was a deep morass, covered with the densest of tropical jungles, reeking with malaria, and abounding with almost every species of wild beasts and insects known to the tropics. Farther on was a part of the country so beautiful to the eye that it was called Paraiso (Paradise); but the larger part of the line crossed a rugged country, climbing steep hillsides over wide chasms, and spanning river and mountain torrents, subject to sudden and most formidable floods, and on to the Pacific Ocean, less than twelve miles away.

Situated a little more than eight degrees north of the equator, a sultry heat prevailed throughout a large portion of the year; while in the wet seasons the country was deluged with rain, and the losses from washouts and land-slides were enormous. The native population, a mongrel race of half-breeds, (Spaniards, Negroes and Indians) were too indolent and unaccustomed to labor to be depended upon to any great extent. There were no local resources adequate to the support of an army of laborers, and men, material and provisions had to be transported thousands of miles. The contract for construction was also taken in 1849 by Messrs. George M. Totten and John C. Trautwine, who had but a short time before completed a work of some magnitude in a neighboring province; the Canal Del Dique, connecting the port of Cartagena with the Magdalena River.

The native town of Gorgona, thirty miles up the Chagres, was first selected as the central point of commencement of the work. It was soon ascertained, however, that the river was too shallow to use for transporting any large amount of men, material, etc., to this point, and in addition to this, the rush of Californian travelers up this river so raised the hire of native boats that the expense of river transportation became prohibitive. It was then determined to establish a point of beginning at the Atlantic terminus of the road, which after a careful survey was located on the Island of Manzanilla, on the eastern shore of Limon or Navy Bay, where the city of Aspinwall, later called Colon, now stands. This point was already swarming with immigrants from all parts of the civilized world, on their way to California.

The conditions under which the contract was made being entirely changed, the contractors were released from their obligations and retained as engineers, the company having taken the management of the construction into their own hands. Declaration of the right-of-way was taken in 1850, and in the latter part of July large parties of mechanics and laborers from Jamaica, Cartagena and the United States were added to the small force employed. In August, 1850, a station was established eight miles out, opposite the northern point of Gatun, and by April, 1851, the larger portion of the road to this point was completed. The line had been located to Barbacoas sixteen miles farther on, and on the first day of October, 1851, the working cars, drawn by a locomotive, passed over the road as far as Gatun. The following month, two large steamships, the "Georgia" and "Philadelphia," laden with passengers to California via the Chagres River, were driven from the open roadstead by a heavy storm and forced to take refuge in Navy Bay. It was then proposed to transport the passengers by the railroad from Aspinwall as far as possible, whence they could proceed up the river in native boats as usual. Over one thousand immigrants thus disembarked were carried on working cars to Gatun.



From Harper's

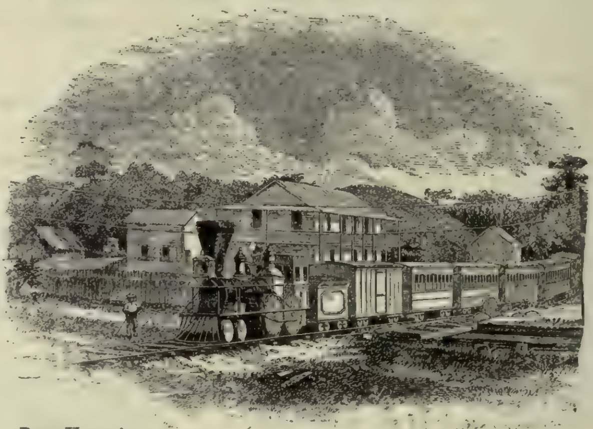
The surveyors' transit in the jungle

Just at this time, the outlook for the company in New York was very discouraging. The first subscription of one million dollars capital had been expended, the shares were at a very low figure, and the directors were keeping up the work on their own individual credit; but the return of the "Georgia" to New York with the news that she had landed her California passengers at Navy Bay instead of at Chagres, and that they had been carried over a portion of the Panama railroad greatly enhanced the value of the stock and insured its further capitalization.

On the second of February, 1852, the terminus was formally made a city and called Aspinwall. By March, the road was completed to Bujio Soldado, eight miles beyond Gatun, and passenger trains ran in connection with every steamer, and on July 6 the line had been pushed on to Barbacoas, where the road was cut by the Chagres River, a total distance of twenty-three miles.

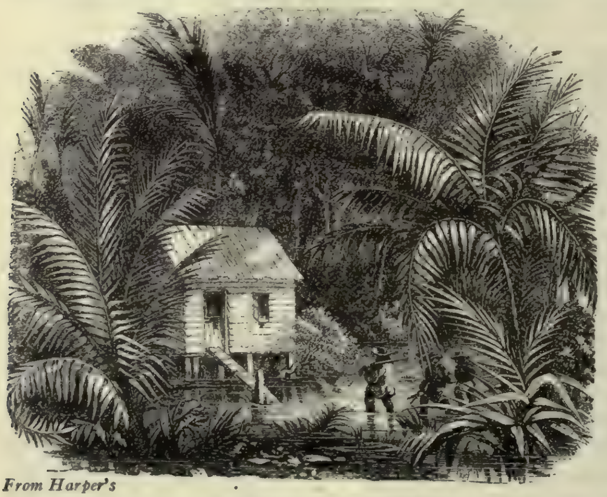
At about this time, Mr. John L. Stephens died at his home in New York, and Mr. William C. Young was appointed his successor. The work of bridging the Chagres River at Barbacoas was beset with many difficulties; when the first bridge was nearly completed one span was swept away, and at the end of a year it was still unfinished. President Young was succeeded by President Hoadley and the company redoubled its exertions. The working force was cosmopolitan in every sense of the word, consisting very largely of Irish, coolies from China and India, and Germans, Spaniards and Austrians, who it was thought would speedily complete the work, but it was soon found that many of them were wholly unfitted for tropical life. About one thousand Chinamen, who were brought to the Isthmus by the company, and furnished with every possible comfort which could conduce to their health and efficiency, showed a singular melancholy and suicidal tendency, and scores of them ended their lives with their own hands. Then pestilence broke out among them, and in two weeks scarcely two hundred remained alive. The Irish and French also suffered severely, and it became necessary to furnish them transportation to their homes.

By January, 1854, however, the ridge of the mountain line was reached, a distance of thirty-seven miles from Aspinwall, and eleven miles from Panama. On the 27th of January, 1855, at midnight, in the dense gloom and driving rain of a tropical storm, and by the light of lanterns and headlights the last rail was laid, and on the following day, January 28, a locomotive passed from ocean to ocean.



From Harper's

The first train to cross the Isthmus in 1855; it is said that every tie on this railroad cost a human life



From Harper's

First rough wood house built on the Isthmus for the railroad workers

In the Days of De Lesseps

By John Morgan Gallup

OF all the famous men whose life stories have entered into the history of the Isthmus of Panama, one great shade absorbs the imagination in an unusual degree, for the life and death of Count Ferdinand de Lesseps embody the greatest tragedy enacted on this stage of numberless tragedies, and illustrate the irony of fate.

The son of Count Matthieu de Lesseps, who himself had succeeded and nearly eclipsed his own father in the diplomatic service of France, Ferdinand de Lesseps, born November 19, 1808, was educated by the state at the Lycée to follow the career of his ancestors in the foreign service.

He was first attached to the Spanish legation at Lisbon, and although he served afterwards at Paris, Algiers, Egypt and other points, his chief and longest service and residence was in Spain, to which kingdom he was sent as ambassador after the expulsion of the Bourbons in 1840. Before leaving Paris he received, at some personal and official risk to himself, the jewels of the Duchess de Montpensier, herself a Spanish Infanta or princess of the royal blood, which had been looted at the Tuileries, after the flight of the royal family.

Highly esteemed by Queen Isabella and the Spanish court, he was soon afterward begged by Mademoiselle Eugenie de Montijo to intercede for the lives of thirteen officers of the Spanish Army, who had been condemned by a Carlist Conspiracy at Valencia, and tried and sentenced to death. Eugenie de Montijo, later the beautiful Empress of Napoleon III, had herself wept and implored mercy in vain, until she fell fainting at the feet of the implacable queen; the doomed officers were all gallant Spanish cavaliers, the cadets of noble houses, who honestly believed in the divine right of the Carlist pretender. De Lesseps had himself tried once and failed, but determined to try once more, for it was given out that the death warrants were to be signed at once. Seeking Narvaez, the Spanish Prime Minister, he said:

"I come to take leave of you, for you will readily see that as my mission to Spain was accepted by the Sovereign Assembly because I might be able to exercise a salutary influence with your government; if it is learned that Mademoiselle de Montijo, belonging to one of the loftiest families of Spain, has unsuccessfully sought my intervention to secure a pardon, which I feel will strengthen rather than weaken your cause, there is nothing for me to do but to take leave of you and return to France."

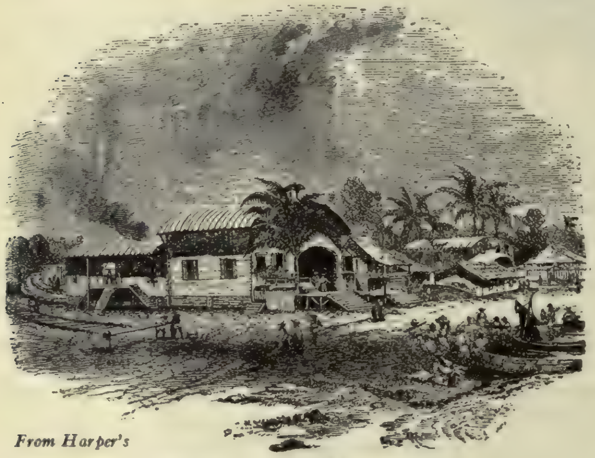
Narvaez, realizing his determination, grasped his hand and replied: "You may be off, Ferdinand, with the heads of these men in your pocket."

De Lesseps gratefully pressed the hand of the great Spanish Minister, and returning to Madrid found that Queen Isabella would grant a free pardon to the mutineess.

Finally he retired from the diplomatic service, because having been sent to

Rome to reconcile Papal, Italian and French interests and securing the general confidence of all concerned, including the famous revolutionist, Mazzini, and the Italian land-owners, the French government refused to ratify his negotiations and even charged him with leaning toward the liberal faction.

It was in 1841 that the old traditions and present practicability of uniting the Mediterranean, the Bitter Lakes and the Red Sea by a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez had impressed his fancy. Thirteen years later, in 1854, he became the guest of Said Pasha, the newly-made viceroy of Egypt. De Lesseps was a doer. He talked over the matter with Said, saying:



From Harper's

Preparing to build the Panama railroad

"I am not a financier or a man of business. What would you advise me to do?"

The Pasha suggested a preliminary subscription, to secure surveys, and de Lesseps induced each of one hundred acquaintances to advance $1,000 toward the work. The preliminary survey was made, the plans drawn and the work of organization initiated.

Said Pasha issued a proclamation permitting the digging of the canal, but the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny and other events of world-wide interest made it impossible to do anything for several years. Lord Palmerston was a bitter and implacable enemy of the plan and did all he could to prevent its exploitation. On the other hand Prince Albert, Mr. Gladstone and many other eminent Englishmen generously encouraged the great project. At last in 1856, a working capital of 2,000,000 francs was secured, a formal concession of right of way, with sovereignty for adjacent territory was granted by Said Pasha, and the work began. In 1859 large expenditures had been made, but in 1863 Said Pasha's death was seized upon by the Sublime Porte as a pretext to rescind all grants of contiguous territory. Claim for reimbursement for this escheat of valuable land was afterward adjudicated by Napoleon III, who awarded the Canal Company four million pounds sterling (about $20,000,000). A part of the canal was open to small steamers in 1865. Ships of light draught could pass in March, 1867, and on November 20, 1869, the Suez Canal was formally open to the world's commerce. Originally about one hundred miles long, two hundred feet wide at the bottom of the prism, and twenty-nine feet deep, it has been widened and deepened in recent years.

Honors and riches poured in upon de Lesseps, and the stockholders possessed one of the most remunerative properties of the world. A general interest in canal construction was awakened, and de Lesseps was soon called upon to pierce the Corinthian Peninsula, Greece, and to visit Tunis and Algiers to investigate a project for connecting the lower wastes of the Desert of Sahara with the sea; which he declared to be practicable.

Nearly seventy years old, happily married to a young and devoted wife, and surrounded by loving children and all that can make life desirable and contented, yet the "Call of the Wild" seemed ever to ring in his ears, summoning him to an even greater undertaking—the junction of the two great oceans by a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. It was a titanic task compared with what he had accomplished; a great mountain chain was to be cut through, miasmatic swamps to be dredged and drained, mountain torrents and tropical cloudbursts to be tamed and imprisoned, and a wilderness invaded by myriads of expert and industrious men, armed with the most efficient machinery and appliances known to modern engineering.

The work, begun in 1881, was continued fitfully until it was realized that the original estimates of the cost had been utterly unreliable, and that much greater expenditures must be provided, if the work was to be continued to completion. In 1888 the venerable de Lesseps, then eighty-three years old, made an eloquent appeal to his fellow-citizens.

"I appeal to all Frenchmen, to all of my associates where fortunes are threatened. I have devoted my life to two great works that were pronounced impossibilities—the Suez and Panama canals. The Suez Canal is constructed and has enriched France; if you wish to complete the Panama Canal you must decide at once."

More money was raised, but in ways and at a cost which were ruinous to the project and its supporters; and in January, 1889, the American Senate, in secret session, by an almost unanimous vote "disapproved of the connection of any European government with the construction or control of any ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien," and requested the President to communicate this resolution to the governments of Europe. This resolve crushed de Lesseps' last hope that the French government would intervene and lend its credit and prestige to the completion of the work; and on February 9, 1889, M. de Lesseps announced that the Compagnie Universelle du Canal Interoceanique de Panama would go into liquidation.

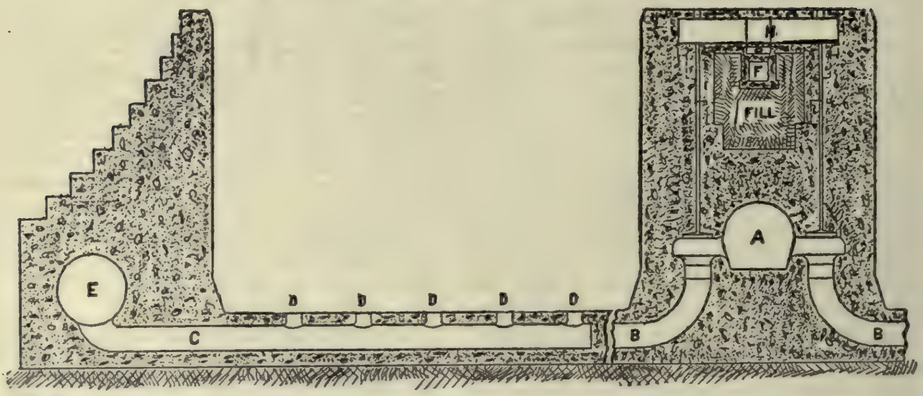
A commission visited the Isthmus, and on its return reported that in addition to $250,000,000 already expended, at least $150,000,000 more would be necessary to complete the Canal, making the whole cost $400,000,000.

Later it was discovered that out of nearly $262,000,000 already received and swallowed up, less than two-thirds of that sum had been used in legitimate purchases, management, and construction. In 1892, the public prosecutor indicted Ferdinand de Lesseps, then eighty-seven years old, his son, Charles de Lesseps, Baron Cotter, M. le Marquis Fontane and M. Eiffel, for "breach of trust and malversation of the funds of the company." Baron Reinach was subsequently added to the list of accused, but went so suddenly before the "Final Tribunal" that his appearance before any earthly court was out of the question. He appears to have been a "grafter" of great capacity and unbounded avarice, and the evil genius of de Lesseps and the enterprise.

The aged defendant broke down under his burden of shame and sorrow, and in his beautiful country seat, La Chesnaye, despondent, broken-hearted, almost imbecile, awaited the end of life. Although the doctors duly declared him unable to appear in court, and he never confronted his accusers or heard the evidence against him, he was found guilty in 1893 and sentenced to three years' imprisonment and a fine of $600. His son, Charles de Lesseps, received a like sentence, but was allowed before going to prison to visit his aged father. For a few moments the extreme love and anguish of that parting awoke something of the fire and passion of the great heart of Ferdinand de Lesseps. Then the son broke away from his father's embrace, and the veteran diplomatist and great canal-builder sank again into broken dreams of half-conscious melancholy.

A year later on December 7, 1894, Count Ferdinand de Lesseps passed away, having little more than prolonged a monotonous physical existence, during the eighty-ninth year of a great, although ruined life. United States workers still come upon reminders of his last great enterprise, in crumbling buildings and rotting and rusting machinery, disclosed by dredging, or nearly buried in mud and tropical vegetation. It saddens any generous heart to consider that the great American Canal must always be a grave in which lie buried, not only the millions of hapless investors, and the honor and honesty of many Gallic journalists, legislators and financiers, but what should have been the crowning glory of the great career of a remarkable genius, genial and tactful diplomatist, and really great-hearted man, Ferdinand de Lesseps.

PROFILE VIEW OF GATUN LOCKS AND DAM


E
C
D
D
D
D
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H
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FILL
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B

CROSS SECTION OF LOCK CHAMBER AND WALLS, GATUN LOCKS.

A Culvert in center wall.
B Connections between center and lateral culvert.
C Lateral culvert.
D Wells opening from lateral culverts into lock chamber.
E Culvert in side wall.
F Drainage gallery.
G Gallery for electric wires.
H Passageway for operators.

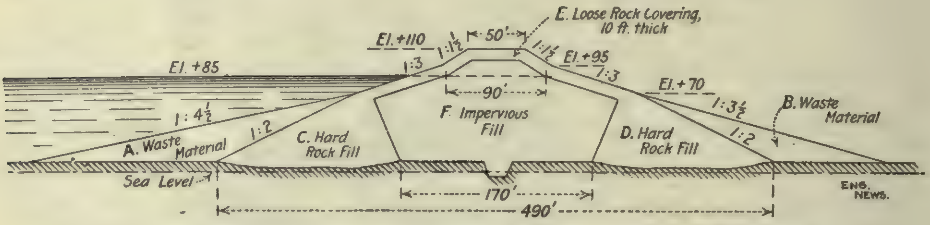
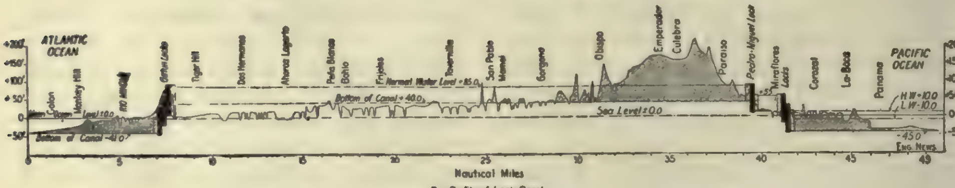

E. Loose Rock Covering, 10 ft. thick
El. +110
1:1½
50'
1:1½
El. +95
El. +85
1:3
1:3
El. +70
90'
1:3½
B. Waste Material
1:4½
F. Impervious Fill
1:2
1:2
C. Hard Rock Fill
D. Hard Rock Fill
A. Waste Material
Sea Level
170'
490'
ENG. NEWS.

FIG. 10.—PROPOSED REASONABLE AND SAFE CROSS SECTION OF GATUN DAM ON AN ENLARGED SCALE, SHOWING DETAILS.

PROFILE OF THE PANAMA FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC OCEAN.



Nautical Miles

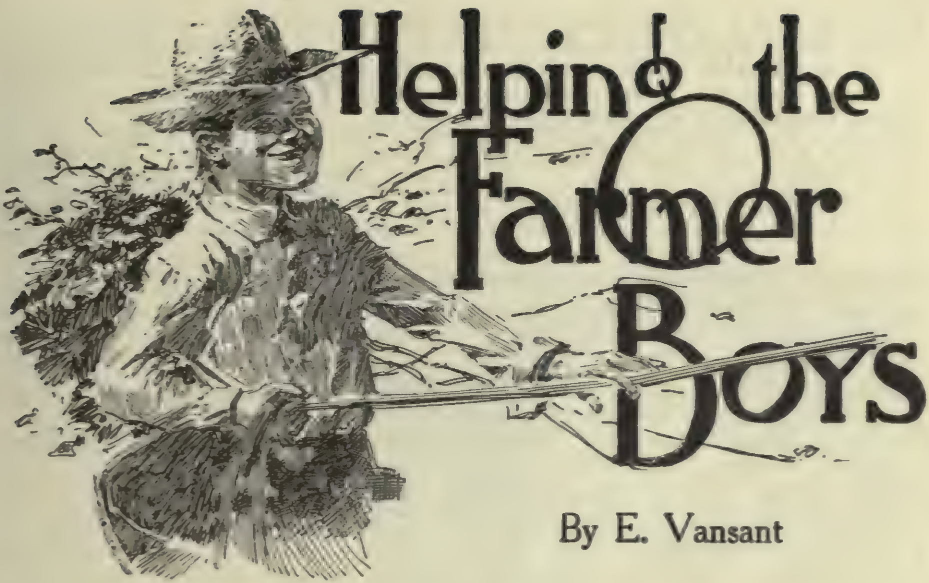
B. Profile of Lock Canal

FIG 1.—LONGITUDINAL PROFILES OF THE SEA-LEVEL CANAL AT PANAMA, PROJECTED IN 1900, AND OF THE LOCK CANAL NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

(The shaded area on each profile shows the material to be excavated.)

SEAL OF THE CANAL ZONE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA

THE LAND DIVIDED THE WORLD UNITED



Helping the Farmer Boys

By E. Vansant

THE Farmer's Co-operative Demonstration Work was inaugurated under authority of Congress in January, 1904, primarily because of the depredations of the Mexican cotton boll weevil in the State of Texas. By the rapid spread of this pestiferous insect east and north it had then become evident that it would in time invade all the cotton-producing states. This occasioned a general alarm among the cotton planters and in the industrial centers of the entire country. For a number of years prior to 1904 the Mexican boll weevil had been steadily encroaching upon the cotton-producing lands of Texas, until it had spread from the Rio Grande to a short distance beyond the eastern boundary of the state, and threatened the entire cotton industry of the South. In sections where cotton was the sole cash crop the invasion of the weevil and the consequent loss of the cotton crop brought disaster to every interest and so completely demoralized financial conditions as to produce in some sections a panic.

The cotton crop had been generally produced upon a credit system by securing advances from merchants and brokers. Upon the advent of the boll weevil, confidence in securing a cotton crop was impaired and in some districts almost totally destroyed. The usual advances were either withheld or limited; labor became discontented and sought other sections or other states, and tenant farmers unable to obtain advances removed to non-infested districts, a marked decline in property values resulting.

These circumstances created a demand for immediate relief which appealed to the entire country, as the loss of the cotton crop would be a national calamity. In response to this appeal Congress made an emergency appropriation in January, 1904, which has been continued each year, thus affording opportunity for the growth and enlargement of the work.

The man fixed upon to conduct this campaign against the ravages of the boll weevil was Dr. Seaman A. Knapp. Previous to this time he had been operating large farms, growing cotton, corn, rice and other Southern products, and his knowledge of farming was of the most practical nature. Dr. Knapp claimed that cotton could still be grown in the weevil-infested districts, provided intensive methods were used. The problem was how to induce the farmers to adopt these methods.

For many years the United States Department of Agriculture, the Agricultural Colleges, the Experiment Stations, agricultural press, farmers' institutes and the National and State bulletins upon agriculture had thrown light upon almost every topic relating to the farm. These had been of great assistance to men of college training but the masses, especially in the South, had scarcely been affected. It became necessary, in this boll weevil crisis, to reach the masses, and the demonstration method was adopted. In talking of the commencement of his work, Dr. Knapp said:

"In January, 1904, I went to Texas to take charge of the campaign against the boll weevil. I called a meeting of prominent men to discuss the situation; upon explaining the plan of the department, every face showed astonishment; one, bolder than the rest, explained his views thus: 'Do you mean to tell us that you have come empty-handed to Texas to relieve the distress of our people, and restore confidence, and that you know of no way of destroying the weevil? And further, that you furnish no seed nor fertilizer, and do you intend to tell our people your remedy is to get out and hustle; if this be true we are to receive one of the greatest disappointments.' I explained our plan, that people were rarely benefitted by gifts, that our system of tillage insured a crop, that while they were waiting for the government to give them a few thousand they could increase their income twenty-five to thirty millions, add to their manhood and become independent. They accepted the explanation and heroically followed our instructions. They won. In the fall of 1904 the farmers of the boll weevil districts of Texas found themselves better off than for many years; fewer debts, and more money in the bank.

This demonstration of improved methods of agriculture has been extended, with the spread of the weevil into Oklahoma, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, and a small beginning has been made the past year in Tennessee, and it has been proved that by following the instructions of the Bureau of Plant Industry a good crop of cotton can be raised in the worst weevil-infested districts, despite the ravages of this pest. It is possible that the future may discover some better method of meeting the boll weevil problem, but experience has shown that the method outlined is the only safe one at present.

* * *

In 1904 the work attracted the attention of the General Education Board of New York, and at a conference between that board and Secretary Wilson at Washington, it was agreed that the board might supplement the government appropriation with the understanding that their money should be expended in the extension of the same farming principles to other Southern states beyond the range of weevil-infestation. It was commenced in a limited way in Mississippi and later was extended to Alabama, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and a portion of Florida. As the weevil advanced upon Mississippi and Alabama these states were transferred to the government appropriation. The board has shown deep interest, hearty co-operation and a very broad philanthropy.

The Farmers' Co-operative Demonstration Work aims at several things beyond the mere making of cotton under weevil conditions:

(1) To reform agriculture and make it an occupation of profit and pleasure.

(2) To improve rural conditions.

(3) To broaden and enrich rural life.

(4) To make the farm attractive and country residence desirable.

And as a first step toward these, Dr. Knapp's slogan is "a greater net yield per acre," not an increased production in the country from a national standpoint, but having in mind and at heart the betterment of conditions from the viewpoint of the small farmers.

When the rudiments of good farming are mastered the farmer secures a greater income for his labor. An important part of this greater net earning capacity is good farm economy and greater thrift, based upon the home production of all the food and forage crops consumed. This requires that the idle lands be used for stock, and the value of grasses and legumes be understood; that the soil be deepened, strengthened and made more active by deep plowing, intensive cultivation and turning under of green crops. It has been the general custom of Southern farmers, whether in cotton, sugar, rice or tobacco districts, to depend on one cash crop and buy their supplies of food and clothing with the proceeds. The agents of the Demonstration Work urge upon the people the production on the farm of all home supplies possible, with the result that the money which formerly went for current debts now goes into home improvements, better clothing, better stock, and more schooling.

Dr. Knapp contends that poor farming is the natural result of a lot of bad practices, and must be treated as a defect in art rather than as a lack of intelligence. As it was found necessary at an early stage of history to evolve from the mass of ethical teaching a few general rules for living, called "The Ten Commandments," by which a man could be moral without going through a course in theology, just so, in order to instruct the average farmer how to successfully conduct his farm operations so as to secure a greater net gain from the farm, Dr. Knapp has deducted from the mass of agricultural teachings a few general rules of procedure. These he calls the "Ten Commandments of Agriculture," and by practicing these commandments a man may be a good farmer in any state without being a graduate of an agricultural college:

(1) Prepare a deep and thoroughly pulverized seed bed, well drained; break in the fall to the depth of eight, ten or twelve inches, according to the soil, with implements that will not bring too much of the subsoil to the surface. The foregoing depths should be reached gradually.

(2) Use seed of the best variety, intelligently selected and carefully stored.

(3) In cultivated crops give the rows and the plants in the rows a space suited to the plant, the soil, and the climate.

(4) Use intensive tillage during the growing period.

(5) Secure a high content of humus in the soil by the use of legumes, barnyard manures, farm refuse, and commercial fertilizers.

(6) Carry out a systematic crop rotation with a winter cover crop.

(7) Accomplish more work in a day by using more horse power and better implements.

(8) Increase the farm stock to the extent of utilizing all the waste products and idle lands of the farm.

(9) Produce all the food required for the men and animals on the farm.

(10) Keep an account of each farm produce, in order to know from which the gain or loss arises.

Dr. Knapp's method of teaching these principles is as practical as the principles themselves. In each state where the work is conducted there are, besides the state agents, one or more district agents and a number of local agents. The state agent in every case is a man of education and experience in agricultural science, a man of executive ability and tact. He supervises the work in the state, having direct charge of the district agents, who in turn supervise the local agents. The local agent is required to be a practical, progressive farmer, who has "made good" on his own farm and enjoys the confidence and esteem of his neighbors. It is this local agent who carries out at first hand

DR. SEAMAN A. KNAPP

the actual demonstration idea, it being his duty to secure farmers who will agree to plant and cultivate from one to five acres of their farms according to the instructions of the department. Many times the general viewpoint is one of doubt and suspicion. If, however, one man in a neighborhood can be induced to plant a trial plat all his neighbors will watch it closely, and if he succeeds the people will swing from a stubborn doubt to an unreasoning faith and become the most zealous converts. Then, too, within rural communities there is considerable local rivalry. If John Smith takes a department demonstration, Sam Jones thinks he can beat it and quietly informs his neighbors that he intends to do so. Others join in the competition and the result is that all produce better crops.

DEMONSTRATION FARM OF BEN FLEMING AT WASHINGTON, ADAMS COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI
Triumph cotton, showing a yield of two-thirds bale to the acre

Having secured his demonstrators (as the men who agree to follow instructions on a small part of their farms are called) the agent proceeds to instruct them as to the preparation of their land for planting, the selection of the seed best adapted to the local conditions, and the cultivation, step by step, of the crop. The demonstrator does all the work and furnishes the land, seed, tools and teams. The agent visits him once a month to see that instructions are carried out and to give assistance. The agent notifies all the neighbors who are interested in advance of this visit and they meet him at the demonstration plat. At this time what is called a field school of instruction is held, where the farmers discuss agriculture in general and any particular phase of the demonstration. In the course of these discussions it often develops that the majority of those present have never fully complied with the best methods of farming. They thought they knew all about farming and charged their products and failures to the seasons or the land.

One farmer at a public meeting held in an Alabama town two years ago expressed his views as follows:

> "I was born in a cotton field and have worked cotton on my farm for more than forty years. I thought no one could tell me anything about raising cotton. I had usually raised one-half a bale on my thin soil and I thought that was all the cotton there was in it in one season. The demonstration agent came along and wanted me to try his plan on two acres. Not to be contrary, I agreed, but I did not believe what he told me. However, I tried my best to do as he said, and at the end of the year I had a bale and a half to the acre on the two acres

worked his way and a little over a third of a bale on the land worked my way. You could have knocked me down with a feather. This year I have a bale and a half to the acre on my whole farm. If you do not believe it, I invite you to go down and see. Yes, sir, as a good cotton planter I am just one year old."

The agent in some cases drives a team of strong mules or horses attached to a wagon filled with improved implements. At the field meeting this team and the improved implements are used to show how much more and how much better work can be done in a day by having good equipment.

SEED-CORN DAY AT MONROE, NORTH CAROLINA

The demonstration is limited, at first, to two or three standard crops, including the principal cash crop, cotton; general food crop, corn, and a well-known renovating crop, cowpeas. The farmer knows cotton, corn and cowpeas. If he can be shown that a change of methods or a change of seed will greatly increase the crop the first important step has been taken. They are then ready to believe in more.

The demonstration is simple and at first small. When the farmer sees the advantage of the better methods he will increase the area as rapidly as possible. Generally he has neither machinery nor tools to inaugurate the plan on a large scale at first.

In the Southern states nearly one-half the farms are tilled under the tenant system. In South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana more than sixty per cent of the farms are worked by tenants. The poor equipment of such farms and the low earning capacity of the tenant appeal strongly for help.

The tenant is urged by the demonstration agent to make a better crop and raise everything necessary for his support. He is shown that as soon as he proves himself to be a progressive and thrifty farmer it will add to his credit. He can then buy upon better terms and will soon own his farm. The landlord is seen and urged to look more closely after his farm; to improve his farm buildings, because this is necessary to the securing and retention of the best tenants; to furnish better implements or assist his tenant to purchase them; and to insist that good seed shall be used and that there shall be better tillage of the crop. Many proprietors take the deepest interest in having their tenants taught better methods.

In an interview with Dr. Knapp one cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that, though a man of college education, holding several degrees, he is first and always a plain man, the friend of the common people. His instructions to the farmers are simple, intensely practical, appealing to the farmer's judgment. Advice is given only along thoroughly tested lines, inclining always to the safe side. I wish to quote a letter received, one of many, by Dr. Knapp, and ask you after you have read it if you think this man could ever have been reached and benefitted by printed bulletins concerning farming:

> Berry, Ala., October 3, 1908.
>
> Dr. S. A. Knapp.
>
> *Sir:* I have thought that I would rite you for some time, but for neglect have waited to long. I am one of your demonstrators and as true a one as you have. Words can not express my thanks to you for your help and what you have learned me about farming. This year I had 1 acre, this coming year I am to put my entire crop in as I did that acre. I am a singlehanded man, no help and renting land. Some say they don't see how I make a living, just me to work and feed two big mules. I tell them that the mules feed themselves and if I make the landowner any money I will make some for me. I think by having an early start that I can get in 8 acres this time, 3 in cotton and 5 in corn. I think I will get 3000 lbs. of cotton off my acre if it all opens. The seed you furnished me is the finest that I ever saw, me and two other men picked 100 boles that Triumph cotton to my acre that weighed 3½ lbs. That beat anything I ever saw. The Triumph cotton has been gined here and found to beat 40%. That is far ahead of anything we have had here before. Anything you will send me will be more than appreciated. When I get any mail from you I dont stop till I read it throe. The farmers are coming more together with your work than anything that ever came along. I think in a few years the farmers will be rite along together. Dont forget me, anything you can due for me will be glad to get it. The knights are giting long and I would like to read something from you every knight.
>
> I will close. Hope you have not wearied over this hard wrote letter. I am your friend,
>
> J. A. Keller.

A FIELD MEETING WITH BOYS AT BENNETTSVILLE, MARLBORO COUNTY, SOUTH CAROLINA

Yet another letter in Dr. Knapp's possession, after telling what the work has done for the writer, closes with "It is the best since Christ came. Let her come!" Sacrilegious? No! you will not think so if you stop to think a moment. Picture a man owning a small, poor farm, owned by his father before him; the farm becoming more run down every year, the farmer and his family dropping in the scale of human units, the wife a drudge and the children social outcasts because of their poverty; the man dull and hopeless of the future. He inherited unthrift; his father was poor; he is poor; his children will be poor. Nothing short of a miracle can make life worth the living. Then one day a demonstration agent knocks at the door and tells him of a better way—methods he knew nothing of. (He was too poor to go to college.) He finds that he can increase and even quadruple his crop by a slight change of methods, by rotation of crops and other readjustments. Gradually the fences are repaired, the weeds disappear from the fence corners, the farm begins to pay, his wife and children are better clothed—he actually sees a future. Is it small wonder that he feels much as our devout Methodist forefathers felt when they saw visions of glory, and instead of a "Halleluja" he ejaculates from a full heart: "It is the best since Christ came. Let her come!"

But the Farmers' Co-operative Demon-

DR. KNAPP AND GROUP OF AGRICULTURAL STUDENTS

stration Work does not rest satisfied with its work among the adult farmers. They are reaching out after the boy on the farm.

Thinking people have noted with alarm the rapid growth of cities as compared with the country; the concentration of wealth in the cities and the gradual transfer of political influence from the country to the city. The young man in the country meets this problem: Shall he stay on the farm, accept the wages offered, and live the comfortless life such wages can provide, or shall he go to the city where he can earn three to five times as much and have what his ambition aspires to? If that is the whole of the proposition and he is a man of judgment and energy he will go to the city. The number that make this choice will increase in geometrical ratio as long as rural conditions remain as they are.

It has been suggested as a means of keeping the young man on the farm that rural conditions should be improved, that the country should have better highways, better schools, free rural delivery, country telephones, more newspapers, all good and worthy of commendation, but the flow of young men from the country to the city will not be arrested in the least so long as the earning capacity of the average city laborer or clerk or professional man is at least fivefold what the same talent can command in the country. What has the Farmers' Co-operative Demonstration Work done about it?

It has formed Boys' Corn Clubs in several states. Each boy in these clubs agrees to plant and cultivate an acre of his father's farm according to the directions issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. He is given all the advice, assistance and encouragement possible by the County Superintendent of Education, and by the rural teachers who co-operate with the department and its agents. The merchants and other public-spirited citizens help by contributing prizes for the largest yields. The average American boy is spurred on to indomitable energy by the lure of such prizes as fifty dollars in gold, a nice buggy, a first-class bicycle, a fifteen-dollar suit of clothes, etc., and after he has spent a season competing for these prizes he has absorbed more scientific and practical agriculture than he would from books in years. The past season Dr. Knapp offered a free trip to Washington for one week to the boy in Mississippi who would make the largest yield of corn on his acre. His example was followed by Prof. O. B. Martin, Dr. Knapp's assistant in the Boys' Corn Club Work, by a similar offer to the boys of South Carolina. The boys of Arkansas were given the same chance to come to Washington by the offer of the Bankers' Association of the state, and the Petersburg Board of Trade of Virginia made a similar offer to the boys of that state. From the hundreds of boys who competed for this prize trip, the winners were: DeWitt Lundy, of Lexington, Mississippi; Bascomb Usher, of Bennettsville, South Carolina; Elmer Halter, of Conway, Arkansas, and Ralph Bellwood, of Manchester, Virginia.

DeWitt Lundy won county and state prizes, in addition to the prize trip to Washington. His yield was sixty-three bushels, he used no fertilizer and the total cost of production was $9.15.

Bascomb Usher won $10 county prize, $75 state prize, in addition to his trip to Washington. His yield was 152½ bushels, or 8,540 pounds of shelled corn. It cost 31 cents a bushel to raise it and he has sold some of it for seed at $2 per bushel.

Elmer Halter won a $20 suit of clothes and a rifle in the county contest; $30 in cash and a combination plow at the State Fair, in addition to his trip to Washington. He made a yield of 85½ bushels at a cost of $35.20. Others made larger yields, but other points were considered.

Ralph Bellwood made a yield of 122 bushels at a total cost of $17.80, making the cost per bushel only a little over 14½ cents.

It is safe to assert that the average production per acre in those states ranges from 12 to 15 bushels per acre.

These four proud, happy boys came to Washington at the same time, saw all the sights of the Capital, were received by the Secretary of Agriculture, presented with diplomas in agriculture, something never known to be given to boys in the history of that science

Do you think these boys wolud give up the farm and come to the city to accept four, five or even ten dollar a week positions? We think not.

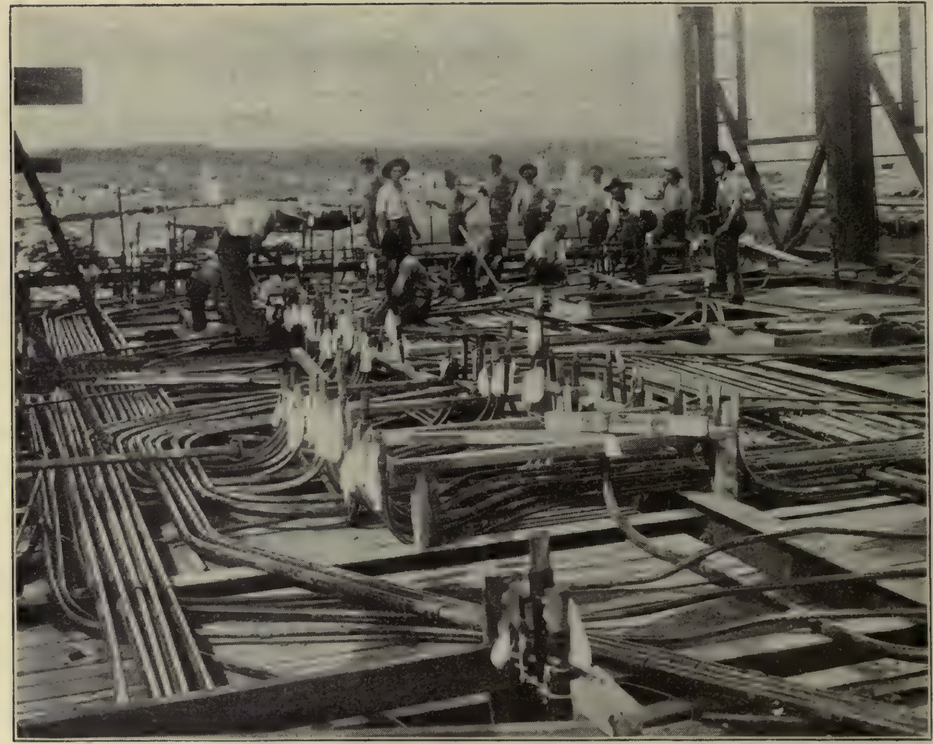
THE HARVEST MOON

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

THE autumn brings the sunset of the year,
And asters swinging by the pasture bars
Flame in the light like amaranthine stars,
And mists of beauty gather far and near.
Lo, in the eastern heavens bright and clear,
The huge moon through the long autumnal eves
Sends down forevermore upon the sheaves
A world-wide smile of glory and of cheer!
Now is the earth for feast Olympian spread;
Blown like a scent upon the winds of mirth
Keen laughter as of gods floats down the night.
And angel visitants from overhead,
Passing unseen from heaven unto earth,
Throng on the Jacob's ladder of the light!

Panorama of the Panama Canal

THE Twentieth Century has been called the camera age. There is not an incident, not a place trod by the foot of man, or an occurrence that has not at some time been focused for the camera by either expert or amateur. The little film or plate radiates information at a glance, where pages of text and books in volumes were heretofore required to make clear similar occurrences or views. No words can equal the eloquence of pictures, showing the process and progress of the work on the Canal Zone, and photographs taken at this time will be even more impressive in a few years than now. Within a half decade this tangled jungle, and pathetic relic of an abandoned French enterprise, representing the dreams of four centuries, will be transformed into the scenes of concrete achievement. From every point of view the vista of the Canal presents scenes that must thrill the American heart with the pride of achievement, and convince every citizen of the United States that he is living in the day of the real things. No one can look upon the great work being carried to completion on the Isthmus, without having his thoughts deflected from the trivial national squabbles, that suggest small family bickerings at a breakfast table. The mind of the nation is being more and more fixed on the high achievements of engineering, sanitation and settlement which are being carried out on the Zone, and are already an object lesson to the whole world. The pictorial pages of the National for May and June graphically relate a story which no pen could adequately describe. The pictures are a veritable album of American achievement.



CONDUIT INSTALLATION, GATUN GENERATING STATION—READY FOR POURING OF CONCRETE FLOOR

BUILT FOR THE CENTURIES—GATUN DAM

COLD STORAGE PLANT AT COLON, WHERE EVERY EATABLE KNOWN TO MAN SEEMS TO BE STORED

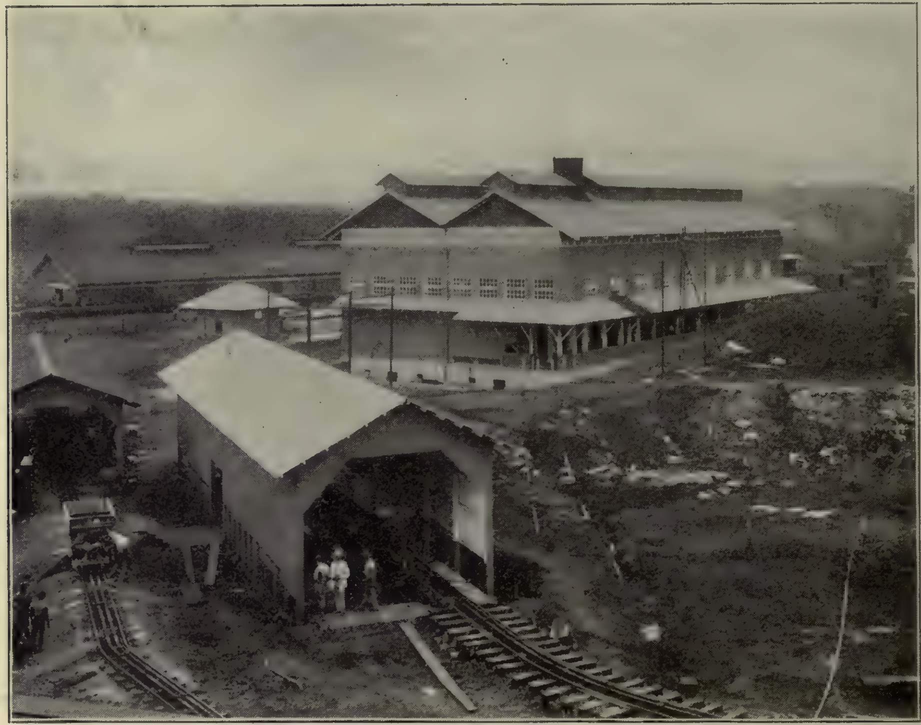
TERRACE ON TERRACE, ROADWAY ON ROADWAY, THE SHOVELS EAT INTO GOLD HILL

READING ROOM AT THE Y. M. C. A.

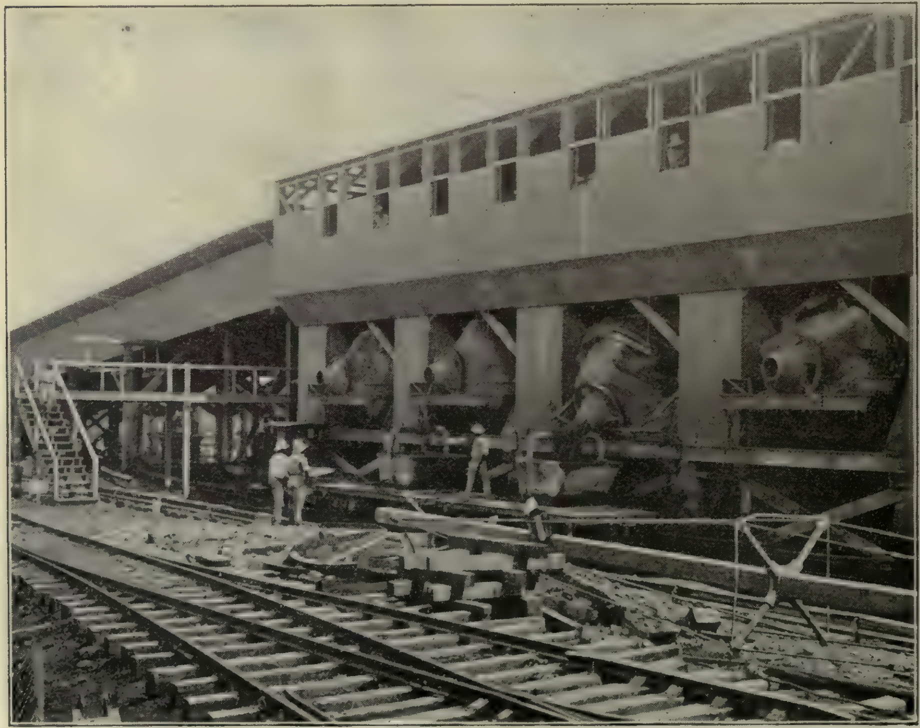
CULEBRA STATION, ON THE PANAMA RAILROAD

THE "MOTHER COURT" AT EMPIRE, A HOSPITABLE LODGE OF THE ISTHMIAN KANGAROOS

THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT EMPIRE WHICH CROSSES THE CULEBRA CUT A FAVORITE RENDEZVOUS



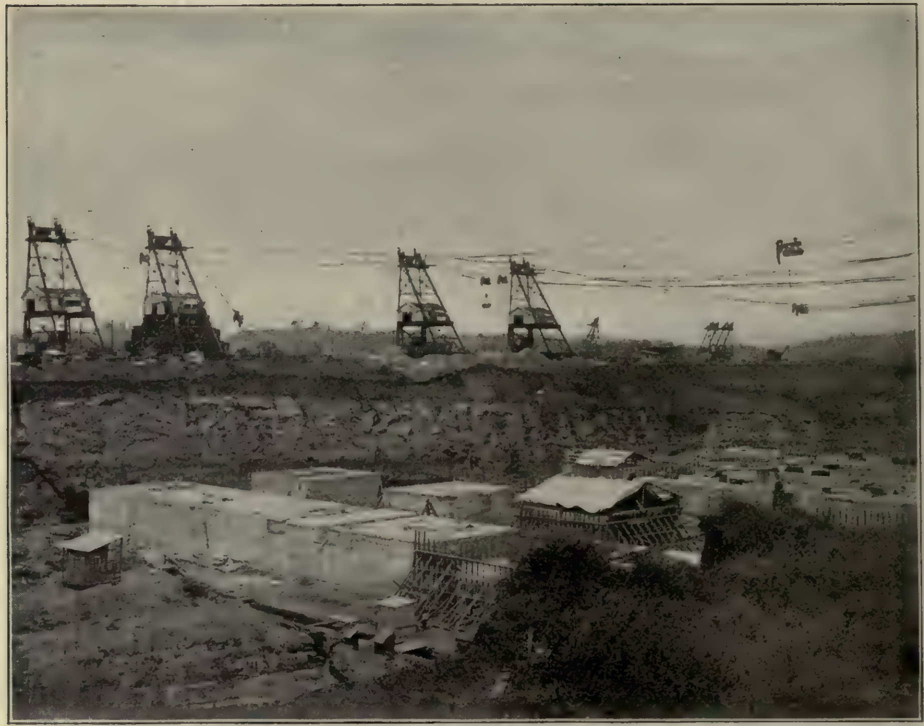
THIRD RAIL ELECTRIC SUBWAY IN CONNECTION WITH GATUN CEMENT MIXERS



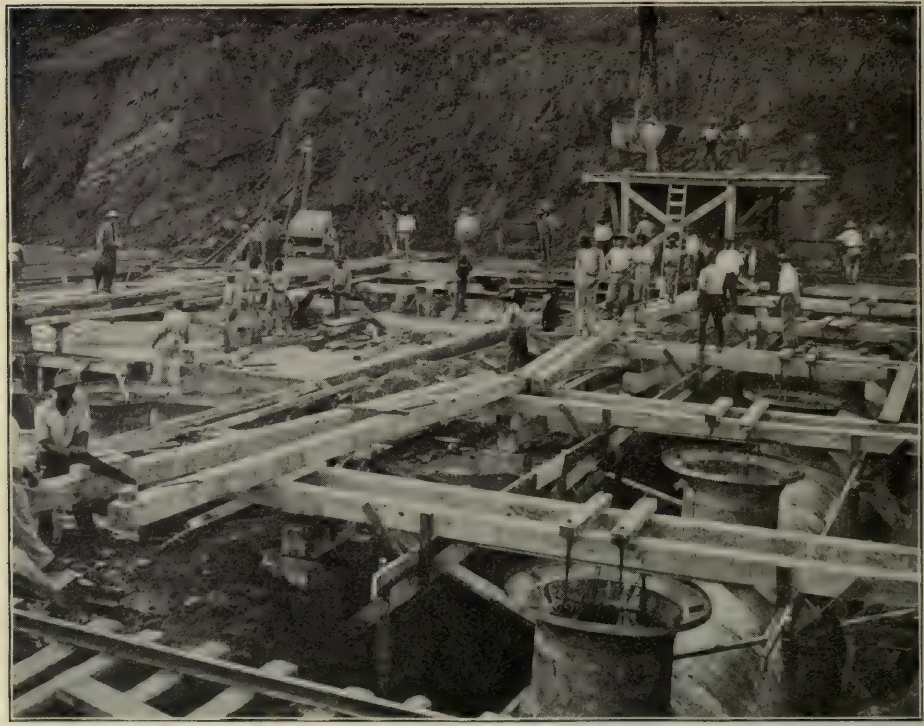
THE GIANT CONCRETE MIXERS. ONE IS TIPPING UP TO LOAD A CAR-BUCKET

WHERE THE LOCK WALLS BEGIN TO RISE

A VISTA OF VERY "WET DIGGINGS," WHERE EVERYTHING IS AFLOAT



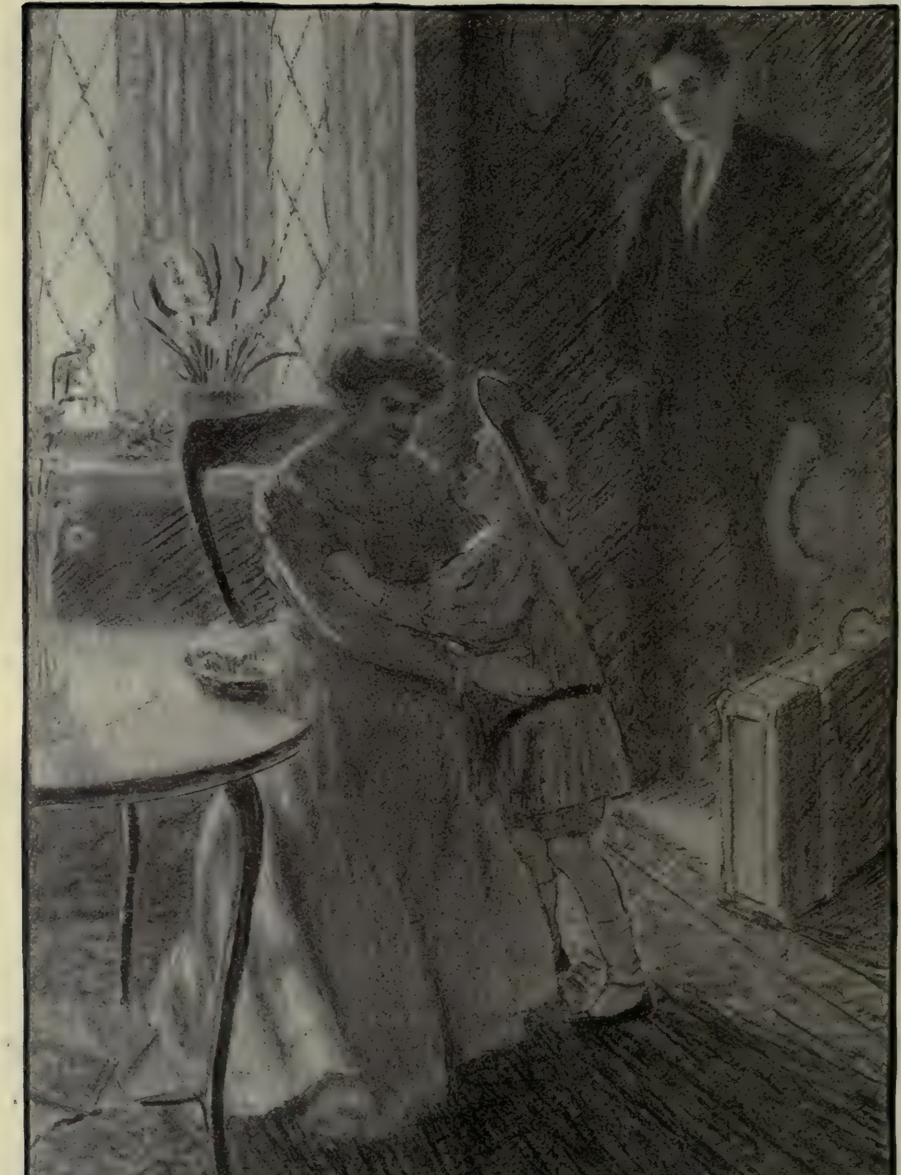
WIRE TRANSPORTATION FOR BUCKETS OF CEMENT, CROSSING THE GATUN LOCK SITES



CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION AT GATUN, WHERE WATER WILL COME IN FROM BOTTOM TO LIFT THE VESSELS

THE HEAVY SLIDE AT CUCARACHA, WHICH ARRIVES PUNCTUALLY EVERY YEAR

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CULEBRA CUT, THROUGH WHICH A TUNNEL IS EXCAVATED EVERY MONTH


Blanche Cole Grant

"Dorinda had her arms around the baby and was clasping him so tightly that it almost hurt him"

The Hand of Providence

by Miriam Sheffey

Illustrated by
Blanche Chloe Grant

THE Lorimers had been married for fifteen years, and no child had come to make glad their hearts and home.

During the early years of their married life they not only longed for children but expected them, and openly rebelled against their barren condition. As time passed on, however, and their hopes still failed of realization, they sank into a patient and pathetic silence, speaking no more even to each other of their little son—that tardy little son who was always coming yet never came. But, though their lips were sealed, the yearning and disappointment locked in those lonely hearts was known to all the small suburban world. There was a hungry look in Nathan's eyes and a tearless wistfulness in Dorinda's which were easy of interpretation. Nathan felt no resentment toward his wife on account of her dereliction. On the contrary, his love for her seemed to grow and strengthen with the passing of the desolated years. Their very childlessness drew the twain nearer and nearer together so that after a decade and a half of mingled shadow and sunshine they were still young lovers.

Nathan's fondness for children was proverbial. In his youth he had driven his poor mother well-nigh distracted by filling the house to overflowing with borrowed babies, turning the neatly kept lawn into a public playground, and giving every ragged urchin in the neighborhood a free ticket to the apple orchard. Even at that tender age he had dreamed dreams and seen visions of a future domesticity in which sweet Dorinda Deere and a blue-eyed baby figured prominently.

After his marriage Nathan ceased to borrow the babies of the community. He found them entirely too unsatisfying. Their presence in the house had an irritating effect upon him, causing him to realize all the nore fully the cruel injustice of his lot. Without children there was no incentive to ambition, nothing to plan for, nothing to live for, nothing to strive for. He did not ask to be a patriarch. One son, only one little blue-eyed boy—this was all he craved or needed or demanded.

On the eve of the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding Nathan and Dorinda were sitting together before their bedroom fire with sad eyes fixed upon the flames. They often sat this way on rainy evenings when visitors were unlikely to intrude upon them. It was springtime, but as there was a distinct chill in the air the glow of the open fire was very comforting. Outside the April rain fell softly on the young grass and budding lilacs. The room was sweet with the odor of April blossoms gathered that morning in Dorinda's famous garden.

Dorinda occupied a low rocker close to Nathan's chair. Her hand was clasped in his, her soft cheek lay against his knee. Her childish face looked wan and pale in the flickering light—not wan with physical sickness but with gnawing heart-hunger and secret sorrow. Her eyes, which matched the violets upon her bosom, were bright with unshed tears.

In her lap lay a letter she had received that day and which she had just read aloud to Nathan. It was from Mildred Challoner, a young cousin of hers who had married eighteen months before and was writing now to invite them to her baby's christening.

"Oh, he is such a splendid, *splendid* boy, Dorinda!" Mildred wrote with all a young mother's enthusiasm. "The very image of his father! We are going to call him Robert Nathan, after your husband and mine, dear!"

Nathan and Dorinda were not talking much tonight. They loved each other so dearly that continuous conversation was never a necessity. Besides, their hearts were unusually sad just now, unusually stormy and resentful. Every sentence in Mildred's happy letter was like a knife-thrust. It really seemed as if she might have written less exuberantly.

Suddenly Dorinda's eyes brimmed over and two big shining drops fell upon the letter in her lap. She hid her face on Nathan's hand and sobbed wildly, hysterically, unrestrainedly. It did not occur to Nathan to utter reproaches or remonstrances. There was a suspicious glisten in his own eyes, a fierce battle raging in his own rebellious breast. He smoothed Dorinda's hair with his free hand and waited patiently for the passing of the storm. Dorinda seldom yielded to tears, but when she did the outburst was tempestuous and prolonged.

When she grew quiet finally and Nathan's hand had wiped away her tears, they proceeded to discuss with energy the most cherished desire of their united hearts, a subject which for so long had been studiously avoided. The clock struck ten, eleven, twelve. The cheery fire died a reluctant death. The rain ceased and a pallid moon peeped through the parted curtains. Still Nathan and Dorinda talked and argued. At one o'clock Dorinda crept into the big chair where Nathan sat and laid her head in the dear hollow of his shoulder. When the dawn came they were still sitting in the great old chair talking more eagerly than ever, and laughing, too—a foolish, happy, irrelevant laughter which they scarcely understood themselves.

Down in the city at Nathan's law office his junior partner and pretty stenographer showed no surprise at the failure of the senior to appear that morning. Every employee in the establishment knew that this was Mr. Lorimer's wedding anniversary. It was as sacred as the Sabbath, and no business matter was sufficiently important to interfere with its observance. Nathan and Dorinda had made it a practice to spend this hallowed holiday in a neighboring town with Dorinda's white-haired, beautiful old mother, but today the gentle lady watched for them in vain. At dinner time she received a belated telegram announcing that her children had gone holiday-making in another direction, and would write an explanation later.

When the Lorimers boarded the early train that morning they were like a bride and groom starting out upon their wedding journey. Dorinda was a little thing, as fresh and fair today as a newly opened flower. Her tailor-made suit of soft dove-color and her pale-grey hat, gloves and boots, all purchased especially for this anniversary, were admirably suited to her girlish figure and the pastel tints of her hair, eyes and complexion. An unfamiliar sparkle and brightness in her manner and appearance seemed to have usurped the place of the old sad wistfulness. As they rode along through the spring sunshine, Nathan laid his hand over her gloved fingers and looked at her so worshippingly that she flushed like a schoolgirl.

Nathan had opposed so bitterly the move which they were about to make. They had spent the entire night threshing out this problem of adoption. How fiercely, how determinedly she had fought to win the victory! He was afraid he had acted unwisely in yielding even conditionally to her importunities. However, this girlish happiness and beauty were so alluring that he felt repaid for his concessions.

When they alighted from the train at Lancaster, Nathan called a cab, and they drove directly to the orphan asylum, which was located on the outskirts of the town. Evidently the whole institution was taking a springtime holiday. The old-fashioned yard was filled with children who romped and played over the soft grass. Some of the more sober-minded ones were working in the flower-borders or raking off the dead leaves and other *debris* of wintertime. Even the young teachers, with sunbonnets covering their heads and big aprons over their dresses, had come out to take a part in this general spring-cleaning. There were white-capped nurses here, there, everywhere, leading or carrying their helpless charges, and over yonder half a dozen pale-faced little invalids were coming from the infirmary to get a breath of April sweetness and a flash of sunshine.

Nathan and Dorinda left their cab at the gate and walked up the violet-bordered pathway. Dorinda was flushed and tremulous with excitement and expectancy. At the sight of this troop of orphaned little ones her mother love rose to fever heat. As for Nathan his heart throbbed with bitterness, and the old sense of injustice crushed down upon him like a weight. Why was the world filled with homeless babies when a few miles away that sad old house, the seat of his forefathers, stood cold and empty? Why—

His reflections were interrupted by a sudden joyous cry from Dorinda.

"O Nathan, Nathan! Look at him! *Look* at him! The beautiful boy! He shall be our son, Nathan, our little, little son! We shall ask no questions, but just take him as he is. What do we care who his father and mother were? He is our baby, now!"

A sturdy little figure was standing on the veranda with his cap pushed back from his forehead and his arms akimbo. His hair gleamed in the April sunlight. His eyes were violet-blue like Dorinda's own. He looked half-shy, half-brave, wholly sweet and lovable. He was clad in his Sunday best, for one of the teachers had just brought him back from town where she had had his picture taken at her own expense.

Dorinda ran lightly up the flight, and sitting upon the topmost step, drew the child toward her and kissed him gently.

"Little son," she said, "you look as if you are watching and waiting for the coming of some one whom you love. Don't you know me, sweetheart? Don't you know your little mother?"

The child put up his hand and patted her peach-blossom cheek. Then he threw his arms around her neck and kissed her rapturously.

"My muvver!" he cried. "My pretty, pretty muvver! Oh, I'm so glad, so *glad* you've tum!"

Nathan left them out there making love to each other in the sunshine while he went on into the office to consult the superintendent. Nathan's own heart yearned paternally over the handsome boy, who had just called him "Farver," and had held up his lips so very confidingly. Yet the other side of Nathan's nature, the practical side, protested against the adoption of this alien blood. The risk and responsibility of such a step were heavier than he cared to shoulder. Dorinda, foolish Dorinda, was in too great a state of exaltation to view the matter sensibly. She was so practical in other things, but in this one instance she had allowed her heart to run quite away with her head. After their prolonged argument of the preceding night Nathan had granted her reluctantly the privilege of taking one of the orphans from the Asylum on probation. He would not allow her to adopt it legally until they had tested the experiment and studied the problem in its every phase. She had laughed so happily when this grudging consent was wrung from him. He, too, had laughed, though he knew not why.

Nathan's interview with the superintendent was altogether satisfactory and delightful. The superintendent, vigorous divine of seventy-five, had given his life to the rescue of orphaned children. Though anxious to place his charges in suitable homes, he thoroughly respected the scruples of level-headed men like Nathan Lorimer, and seldom attempted to influence them against their better judgment.

"However, I think you need fear nothing in this case, Mr. Lorimer," he said, going to his cabinet and taking down a book of records. "There was no irregularity about little Donald's birth. His name—"

"My wife and I prefer to know nothing whatever about his origin or his past," Nathan hastily interposed. "If we decide to adopt him we shall give him the family name and rear him as our own son. We shall wish him to believe always as he seems to believe at present that we are his natural parents. In all probability

I shall return the boy at the end of his probationary period."

The superintendent replaced the record book in the cabinet and smiled inscrutably.

"Very well, Mr. Lorimer," he said. "That lies entirely with you, sir. Little Donald will find a warm welcome awaiting him whenever you see fit to return him. He is the pet of the institution. Ah, Mr. Lorimer, it would be very hard for us to give him up, sir! In all my years of work among these unfortunates I have made it a rule to show no partiality, but Donald has a way with him, Mr. Lorimer. He creeps into the heart so gently, so imperceptibly that one scarcely realizes it. You will find it very difficult to part with him after a month's acquaintance, sir!"

Late in the afternoon, the cabman returned according to instructions, and the Lorimers, with Donald stepping proudly between them, walked once more along the violet-bordered pathway. The janitor preceded them, carrying a box containing the few articles of wearing apparel belonging to the child. Following the Lorimers came a dejected and heterogeneous procession composed of nearly all the officials, inmates and employees of the institution. More than one pair of eyes was wet with tears, and the dark-haired teacher who had had the boy's picture taken in Lancaster that morning sobbed uncontrollably. Little Donald was indeed a favorite.

When Nathan and Dorinda reached home in the purple twilight everything was in readiness for the reception of the child. Old Aunt Bella, the dusky culinary queen, who held royal sway over Nathan and Dorinda, had been carefully instructed in the early morning, and had brought down from the dust and cobwebs of the garret the little bed, dining-chair and rocker which had been Nathan's in his babyhood. There were some battered toys and dilapidated picture-books lying in a corner of Dorinda's bedroom.

Aunt Bella, with characteristic impulsiveness, swept the boy to her ample breast.

"Lawd, chillun, ef I ain' glad tuh see dis day!" she cried, rocking him back and forth in her motherly arms.

Oh, the tea-table with covers laid for *three*. At the most important place there were a silver cup, knife, fork and spoon, a wonderful plate with gorgeous chickens painted on it, and a threadbare bib adorned with apples outlined in turkey-red. These were all relics of Nathan's childhood.

After the meal, Nathan led the boy into the glorified bedroom, and Dorinda undressed him before the fire, which Uncle Isham, Aunt Bella's better half, had lighted on the hearth. Nathan did not take an active part in these bedtime ceremonies, and yet he experienced no feeling of jealousy or aloofness. Dorinda's radiant smiles included him as a matter of course, and more than once Donny ran to him and climbed upon his knee, crying ecstatically:

"Farver! My farver! I love you, I love you! I love you!"

When the child had said his prayers at Dorinda's knee, she took him on her lap and rocked him to sleep in the good old way without regard to modern and scientific methods. Nathan watched her adoringly as she swayed there in the glow of the fire with the child's head on her breast, a soft melody in her throat, and that strange mother-radiance on her uplifted face. There was a wonderful peace in Nathan's heart, a wonderful light in his contented eyes. Everything now seemed so sweet, so right, so natural!

Little Donald's presence wrought a marvellous transformation in the Lorimer home. Dorinda felt no shrinking from those humble services against which so many mothers rebel. To bathe and dress this joyous baby, keep his sun-kissed hair in order, plan his meals, make his new clothes and mend his old ones, tie his shoestrings, darn his stockings,—all these to her were but labors of love. She had been so lonely before he came and life had seemed so purposeless. Now, from the early morning when a little hand fell like a roseleaf upon her eyes and waked her, every moment of the day was full of interest and joy. The child flitted laughingly from room to room, filling every corner of the dim old mansion with sunshine. He followed Dorinda over the lawn and gardens, gathering hyacinths and lilies-of-the-valley, romping with

Nathan's collie, and incidentally making friends with all the passers-by. He paid hourly visits to the cabin in the back yard where Aunt Bella and Uncle Isham lived. He fed the chickens in the poultry lot till the poor things were ready to burst, chased the pony around the paddock and superintended Uncle Isham every morning and evening when he milked the Jersey. On rainy days he looked at picture-books, or played with the new toys Nathan had bought for him, and the old ones from the garret. Toward tea time, on pleasant afternoons, Dorinda dressed him in a fresh white linen suit and took him to the station to meet his "Farver," that fine new father who was growing younger, handsomer and happier every day. Nearly all the pedestrians they encountered took time to stop and welcome the "blue-eyed kiddie" who was living with the Lorimers, and at the station he was invariably the center of a coterie of admirers. Letters of congratulation poured in from every direction, gifts came for Donny by both mail and express, and the neighboring suburbanites called *en masse* to pay their respects to "Dorinda's baby." People seemed to take for granted that Donny was permanently established.

Nathan and Dorinda took him to spend a Sunday with Dorinda's mother, who was enchanted when he kissed her voluntarily and called her "Dran'ma" in the most natural manner imaginable.

"Don't tell the other girls, Dorinda," said the old lady proudly, "but I really believe he is the handsomest grandchild I have!"

Nathan and Dorinda talked a great deal now when Donny lay sleeping in his little bed. They talked of all that they would do for him if they decided to adopt him—how he should have this, that and the other thing—a new cart and a more trustworthy pony than the one they owned at present, an electric railway, a sled for next winter's snows, Christmas trees, Easter egg hunts and Valentine celebrations—how when he grew older, they would sacrifice themselves to give him the best that life could furnish in the way of travel and other advantages—how he should be trained as Nathan had been trained before him, to fix his mind only on those things which are pure and true and honest and of good report—how he should be educated either at Yale or Harvard, and finally be taken as a partner into his father's firm.

When tea was over one bright May evening, Nathan and Dorinda were sitting together on their front veranda. Dorinda, dressed in purest white, was in her old attitude at her husband's feet with her cheek against his knee. She looked so satisfied, but Nathan seemed sad and absent-minded. Dorinda, thinking he was perplexed over business matters, pretended not to notice his dejection.

Out yonder little Donald, guarded benevolently by the collie, was gathering blossoms in the narcissus border. Presently he came across the lawn with his hands full of the fragrant flowers and the sunset light on his happy little face. The dog walked alongside, wagging his tail and barking in an understanding manner when the child talked to him. Donny came up the steps and laid the blossoms on Dorinda's lap. Then, with the dog bounding after him, he flashed away again to pluck a lily-of-the-valley to put in "Farver's" buttonhole.

"Poor little beggar!" said Nathan. "I wish I could see my way clear to keep him, but I cannot make up my mind to it, somehow. It's too risky. Do you think you could pack his box tonight, Dorinda?"

The face Dorinda lifted to him was as white as the dress she wore.

"Nathan! O Nathan!" she cried.

Nathan's eyes were almost stern, almost forbidding. The sorrow and reproach in Dorinda's voice stabbed him like a knife.

"His time is out tomorrow, dear," he said with gentle firmness. "I have written Dr. Whalen to expect us in the morning."

Dorinda felt no anger toward her husband. He was so safe, so sane, and always acted for the best. It was rare that he made a mistake of any kind. She knew full well that it had torn his own heart-strings to come to this decision. She sat there dumbly, making no effort at argument and thinking that this agony might kill her. It was useless to argue with Nathan when he looked and spoke as he was doing now.

By and by they called the little boy and went indoors, leaving the dog outside to bark weirdly at the Maytime moon.

After a sleepless night, the Lorimers sat down to breakfast as usual, but neither Nathan nor Dorinda could eat. Only Donny seemed to enjoy the viands which Aunt Bella had prepared. Even the two old darkies dreaded the separation. Uncle Isham brushed his hand across his eyes more than once as he served the tempting dishes, and out in the lonely kitchen Aunt Bella was weeping audibly.

Donny was delighted at the idea of going to the Asylum to spend a day with his whilom friends. He thought the plan was for him to return at night just as he had done from "Dran'ma's" after that beautiful Sunday in her home. Nathan and Dorinda did not have the heart to undeceive him. He wondered why Aunt Bella and Uncle Isham were crying, when he ran out to the kitchen to tell them good-bye, but he was too excited to wait for an explanation. He kissed Dorinda on the lips and cheeks and eyes, promising to come back before dark, and "keep care" of her all night. Then he put his hand in Nathan's and they went out together.

Dorinda did not cry. Her anguish was too deep for tears. She gathered up the toys and picture-books and put them out of sight. By and by she would call Aunt Bella and Uncle Isham to take the baby chairs and bed back to their old haunts in the garret. Before calling them, however, she laid her head in the hollow where *his* little head had rested all the night before. She hid her face in her hands, trying not to think, trying not to breathe the perfume of the narcissus blooms he had brought to her at sunset yesterday. They were in a vase there on the center table, and their fragrance filled the house. Could she go back to the old apathetic life? Could she face it? Ah, well! She thanked a gracious God for that one short month of Heaven. She could keep the memory of it in her heart forever.

She did not know that the collie was barking joyously outside, that there were quick footsteps on the porch and in the entrance hall. She heard nothing, noticed nothing until the little well-remembered hand drew her tense fingers from her face and fell like a roseleaf on her eyelids.

"Wake up, muvver! Wake up!" Donny cried. "We've tum back! De train was dawn away!"

Nathan stood in the doorway, blushing radiantly, laughing boyishly.

"The little beggar's right, Dorinda! The train was very obliging and pulled out just as we reached the station. 'I can't get away to Lancaster today! My WIFE won't let me!' " he sang at the top of a fine tenor voice now glorious with joy.

Dorinda had her arms around the baby and was clasping him so tightly that it almost hurt him. The roseleaf hand busily brushed away her tears, those tears of gladness which had risen so swiftly to her eyes.

"O Nathan, dear!" she whispered tremulously. "Don't you see what it means? Don't you see now that we must keep him! It was the Hand of Providence!"

There was a mischievous twinkle in Nathan's eyes, a telltale chuckle in his throat.

"Was it Providence, I wonder?" he said softly. "It may have been. Providence generally has a say so in these matters. But my heart failed me when I left you, and we walked *mighty* slowly, dear!"

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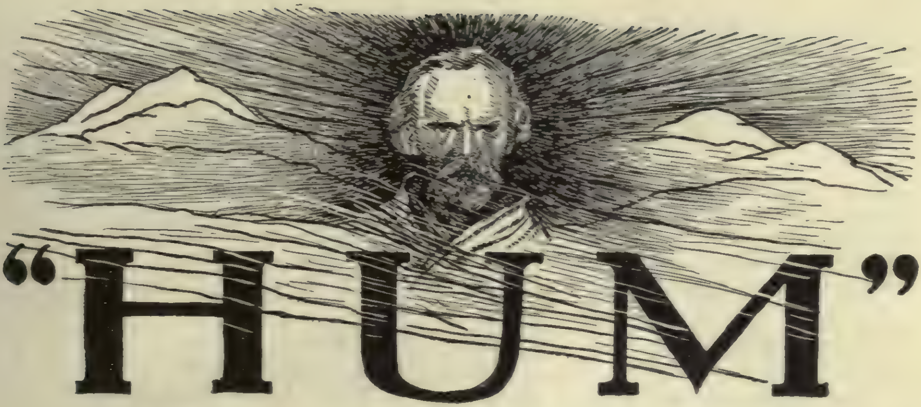

"HUM"

A SERIAL

By FRANK HATFIELD

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CHAPTER XVIII

BETROTHALS in Zoeia lasted one year. Neither hasty nuptials nor protracted courtships were approved of by these wise people. Hence, the date when my comrade and I would be central figures in an unusual scene was not far away.

Our time was divided between Bacca, Hokenda and Huan, with occasional trips through the country. Tom worked with Soratiya; in company with Audofa I taught English to apt pupils at the College. Our headquarters were at Bacca. Usually, we could be found at Bestofall, teaching our language to two ardent, affectionate women who loved us with singleness of heart. Tom often said: "It is a joy to talk to the girls in our native tongue; for one can say so many nice things difficult to twist into shape with a foreign dialect." I found it so.

Not infrequently, the "four-in-hand"—as Tom named our party—visited those attractive places, between Bacca and Hokenda, before referred to, or crossed the threshold of Elida's lovely home. It was mostly moonlight, music and flowers. A waking dream of romance.

And brave Moto? He had received special mark of esteem from the College, and gloried in a diamond ornament designed by Zenia.

Many interesting incidents were woven into the warp of our lives. Beoteen again invited us to the observatory. On this occasion the telescope swung into place with Mars in the field. I was astonished to see Schiaparelli's lines resolved into distinct valleys between numerous mountain ranges; and when Saturn came into view, I saw four rings and easily counted ten moons. I mentioned the number to Beoteen. "There are twelve," he said, "two of them very small." Clearer still were the nine moons of Jupiter.

In answer to Tom's question as to whether Saturn's rings were solid, fluidic or gaseous, he replied: "Tooma, when one is separated from a world by an interval of not less than seven hundred millions of miles, it is impossible to ascertain the exact physical conditions. We must think of that to which the term matter is applied, as being quite different from what it is commonly supposed to be. Our earth ideas do not fit well in so remote a region."

I asked him if he thought the planet was inhabited by intelligent beings. "Assuredly," he said. "Can we conceive that our Maker would create so magnificent an abode and leave it desolate? Kesua taught us that all worlds were, or would become, the abode of the Father's great family in different stages of advancement toward the perfect whole."

Then he showed us nebulæ, not mentioned in our books, and the beautiful twin stars. Gentle, courteous Beoteen—he strove in every way to make our evening a pleasant one.

"If I were a woman, I should be head over heels in love with that man," declared Tom after we left.

"I do not wonder," said Fulma.

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Zenia.

* * *

Fragrant is the memory of an hour—one of many—spent with the Madu Rea. After cake and wine, both enriched by her delightful courtesy—she drew Fulma to her.

"My daughter, Oron has told me of your happiness," she said gently. "You have chosen wisely, my child Your union will be blessed. The little foreign flower that so long gladdened us will bloom yet more abundantly. You will go from us and come in contact with scenes and people with whom you have had no experience. In the lower life you will be tossed on a sea of disturbing impulses. We stand on a ball of clay in limitless space, my daughter. With the Father's call there comes a change whereby we drop the garment of humanity, wherewith we have been bound, and pass to new associations. We are plants in one of the King's gardens. If we mature here, the veil which has infolded us becomes so tenuous it can no longer hold captive the god essence. Then we are transplanted into richer vineyards. If we do not mature, we pass to conditions more favorable for our development. There are, my child, singular earth influences that tend to render the human garment a restraint to the unfolding of the spiritual flower within. The conditions among which you will go are of this kind. Guard well your spiritual self, your true self, dear one. Your betrothed knows whereof I speak."

"Yes, Madu," I assented, "but hitherto, not clearly as I do now."

"Feanka, my son, you loved our little daughter when first you saw her face, far from the Zoeian shores. Does she know?"

"Not yet, Madu," I answered, astonished. "Has Audofa told you?"

"No, my son, there was no need."

"Ah, Madu dear," cried Fulma, "of what do you speak?"

"Come here, daughter mine, and you, too, Feanka. I will tell you something."

Our eager eyes grew more intense as the Madu rehearsed every detail of the scene in the saloon of the Mohegan. Fulma was overawed. I was about to speak, when the Madu went on: "There is more I must tell you," she said; "something that has not passed my lips for as many years as you are old, my sweet child. Not even to dear Oron, nor the Paerdo. I have not deemed it wise; but now—"

"Ah! what is it?" besought Fulma.

"Little daughter, from the hour of your birth, I have known all the events in your life."

I was speechless. In whose presence did I stand.

"What, Madu?" cried Fulma, clinging to her neck, "you knew that Padu—Termal—?"

"Yes, daughter, all. To bring you here required almost superhuman effort; he contended with forces seen and unseen; he denied himself food that your yearning moans might be stayed."

"Ah, poor Padu," sighed Fulma.

"Not so, dear," the Madu exclaimed, her face shining. "The night is gone; the day star, Razdon, is on high; the Chieftain has come for his bride. See, see, dear ones—" (her voice sounded far away) "the smile—of the Divine—infolds—you." A strange, luminous cloud was where the Madu had been. A moment only—she again was a living personality. I controlled my emotions sufficiently to speak—not of what had happened; that was too sacred, but—concerning what she had previously told us.

"Madu," I said, "with this wonderful attainment, you might know of other countries and people."

"True, my children, one needs only a sympathetic mind to see these pictures at will. I seldom use the gift. My thoughts are mostly engaged with the spiritual advancement of my race. Many of our people possess this faculty. They all possess it potentially."

"Has Zenia this talent?" Fulma asked.

"In slight degree as yet, my daughter."

"And Termal?"

"Yes, in a way, but dimly. Termal is strongly earth-bound; a man of wonderful vitality and energy; a good man, withal."

"And Oron?" I asked.

"To a high degree, doubtless, my son; but dear Oron's mind is ever active with the affairs of our nation, and seldom leaves the terrestrial plane. Audofa is richly endowed, though not a pure Zoeian; otherwise, he would not have received the picture in the cabin of the ship."

"But we saw only the picture," I said. "We did not see Audofa."

"It is this way, my son. You lost his personality, so to speak, and saw only the image present in his mind. Sometime, may be, I will illustrate this to you."

The hour chimed. Fulma rose and kissed the Madu fervently.

As I took her hand I said: "Dear Madu, grant me the same privilege."

"Willingly, Feanka," she said, offering her cheek. "It is the expression of love."

* * *

At the restafa I found my comrade somewhat depressed. In reply to my question as to what had happened he said: "Oh, it is about Zene. There is something queer with the girl."

"Not loving and demonstrative?"

"Well—more so than I supposed any woman could be, and I've seen three or four."

"Yes, Don Selby, I have heard of your conquests."

"Ah! have you? Well, there's one thing flat; you never heard of any wrecks."

"Never, old friend—to your honor be it said. But go on."

"Well—when we are together, and that's pretty often, I have to—sort of reach up. Somehow or other, she seems above my level. Of course, it's only an impression, but it has come to stay. And then she said something today that made my hair rise. We were in the Clematis Bower, talking. Zene suddenly stopped and looked at me. 'Tooma,' she said, 'at times, the picture of a woman with gray hair, and eyes like yours, is close to you. It is there now.' I jumped up and kissed her. 'Why, Tooma!' she exclaimed, 'I think I have been dreaming.' Then we squared accounts. What do you think of that?"

"Well, it is strange," I admitted, "but I wouldn't dwell on it, or allow it to trouble me. Oron wishes to see us tonight. I presume it is about our wedding. Think of it, Tom, one more week and then—"

"Comes the Grand International Sweepstakes!" he assisted. "The girls are just hustling, Fean. Fulma appears a bit rattled, but Zenia is as composed as a young widow at her old man's funeral. Well—I have no objection to offer."

"Are you ready for the event, old schoolmate?"

"Surely—all squared up—balance sheet closed."

"What is the showing?"

"Fine! The past year has been a record breaker. Surplus account greatly increased."

"By the way, my chum, Loredo informs me that Paerdo will see us tomorrow."

"Paerdo? Well—that means soberness for me."

* * *

The senior member of the College was a man of commanding presence, with large, deep, piercing eyes; a high brow where parted, in graceful waves, his luxuriant gray hair; a full flexible mouth, and a chin that indicated firmness. Nothing to suggest a self-immolated recluse. Obviously, a man who enjoyed the companionship of his peers, the researches of his co-workers; but, above all, the profound metaphysical science that had absorbed his thoughts for more than a hundred years.

As I looked at him, I could not realize his age. Youthful fire, manly vigor, and the graces that cultivation, select association, pure thought and self-mastery bring to the middle-aged, were emphasized in his striking and intensely attractive personality.

"It gives me pleasure to welcome you, my brothers," he said, offering both hands. "Your coming marks an era in our history; it will have far-reaching effect among other races. We have known of the existence of people in the lower world. Our hypothesis concerning them has been singularly confirmed by our brother, Audofa. By reason of our isolation, we have been restrained from giving them of our abundance; but our Sovereign Lord has opened our gates, sealed by His hand for thousands of years. The union of our daughter with a fitting representative of the English-speaking race is the initial point from which our gifts may be disseminated. Our foster-child, though not a Zoeian by descent, and thus peculiarly endowed, has, by long sojourn with us, become imbued with our thought and moulded by our customs and teachings. She, too, will worthily represent us, and, in association with him whom she has chosen, will become the progenitor of a noble people."

I listened to him in wonder. He spoke with the enthusiasm of vigorous manhood. And he was a contemporary of the Madu Rea!

"My sons," he said, "Oron has told you of our country; whereof shall I speak?"

"We come to you as children seeking light," I said.

"On what subjects, my son?"

"We would know of the Father. Our records are incomplete and difficult to interpret. Who, and what, is He? Where does He dwell? What is His relation to His creatures?"

"You seek profound wisdom," he said, his face aglow; "you ask what may not be quickly told. However, we will discourse for a while, and again, take up the theme. Come, sit on either side of me and give me your hands."

As my palm touched his, I felt a slight, pleasing thrill—then, a sense of tranquility—a fading of self.

"The Father," he said, "is the one divine principle in the universe. The supreme embodiment of power, and wisdom, and love. All that we know of through our senses are manifestations of this omnipresent energy. But I must tell you that these manifestations, as they appear to us, have no real existence beyond our consciousness. We are now looking at something on yonder table which we call a glass of water. We all see it, because consciousness, in each, is in the same state. Let it change, ever so little, in either one of us, and the object, to him, no longer exists. Something else has taken its place. (I recalled our strange experience in Huan, and other similar ones.) Hence, my sons, when you think of conditions you have witnessed—and again, may witness—which were at variance with your concept of the divine attributes, you must ponder upon what I have told you; and endeavor to realize that nothing but purity and holiness can be associated with the Father; and that, He being all powerful, there can be no opposing force. We know not why these fantastic images have come into the minds of other men. Do you understand me, my sons?"

"Sufficiently well, father, to cause me to be troubled," said Tom.

"In what way?" the Paerdo asked.

"Why—I might at any moment cease to be conscious of—of Zenia."

"It is true, Tooma," Paerdo smiled, "but our waking consciousness rarely changes but once, on the earth plane."

"Thanks, father! Your words are comforting, and very sustaining."

"It is difficult for me to trace the relation between the Divinity and His manifestations," I said.

"Undoubtedly, Feanka—conditioned by relativity as you are. The relation is a paternal one, in that we emanate from Him—as the ray from the sun, we might say—being a part of the divine essence; and, in fact, are never separate from it; though each member of the human family assumes a distinst individuality which he asserts, until—by deep devotion, profound meditation, and self-renunciation—he rises to a full recognition of his oneness with the Father.

"You have told us of the great circulatory system of water in the lower world; of an immense ocean, of mountains, of rivulets and rivers. Think of these rivulets as entities, which, after many wanderings, return to their source. So go forth the manifestations of the Father. So return they to His bosom—freighted with experiences garnered from their migrations—whence, in obedience to an immutable law inherent in himself, they again appear. They are ever united with their source; though, to you, they seem separate. Be patient, my son. In due time, the mystery of the manifestations will be revealed."

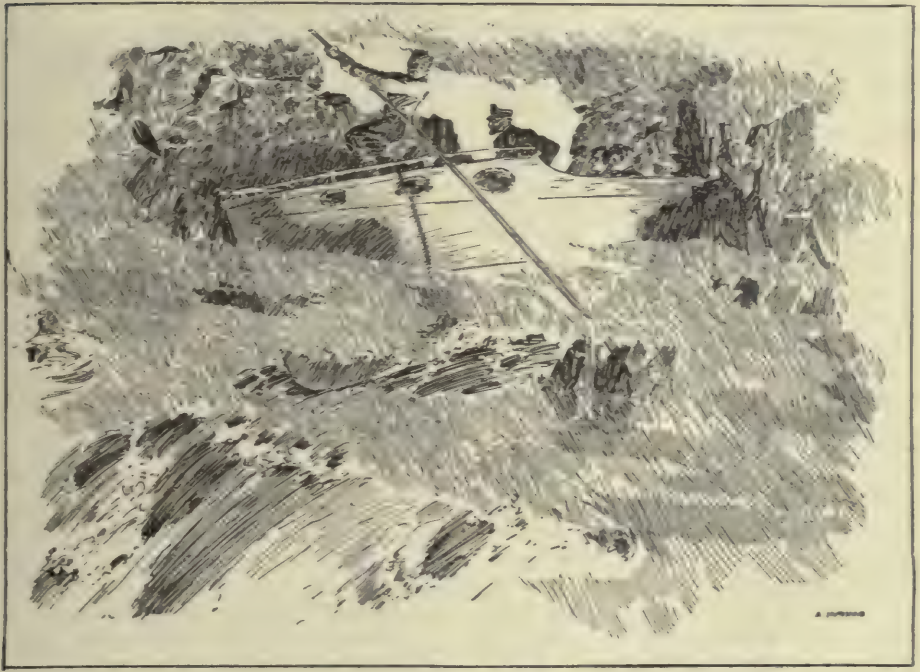
"It is beyond my depth," Tom declared. "I should drown in such fathomless waters."

The Paerdo's dark eyes rested on my comrade an instant. "I think not," he said, "Zenia will help you."

"In this beautiful land where purity and love only exist," I said, "one can easier understand such deep teaching, than in the lower world where evil and corruption seem to be present."

"With such things we have no experience," Paerdo said. "Audofa has told us of fissures in the earth's surface; of great inundating waves of water; of fire coming from the tops of mountains; of irresistible currents of air sweeping across the land; and says that their science men attribute these conditions to efforts on the part of what they call 'nature' to restore a disturbed equilibrium. My brothers and I, thus far, think that the moral states of which you speak may be local disturbances in the mental sea which pervades the universe."

"You lead us through new and fragrant pastures, father," I said; "but let us have no more of the celestial food today, lest we fail to assimilate it."



"*Strove to keep the boat near the center of the well*"

"That is wise" he said, releasing our hands. "Come to me whenever you are moved to do so, and seek frequent interviews with Madu Rea, who can expound these subjects clearly. The dear Madu," he smiled, "she walketh with her hand resting in the Father's."

"One question more, Paerdo, if I may ask it. Why did your Master, Kesua, not marry?"

He looked at us intently for a moment, then replied: "In Kesua were blended, in harmonious proportion, every masculine and feminine attribute to be found in a perfect man and woman. Hence, marriage would have disturbed the equilibrium, and changed the personality of the manifestation. Think about all I have told you, sons. Come to me when you will."

* * *

"'Think of all I have told you,'" repeated Tom, as we walked homeward. "Such wisdom is beyond my thought. How narrow is the theology to which we have listened all our life; how inadequate it has been to produce such conditions as exist here."

"True, comrade, but there is something beyond even the utterances of Paerdo. Something we do not understand. There is a great mystery about these people that eludes us."

"Do you think they know it?"

"Frankly, Tom, aside from Paerdo, the Madu, and probably Oron, I don't believe they do. They have known no other life, as we knew no other until we came here."

"Fean, what do you suppose Paerdo meant when he said that Zenia would help me? She is a 'fullhand,' but how can she aid me on such a path?"

"Dear boy, you have seen but one side of Zenia."

"True enough, Hat, I shall turn her over—in my mind. Do you know, once when your humble servant was having a comfortable chat with Mrs. Durand—not by the taffrail—she said that the girl I would love was far above me. That fits Zoe, exactly—but how did she know it?"

"As she knew some other things, I think. Mrs. Durand was too well-bred to make invidious comparisons; but she seems to have hit the mark. The madam has not engaged my thoughts much of late."

"Nor anyone else, old man, save the future Feankaena."

* * *

In dreamland I stood at the railway station in my old home and heard the engine announce its coming. One short sharp call for the brakes—and I opened my eyes to see Tom, in his bath robe, standing in my doorway, whistling and laughing.

"Gad! I thought that last blast would bring you," he shouted. "But how a man can sleep like a tortoise, within a few hours of his wedding, beats me."

"The thought is so restful," I explained.

"Oh! is it? If so, I pity you. Scott! I have been up an hour. The fact is, I am so crowded with happiness sleep had to vacate. Happy as a lord! I will lay a sovereign—who does that remind you of, Fean? Jove! I would give five yellow boys to have Sam Mathers with us today. I reckon you wouldn't mind chipping in."

"Assuredly not, dear boy; but you were saying—"

"Oh, yes—I will bet that Audofa will be the first to meet us. Why, Hat, but for the dear old fellow there wouldn't be any wedding. God bless him! Well, scatter now; we want to get down to Hokenda early. Here goes for a cold plunge!"

My comrade would have won his wager.

"Ahoy, old shipmates!" shouted Audofa, as we stepped from the car. "This is a gladsome day. Everyone is full of joy. Termal and the girls and Motoo are here. Everything is arranged. Your nuptials are to open the festival of the manifestation. The ceremony will be at the Rose Pavilion; later you are to have a reception at the lake. Do you recall our first visit to that place, Feanka?"

"Well, indeed, Audofa."

"After the repast, there are to be merry-makings and music. Then, my home will be gladdened by you and your island bride, Tooma; while Feanka and the little girl with the locket, will add joy to the hearts of Oron and his family."

"Hey, shipmate," exclaimed Tom, "it's almost as hard to breathe as it was in the rift."

"Remember the spring and the star, Tooma."

"Indeed I do. Ah! but for you, old friend."

"Not to me the glory, messmate."

"Audofa," I said, "I think we have found ourselves at last."

"Oh, yes, Feanka, the pictures no longer fade. All is bright reality. We have passed through the second birth."

All the latent enthusiasm in the Hungarian was manifested on this occasion. Someone called him.

"Fean," whispered Tom, "think of the man who came to Elgrane."

"Comrades," said Audofa, beaming, "Oron wishes you, as soon as may be."

* * *

Oron's face was that of the schoolboy when he grasps the longed-for prize. "Come here," he said, "I have something to show you." He parted the portieres just enough to disclose the room beyond. On the sofa opposite, sat the Madu Rea, richly robed, and on either side, clad in glistening white, sat Fulma and Zenia. "And now, a short sojourn in the library," he went on, "and then—the culmination of our hopes."

In the room so dear to my memory sat Loredo and Soratiya with other of the brotherhood. A few moments of social interchange, and Oron rose. "My sons," he said, "we wish to give you some mark of our esteem and affection before you wed our daughters. It is the desire of the nation that you become our adopted children. I therefore, proclaim you Zoeians of the first degree."

All rose. I nodded to Tom.

"Brothers," he said, "the honor you have conferred upon us is beyond my ability fittingly to acknowledge. The joy we felt when we passed from the shadow of death into the light of this blessed land, grows dim in the greater joy of knowing that you deem us worthy of what you have bestowed. It is our highest realization of life to be with you. It will be with profound regret that we say farewell—a regret tempered by the hope that we may return."

"Honored Brethren of the College," I followed, "We came from darkness into light. We have drawn near to that spiritual illumination so eagerly sought, so rarely attained. We have learned that the kingdom of heaven has a tangible existence on earth. We heartily thank you for all you have done for us since, weary wanderers, we fell at your gates. May we prove worthy recipients of your high regard."

"Well said, well said, my sons," approved Oron. "We are all of one accord. Now, let us join those who await us, and go to fairer scenes."

It was a picturesque group that walked to the pavilion. Oron and others from the College, in their robes of office—the stately Madu Rea, with Fulma and Zenia—Oronena and her daughters—Soratiya, our old preceptor, with Tom and me—Geando and Relso.

Music and the murmur of happy voices came to us as we drew near. A throng of delighted Zoeians had gathered to bid us welcome.

Nature had donned a special robe that bright day. No nuptial canopy was ever more beautiful than the Rose Pavilion. Even the skillful hands of the Oronena could add but little to nature's lavish adornment. From its wealth of beauty went forth a fragrant welcome to the fair women whom Oron consigned to our care for life.

"My dear children," he said, as we rose from the ceremony, "on my own behalf, and for my people, I wish you every joy of earth life, and the greater bliss beyond."

"Amen!"

I knew the voice. Turning, I grasped Audofa's hand. A clear, glad note rang out. It was Moto's.

Foremost among those who pressed close to us were the Oronena and her daughters, Elida, Retra and Termal.

"Dear ones," said Elida, "you have but crossed the threshold of happiness."

"My sisters," said the Oronena, clasping the blushing girls, "you and your chosen ones have entered into your inheritance."

"Zenia," asked Tesia, "how about the speaker now? That question is mine, dearest," she added, laughing.

"You were apt pupils, my brother Zoeians," said the genial Soratiya, "but I did not expect such progress. Some soft, sweet influence has been at work."

"Is the manifestation dim today, Feanka?" asked Loredo, archly. "May it shine in you, my Zoeian brother, as it glows, clear and steady in your beautiful wife."

"No need for the telescope, to see twin stars today, my Zenia," said Beoteen.

"Beoteen, you are just lovely!"

"Indeed, my daughter? Then I shine by reflected light. And will you now visit the moon, my Zoeian brother?" he asked of Tom.

"No, Director; my thoughts are centered on another satellite."

"A fair one, Tooma. One in which there is much to be discovered."

"Besides, I must locate that boat," added Tom.

"Ah! that boat," laughed Beoteen. "It was full of suggestions."

Termal had been a silent, but appreciative listener.

"I think it is my turn now," he said, "but I am going to keep the honey until I have you all at home. However, I must say just this—no handsomer girls ever wed braver men."

* * *

The well-arranged program was given in full. It was a superb interweaving of precious words, music, colors, happy voices, flowers and moonlight. The last fell softly on four loving earth children clustered close on the veranda of Oron's home. With rare thoughtfulness, we were left to ourselves. We had a merry dance up and down the broad floor to the music of rustling leaves and singing fountains. Tom halted, his face aglow. "Now, for the Hotel Hungaria!" he cried. "Come part way with us, old comrade and Feankaena. Come as far as the banyan tree."

With songs and jests we strolled to the old tree.

"Oh, is there a fairer heaven than this?" cried Tom.

"Do you wish for one, Tooma?" asked Zenia.

"Why, no—that is—er—unless—"

"It is within your reach," she assisted. "Well, we must say good-night."

"Yes," I assented. "And thus we part."

"But not without hope," came from Tom, waving his hand.

My little queen and I were alone in the moonlight.

"Sweetest and dearest of all possible possessions," I said, clasping her in my arms, "how would you have answered Tooma's question?"

"Oh, my heart's treasure," she murmured, as the golden waves rippled across my breast, "I don't know—I do not want any greater heaven."

Chapter XIX

Somewhere, in undiscovered realms, there may be beings more richly endowed and in closer relation to their Lord—better types, it may be, of that honor, rectitude and brotherly love so vividly portrayed, during the "Festival of the Manifestation" by these Zoeians on their sky island; when all—in their business councils, their worship and their pastimes—seemed actuated by one thought only: the welfare of the commonwealth. To me, it appears impossible!

The Festival past, Oron said to us: "Take a run up the country among the flowers and butterflies; then come back and share your happiness with us all." And so we did. For the next two weeks we roamed in the sunlight, fed on ambrosial food, and drank of the loving cup. Then we settled down to an idyllic home life, Tom and Zenia at Huan, Fulma and I at Termal's. Tom's statement that "we lived together," was near the truth; as rarely a day passed that we did not meet at one place or the other.

In the bosom of this winsome people we were lovingly cherished for seven halcyon years. It was a continuous scene of enchantment, a perpetual realization of the poet's dream. Often, as I returned from the peerless brotherhood of the college to the lips and arms of my precious Fulma, and heard Termal's glad welcome, I have stood bewildered, and asked myself, "where and with whom am I?"

The answer came years after, and on foreign shores.

As we sat at breakfast one morning, about two years after the dawn of our charmed life, I heard my name called in rapid succession.

"Oh, dear heart, it is Tooma," said Fulma.

"Well, old boy, what is it?" I asked.

"Oh, Fean, Fean, Zoesy has the loveliest wild flower you ever saw. It is so rare and fragrant, she wants you and Fulma and Termal and Motoo and—er—everybody to see it. Come at once."

"All right, dear boy," I laughed, "keep it fresh until we come."

"Why, dearest," said Fulma, "Where can they have been so early? What can they have found?"

"Sweetheart," I said, gazing into her inquiring eyes, "do you not know what he means?"

"Why, no—Oh! my darling, let us go right away."

"Go where? What's the matter?" asked Termal, coming in.

I told him.

"Oh, is it possible?" he cried, seizing the duplex *kanjoot*.

"Beoteen!"—"Yes, it is I, Termal."—"No, something better. A new star has appeared in our constellation."—"Thank you for all."—Oh! first magnitude, of course."—"Buela?"—"Certainly, excellent, but I don't know yet."—"Oh! yes, going immediately."—"So do I. The name is all right, if it only fits, will let you know. Don't expect me today."

"Let us be off at once," he said, dropping the tubes. "Motoo, my boy, take the package to the observatory and see to things. We are all going to Huan for the day. And Motoo—wait a moment outside."

I suspected why a joyous, ringing laugh came to us.

"Goodness, folks!" cried Tom, rushing to meet us. "Gypies have been here. No, not exactly gypsies, but—er—something of the sort; may be after all it was a bird, anyway, a kid was brought here, and there was considerable detail to the transaction and—"

"And how is Zenia?" demanded Termal.

"Oh, just blooming! Termal, do you know that girl is everlastingly the sweetest—why, I haven't asked you in! Well—I am rattled."

"And the flower?" I asked.

"What flower, Fean? Oh, yes, I remember. Wait 'til you see it. It's fresh now, but they said it wouldn't do to keep it in water any longer. Now, walk right this way. Manager? Why, I own the whole thing."

Thus we entered the sacred chamber, and beheld what has claimed the talent of the world's greatest artists.

* * *

If any added link were needed to bind us four together, it came in the tender plant from some other fair garden of the Lord's.

The beautiful Buela attracted many worshipers, among them the wise men, who came to pay homage.

"She is goodly," Oron would often say. "She will bring health to other nations."

Sometimes Tom would not come to Bacca for days. "You see," he explained, "the little thing requires careful nursing."

"Do you have to sit up nights?" I once asked.

"Not a night, Fean, but the flower needs water early in the morning."

Dear comrade! I might have envied him had not my own cup been full.

And so the child grew in grace and in favor with the people, and for the next three years our journey on life's delectable river was filled with the fragrance of her presence.

* * *

One day, nearly six months before the close of the fifth year of our marriage, Oron called me. "I want you and Termal to come to me tonight," he said. "Audofa, Tooma, and others will be here."

The message, though brief, filled me with an indescribable feeling. I divined its import; and the more I reflected, the sadder, more dejected, and unhappy I became.

When we were in conclave, Oron said, with a soberness I had never before seen: "My brothers, on the third day of the seventh month from now at half past the thirteenth hour, the next recession will occur. We know, only too well, what will then happen. However, it will be in accord with the divine will. There are duties incumbent on our adopted sons, and there is a mission for our College we would fain have them execute. We must meet the event cheerfully and with forethought. Hence, I have called you that we may devise ways and have time to perfect them. Termal, it was by Audofa's guidance our sons came to us; it must be by yours that they go out. The Zoeian protection must abide with them. How large is the passage at the mouth of the shaft? What is the condition of the canyon; and about what is its length?"

"The canyon is some ten miles in length," replied Termal. "There is a small stream passing through it that occasionally falls over high ledges. If one keeps close to the water, the way, though rough, is fairly good except where the wall overhangs and at the ledges, which are steep. The opening at the mouth of the shaft is very narrow. It was with great effort I got my boat through."

"Is the narrowing of the canyon close to the opening?" asked Selson, the chief engineer.

"Very close, probably not more than six feet from the table-rock."

"What is your opinion, Selson?" asked Oron.

"I see no insuperable obstacles," he said. "The path can be rendered less rough and the overhanging rock removed. We can skirt the ledges or cut steps down their face. At the terminal, the opening can be enlarged to any required size. An exploration will be necessary. No one so fit to lead as you, Termal."

"Perhaps not," he said. "Certainly no one more willing."

"I am moved to be one of the party," said Audofa. "It would recall old experiences."

"Pleasant ones?" asked Selson.

"Aye, in their associations, blessed ones."

"Is there much hot vapor in the pass?" asked Roscu, the other engineer.

"It is not unbearable," said Termal. "The bulk of it passes up the longer and higher rift our brothers came through."

"So far, all is well," said Oron, crossing the room. "How high is the entrance to the mountain on the eastern shore?"

"I should say about twenty feet," Termal replied.

"In that case a power boat might be used," asserted Oron. "One could be built of *zeteen* (a metal lighter than aluminum) Four men could carry it. It could be triple charged and supplied with extra power-cases so constructed as to retain their force indefinitely. How is the country on the other shore?"

"My brothers and I think that the lake is mostly surrounded by a morass. On my return I followed a stream running through this marsh to a waterfall, down which I worked my way to a broad shelf near the water's edge. I shall never forget my joy at seeing two tree trunks and a tangled mass of tough vines wedged fast on this shelf. Obviously the lake was still falling. I worked, with the energy born of urgent need, to build a float and get it to the water. How I succeeded; the Father only knows—but I did; and, on this rude structure, crossed the hot sea with my—with Fulma." ("Heavens!' exclaimed Tom.) "Pardon me, Oron, I have not answered your question in full."

"Little wonder, Termal. You will be a safe guide for our children."

"No, I never told you," he said, shaking his head. "It makes me shudder when I think about it. I struck the stream at a right angle to its course; consequently, I do not know its origin. I believe, however, it is the one I went out on. In that case, the lake must, at the time, have risen above the edge of the fall. If so, a power-boat could go through. There are places where cutting-sledges would be needed. Beyond the marsh is a rolling country for a long distance."

"Let us partake while we further discuss our plans," urged Oron. "I regret that Jando is not here. He is a master of invention. However, we will have him construct a boat with wheels adapted to land travel. What is your opinion, Selson?"

"Undoubtedly it can be done," the engineer replied. "Wheels can be made of the same metal as the boat, with a thin flat double-hardened steel tire."

"Exactly," approved Oron. "We will leave all in the hands of Selson, Roscu and Termal. How does it impress you, Feanka?"

"By your methods," I answered, "the greater obstacles will be overcome. I have no doubt of the result."

"And you, Tooma?"

"I think," said Tom gravely, "the greater obstacle remains."

"I understand you, my son," said Oron, with sympathy. "That, too, must receive our thought."

* * *

The preparations for our departure went steadily forward. The exploring party brought back the remnants of our guns and fragments of other articles we had discarded nearly seven years before. They were placed in the National Museum, a spot Fulma and I loved to frequent.

It was a repository for articles pertaining to this nation's history, gathered from a remote past. Scarcely an invention of value, to be seen elsewhere, that was not represented in this collection.

It impressed one strangely to look at articles used by intelligent human beings ages before the builders of the pyramids were born or the foundations of Damascus were laid.

At our last visit Fulma called my attention to three articles—alike, but differing in color—carefully preserved. On close examination, I burst out laughing, greatly to her surprise. They were our former beards, contributed by a man-in-gray.

I met Audofa soon after his return. "Feanka," he said, "I again stood on that table-rock; looked into the black water, and at the jagged dome. All is unchanged. I shall stand there once more, twice, I hope—then I never wish to see the place again. Its gloom and wildness oppress me."

"How will the girls stand it?" I asked.

"Bravely," he said, cheerily. "The sunlight of yours and Tooma's love will illuminate the dark hour and the darker passage."

"And the old rope?" I further asked.

"A piece of it was there, just as I tied it round the rock; but the old timbers that bore us from death to life are gone."

"Audofa," I said, "it will seem strange to go without you."

"It may be," he said wistfully, "but a stronger and wiser man will be with you. Besides, you have learned to place your trust in that source to which I sometimes pointed you."

I felt the tears spring to my eyes. "Dear old friend," I said, "no one can do for me what you have done, no one can be to me what you have been."

He shook his head. A shade of sadness mantled his face.

"Audofa," I said, "how seemingly small things sometimes produce great results. Had you not lost your old worn Bible in the morass, this expedition would not have been undertaken."

"You would not have thought of it, Feanka?"

"Yes, but I should not have gone. Why should I go?"

"True, my shipmate—why should you? As the Oronena said at your wedding, 'you have entered into your inheritance.' But for Oron's eager desire to possess our sacred books, I should not counsel your going. For some strange reason, I have never been able to fully recall the passage in our Bible which seems to confirm the tradition concerning this folk."

"Are your views regarding them clearer than before?" I asked.

"Yes, but not enough so, as yet, to put into words. Feanka, this much I know: The 'green pastures' and 'still waters' are here. Nowhere can a greater heaven be found, except in our complete realization of our oneness with the Father. Many of our Zoeian brothers have attained this. The others are nearing the celestial goal."

* * *

Time flew on. We were within ten days of the hour when we were to leave this paradise and again face the turbulent conditions of the lower world. Every preparation had been completed, even to the strong garments and stout footwear. A band of athletic young men had been selected to go with us through the pass. Oron, Loredo, Soratiya and Audofa were also to accompany us.

Termal was restless, anxious to be off; Zenia calm and confident; Fulma brave and trusting; Moto alternating between joy and sorrow, but Tom was miserable. All his gaiety had fled. The reason why? He must choose between leaving his little idolized Buela in safety—with no sight of her dear face, no sound of her sweet, ringing voice for seven years—or expose her to all the dangers of the perilous journey. A day or so later he came to me for counsel.

"Hat, I lack neither physical nor moral courage," he said, "but, by Jove! I don't know what to do about my pet lamb."

"Well, dear boy, you must decide quickly. Will you take my advice?"

"Of course, old man. It has never failed me."

"Then leave all to Zenia, and accept her decision. Whatever it is, it will be for the best."

"I ought to have known that, Fean, without coming to you."

"So you ought, my comrade. Now, go and act accordingly."

That night he called me. "It's all right, my boy, Zene has decided."

"How?"

"The lamb is to stay here."

Termal had decided that we must enter the pass at eight o'clock, morning. Our last evening was spent with the Madu Rea. It was a conference never to be forgotten; one that brought consolation to Zenia and hope to all.

* * *

At the chasm a large number, with Oronena and her young people, awaited our coming. They parted in lines, and as we passed down to join Termal and the vanguard, with the boat and lights, at the mouth of the rift, they gave us good-bye and, with it, something of themselves that was very sustaining.

Termal gave the word. The *syunas* glowed. As we entered the canyon the rich voices of the Zoeians rose in song. The sound waves came to us down the pass, fainter, lower, whispering, then once more clear. Again, departing, dying, slowly passing, as though they fain would linger with us.

* * *

The excellent work of the engineers made our progress comparatively easy, and we went on famously until, at the foot of a high ledge, Termal ordered a halt. "We are doing well," he said, "better than I expected. The rift is strangely free from vapor today. *Wohares*, daughter?"

"As well as one can in such a dismal place," replied Zenia. "I am glad Buela is not here. However, it is all for the best. We must meet whatever is inevitable with resignation. We cannot change the conditions."

"There you go again, Zene," cried Tom; "you are always saying such sort of things."

"And she is right," said Loredo, "but you do not understand her, Tooma. All incidents in our lives are in accord with the immutable law of cause and effect. A far-reaching law, my brother, and in its personal application, one difficult to comprehend. Especially is it so, when we realize that there can be but one cause in the universe."

"That's about as deep as the shaft ahead, Loredo," said Tom; "but I wouldn't mind being saturated with your thought just now, for it certainly is comforting."

"And how is Blue Eyes?" asked Termal.

"Oh, I am contented, Padu," declared Fulma.

"Do you know the meaning of contentment in all its fulness, my daughter?" asked Soratiya.

"I think so, Soratiya."

"Then thou standest close to the throne, my child."

"Aye, and another, as well," said Audofa, "though it may not be realized."

Oron smiled approval. "Feanka," he said, "in the boat are concentrated provisions and a case of wine. In the forward compartment are four *kanjoots*, four *syunas*, and two of our finest timepieces. Each of these is triple-charged, and will last for a long period. The dials should record our time accurately for six months. I would advise you, upon arrival in your country, to procure one or more of your best time instruments and have them adjusted to our standard. In the same compartment are two pouches containing diamonds and other fine gems. From what I have learned through Audofa, they possess a value, in other lands, of which we know nothing. They will, I think, be ample for all your requirements."

I started to make reply, but he checked me. "You are our children," he said, lovingly.

Another hour and Termal again halted. "We are not far from the shaft," he said; "here are some places where much caution will be necessary as the existing conditions could not well be changed. Oron, come close behind me, let each follow the other as near as may be."

Half a mile further on Termal stopped abruptly. "It is just before us," he said. "Wait!"

He went forward and raised his arm. An intense light shot across the Stygian lake and danced on the mist waves.

"Oh! what is it?" exclaimed Zenia.

"Why, it is the shaft, my daughter, down which we must descend."

I turned. Beneath an overhanging rock in the glow of the *syuna*, the dark walls and darker shadows beyond, stood Zenia, a slight pallor on her face, serene and beautiful.

We took the time. A brief period longer, and then—what? The boat carriers passed through the opening to the table-rock, and slid the apparently frail craft into the water. A hollow, mocking sound reverberated from the dome. The mooring line was made fast. All was in readiness.

Audofa turned a *syuna*. "Oron," he said, "here is the entrance to the other rift. Here is where we went in. Ah! to what did it lead for us all? Why, what is this?" he said, stooping.

"Another relic for the museum; part of a revolver, Feanka."

"Termal," I asked, nervously, "how about the others?"

"All in the bunkers," he said calmly.

Ordinarily, Tom would have made some characteristic remark. His silence caused me anxiety. Oron glanced at the dial—just as he did in the Rose Pavilion when we first sat there. How different the scene—how unlike the conditions.

"Come, my children," he said, "and receive our parting benediction. We may not longer delay."

Hands rested gently on us as we knelt on the rock. Then each of the brotherhood kissed us. Tom and I wound our arms around our old comrade.

"A parting word for you, Termal," said Oron smiling. "The bar to your progression has been removed."

"Oh! Oron, my dear Oron!"

"Not now, not now, my son, It may be when we meet again."

Vainly trying to conceal his emotion, Termal called:

"Come, Tooma, you first—now, Zenia—Motoo—Fulma—Feanka."

Oron grasped my hands as I stepped into the boat. "Moto," I said, "be ready to get us away from the rock when I haul in the line. Someone must cast off."

Audofa released the rope. "I will stand by," he said.

"What of the hour?" I asked.

"The twenty-ninth past the thirteenth hour," replied Oron.

Termal waved his hands. "May our Sovereign Lord have you and us in his keeping now and forever!" he cried. "Let go, Audofa! We are going."

"*Yolo—yolo—Subaketa yune*" we all shouted.

The beautiful adieu came back from the group on the rock as we slowly settled away.

"Jove!" cried Tom. "We are off on schedule time."

I hailed his words with joy—he was himself again.

Zenia's white scarf waved a last farewell until the vapor wreaths veiled eager faces from our view. But the *syuna* glowed through the mist like an overseeing eye, and Oron's voice, faint but clear, came to us through the deepening gloom, in words of cheer.

Fainter and less definite the voice—dimmer and more indistinct the *syuna*. We were alone.

Once I saw Zenia spring up, gaze wildly round the shaft, and again, throw herself into her husband's arms.

"Oh, Tooma," she moaned, "whither are we going?"

And my comrade gently comforted her.

"Oh, Tooma, my darling," she cried, "why did we? Why did we—"

I lost her last words, for Tom had closed her lips.

Though Termal had not spoken, I knew that the vapor was rapidly growing denser, the air becoming more stifling. The girls suddenly coughed.

"What is it, dear heart?" I asked.

"I—don't know, dearest," she said, drawing away from me. "I have such a strange choking sensation. It seems so hot here."

Zenia had released her clasp from Tom's neck and sat staring vaguely at him as she gave monosyllabic replies to his eager questions. I glanced at Termal and Moto. The moisture was dripping from their faces.

"I expected it," he said. "The lower we descend, the less endurable it will become. Similar conditions existed when I went down before. It is somewhat different going up. I have prepared for it in a way. In the boat is a case of *hanya* (oxygen), but we must not use it until forced to, and then with great care, as the supply will soon be exhausted. How goes the time?"

"The twentieth hour."

"The twentieth?" he said thoughtfully. "We shall be, at least, an hour and a half longer in this horrible pit. Watch the girls' lips and eyes continually. Better have the pipes in readiness."

"Tom, do you understand?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, huskily. "Our old experience, Fean. God save us from worse."

I looked at Moto, and recalled an expression I had, once before, seen in his eyes. The poor fellow was fighting against the existing condition. Fulma became extremely restless, and loosened the scarf at her throat.

"Ah, beloved," she cried, half rising, "I can't endure it!" I detected a faint bluish line on her lips. I told Termal.

"Give her *hanya* at once!" he cried. "Open the valve cautiously. You will all need it except Zenia. I think she can stand it; I know I can, but it will be troublesome."

After a long inhalation, Fulma smiled at me.

"Do you feel better, sweetheart?"

She nodded assent.

The old sensations in the death-trap were stealing over me, bravely as I fought them. I called to Termal.

"Take the gas quick, Feanka!" he exclaimed.

I used the pipe and passed it to Zenia, who was holding Tom's head in her lap. He, too, had succumbed.

"The shaft is widening," said Termal. "I think we are nearly down. Ha, Motoo, my boy, you are stricken. Breathe the stuff and lie on your face. Be sure to shut the valve! I can manage the boat now—I can hold her—"

"Ah, Tooma!" shrieked Zenia. "Speak to me! It is Zoesy, dearest! Your own little Zoesy."

There was no response.

"Give him gas!" shouted Termal. "Someone give it to him! You, Feanka."

"I can't, my brain reels. I should pitch headlong did I move. Besides, Fulma is sleeping."

"Sleeping?" he cried. And with one stride he was beside her.

"Merciful Father!" he exclaimed. "She is unconscious. I must make quick work with all or—"

I saw him reach for the pipes. I heard a frantic, despairing cry and the words "there is no more, the valve is open." I saw two figures, far away, doing something quickly, I saw them coming to me, and I tried to call, as I gasped and writhed in the throes of suffocation, tried to put out my hand, until a black pall enshrouded me. . . .

Then came a sense of coolness on my face, and of a light other than the *syuna's*. I opened my eyes to see Zenia bending over Fulma, while Termal ministered to Tom and Moto. The light and air were coming through the water-gate on the western shore.

(To be continued)

The Easter Lilies

"Dear Lord," the Angels cried, "untouched of sin
Around Thy throne we cluster.
Behold we toil not neither do we spin
But we have light and luster:

"Let us perform some service sweet and fair;
Stewards of joy and beauty
Give us to breathe our glory on the air,
Give us some fragrant duty!"

Then lo, the Master smiled and thus He spake:
"The earth is dark with terror;
The hills and valleys with dread tempest shake;
Death reigns with grief and error;

"Go forth ye radiant things of scent and bloom
Who know not toil nor spinning—
Brighten with life My risen Son's cleft tomb,
The Easter triumph winning!"

And so with purity they came to earth
Within His tomb to cluster—
The lilies of God of heavenly birth
Giving their light and luster.

Edward Wilbur Mason

ON THE NEW ENGLAND FARMS

ADDRESS BEFORE BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

BY DR. G. M. TWITCHELL, AUBURN, MAINE

THE influence New England has exerted in every field of activity in the past has been due to the great men grown upon her rugged hills. Uncle Solon Chase, the sage of Maine, declared not long ago that "the grass would grow in the city street if it were not for the tramp of the cowhide boots in the barnyard," and Secretary Root recognized the same great lesson when he declared that "there never was and never could be a great nation produced on paving stones."

A peculiar situation confronts New England agriculturists, whose farms, having enriched with some of their best blood the great producing states of the West until a conscious loss was felt, now face a movement from West to East resulting from the swelling tide of population. Within the memory of some present the population of this country has jumped from thirty millions, at the close of the Civil War, to practically one hundred millions today. Under a like ratio of increase the next century will give us twelve hundred million souls to feed. Already ranches and prairie farms are being divided and sub-divided and the inevitable result is following, seen in the reduction of herds and flocks, and acres in grain, and the forced introduction of diversified agriculture. The era of low prices for farm products has passed never to return, and New England feels the thrill of a new life as the better appreciation of its possibilities grows upon the rural home dweller. We thrive only under pressure and it may be fortunate that today we face that serious problem, the solution of which is to determine the permanence of our peculiar form of government, when the present standards of agricultural work begin to fail to supply the incessant demands of a hungry people.

Adding from two to two and one-half millions yearly to our feeding population, every business man becomes intensely interested in the problem of making food products. The security of this nation rests upon its ability to produce its own food supply. The stability of our institutions will be shaken when we pass the limit of home production.

Mr. J. J. Hill voiced a sound principle in his declaration, "never has enhanced cost of living, when due to agricultural decline, failed to result in national disaster." The problem facing this nation today is not that of exporting surplus farm products, but of increased production of the same upon the home farms for consumption by our own inhabitants. The quality of rural life, as well as volume and quality of farm products, are important factors in national prosperity.

Two propositions present themselves: "What is New England good for agriculturally, and how can we approach nearer to the maximum in production?" Wisely has it been ordained that no one section of the country should hold a monopoly in adaptability to the necessities of its population. New England, as a whole, is peculiarly fitted, through its granite soil, its broken land, its abundance of water springs and its naturally cooler climate, to the production of more of the staple products of the farm than almost any other like section.

Not overlooking the value of specialized effort seen in Essex or Worcester and other counties, I would mention crops best suited to the average farmer remote from market. New England is peculiarly adapted to stock husbandry, including the dairy, corn and grain, potatoes and fruit; nowhere in this country can a higher per cent. of profit be realized by the individual producer along these lines than right here in good old New England. What is demanded is a constant readjustment to a continually changing condition of life. For want of this we read failure in far too many cases, yet it is in the man, not in the land.

No man who attempts pork production on forage crops, such as rye, barley and clover, growing roots, pumpkins and corn, to finish his work, need fear an empty pocketbook. The question is not the market price of grain, but the market price for a sweet, juicy and healthy product made under sanitary conditions out of the natural crops of the farm.

For twenty-eight years there has been a steady advance in the average yearly price realized by the progressive poultry man of New England, and if the duties be exacting, the returns are ample and encouraging for everyone who can put enthusiasm into the work and who will observe the conditions.

When as high an estimate is put upon a sheep as the worthless cur, and protection is insured to an important industry, we shall again see the growth of a branch of stock-breeding absolutely necessary for the improvement of our pastures and enriching of our orchards.

As ranches are broken up and prices for beef increase, the growing of the beef type of animal is sure to claim renewed attention. During all the years of low prices those men in the several New England states who have clung to the goad stick and steers have never wanted for substantial returns or increasing fertility. We are learning that profit comes from specialized effort whether with man or animal. Greatest of all in this line of operations must be reckoned the dairy cow, and associated work is uncovering some profound lessons, not to be realized by those who have never attempted a thorough and consecutive test. "Guess so" has given way to exact knowledge, and profits are increasing. The cow test associations of Maine are doing more to eliminate unprofitable animals and insure thorough methods of care and feeding than anything ever attempted in the state. They are teaching men the importance of giving every animal a fair chance in the world. One man found by the consecutive test that his pet cow made butter at a cost of forty-two cents per pound, while the one he was most anxious to sell produced at a cost of seventeen cents. The yearly record opened his eyes. One herd of seven in Oxford County gave a year's profit, respectively, of $41.66, $53.64, $45.56, $45.70, $34.98, $9.90 (only three months in the test before being sold), and $19.56 (nine months in the test). This man found which cows to sell and gained thereby. In a Wisconsin herd the five poorest cows ate feed worth $140 and returned $143 in product, while the five best te feed worth $204 and returned $395, or forty dollars per head.

By applying exact business methods, farmers are finding that boarders in the herd do not pay, that the individual animal is to be considered, and that there is sure profit in dairying when every cow contributes to the balance in the hands of the farmer.

Maine last year produced thirty million bushels of potatoes, and those who grow this crop understandingly are not satisfied with less than three hundred bushels per acre. The older portions of Maine have caught the enthusiasm from Aroostook and are finding the potato fields a sure path to a bigger, busier and better agriculture. New England can produce at this rate, and the potatoes are but an incident, for the man who reaches this level has his farm in prime condition for succeeding grain and grass crops, and the nature of this crop is such that a short term rotation is forced, which adds to the yearly income of the grower. If the waking has been slow, the infection is spreading and in every nook and corner of the State of Maine, new life is being infused, and what is being done in Maine is applicable to every New England State. It requires only the wise, fostering care of the organized state department, of each state, to work a revolution in the next decade, as surely as spring will follow winter.

The awakening is showing itself in a decidedly increased attention to the one crop most neglected in former years—the corn. The magnificent work done by Mr. Brewer of Connecticut, in capturing highest honors at the National Corn Show, for best yield per acre last year, has stirred every part of New England. I find that this year, despite weather conditions, rain, drought, frosts and continued cold weather, a fair per cent. growing sweet corn for the factory has reached a yield of cut corn returning them $100 per acre, at two cents per pound. Experimental work to establish new varieties, increase productiveness and insure maturity is stimulating an interest which is a guarantee of greater acreage and a bigger yield of matured corn hereafter.

The orchards, apple, plum and peach, show positive proofs of genuine revival. Hitherto, apples have, in the great bulk of cases, simply grown themselves. Today the question constantly asked is, how can the orchard and its product be improved, and Oregon apples are forcing us to adopt Oregon methods. The superiority of New England fruit is recognized, but business methods in sorting, packing and branding, as well as in growing, are essential.

New England soil is not worn out. New England farms are not deserted. New England agriculture is not declining. These facts can be substantiated and must be accepted. One of the heaviest burdens put upon the industry has been the cry of deserted farms and a decaying industry. Another has been the over-zealous attempts of wealthy business men to run a farm, or establish a herd, and after spending thousands recklessly without any system or continuity of effort, have a grand dispersal sale and publish the fact of failure.

Would-be reformers have attempted much while knowing nothing, have cried, "back to the farm," not realizing that no man can succeed who has not been trained for the work, and is not a student of the problems and a thinker as well as worker. With no knowledge of the soil or of crops, the poor from tenement houses cannot be dumped on cheap lands and escape starvation. New England agriculture offers the tired man in office, mill or store the chance to build afresh the tissues of brain and body and opens the door to a limitless field where eyes will become sharpened and ears made acute, where health is certain and where one has but to listen to hear visible and invisible choirs from morning to night. Worn and weary with the countless burdens of a strenuous life, the man or woman from the city may live a free life in God's country, pursuing the one industry which alone can feed an ever-increasing army, provided the demands of a progressive agriculture are met.

The underlying facts prove the truth of word pictures.

An old friend in Aroostook County has just harvested six thousand barrels of potatoes from fifty acres, which sold for a dollar and a half per barrel, and were grown at a total cost of sixty dollars per acre, because of a high state of cultivation and abundance of nitrogen in the soil from clover roots.

A neighbor in Monmouth, in Central Maine, has finished harvesting twenty-one hundred bushels from seven acres on old land. These were grown at a total cost of eighty dollars per acre, which is the usual allowance in this section.

A Vermont farmer has just sold his one hundred acre orchard for fifty thousand dollars, and the crop since harvested is valued at seventeen thousand dollars.

A neighbor in Monmouth refused nineteen hundred dollars for a three-acre orchard set thirteen years ago. Another would not sell a six-acre orchard set in 1891 for seven thousand dollars, because it is paying better than bank dividends on that amount. Another of four acres could not be bought for five thousand dollars for the same reason. There is an orchard set by an old physician on land for which he paid three dollars per acre, which was sold a few years ago for three thousand dollars and could not be bought today for twice that.

A lot of trees, condemned to be cut down in 1907, were purchased by me, pruned and cleaned up, May, 1908, and fertilized the past season with ten pounds per tree of Fisher formula fertilizer. The great growth of wood, size, strength and vigor of leaves and abundance of fruit buds today, tell the story of radical regeneration. I could not afford to sell these trees for fifty dollars each.

One dairyman in Maine realized from his herd of thirty-six cows last year a net profit of over seventy dollars per head, by supplying cream.

In every state as marked illustrations can be found, for the half has not been told. No investment, properly safeguarded, will return for years a more substantial income than an orchard upon any of our New England hills. No business is more reliable than a dairy farm where the crops are grown in largest measure possible for the stock, and the eye of an intelligent master directs the progress of the herd. Those who are led by a deep-seated love for nature will have no cause for regrets.

The pendulum is swinging toward the fitting of the individual child for a life of service, and the day is not far distant when the question will not be, whether agriculture is a profitable occupation, but how can the other great avenues of industrial life be directed toward this centre, that permanence of free institutions may be strengthened, and a government of the people, by the people, for the people be made a certainty to all coming generations.

IN THE COSY CORNER

WRITTEN contributions for this Department must not exceed five hundred words in length. Anything unusual or of especial interest will be welcome, especially if it has come under the personal notice of contributors or their friends. Snapshots of curious relice, historical places concerning which little is known, or any other pictures of universal interest will also be gladly received. Awards are from $5 to $1, according to the merits of the story or photographs published.

HE HEARS THE WEATHER MAN ROASTED

BY CHARLES S. GERLACH

"Funny organization this weather bureau of ours," remarked a member of a group of four in a smoking compartment of an eastbound train from Chicago last fall. "I see it predicts general rains for today"—and he held the paper sideways to dodge the glare of a brilliant Indian summer sun.

"At my home," interjected the third member of the group, "my wife has a standing order with the confectioner to send up ice cream whenever he sees the cold wave flag flying."

The mild-looking man with the twinkling brown eyes said nothing. The party were all strangers to one another. The three who had spoken were on their way to New York.

At Harrisburg the mild man with the brown eyes arose, gathered up his baggage and, bowing to the group, produced three visiting cards. He distributed them and smilingly took an abrupt departure. Then the others looked at the cards. They read: "Willis L. Moore, chief of the weather bureau, Washington, D. C."

* * *

THAT GANDER

BY FRANK MONROE BEVERLY

Reynard is noted for his cunning, crafty qualities, but Gander Jeremiah has outdone him, or at least proven himself his equal.

Gander Jeremiah is a sort of neighborhood fowl, he and his wife going from place to place "boarding among the scholars," though the ownership of him—them—is vested in a Mrs. R., and when they "feather" they go to her to be plucked.

Last autumn Mr. and Mrs. Gander Jeremiah came to our place, since which time they show no tendency to removing themselves. When the time shall come for laying with Mrs. Gander Jeremiah, doubtless they will go to deposit her eggs with Mrs. R.

Now to the point. A few days ago, the pigs were being fed corn in the ear, when Gander Jeremiah seized one—ear, not pig—and started to run away with it, a pig taking after him. He ran and ran, but piggy was a close second. Gander Jeremiah, seeing that he could not outrun his pursuer, made a dash for a nearby pond—a shallow affair—into which he dropped the ear of corn. The pig not seeing the corn then, forgot all about it, and went back to his fellows. Gander Jeremiah, however, did not forget it, for he would stick his head under the water and nibble at the corn till only the cob was left.

'Rah for Gander Jeremiah and his wife!

* * *

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE

BY MRS. A. E. SIGSBEE

About the time of the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, a few friends started an effort to bring together a collection of curios, coins, stamps and relics, the sale of which would create a working fund for the National W. C. T. U.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore contributed a bronze medal struck off for the first sanitary fair held in 1863 in Chicago, to commemorate the great occasion, which has a remarkable coincidence. The head of President Lincoln is on one side; on the other is represented the goods of the sanitary commission for the sick and wounded soldiers which are being unladen at the wharf of a city.

The government permitted the medal to be stamped at the Philadelphia mint. Somehow the die got cracked in the stamping process, and, although a careless observer would not notice it, the crack showed in every one of the beautiful medals. But the most singular thing about it is, that that slight crack shows the track of the bullet sent into the brain of the President by Wilkes Booth as unerringly as if it had been designed for that purpose.

* * *

THE NOVICE'S FIRST GARDEN

BY CHARLES C. MULLIN

The fever of flower planting was in the air and Mr. Butts had caught it. The first symptom he displayed was when he began to observe closely his neighbors' flower plots, and the second, when he silently made up his mind to have a garden of his own.

So, on his first Saturday afternoon's freedom from business he staked out, dug and prepared as nice a little plot for a garden in his back yard as any he had seen in the neighborhood. This done, he proceeded to plant the space. He had accomplished, after careful deliberation and precision, the planting of five rows of this, when his wife appeared from her shopping tour.

"How's this for a novice?" he asked, pointing with pride to his achievement.

"What have you planted and where did you get the seeds?" she returned, with a remarkable lack of enthusiasm.

He glanced magnanimously at the three empty seed envelopes in his hand. "According to the names on these envelopes I've put in bachelors' buttons, mignonettes and asters; got the packages off the kitchen shelf."

"Dig your garden right up again. You've planted the baby's glass beads, which I had unstrung and placed in those old seed envelopes for safe keeping!"

* * *

A BEAR AND A RUG

BY MRS. F. J. R.

If you should step into my cosy corner you would say, "Where did you get such a lovely rug?" I will tell you.

We spent last summer far up among the wooded hills, five miles from the nearest town. As my husband was away a great part of the time I was left alone with my five children, the nearest neighbor being nearly a mile away.

One evening seeing a great smoke in the distance, I thought a neighbor's house might be burning and started to run to a ridge a short way from the house to get a good view. I suddenly turned a bend in the path and ran almost on to two of the dearest little brownish-black cubs I ever saw. My first thought was what a great thing it would be to grab one up in my apron and run, but with that thought came a great crashing in the thick brush to the right of me, and with one shriek of horror I fled to the house, grabbed the gun, locked the children in and fled swiftly back. As I rounded the bend in the path that old mother bear rose clumsily up on her hind legs a short distance ahead of me offering the most splendid target, and bing! with one great gasp her soul passed on to the "Happy Hunting Grounds." As husband says, "What if you had only wounded her?" If I had, well, probably I never would have told this tale; thanks to being a "good shot," I possess one of the finest rugs in the country.

* * *

A HANDWRITING EXPERT

BY ROBERT D. BENEDICT

The master of a vessel in a port in the Gulf of Mexico being in need of money, borrowed it and to secure its repayment executed what is called a bottomry bond, by which it was agreed that if the money was not paid within so many days after the vessel arrived at New York, proceedings might be taken to have the vessel sold and the money paid out of the proceeds. The money was not paid and I was retained to enforce the bond, and began a suit. Someone interested in the vessel appeared in the suit and denied that the bond had been executed by the master, as had been alleged. It became necessary to take the testimony on this point of a sailor whose name was subscribed to the bond as having witnessed its execution. In answer to my questions the sailor said that the captain called him into the vessel's cabin and asked him to be a witness to the bond, and he signed his name to it as a witness; and he spoke of the paper as the bottomry bond. The opposing counsel in a sharp cross-examination asked him how he knew it was a bottomry bond, and the witness answered that he read enough of it to know what it was. Some other skilful questions brought out the fact that when the sailor came into the cabin the captain was sitting on the other side of a table with the paper before him, and the sailor sat down at the side of the table facing the captain, so that the paper was between them; that the paper was not read to him; that the captain turned over the first leaf of the paper and signed his name at the end of it and told the sailor where to sign his name, which he did and then left the cabin.

My heart sank, for I saw that it was open to the other side to say that the document lay on the table *upside down* to the sailor, and that his statement that he read enough of the document to know it was a bottomry bond was false, because of course, he could not read writing which was upside down, and therefore, his whole evidence should be disbelieved.

The lawyer opposed to me saw the point also. But instead of leaving the matter where it was he concluded to clinch it, and taking the document he laid it down on the table before the witness upside down and said to him, "Let us see you read the paper now." And to my great surprise and relief, the witness read the writing, upside down as it was, with nearly as much fluency as if it had been right side up.

That ended the contest over the execution of the bond.

This sailor's ability to read writing when it was upside down was a curious instance of the many curious things which sailors do to occupy their time during idle watches on long voyages.

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By— FREDERICK HULZMANN

THE approach of warm weather brings in its train the close of the Grand Opera season, followed by the closing of many theatres during the summer months. If one would hear popular and classic music in warm weather, he must either rely upon the uncertain vaudeville house or—get a talking machine. If he must have Grand Opera music, the latter offers the only channel.

The talking machine companies make their contracts with the leading grand opera singers of the world so that the best operas may be enjoyed when the regular performances are not in season. "Faust" or "Tosca" floating in the summer air from the clear record will thrill the listener's soul as surely as though he sat in a box seat and saw the performance direct from the stage. The sprightly music of the comic opera, which so often introduces the popular song, is equally delightful.

The plan of the different talking machine companies to feature one or two of these reigning selections makes it possible for the phonograph owner to keep in close touch with the music of the day. "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" the comic song success in "The Jolly Bachelors" appears on each of the May lists.

* * *

Raymond Hitchcock, pronounced the "foremost American singing comedian," is the latest acquisition to the Columbia ranks. His introductory song, on a double-disc record, "Wal, I Swan," is of the "rube" variety, in which Hitchcock is at his best. Coupled with it is the sensational "Vision of Salome" waltz, rendered by Prince's Orchestra.

Few people who have visited the New York Hippodrome will forget its orchestra, under the direction of Manuel Klein, and admirers all over the country—for who hasn't been to New York and heard the Hippodrome orchestra?—will appreciate the "Flower Waltz" taken from Tschaikowsky's two-act fairy ballet, the "Casse-Noisette."

Several excellent instrumental records are offered—"Child's Festival Gavotte," a graceful light composition played by the Bohemian Orchestra; "Hungarian Lustspiel," a splendid overture by Keler-Bela, played by Lacalle's Orchestra; selections from "The Midnight Sons," Lacalle's Band; "Medley of German Polkas," accordion solo by J. J. Kimmel; and "1863 Medley," a collection of airs that were popular just at the close of the Civil War.

"Mary of Argyle," that beautiful old Scotch ballad, whose popularity never wanes, is sung as a tenor solo by Frederick Gunsten on an indestructible record. Charles K. Harris' "Somewhere" is another melody which promises to live for centuries to come.

A grand opera double-disc record of exceptional note is David Bispham's rendition of "The Pauper's Drive" and "Boat Song," both with orchestra accompaniment. Among the French, Italian and German renditions of Grand Opera many people will welcome Mr. Bispham's work in these numbers, which seems to evidence the adaptation of the English tongue to impressive opera.

The country's ex-President promises to furnish the themes of innumerable "popular songs" from the pen of the ambitious writer of the music of the day. The Victor people have selected perhaps the best of these outbursts up to date in Moran-Helf's "Teddy da Roose," in which a late arrival on American shores explains his views on the African tour. Billie Murray's imitation of the enthusiastic Italian maintains the same cleverness that characterizes all his work.

The Victor Company is to be congratulated upon securing the exclusive contract of Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth, announced this month. Miss Bayes sings "Has Anybody Seen Kelly?" while Mr. Norworth offers his new parody "College Medley," of his own composition. This popular couple, representing as they do both sparkling wit and clever nonsense of the American stage, will be heartily welcomed by a host of Victor owners.

An admirable effort is being made by the Victor Company to rescue from obscurity some of Von Suppe's charming operettas. The "Tantalusqualen" is perhaps one of the best overtures ever written, and Arthur Pryor's Band has rendered it in a fitting manner.

People who have the "Hallelujah Chorus," issued in the March list, will want as a companion chorus Dudley Buck's "Festival Te Deum, No. 7," Trinity Choir accompanied by Victor Orchestra. Reproducing mixed voices, called for in work of this kind, is very difficult, and the result has been obtained by a new process to which the Victor Company has devoted much study. The student of Chopin mysteries will hasten to secure "Two Chopin Studies by Backhaus," in G sharp and A minor rendered by the famous German pianist, Wilhelm Backhaus.

Seven red seal records compose the complete Garden scene of "Faust." Each record is sung in French, with the leading Grand Opera stars, Miss Farrar, Mme. Gilibert, Caruso and Journet as performers. The recording of this entire scene, one of the most famous in all opera, is a real achievement. Two Martin and two Slezak records make a replete Grand Opera list.

Doubtless "The Man Who Fanned Casey" on the May Edison list, will reign as the evening's entertainment for the youthful baseball enthusiast who has spent his day "fanning" juvenile "Caseys"; and perhaps he will even admit that Digby Bell, who contributes the record, is a "great feller" even though he never played on the "Nash'n'l" or "'Merican." Billy Murray is excellent in "He's a College Boy," one of the late successes with another of the late songs, "I'd Like to be the Fellow that Girl is Waiting For," and the standard record, "Come to the Land of Bohemia," Joe Maxwell makes the acquaintance of the Edison circle. His remarkably clear enunciation and impressive tenor are well adapted to recording. "The Suffragette," a new and original absurdity sung by Ada Jones and Len Spencer, arrives at an opportune moment, and should afford no end of amusement in homes where "Votes for Women" figure in conversation.

For public taste which still demands the "coon" song are "Stop That Rag," Collins and Harlan; "Characteristic Negro Medley," Peerless Quartette; and "That Lovin' Rag," Sophie Tucker; besides the really novel "Patrol Comique," which reproduces the procession of the famed "Darktown Musketeers."

An exceptional variety of "folk-lore" music is included in the May list:—"Farintosh," a Scottish dance, and "Jenney Dang the Weaver," a reel, are combined in a violin solo by William Craig; Victor Herbert and his orchestra touch upon the weird melodies of the Hungarian gypsies in "Hungarian Dance—D," while "The Strauss Memories Waltz," includes some of the representative works of that great German composer.

The five Grand Opera records for the month are Puccini's "Tosca—Vissi d'arte," sung in French by Carmen Melis, soprano; Bizet's "Carmen—Habanera," in French by Marguerita Sylva, soprano; Lecocq's "Coeur et la Main–Bolero," in French by Blanche Arral, soprano; Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana—Brindisi," in Italian by Riccardo Martin, tenor; and Thomas' "Mignon—Berceuse," in French by Gustave Huberdeau, baritone.

BATTLEGROUND TO PLAYGROUND

By W. C. JENKINS

THE opening of the new Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel connecting Manhattan and Long Island, New York, marks another important event in the history of one of the most beautiful but for many years neglected islands on the American continent. Lying along the great Atlantic coast, with its heavily wooded hills marking the outline of a great denizen of the deep is Long Island, whose history runs the gamut from battleground to playground.

The island, as its name implies, is a long, narrow island, separated from Manhattan and the Bronx by the East River; from Westchester and Connecticut by the Long Island Sound. Its other boundaries are determined by the Atlantic Ocean. It is about 124 miles long from east to west, and at the widest point, from north to south, about twenty miles. It is believed that its entire easterly extremity, known as Montauk Point, will be utilized sooner or later as the harbor of New York, the freight to be distributed from there throughout the United States by the Pennsylvania and Long Island railroads by means of its connecting railroad. The steamship companies would derive an advantage from this arrangement, because it would shorten the route and running time across the Atlantic Ocean.

Roughly speaking, Long Island may be divided into three main sections: North Shore, the Central Plain and South Shore. Between the first two divisions lies a high ridge of densely wooded hills that still remain in their original state of nature. Separating the central regions from the South Shore is the broad extent of Great South Bay with its fringe of meadows and marsh lands. The soil consists mainly of sandy loam and sand and gravel, which is of particularly desirable character on account of its splendid drainage qualities. All sorts of beautiful trees seem to grow everywhere on the island; a large section is utilized for truck-farming, and some of the products are unsurpassed anywhere.

The history of Long Island may be traced back to 1609, when Henry Hudson discoverd the west end of the island at the time he explored New York Bay and the river which has since borne his name. Permanent settlements were commenced on both ends of the island in 1625 by the Dutch and English. These new settlers found the island inhabited by thirteen different tribes of Indians, and so it appears that the locality was at one time claimed by three different powers—the Indians, the English and the Dutch. The first half century's history of the island is a chronicle of constant agitation and contention for superiority. It was an ever-shifting scene of strife and uncertainty, involving changes in rulers, danger of hostilities from the Indians and oppressive acts of administrative officers. These undesirable and perplexing conditions kept the island in constant turmoil.

In 1691 the island came into the possession of Great Britain, and from that date until the disruption of the Colonial government, in May, 1775, the English throne held undisputed control through the governors of New York, of which Long Island was a part. The first battle after the Declaration of Independence, in which General Washington is said to have lost three thousand men in killed, wounded and prisoners, was fought on the island, and is known in history as the "Battle of Long Island."

Until the erection of the Brooklyn Bridge in 1884, the only means of getting to Long Island was by ferry. With the completion of this world-renowned structure began a period of intense activity on the island. Other means of transportation have followed in recent years: the Williamsburg Bridge in 1903; the tunnels under East River from the battery to Brooklyn connecting up the subways of Manhattan and the Bronx with the Long Island Railroad; the Belmont tunnel, built two years ago from Forty-Second Street, Manhattan, to Long Island City; the Queensboro bridge completed in July, 1909; the Manhattan bridge which was formally opened by Mayor McClellan for vehicle traffic last year and the Pennsylvania tunnels connecting the whole Pennsylvania Railroad system with the Long Island Railroad system—all these connections are incidents of recent history. At the present time there are twenty-eight tracks across the East River connecting Manhattan and Long Island. This is a greater number of tracks than run from Manhattan to the Bronx and a larger number than connect Manhattan with Jersey City.

The present Greater City of New York, with an area of over 209,000 acres and a population of nearly five millions, is the result of a series of absorptions and annexations. Under the Greater New York charter, which became effective January 1, 1898, three cities and a number of outlying towns and villages, which previously had independent political administration, were united into one municipality under the corporate title of the City of New York. The charter of 1898 was revised in 1901. Queens County, which was included in the territory to make up Greater New York, had its seat of government at Long Island City, which first obtained its charter in 1871. After consolidation it became the first Ward of the Borough of Queens.

Before consolidation and adequate facilities for getting across the river had been established, Long Island acreage had comparatively little value except for farming purposes. Land sold on the basis of what could be extracted from the ground in the way of farm products. Of late years there has been a great influx of the population to Long Island, and today Brooklyn has a larger number of inhabitants than the City of New York had at the time of the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge.

It is apparent to the keen observer that properties on Long Island must greatly enhance in value in the near future. It is within the memory of most inhabitants of New York when all that territory north of Fifty-ninth Street was almost a barren waste. That district consisted of small villages, such as Yorkville, Greenwich and other towns, but the erection of one building after another brought the population to that section and greatly increased land values. Ten years ago the Bronx consisted of a number of small townships, and people living around Seventieth Street thought the Bronx to be a remote and unimportant spot. These little townships, however, have now grown into each other and land values have tremendously increased within a very few years. History must repeat itself in the same way in all that part of Long Island within a radius of twenty miles of Long Island City.

On Long Island within ten minutes to one hour of the business district of New York City may be found a climate comparing favorably in every essential particular with the most famous health resorts in the world. It has been stated that the two healthiest counties in the United States were Suffolk County, Long Island, and Berkshire County, Massachusetts. The mortality statistics of Long Island establish its claim to climatic superiority. Among Long Islanders, tuberculosis is one of the rarest diseases, while rheumatism or asthma are unusual. Its light soil, its equal climate tempered by the ocean, its light relative humidity, its large amount of sunshine, its pure water supply and the fact that it is a great pier extending 124 miles out into the Atlantic Ocean—all contribute to make Long Island an ideal spot for health and recreation. The air is both ocean and shore, with great mobility due to the constant ocean winds. The water from the wells and springs is of the purest, freer from salts and vegetable matter than that in ordinary soil or mountain regions. There is no place on the American continent where so much comfort and enjoyment can be found as on Long Island. Every one knows of its various popular resorts, and thousands make their permanent homes while many additional thousands spend their summer days enjoying the bright sunlight and the pale moonlight in this delightful locality. Not only the New York man with his family, but the tired ones from all America find a haven of rest and recreation in this Land of Pleasure and Pastime. The requirements of every form of sport are delightfully served—the very geography of the island contributes no unimportant part in creating conditions that to the hunter and fisher are admittedly essential. Not only does Long Island appeal to the summer pleasure-seeker, but it is an ideal place for a permanent home. The excellence of its schools and its delightful social life make it particularly desirable.

On the shores of the many bays are charming sites for cottage homes, costly villas and great estates, and here are the best facilities for yachting, rowing and fishing. Pleasure and trading vessels are continually passing, and the frequent sailboat races in sight of the shore add to the attractive view. All the principal resorts are within easy access of the City of New York, and many combine the alluring features of water, steep hills, dense forests and drives as picturesque as can be found anywhere.

In order that Long Island may be fully appreciated, the visitor must travel along the woodland roads and from the hills and high cliffs view the bays, inlets and delightful vistas of blue waters. On each of the points which run out into Long Island Sound are towns—notably those of Great Neck, Port Washington, Roslyn, Glen Cove, Nassau, Locust Valley, Oyster Bay and Huntington. Oyster Bay enjoys a location which makes it a favorite spot for pleasure crafts of all kinds. There are the club house and anchorage of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, a noted organization of Corinthian yachtsmen who make this place a center for their sport.

To those who enjoy the sea—its surf bathing, sailing and deep water fishing—the South Shore of Long Island, on the ocean, will strongly appeal. The great South Bay, the Mecca for lovers of aquatic sports, skirts the southern shore of the island for nearly eighty miles, and is an ideal and safe inland sea for sailing and still water bathing. The Rockaways and Manhattan Beach, the latter with its world-renowned Manhattan Beach and Oriental hotels, are well known to the traveler.

Along the great South Bay is a group of little villages which are attractive summer resorts, many having good hotels and cottages for summer guests. Babylon is the first, followed by Bayshore, Islip, Great River, Oakdale, Sayville, Bayport and Blue Point, the last the home of the famous Blue Point oyster. Through this section are to be found some of the finest estates on the Island, located amid surroundings magnificent in both area and development. Adjoining the Vanderbilt estates at Oakdale are the handsome quarters of the South Side Sportsmen's Club. This is an organization of wealthy New York men.

Jamaica, the railroad center of the Island, has become a thriving business town and the home of many of New York's business men. East of Jamaica are the great Hempstead Downs, dotted here and there with villages, in which markets, gardens and farms abound.

Garden City, a model town and widely known as the See of the Diocese of Long Island, was opened by the late A. T. Stewart. Travelers from afar go to Garden City to see its beautiful Cathedral. Mr. Stewart planned here a religious and educational movement which did not terminate with his death, and the town is in the center of a refined and cultured circle.

The queenly beauty of old Hempstead with its Revolutionary associations and relics, beautiful homes and spacious, quiet streets, good schools and churches and delightful social atmosphere, has charmed many residents both in winter and summer.

Lake Ronkonkoma is one of nature's surprises—it is the largest body of fresh water on Long Island and is fifty feet above sea level. The lake has its periods of ebb and flood, but these are in no way connected with the tides on either side of the island. Many villages in this section lie in a vast expanse of pine forests, where the air is sweet from the fragrance of the healthful pines.

At the head of the Peconic River, which flows into Peconic Bay, is Riverhead, one of the largest towns on the island. It is the business center of that attractive country and popular with many as a place of summer residence. The waters of the beautiful and picturesque Peconic Bay are ideal for bathing and boating. On the bay all manner of pleasure crafts, bearing happy groups of carefree folk, flit by during the summer months. The historic spots in this vicinity have won the deep interest of the student of history. Floating on the landlocked waters between Gardiner's Bay and Peconic Bay is Shelter Island, one of the most widely known watering places on the Atlantic coast. The Indians knew it as the "Island Sheltered by Islands," but the Quakers gave it its name because there they found refuge from their persecutors. As a resort, Shelter Island offers all the beauties of nature, coupled with every modern convenience. There are few resorts in America more delightful than Shelter Island. A short ferry conveys passengers between Greenport and Shelter Island, and the train service between Greenport and New York is excellent.

No story of Long Island would be complete without reference to the railroad facilities of the island. Perhaps nowhere in the United States is a railroad company demonstrating greater confidence in the future of its territory than is being manifested today by the Long Island Railway Company, a corporation controlled by the Pennsylvania Railway Company, and this in face of the fact that history would discourage such immense investments. The Long Island Railroad has experienced much trouble: many changes of ownership and of management, of receivership and of reorganization, and it has encountered the opposition of a large class of restless people who believe that by making the rich poor, the poor become rich. However, in all its difficulties the road has been under the control and management of ambitious men, who looked far into the future and realized that "*success comes in cans, failure in can'ts.*" This motto hangs in a conspicuous place in the office of the general passenger agent of the railroad, and has been the beacon light that on many occasions guided enthusiasm and energy.

The Long Island Railroad Company was incorporated in 1834. The first meeting of its stockholders was in April, 1835, so that the publication of this article is at about the time when the diamond jubilee or seventy-fifth anniversary might be celebrated. The company is one of the few railroad organizations of the United States or, in fact, of the world that has continued through its entire existence to operate under its original charter and name. A new epoch in the history of the Long Island Railroad began at the period of consolidation of the cities. Difficulties that had not previously been considered confronted the company—more capital to meet the demands created by the greater city was required, operating charges increased and dividends ceased. It was necessary to remove the tracks from the surface of certain avenues, to replace steam with electricity, to eliminate grade crossings, to install additional facilities and improvements of all kinds, and all this far beyond the financial means of the company.

In 1900 when the Long Island Railroad was obliged to battle with conditions of a most portentous nature, a rift in the clouds appeared—the Pennsylvania Railroad bought a controlling interest in the stock of the Long Island company. Wisely looking toward the future, the latter organization, in connection with its plans to enter New York proper through its tunnels found that by the Long Island Railroad it could provide additional traffic to bear the burden of the cost of the tunnels and terminals, in addition to affording the opportunity and the location for the terminal passenger yard in Long Island City, which could not be provided in Manhattan. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has aided in the financing of all these projects, and since it has controlled the road there has been expended in the various improvements, outside of the Pennsylvania tunnels and terminal, over $30,000,000, all of which has been spent on Long Island.

The Atlantic Avenue improvement alone cost $6,250,000, in addition to $1,250,000 contributed by the city toward the elimination of the grade crossings in providing further facilities, both passenger and freight, including in it the terminal connecting this new line with the interborough subway.

Over one hundred miles of the company's track have been electrified at a cost of $4,360,000. Another $5,000,000 has been expended on what is known as the Bay Ridge improvement; an $8,000,000 appropriation has been exhausted for additional tracks, yards, shops, etc., and on locomotives, passenger and freight cars, steel motor cars and ferry boats there has been expended $5,500,000. Besides this, over $2,000,000 has been used on its subsidiary companies, consisting of the various trolley lines operating to feed the main lines.

NORTHPORT HARBOR AND VILLAGE

The stockholders have realized no return on their investments, but their faith in the future has encouraged them to make these immense expenditures. Its instrumentality in building up the Long Island territory, its efforts to provide better transportation facilities for Greater New York and the people of Long Island should invite the sincere commendation of every citizen who is interested in the territory in which the company operates.

Railroads must build far in advance of the towns and cities; they must create in some respect their own business by inciting development in outlying districts; they must have confidence in the future of these sections and in the people who may be elected to administrative offices in the various localities.

The history of the Long Island Railroad shows that it is an institution of the people. No attempt has ever been made to ignore their rights; the men at the helm have always realized that one of the company's greatest assets is the confidence of the people.

Long Island is to the tired Eastern man what Southern California represents to the pleasure-seeking population of the West. Its future points toward illimitable possibilities, and in all human likelihood this beautiful strip of land that first welcomes the emigrant to our shores will shortly be regarded as the most delightful spot on earth.

* * *

The financial institutions are perhaps the most important indication of general conditions in a community, and information in relation to them is usually sought by prospective residents or investors interested in any growing community or new section of development. The Queens County Trust Company of Jamaica may be used to illustrate this feature of our story, as it is truly representative of its locality; and while in many respects it is distinctive from its less formidable contemporaries, yet its strength and stability, even under careful and able management, would not have been possible except for the fact that Jamaica and Long Island represent a region remarkable for development and growth.

A significant feature of the banking institutions of Long Island is their attractive and substantial appearance. On the Island may be seen designs that are true specimens of the finest orders in architecture.

The Queens County Trust Company building is pointed to with admiration and pride by the people of Jamaica. It is undoubtedly one of the finest bank buildings outside of Brooklyn, on the entire island.

But there is the more important basis of management that brings to financial institutions their strength and command of public support, and while massive piles of granite, stone and brick may be indications of solidity, yet destiny depends upon the men who direct and guard their affairs. In this connection there is a fortunate record, satisfying to the analytical processes that govern the critical mind, enabling them to discriminate between the good firm and the unworthy. In this instance there is in the last analysis the conclusion that Long Island's financial houses are not only a credit to architecture but to the people and interests they serve. The organization of the Queens County Trust Company was perfected in 1904, with a capital of $500,000, which was afterward increased to $600,000. The deposits now approximate $1,750,000, an increase of $400,000 during the past year. The item of surplus and undivided profits reaches the total of $175,000, and the total resources of the company exceed two and a half million dollars.

The company has general banking powers, and as its name would indicate performs all the various offices of trusteeship. It stands at the very head of all institutions on Long Island apart from the metropolis of Brooklyn, in the volume and extent of its business and responsibilities as a trust company. It is daily sought to act in the capacity of executor, administrator of estates, receiver, trustee, fiscal agent, registrar, transfer agent and trustee for corporations, as well as in various other broad channels where its resources and responsibility give to its trust an air of assured confidence and security too frequently lacking in cases where the same offices are delegated to individuals.

WINDMILL AT EASTHAMPTON

There is no argument as to the desirability of the employment of a responsible trust company in affairs like those above mentioned, but the value of discretion that enables one to obtain the institution where the greatest confidence can be entrusted is always carefully taken into consideration. The record for conservatism, progressiveness and wide-awake business methods shown in the life of Colonel William M. Griffith, who has occupied many public positions and has for years been the company's president; the part performed in the administration of the affairs of the company by Robert B. Austin, for many years a member of the bar in Greater New York; the additional strength evidenced in the direct management by John E. Backus, John L. Wyckoff and William F. Wyckoff, all of whom bear names that stand for the best and most progressive things on Long Island; the financial interest in the company of James S. Sherman, Vice-President of the United States—these are important factors in the story of the Queens County Trust Company. In this strong personnel and the record of six years of uninterrupted progress as well as in the substantial and very creditable official statement of its condition is evinced a strong exemplary illustration of Long Island development—a sound, conservative, progressive groundwork which people always admire as a basis of financial strength and responsibility.

BELLE TERRE CLUBHOUSE—PORT JEFFERSON, LONG ISLAND

At Astoria, Long Island, is located the Sohmer and other well-known piano manufacturing plants. Through the courtesy of the Sohmer management, I was shown through their model factory, which is complete in every department and equipped with the best labor-saving machinery and every facility for economical production.

Few piano manufacturers have kept pace with the great piano movement, which began in this country many years ago, as has the Sohmer Company. Like all great utility problems, the forward step has always been necessary in the development of the piano—the creation of one hundred years ago would be discarded as a worthless antique by the cultivated and discriminating music-lover of today.

Place the very highest pianistic creation of even a quarter of a century ago beside a Sohmer masterpiece of today, and note the difference!

In this little Long Island city the Sohmer Company has manufactured pianos that have been sent to every part of the civilized world; in Astoria have been made pianos that have charmed the hearts of millions, and it has always seemed appropriate that the highest perfection in music should be associated with the Sohmer piano, for this instrument has probably held the foremost position in the piano world.

The name itself will bring memories of early struggles and early pleasures to thousands of hearts; how many persons of mature years can recall countless occasions when, in their youthful days, they gathered about the piano bearing the well-known Sohmer insignia. It may have been a mother's piano—an instrument which today is perhaps an antique but withal cherished as a precious heirloom. It would be difficult to estimate the power of this instrument and its influence upon the lives not only of the family who owned it, but of the entire neighborhood.

As I walked through the Sohmer factory, I could not help but reflect that here was a spring that had poured sweet music to people of every land—here on Long Island was the fountainhead of a source of pleasure that has awed the souls of millions—here the home of the great Sohmer piano.

I inquired, "What is the key to the success which the Sohmer has acquired among music-lovers?" and was told that the Sohmer represents the concrete expression of their conception of a perfect piano.

Tone is the very soul of a musical instrument, and the appellation "Soulful Sohmer," once bestowed upon the instrument by an ardent admirer, would seem to be an admirable characterization.

Rubenstein was once asked to designate the three qualities which he deemed the most important in a piano. "The first," he replied, "is tone. The second is tone. The third is tone."

In the tone of the Sohmer lies its distinct individuality. It is rich in volume, pure in its singing quality and sympathetic throughout its entire scale. It is even and pleasing, never unbalancing and irritating.

The Sohmer is certainly the highest creation of the modern piano.

VIEWS AT EAST ROCKAWAY

MOTHER'S BOY

From the book "Heart Throbs."

Make rowdy music, little one!
  Make rowdy mirth and song!
It is for life like this, my own,
  That I have watched you long.

Romp in your merry ways apart,
  And shout in freedom wild;
But creep at night time to my heart,
  A tired little child.

—Cora A. Watson

AT THE AUTO SHOW

By MORTIMER SINCLAIR

VERY brilliant was the auto show held in Mechanics Building, Boston, in March, 1910. This is not an outburst of Hub enthusiasm but a fact on which all auto makers represented have declared.

Surrounding the spacious structure built by the Mechanics Charitable Association, of which Paul Revere was once President, was a line of automobiles that represented a tremendous investment in themselves. As I saw the throngs pouring into the entrances, I thought of Longfellow's lines on Paul Revere and his midnight ride. The gleaming lights of the automobiles suggested the flash of the lanterns that hung in the old North Church, "one if by land, two if by sea." The road to Lexington now knows the whizzing, purring motor car instead of the good horse on which the alarm was taken to "Concord Town" by this hero of history.

* * *

Over one-third of the money represented in the purchase of automobiles is said to come through New England. The incomparable roads and tours throughout this notable section have been great factors in superseding the horse and carriage. At summer resorts sixty per cent of the visitors arrive and depart in automobiles, and they are welcomed as substantial patrons of the great summer resorts throughout New England. Memories of the old stage-coach days are revived by the automobile when it comes up puffing and dusty from a ride of one hundred miles or so, and the passengers alight with the same travel-weary air of the old stage-coach days.

The Boston auto show was one of those exhilarating successes that mark a standard. Those who thought the auto interest was on the wane should have been there. One of the great halls was a bower of cherry trees. Real bark was nailed on the pillars of the hall from which extended real limbs of cherry trees covered with blossoms. It suggested a rest by the road-side in some orchard for lunch—a fitting scenic setting for a country auto tour. All the automobiles, licensed and unlicensed under the Selden patent, were represented here. It was an open show, so to speak, and truly representative of all the autos entered.

The New York show was the overture in which new ideas were brought forth in the latest models. The auto manufacturers, keen and observant, make observations here, and at the Chicago show later exhibit a few of the new things suggested, but at the Boston auto show, always held in Mechanics Building in March, the last of the season, they play their "trump card" and bring out the finished product of the year, which is to woo and win the trade of the autoist.

Here was the Thomas car that made its record trip to Paris and around the world, plastered with labels as thickly as a student tourist's dress suit case, or a globe-trotter's steamer trunk. Grim, sturdy as a warrior of old, clad in his begrimed armor, it stood attracting the interest of every visitor. A mass of costly trophies seemed like an array of the silversmith's art.

Under the cherry trees were the exhibits of the Ford, and each exhibit was marked by an old-time New England guide post that suggested the devious turns of the highways on which the chauffeur keeps his eye as keenly as the engineer on the semaphore of the railroad tracks.

There was the "Overland" suggesting the sweep of the Limited express train across the continent. Then the Chalmers-Detroit—well, everybody seemed to know Hugh Chalmers and the Chalmers car. Near by was the Hudson which comes to further perpetuate the name of the man who discovered the great waterway in New York. The vehicles in the Studebaker exhibit were in sharp contrast to the pictures of the early days when this firm manufactured sturdy prairie schooners for pioneers pushing on to the West.

Here, also, was an exhibit of the Rapid Motor Company. Two years ago the prediction was made by men prominent in the automobile industry that the commercial branch would show a greater phenomenal growth than the pleasure car. With the opening of the season of 1910, the Rapid Motor Vehicle Company of Pontiac, Michigan, not only the pioneers of commercial motor car construction, but the largest company in this especial line, find themselves booked for orders almost to their utmost capacity.

Every variety and grade of autos was displayed. Each little point of excellence was shown even if it required the electric light under a cam or wheel to show it. There was motion, life and "go" all through the building.

From the galleries came a resonant volley of "honk, honk," mingling with fearsome noises of the Claxton horn suggestive of the roar of lions in a menagerie and contrasting with the musical notes of the bugle call. Whether they had automobiles or not, the thousands pushing through the great building were a jolly throng. Some sat in the autos and looked as if they owned them, assuming the air of true autoists for the time, at least.

The "Elsie Janis" car, with tapestry and furnishings of dainty white, suggested a "motoring" bridal tour. The six-cylinder Winton No. 6 occupied a prominent place on the platform with the Packard and the Cadillac. Every sort of "auto" device known was exhibited in the gallery. Tires of all kinds from the massive rims of the heavy truck to the lighter shoeing of the racing torpedo; dash boards of glass and celluloid with shining brass trimmings; speedometers; oils; clocks; in fact, all the auto trappings and equipments were there, even to a display of fur overcoats—a composite exhibit that made the show a veritable auto encyclopedia. Not content to show automobiles for the road, there was a "swing automobile" showing how auto-lovers can have a ride on the porch, without burning gasolene. Best of all was to look into the faces of the people at the show, radiant with the pleasure of anticipated automobiling, and as the gazer decided to become a purchaser, the expression became serious.

Associated with automobiles are all the great personalities in the public eye. Here was the electric car sold by the E. W. Bailey Company, of Amesbury, to Thomas A. Edison, a modest, sedate "spider" electric machine.

The White Steamer indicated the evolution from the manufacture of sewing machines. This is the car in which President Taft, the first "auto" president, swung around the circle on his meteoric tours. The stately Peerless and the Pierce-Arrow with their machinery and furnishings rivalled Pullman cars in elegance, and showed the perfection attained by auto craftmanship.

Yes, there was some display of millinery. Plumes, long and flowing, flowers and birds that rivalled even the canaries chirping and singing in the cages suspended under the cherry trees. The show was one continuous "joy ride." The lady with the poodle and the Boston terrier was there, and it took so little to amuse the crowd. Was the dog balky? Someone then recalled a similar experience when his auto had to be towed into town just as the dog had now to be dragged along. They cheered the dog!

Going home the crowds seemed not to have lost their zest for fun. Somebody distributed "kerchoo" in the car—there was a chorus of sneezes, and more sneezes. One end laughed while the other end sneezed, but the boy got off at the front end. There is a law in Boston against selling "kerchoo," and it is not to be sneezed at, but everybody laughed; the joke was not enjoyed by one old gentleman in the corner who had to bring forth frequently a very old red bandanna.

The Boston Auto Show indicated a popular and intense interest in the auto as a quasi-public institution, and furnished proof that the auto trade has become more than a mere commercial proposition. The statistics show that mortality is decreasing. The open air is a tonic the use of which the auto encourages. Every one of the thousands of visitors dreamed of a time when he or she might auto spin over the country roads of New England.

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

AS the end of the session approaches, there recurs that lively bustle that suggests universal preparations for "going home," and recalls memories of the end of the summer term at school, and setting out upon the long-desired vacation. Every face wears an off-to-the-country smile. All the acrimony of past discussions or differences are dissipated, and everyone is at peace with all the world.

Mingling with the cheerfulness of closing up work for the summer vacation, there is nevertheless an undercurrent of the heat and ardor of campaign preparation. Records are being searched for correct dates of historical events, especially apposite quotations from brilliant speeches and other material for the fall campaign. The great cedar chests are being packed, and even around the White House there is a pervading atmosphere of future political activities and an odor of turpentine and mothballs for the preservation of precious furs and discarded woolens. While the ladies of the family are on the lookout for moths, the men—between tugging at trunk straps and turning of keys that "won't lock"—are scanning lists of worthy constituents. They know that by and by every envelope addressed, and every document sent out now will count. One feels that it might throw light on the future of the entire human race, if one could get an insight into the thoughts of each member of the family while setting out to fulfil the summer programme.

IN a city of the Middle West dwell some of the direct descendants of Halley, the royal astronomer of Great Britain, after whom was named the comet on which the attention of the world was focused during April, 1910, when it was visible to ordinary vision. This comet revolves around the sun once every seventy-six years. Halley proved that its orbit was in the form of an ellipse. In 1066, the year that William the Conqueror fought the battle of Hastings, it was looked upon as an omen of success for the Norman invasion. Nearly four centuries later it developed a tail almost sixty degrees in length. The present visit of the comet is notable as being the first occasion that it has been possible to photograph the celestial visitant or to ascertain its composition by means of the spectroscope. The Hydrographic Department of Washington has made observations and published an ephemeris showing the position of the comet during the time that it is visible from the earth. A table is given which indicates that the comet was much nearer the earth on May 18 than at any other date.

Shipmasters sailing in the Pacific were requested by the Department to make observations of the comet, as to its brightness contrasted with that of nearby stars, and the length and brilliancy of the tail: they were especially urged to study the heavens closely on May 16, as it was expected that the comet would then be visible from the Pacific Ocean.

EARL GREY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

AT Albany the President met Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, and Hon. W. F. Fielding, the Canadian tariff commissioner, who had come to discuss with him the perplexities of tariff conditions and to begin negotiations for a permanent basis under the Payne law. At the University Club banquet at Hotel Ten Eyck there was an exchange of international amenities that was refreshing as a prelude to a tedious tariff conference, scheduled for a quiet Sunday afternoon. Good old Albany, of historic manor house fame, was gay with bunting, revealing the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes intertwined in a most impressively affectionate manner. The festive spirit of good will and amity permeated the banquet and there was evidence of cordial relationship between the two countries, which might even count for much on the verge of a tariff war. To the common air of the two national anthems, "God Save the King," and "My Country 'tis of Thee," the President lustily sang "Confound their politics," and tunefully alluded to "their knavish tricks," and, while the auditors sought to repress a smile, Earl Grey politely tried to master the "rocks and rills" of Uncle Sam's favorite hymn.

The conference was to be held at the Executive Mansion. The rain was coming down as I walked along the old, cobble-stoned streets, past the Manor House and site of old Fort Orange, which figured prominently in the school history of my youthful days. The road to the Executive Mansion leads past the First Congregational Church, of which the Rev. Ray Palmer was first pastor. Members of the party instinctively lifted their hats in reverence for the man who had composed that exquisite hymn, "My faith looks up to Thee," which has brought peace and comfort to so many souls.

* * *

THE New York Executive Mansion is a massive pile, with numerous gables and towers. Automobiles stood buzzing outside the portals, while hundreds of Albanians stood in the rain to watch for the celebrities. When the autos left in the early evening, the white curtains were drawn down, and the lights turned on while the tariff question of two great countries was being discussed. Subsequent events also indicate that it was at this conference that the acquaintance ripened that impelled President Taft to appoint Governor Hughes as a Justice of the Supreme Court.

At the left of the entrance of the Executive Mansion is the Governor's workshop and library, wherein there are books, books and more books. The reception parlors are furnished in red, and a sociable bull dog was seated on a couch to welcome the guests. In the great hall and in the reception rooms carnations shed their fragrance on the air, while on a handsome centre table, pink tulips held up their heads, aware that they harmonized charmingly with the decoration scheme of the apartment. The wide stairway, leading from the great entrance hall, suggests the old Dutch mansions on the Hudson of the early days. It was an ideal setting for a tariff conference of so momentous a nature, for there were only eleven days left before the ultimatum must be delivered. The French-American tariff treaty had been signed, and now the

MISS MARGOT MERRIAM

A California leading woman, now with the Worcester (Mass.) Stock Company, under the management of Harrison Gray Fiske

SENATE MILITARY COMMITTEE ROOM WITH ITS AMERICAN BATTLE PICTURES
Where Senator Warren of Wyoming puts in many hours overtime

question was how to arrange perplexing points to the satisfaction of Canada and the United States. The Canadians seemed disposed to let the Americans take the initiative, and Dr. Pepper, the tariff expert, and the President were ready to consider the complicated points.

The tariff policy of Canada is referred to as controlled by "a commission in council," which is authorized to make rates and agreements within certain limits, irrespective of parliamentary action. Some of the Canadian representatives seemed to feel that the United States government is an anomaly of power, and lack of power, and confidence in the chief executive. Even President Taft, with the discretion of exercising the maximum and minimum tariff, seemed to them to require certain restraints to bring the United States to the same footing as Canada in this matter. Tariff conditions between the two countries now hinge on the question of whether the Canadians must discriminate against the United States because of a former treaty made by the British, under a "favored nation" clause, in which thirteen other countries were included but not the States.

Another question raised was whether to estimate the tariff on the basis of actual exports and imports, or the aggregate of the entire list, estimated on all duties prescribed.

The effect of the maximum tariff, a twenty-five per cent advance, *ad valorem*, it was felt would be almost ruinous to lumber and fish imports from Canada, which are now extensive. For instance, a mackerel duty of a cent a pound amounts on a barrel of two hundred pounds to two dollars. If the fish are assessed at twenty dollars a barrel, the advalorem duty would be five dollars, and with the specific duty of two dollars, would amount to seven dollars, a ruinous rate which bears a resemblance to the Dutchman's noted one per cent rate of profit.

IT was a veritable home-coming for President Taft when he visited Millbury, Massachusetts, and ate apple pie with his Aunt Delia. The Railway Brotherhood convention at Worcester was addressed during this visit, and thousands united in giving the President a splendid ovation, but for him personally the heart-interest must have centered in the Sunday which he enjoyed with his aunt. Arriving at nine in the morning, there were the ham and eggs—done on one side only—all ready, just as in boyhood's days. Later he went to church as peacefully and obediently as he had been wont to do when visiting in Millbury long ago, when as a boy he had come back for part of the summer. He noted with pleasure the wide stone wall around the pasture, just as of old, when he had played with Jimmy Powers, who soon became owner of the village livery stable.

The President was met by Governor Draper at Millbury, and escorted to Worcester. The hearty ovation given to the Governor was indicative of the honor in which the chief executive of the Commonwealth is held by his home people. His sturdy courage and businesslike administration are appreciated by the people who know him best, and regard him as one of the ablest and most efficient governors that the Bay State has ever sent to Beacon Hill.

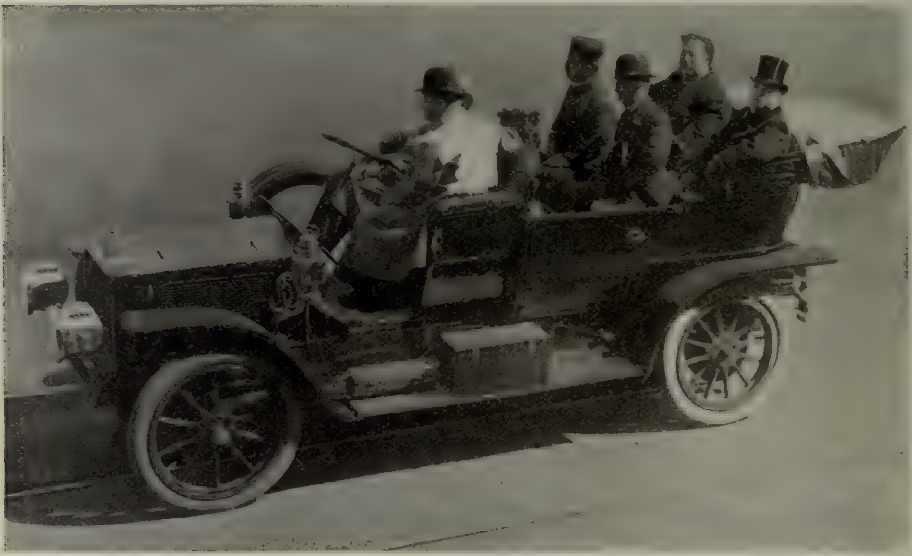
Almost every house on the road from Worcester to Millbury was gaily decorated with bunting and portraits of the President, in honor of the boy who had played along that road years ago. The ministers in the churches hereabouts spoke of him as "the boy from the Millbury hills." The village streets were crowded as on a great holiday, the bandstand was aflame with flags, and the churches, schools and homes were decorated profusely to offer a royal welcome to the chief executive of the United States. Of course a call was made at the big house surrounded by stately elms,

Courtesy of the Boston American

PRESIDENT TAFT AND AUNT DELIA OUT FOR A WALK which was the home of the President's maternal grandfather.

The people gathered in the streets to watch him cross the road with that same swing as when a barefoot boy he had played among them. The secret service men, attired in linen dusters, were kept busy moving hither and thither, as the automobiles swept to and fro—for the President made the most of every minute. At the station, on the banks of the old Blackstone, where "Bill" Taft used to fish in the merry days of youth, in the stillness of the Sabbath morning, after the church bells had ceased, the President made the great speech of the day. He alluded feelingly to the many happy memories revived, and the tender friendships cherished in connection with the bygone days; he said that he felt as though he had been born half in Massachusetts and half in Ohio. The President pointed to the hill nearby, where the old schoolhouse stood which he had attended in the happy carefree days when he had been the especial charge and delight of his "Aunt Delia." Her influence seems to have stayed with him all through life, and it was to her that he referred in his speeches in the South, when he paid such an eloquent tribute to the worth of maiden aunts.

Looking from his car at Millbury upon the throngs gathered to see him, he may have wondered that it had never occurred to him, as a boy, that some such scene might be enacted in this familiar spot. Perhaps there was a tender thought of the sweet-faced mother, to whom he said farewell when he left for his tour around the world. She died here at the old home and did not witness the distinction that has come to her illustrious son as President of the United States.



Courtesy of the Boston Journal

PRESIDENT TAFT AND GOVERNOR DRAPER IN AUTOMOBILE AT WORCESTER

After the last word had been spoken in the old home, the shades were drawn in the car and the President relaxed from the strain of a long day, fraught with pleasurable emotion, and sank into his seat with a happy sigh. He had enjoyed a visit to the old home, as well as met thousands of railroad men at their great convention.

* * *

THE death of Justice Brewer removed from the Supreme Court bench a most pronounced character. At the last judicial reception at the White House, I saw Justice Brewer and Justice Harlan go off into a quiet corner, between the

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MRS. ROOSEVELT ON CAMEL AT KERRI

red and blue room to enjoy a cheery chat, telling each other jolly good stories of bygone days. These two jurists having taken part in the absolutely necessary formalities pertaining to their position, gladly slipped away for a quiet time together. They had served in concert on the bench during their mature years, and been active in the solution of many knotty points, but they have remained unpretentious, humane and kindly.

The mother of Justice Brewer was a sister of Cyrus W. Field, who laid the Atlantic cable and was one of the remarkable Field family. The late Justice was born in Asia Minor, while his father resided in that country as a missionary. He was a classmate of Senator Depew, at Yale, and studied law in the office of his uncle, Dudley Field. His first office was that of United States commissioner, and his first judicial service was in the probate court. In 1865 he entered the federal service as judge, with an interim of four years as prosecuting attorney, when he was appointed justice of the Supreme Court of the state of Kansas. In 1889 he was appointed by President Harrison to the Supreme Court bench.

Justice Brewer was a member of the famous Venezuelan Arbitration Tribunal, and also the author of a number of books. The first was "The Pew to the Pulpit," and awakened widespread comment. A man of strong convictions and deep emotions, tempered with broad experience, his writings have been read with eager interest, and for many years Justice Brewer has been regarded as one of the strongest, brainiest jurists of the country.

A STATELY and gallant gentleman of the old Southern school, the Honorable James Gordon has served a brief term in the United States Senate, and his departure from that body was sincerely regretted. A "gentleman from Mississippi" indeed, his farewell address was one of the happiest efforts recorded in the "Congressional Record" for many years. In a simple manner, characteristic of the man, he delivered a valedictory which is replete with human interest and full of a broad and inspiring patriotism.

Photo by Clinedinst MISS MAY HOWARD

A prominent Washington society woman, whose skill as a horsewoman has put Uncle Sam's fighting men on their mettle. She rode in the army endurance test ordered by ex-President Roosevelt, and covered ninety-eight miles in fifteen and one-half hours. Her performance was a marvel to many officers who had a hard time to meet the requirements. New test rides have been ordered by the Navy Department, in which Miss Howard will participate.

When he arose at his desk and announced his retirement, he disclaimed any intention of making a set speech, and also disclaimed the honor of having written the poems ascribed to him. In his preface he naively remarked that he was going to present the only book of poems that he had written to the president of the Senate. He stated that he set out to become a United States Senator when he was but five years of age. His mother then helped him to spin an old-fashioned teetotum top, on which was pictured the United States Senate in the days of Clay and Calhoun. She explained to him what the picture stood for, and when he expressed an ambition to "be there some day," she told him that a clean, industrious life might bring him to it.

What a picture that genial Confederate soldier made in the Senate, as he told of the day when he wore the gray and fought and bled, humorously adding, "I didn't die—I skedaddled." His words further confirmed the unity of the nation under one flag, the tribute "to our country" bringing forth hearty applause from the galleries and floor.

"I am tired of sectionalism," continued the retiring Senator. "God knows I got enough of the fighting, and I don't want to hear any speech in the Senate or elsewhere which stirs up strife." He confessed that there were "trouble-makers," North and South, but he added that "the people were all right."

"A man might as well attempt to scale the ramparts of Jehovah, and pluck from heaven God's proudest star, as to pluck from the brow of the conqueror or conquered the loyalty which was on the brows of the men on either side who stood under the apple tree in Appomattox.

"Since then I have kept the oath which I took as a good citizen of the United States." He went on to speak of the need for perfect understanding before an opinion is passed. "I have heard you, the Senate, abused and censured, and I find that this is the finest working body of men with whom I have been associated. I had no idea of the work incumbent on a man who occupied a seat in the Senate, but I am glad to have had the opportunity of obtaining the information direct."

Interspersed in the address was a bit of verse on the Old Black Mammy; every paragraph in the speech was fraught with genial good will and cheery humor. Closing with a hearty and cordial assurance of a welcome awaiting the Senators if they came to Mississippi, and a bow of old-time courtesy, the gentleman from Mississippi concluded his speech.

When he had taken his seat, Senator Depew, with one of his courteous and gracious bows, arose and paid a charming tribute to his colleague, saying that he regarded the speech as an unique contribution to literature of this character, and that he believed it would go down in the records as an utterance of patriotism, good-fellowship, broad-minded charity and good humor that would live long after other apparently more able addresses had long been forgotten. The adieu bidden to Senator Gordon was such as would have gladdened even the heart of a man who had filled a seat in the Senate for years.

* * *

ONE of the first to arouse Boston and Eastern business men to the seriousness of the Canadian tariff situation was Mr. John F. Masters, New England Superintendent of the Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamship Line. Realizing that relations were sure to be badly strained, and that prompt action was necessary, he made a hurried trip to Albany, and had a conference with the Hon. W. F. Fielding, Canadian Minister of Finance. Referring to the situation, Mr. Masters stated:

"The Canadians are, of course, very much pleased with the satisfactory outcome of tariff negotiations, and regard President Taft as a high type of statesman, at whose hands, as an official of the United States, Canada is likely to receive fair treatment.

"Had the maximum tariff gone into effect, it would have been disastrous to the shipping interests between Canada and this country, and the port of Boston in particular, and New England in general, would have been the greatest losers. Of course, all commodities of living would have materially advanced; the increased cost would have fallen entirely on the consumer.

"At the time the negotiations were talked over, there was a likelihood that the United States would put into effect the maximum tariff, which increases the present duties twenty-five per cent, ad valorem, unless the States should be accorded the same preferential tariff given to France and twelve other countries, under the favored nation clause."

The Canadians declined to do this because the United States was, in their opinion, offering no adequate return; they considered that the minimum tariff being retained represented no concession. The Canadian commissioners claimed that the average duty against Canada is far higher than (about double) that accorded by Canada to the States, and pointed out that it was unfair to consider only an average duty on articles at present shipped because there were many commodities not being interchanged at this time because of a prohibitive tariff, this being especially true in regard to agricultural products.

Photo by Chickering

JOHN F. MASTERS
New England Superintendent, Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamship Company

The editor of the *Toronto Globe*, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, went to Ottawa and Washington and, after many conferences with the President, brought about the meeting at Albany, at which an arrangement was agreed upon that settles the matter for the present. Canada has agreed to extend to the United States the same rates on about twelve articles—silk, linseed oil and other products not grown in Canada—

that are already accorded to more favored nations. It makes no material difference to the Dominion where these articles are purchased. President Taft has intimated that further negotiations will be made to effect an exchange of pulp-wood and fish products in return for concessions on United States manufactured goods. Thus the tariff situation today remains practically unaltered, except that these twelve selected articles have been made the basis of future negotiations, which it is understood are now pending.

Photo by Clinedinst

MISS CARRIE CLINE

Daughter of Congressman Cline of Indiana, who is noted for her beauty and talents

* * *

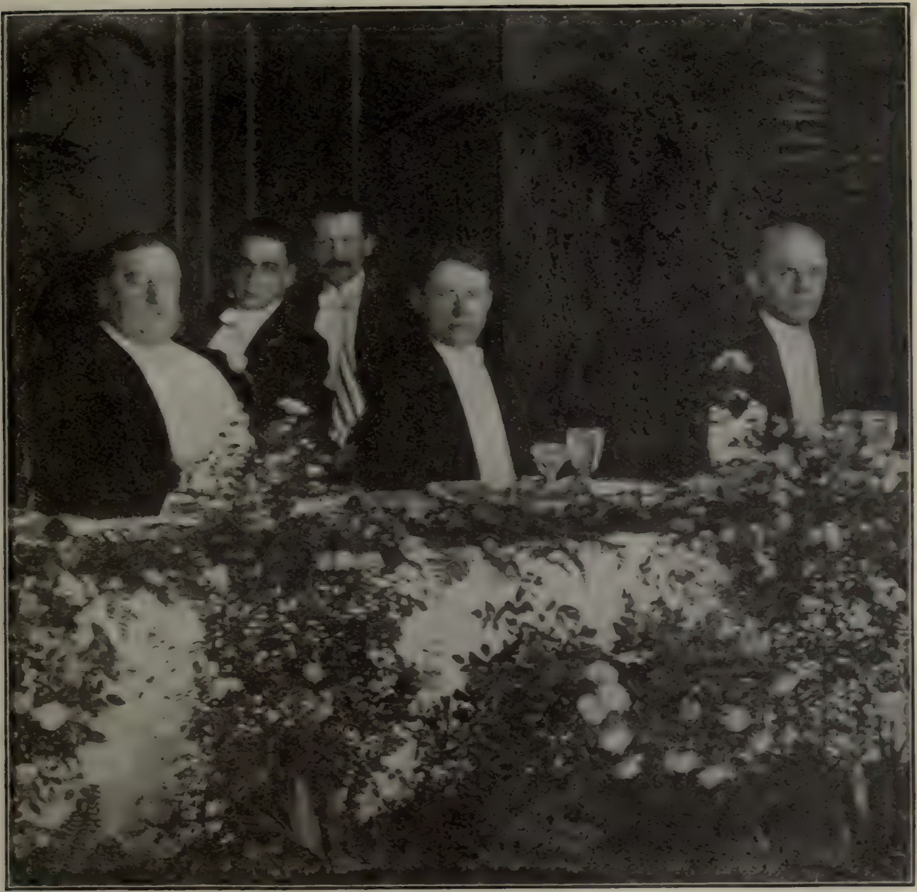
IT was interesting to watch two brothers walking arm in arm down the aisle of the House of Representatives. They belong to opposing political parties. Congressman Eugene N. Foss, elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Congressman Lovering of Massachusetts, was elected on the Democratic ticket, and proceeded to be sworn in. His brother, Representative George E. Foss, Chairman of the Naval Committee, is one of the Republican leaders in Congress. The two brothers were born in Vermont, and the younger went West early in life. The older brother remained engaged in manufacture in Boston. Their mother was in the gallery, looking down on her two boys as they appeared before the Speaker, honored representatives in Congress of two political parties.

The comradeship of those two brothers may stand as a type of the fraternal spirit of Congress—despite the division of party lines. The success of her two boys brought to the cheek of the mother a flush of pleasure, and her eager interest was beautiful to behold, as she peered over the rail with the same kindly glance as when hearing her sons recite in school on Friday afternoons in the old schoolhouse in Vermont.

* * *

THE activities of the Taft administration are not confined to any one section. An address is made tonight in Chicago, tomorrow night in New York, and every state and territory has been united. Newspaper men are bearded in their lair, and there is a general desire to understand matters. In Rochester seven hundred business men applauded while President Taft frankly outlined plans for federal legislation, and at Albany the Canadian officials were greeted.

The Rochester meeting was in the nature of a council, and the utterances made there deserve careful consideration. The remarks of Mr. Wm. C. Brown, President of the New York Central Railroad—nationally recognized as a man of progressive ideas and optimistic faith—were in curious contrast to the opinions of the equally able, but somewhat older railroad man, Mr. James J. Hill, who after a life of achievement has become a little apprehensive. His views have a cautious tinge suggestive of the prudence of maturity, while Mr. Brown holds fast to the most hopeful signs of the future and the present. He called attention to the normal and encouraging conditions which now prevail. The 400,000 idle cars and the 10,000 locomotives that figured in reports of the "panic year" have been put into action, to keep abreast of the activities of fields,



PRESIDENT TAFT A GUEST AT THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL DINNER OF THE ROCHESTER CHAMBER OF COMMERCE MR. W. C. BROWN TO THE RIGHT OF PICTURE

mines, forests and factories, which are everywhere bearing witness to the renaissance of a great era of prosperity. Every car and engine is double-crewed and working to the outside of its capacity.

This aggressive railroad president believes that the first business of the government of any country is to secure the most abundant measure of prosperity and comfort possible for the greatest number of citizens. "If you are interested in the welfare of your country, get in line with the Taft administration," was the conclusion that echoed with the ring of uncompromising confidence that was infectious. He deplored the lack of intelligent farming, the run-down and impoverished farms, and compared our agricultural condition to the attitude of children, who, supplied with too many oranges, merely take a small bite from each, suck a little of the juice and throw away the best part of the fruit. Mr. Brown contends that this is the position of many farmers, who cultivate what he calls "half-farmed land." To prove his point he produced comparative figures of the production in other countries, showing that more and better farming would solve many economic difficulties.

* * *

A WORK of art that is worthy to stand side by side with the classics in children's books—Arabian Nights, Water Babies, Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare and others—is the "Great Sea Horse," by Isabel Anderson, published by Little, Brown & Company, price two dollars. In passing one marvels how such a book can be sold at so low a cost. The exquisite pictures are in three colors, and each one is a gem in itself, and is daintily covered with tissue paper which brings joy to the heart of a child. Probably there is not one in the world who has not laid tissue paper over a colored picture for the pleasure of seeing the shades of color gleaming through in misty fashion. It is a beautiful book in every way; even the inside covers are decorated with suitable designs, and there is something on every page to catch the eye and rivet the attention of a child. Mrs. Anderson evidently knows just what the little ones love to look at and to hear.

Courtesy of C. M. Clark Publishing Company

MRS. LARZ ANDERSON
Author of "The Great Sea Horse"

This is the author's first book, and is a notable contribution to a form of literature which the ablest writers concede to be very difficult to write well. Mrs. Anderson resides in Boston and is the wife of the Hon. Larz Anderson, who has occupied many prominent positions in the United States diplomatic service in Italy and elsewhere. Last winter the Anderson residence in Washington was frequented by many diplomatists, artists and men of letters. Mrs. Anderson is one of the very few society leaders who has succeeded in reviving in Washington the inspiration and charm of the Parisian salon of former days.

Now for the stories. "The Great Sea Horse" is a fine fellow, who will win the hearts of his little friends, even though he is in the unfortunate position of having too many admirers among the mermaids. The very word "mermaid" is a delight, to a child, and the story of the sea horse will be eagerly read over many times. If his evil doings up the river suggest some mischief, it is atoned for by his

Courtesy of C. M. Clark Publishing Company

A HALL IN MRS. ANDERSON'S WASHINGTON HOUSE

good deeds in helping to rescue the shipwrecked mariner. Many a child will dream of the beautiful horse, with a tail and mane of golden brown seaweed, tossing his head and galloping, or rolling in the yellow sand.

The story of King Foxy and gnome land with its mists and snow will be especially attractive, and grown-up readers will admire the deft way in which Mrs. Anderson conveys information in her line or two of description of Muir Glacier, "forever slowly moving," and will hastily prepare themselves for the flood of questions which the reading of every story is sure to bring from the little people. The doings of King Foxy will be remembered long after the little readers have grown so busy that they cannot spare time to read the beautiful book in which they first met the tiny king "before whom even polar bears have trembled." Many a man and woman of the future will discover that he or she gained a first knowledge of geography and transportation from the story of the travels of King Foxy and his faithful gnomes, when they went in search of the queen gnome—something which had never before been heard of.

Then comes a pretty lesson in forestry in "The Forest School," a story in which Mrs. Oak, the Misses Maple and many other lovely maids of the forest appear. The "Fairy Sitting on a Pond Lily" is one of the most beautiful pictures in the book. The story of the Magic Lock and the little "Chink" who had such hard times and finally landed in the Yellow River near the "Great Wall," gives a thrilling glimpse of what a little alien may endure in an enlightened land, as well as a suggestion of Chinese customs.

"STORMFIELD," THE HOME OF MARK TWAIN AT REDDING, CONNECTICUT

"It wears its beard without a chin, and leaves its bed to be tucked in," was the riddle propounded by Princess Dawn to Prince Sunshine, when she appeared to him in the guise of a mermaid. He could not guess that it was an oyster, so the fair lady had to tell him as she sat and "untangled her hair with the Venus comb-shell." This story of "The Maiden of Rosyland" is one of the many in which the mermaids or mermen appear. In fact, Mrs. Anderson seems especially familiar with fairy lore, for she tells tales of fire, flower and woodland fairies, of gnomes and of Neptune and of mer-boys that are strangely realistic. Everything takes on an aspect of the magical for her, from the opening of the Jamestown Exposition to the boyish experiences of Johnny Cork, who afterward became a great explorer. "The child's dreams often become the great realities of a man's life," she says. All through the book are beautiful illustrations, and every story is of deepest interest. Mrs. Anderson realizes that the craving of a child for "a story" is evidence of the desire for information, and in the cleverest way possible she stimulates the imagination and blazes the path to future achievement for the little readers. She has created a new departure in present-day literature that must have its effect on the history of the men and women who are to be the future citizens of the United States.

* * *

THE passing of Samuel L. Clemens, known universally as Mark Twain, calls us to bid farewell to one of the most popular and well-known Americans the world has ever seen. Two years ago the National published that bit of exquisite verse, inscribed on the stone which marks his daughter's resting place, at the old home:

> "Warm summer sun, shine kindly here;
> Warm southern wind, blow softly here;
> Green sod above, lie light, lie light;
> Goodnight, dear heart; goodnight, goodnight."

Everyone who came under the spell of those kindly blue eyes, gleaming genially beneath the shaggy brows will always remember the humorist, Mark Twain. His sense of humor was so different from that of ordinary men, and yet so universal that he will stand in the annals of literature as a genius in this line. Is there any phase of life in the West that has not come under the influence of "Huckleberry Finn" experiences, and of the steamboat days on the Mississippi; are these not as much a matter of history as those labelled as such? He was always full of that homely wit and deep wisdom that marked him as a sage as well as a humorist, throughout his long and eventful life.

Many times I have met him in Washington, in the depth of winter wearing his white flannel suit, and in the heat of summer attired in a fur-lined overcoat, and he was always the centre of interest. His works have been translated into almost every language.

The maxims of Mark Twain bid fair to go down in history along with the sayings of Poor Richard.

"To be good is to be noble; but to show others how to be good is nobler and no trouble."

"Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; a cauliflower is nothing but a cabbage with a college education."

"Habit is habit, and not to be flung out of the window by any man, but coaxed down stairs a step at a time."

"Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example."

"April 1st. This is the day upon which we are reminded of what we are on the other 364."

"Consider well the proportions of things. It is better to be a young Junebug than an old bird of paradise."

"The man with a new idea is a crank until the idea succeeds."

"All say, 'How hard it is that we have to die'—a strange complaint to come from the mouths of people who have to live."

"Truth is stranger than fiction, but it is because fiction is obliged to stick to possibilities; truth isn't."

* * *

Many more anecdotes of Mark Twain are being told than would have been dreamed of before his death. In fact, his record threatens to rival Lincoln's in the number and variety of incidents connected with his life and sayings, and letters long ago filed with other correspondence are now being dug out, because they bear his treasured signature.

Almost the only letter Mark Twain ever wrote concerning a political matter, was one to Uncle Joe Cannon, which is reproduced on page 301. It reveals the friendly relations between the two men, and recalls an incident well worth reciting. The humorist was interested in the new copyright law, which was finally passed. When he presented the letter to Uncle Joe there was a twinkle in his eye, that was reflected in the orbs of the Speaker. After they had shaken hands, Speaker Cannon took up the little black-covered, red-edged book, "Rules and Practice of House of Rep's" whereby a legislator "standeth or falleth." He turned to page 461 and read rule 34: "Of admission to the floor." The enumeration of all entitled to be on the floor debarred Mark Twain from receiving an affirmative answer to his request for admission to the floor of the House during the session.

MARK TWAIN ENJOYING A PIPE AFTER LUNCH

And then in a melancholy voice, Uncle Joe read:

"It shall not be in order for the Speaker to entertain a request for the suspension of this rule or to present from the chair the request of any member for unanimous consent."

More cheerfully, he continued:

"There shall be excluded at all times from the Hall of the House of Representatives and the cloak-rooms all persons not entitled to the privilege of the floor during the session, except that until fifteen minutes of the hour of the meeting of the House persons employed in its service, accredited members of the press entitled to admission to the press gallery, and other persons on request of members, by card or in writing, may be admitted.

"This rule was adopted in 1902."

However, Mark had the privileges of Uncle Joe's office while the House was actually in session, and many congressmen gathered there to welcome the celebrated humorist. To them he told the famous story of the poet of the Wabash, along whose storied banks the Speaker of the House wandered as a boy. The joke relates to the opening of a canal through to Toledo. A local genius felt that it should be immortalized in verse, and evidently "pumped himself" to make his lines rhyme whether they would or no, as follows:

"The Canal has been built through
All the way from Tarry-hut (Terre Haute)
To Tol-ee-doo."

THE HALL AT "STORMFIELD"

Toledo thus mutilated to make it rhyme with "through," struck Mark Twain as so ludicrous that he persisted in calling Uncle Joe "The Man from Tol-ee-doo" every time he had occasion to address him.

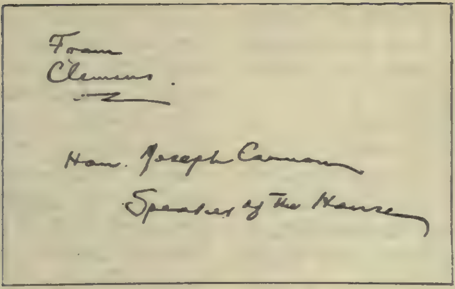
THE HOME OF MARK TWAIN, FROM THE PERGOLA

During the engagement in New York City, Mark Twain called on William Hodge, in his dressing-room. He desired to pay a personal tribute to "The Man From Home" who had done so much to win a wholesome record, and had secured the affection of his audiences. He entered just as Mr. Hodge was applying the brick red to his cheeks, in "making up," going through the process with the regular, swift motions of shaving. The old gentleman watched for some time, and commented upon how much the stage resembled life, "for we all have to make up to play our parts, and have to await our cues to enter upon our act," he said.

Dr. John Wesley Hill was present and saw the opportunity to secure Mark Twain to speak in his church. He made the request as diplomatically as possible. Mr. Clemens replied: "I have not been to church for twenty years, but I will promise you that the next time I go to church I will speak for you."

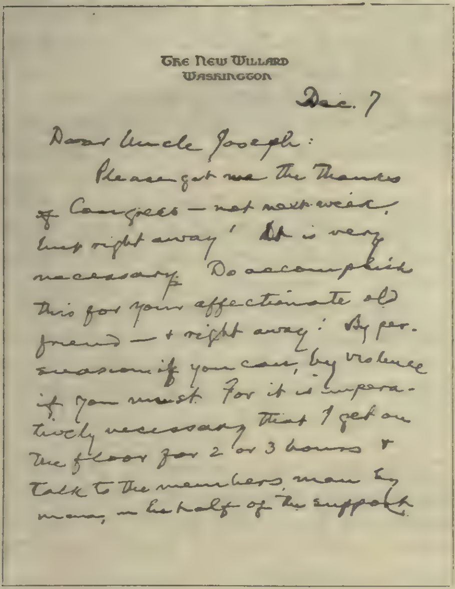
The doctor was all excitement, and thanked the author profusely for his kindness, and was about to hurry off to put the name of Mark Twain upon his next week's calendar, when Mr. Clemens spoke again:

"Remember I said 'the next time I go



From
Clemens.

Hon. Joseph Cannon
Speaker of the House

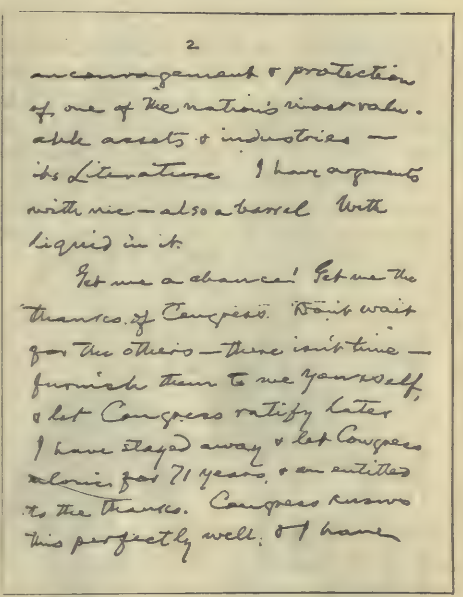


The New Willard
Washington

Dec. 7

Dear Uncle Joseph:

Please get me the Thanks of Congress—not next week, but right away! It is very necessary. Do accomplish this for your affectionate old friend—& right away! By persuasion if you can, by violence if you must. For it is imperatively necessary that I get on the floor for 2 or 3 hours & talk to the members, man by man, in behalf of the support



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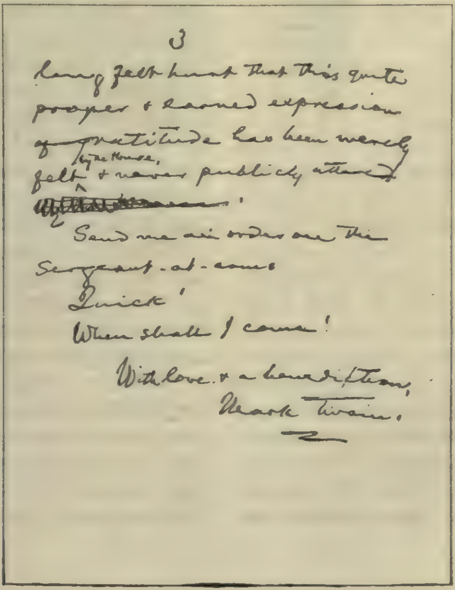
encouragement & protection of one of the nation's most valuable assets & industries—its Literature. I have arguments with me—also a barrel. With liquid in it.

Get me a chance! Get me the Thanks of Congress. Don't wait for the others—there isn't time—furnish them to me yourself, & let Congress ratify later. I have stayed away & let Congress alone for 71 years, & am entitled to the Thanks. Congress knows this perfectly well, & I have



3

long felt hurt that this quite proper & earned expression of gratitude has been merely felt by the House, & never publicly uttered ~~[illegible]~~.

Send me an order on the Sergeant-at-arms

Quick!

When shall I come!

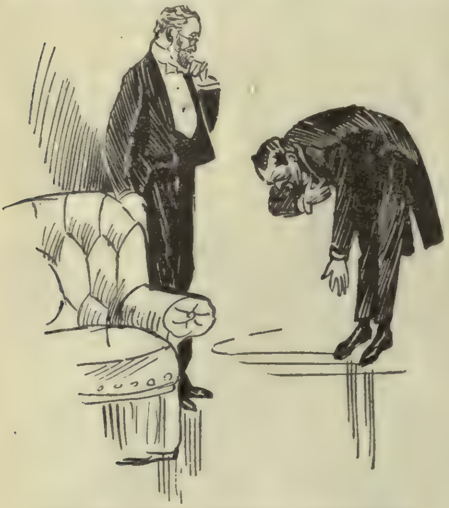
With love & a benediction,
Mark Twain.

to church,' but I have not been for twenty years and it does not look just now as though I should go there for another twenty."

This was a decided wet blanket to the hopes of Dr. Hill, but he took comfort in the thought that no one has ever been able to calculate just what the humorist would do or say in a given situation, as he usually has to be reckoned with on the "inverse calculation" method.

* * *

SITTING in a cafe at Panama, in conversation with Monsieur Pacet, the Peruvian minister to Panama, I felt in close touch with that country which had been a sort of fairyland to my youthful imagination, and has received a new impetus since work on the Canal was begun. Monsieur Pacet has been in diplomatic service for many years, and is meeting the duties of his important post in a most efficient manner.



The Crown Prince of Sweden and Mr. Pacet

In the early hours of that warm afternoon a story was related of how small things may count for much, especially in the life of a diplomat. Monsieur Pacet was to entertain the Crown Prince of Sweden, and he thought that the warmest welcome would be to address a remark to him in his own language. He was in some difficulty as to how the remark should be secured, but luck was with him and he found a box of Swedish matches. He searched out the pronunciation of the words thereon, and repeated them until he could say the entire sentence with flowing smoothness. Having been duly presented to the Crown Prince, the courtly diplomat softly repeated those few words. Instantly a bright smile illumined the face of the scion of the royal house of Sweden, who not only recognized the words but the kindly courtesy which had led the entertainer to address him in a tongue that meant so much more to him than French or English could have done. He knew that the young Peruvian diplomat, eager to honor the native land of a guest, was in touch with one of the great commercial products of the Swedish empire.

The Crown Prince was asked to give the correct pronunciation of the words, which he did several times, after which he humorously remarked:

"My mission is not to 'make a match,' though I greatly admire the recognition which matches have had today in the interchange of international compliments."

* * *

SEVERAL times recently, when the name of the American ex-president-sportsman has been mentioned, I have been asked: "You've heard the dog story, of course?"

I like to hear all the variations on dog stories, so I asked "Which dog story?"

"That one, you know, that 'Buffalo Bill' tells about Roosevelt hunting bears in Colorado. It seems that he had hired a man and a dog, but neither seemed to be very successful in getting him the desired bear. At last he lost patience, and inquired: "Isn't there a good dog to be had in this country?"

"Oh, yes—Smith down below here has the best bear dog in the Mountains."

"Well, go and get him," urged the presidential hunter. "Let's see if we can't have some sport with a bear."

"Smith won't hire his dog."

"Tell Smith to come along and join the party for hire or on any terms he likes." The story runs that the guide departed and returned with a report of non-success. Mr. Roosevelt's impatience took on a tinge of vexation, and he went himself to secure the adamantine Smith and his valuable dog.

"This is Mr. Smith? I understand you have a fine bear dog, Mr. Smith."

"None better in the Rockies," was the assurance.

"Can't I hire him or buy him?"

"He ain't for hire and I wouldn't sell that dog for no price you could offer."

"Well, won't you come with the dog—allow me to hire both you and the dog?"

"No, I ain't hirin' out now. I got to go after bacon and flour and some more things my folks wants for the house."

Report has it that President Roosevelt felt a trifle nettled at the man's obstinacy.

"Look here," he said, "do you know who I am?"

"No, I don't know—what's the odds?"

"I am Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States." A pause to await the desired effect and yielding.

Smith dexterously deposited some tobacco juice on the ground just beyond the President's nearest hunting boot.

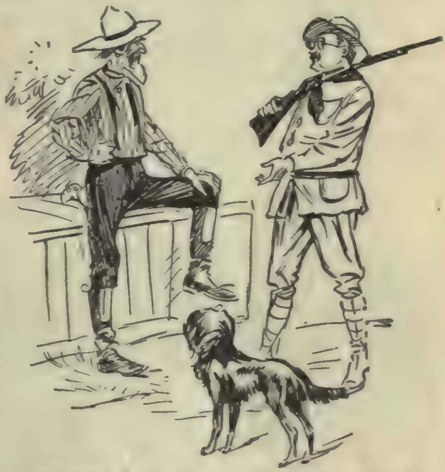
"Well," he said slowly, "I don't care if you are Booker T. Washington you can't hire *my* dog."

And all the little innocent bears went to bed happy that night, glad they had escaped Smith's dog.

* * *

A MOST effective speech was made in the Senate, during the present session, by Senator Borah upon the Income Tax. The information was presented in the close-knit and coherent form characteristic of the young Senator from Idaho. It was a reply to the protest of Governor Hughes to the New York Legislature, containing a recommendation against the ratification of the proposed amendment to the Constitution providing for an income tax. The gist of the discussion lies in the difficulty of interpreting the constitutional meaning of incomes included in the words "from whatever source derived." The Governor of New York contends that to confer upon the federal authorities the power to impose a tax on incomes derived from state and municipal bonds would also confer the power to levy taxes upon salaries of state officials, and consequently tax the very instrumentality and means of the state government.

Senator Borah argued that the attributes of state sovereignty exempt any and all means and instrumentalities of state government from all federal taxation. From his rear seat on the extreme right in the chamber, the Senator's voice was clearly heard in all parts of the hall, as he called attention to the universal restlessness in regard to these questions of the great mass of the people which is rapidly developing a class hatred, already too much encouraged in this country. He insisted that the expense of government is constantly increasing the burdens of the nation, which must be evenly and uniformly distributed, if they are to be peacefully borne. Certain forms of wealth which breed luxury, idleness and idiocy ought to be taxed. He believed that the governors of the states would do their duty, and see that the amendment was adopted, insisting that it would be indeed a national catastrophe for this amendment to be defeated, as it was the people's right to establish a more equitable distribution of taxation.

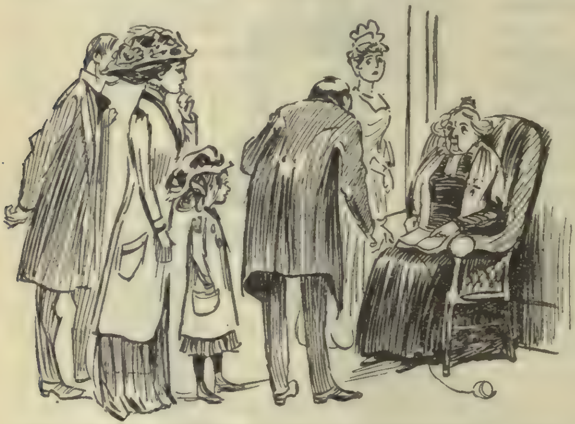


Theodore Roosevelt and the stubborn farmer

The debate involved a proposal that the federal government have power to collect taxes on incomes "from whatever source derived." The last four words are the pivot on which this very able argument between the Governor of New York and the Senator from Idaho has hinged.

A DUTIFUL son from the South was writing to his kind father from Washington; pater was on his first trip to New York, and each letter from the son was filled with grave warnings and kindly words of advice as to how he should beware of the pitfalls and snares laid for the feet of the unwary in New York.

"Do not forget to keep in the straight path and remember to come home early at night," wrote the young man. The rest of the letter was almost as graphic as an artist's pencil in its description of the temptations of the great "white way." It was read by the loving father with mingled emotions. After a suitable recapitulation of good advice from a son to a dutiful father, and a final touch on the maelstrom of city life, he added, at the very bottom of the last sheet, in tiny letters far down in the corner, these words, "From memory."


The Congressman meeting old lady who resembles Queen Victoria

* * *

NO man loves to be ridiculed, but it sometimes happens that a congressman will tell a story, even when the "joke is on him." A party of legislators—so a distinguished member told us—went to inspect a state insane asylum. Some ladies and children were in the party, notably a bright little child of eight years. In a certain ward of the asylum they were shown a tall, fine-looking woman, and were told that she constantly had the delusion that she was Queen Victoria.

"She never has a lucid interval. If you should ask her now who she is she would tell you that her name is Queen Victoria."

The congressman advanced hat in hand and bowed almost to the ground before her.

"Madam, am I speaking to Queen Victoria?"

The woman looked steadily at him, as though she would read his very soul with her great, dark eyes.

"I know who I'm speaking to," she said. "You are a fool."

The astonished congressman stepped back, and in the moment's silence that followed the shrill treble whisper of the girl of eight was heard:

"She isn't crazy now, mamma, is she? She does know something."

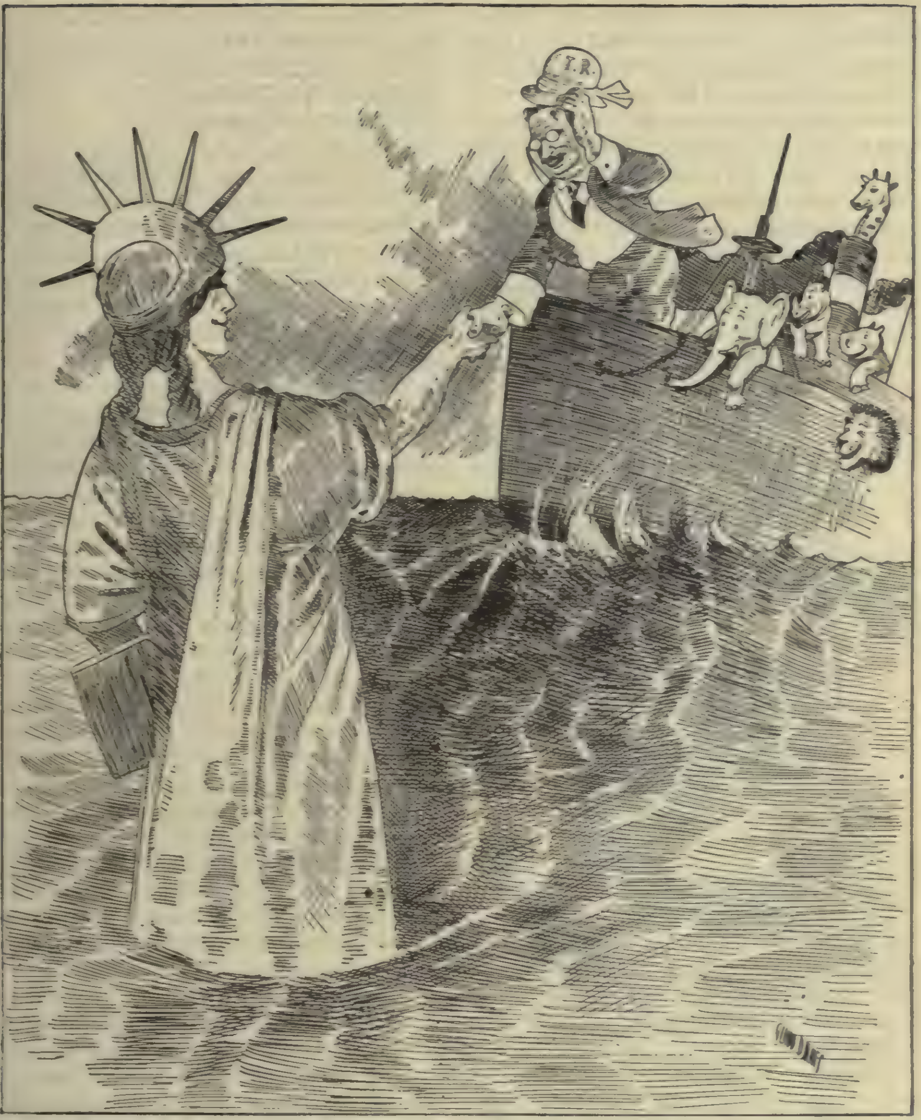
"I then and there decided," said the narrator, "never to question insane patients as to their identity. They know too much," he added with a quizzical smile.

* * *

THE labyrinthine processes of passing a law are little known or understood outside of Washington. In the first place every single word in a bill has to be minutely studied that there may be no misinterpretation or straining of the meaning later, or of the relation of words to works and the hinge value of prepositions. One can readily understand this process of tearing a bill to pieces by discussion would bring such result as was described by late Senator John Sherman:

"I have been forty years in Congress and have never had a bill passed exactly as I wanted it. No matter how carefully prepared, there are sure to be changes, additions or eliminations, made in deference to the wishes of others."

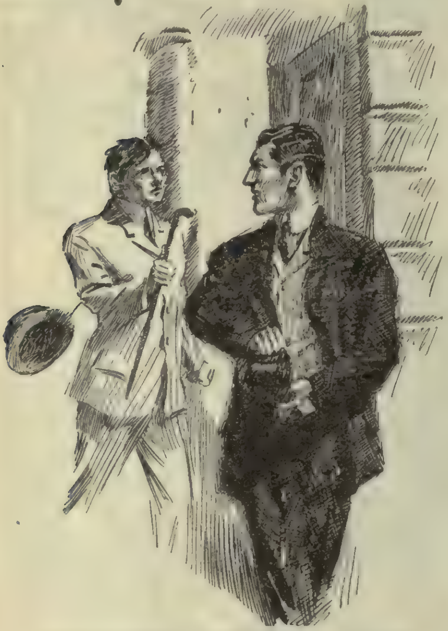
Senator Sherman introduced the original anti-trust law, which is still on the statute books. The contest at that time between him and Senator George was very acute, and while he had a bill that he thought everyone would be able to agree upon, before it had passed it was hardly recognizable by its author. Today, it remains a fact that for thirteen out of the twenty years since this law was passed, its interpretation by the courts reveals that two-



IMPELLED BY THE THOUGHT POWER OF THE NATION, THE STATUE OF LIBERTY WADES OUT, WHILE THE BAND PLAYS "LO THE CONQUERING HERO COMES."

thirds of the business of the country is carried on in literal violation of this anti-trust law. It is said that should the exact wording of this law be adhered to today, the normal growth of the nation would be materially interfered with. The vital defect in the law is pointed out as being in the use of the words, "Every contract, combination or agreement." It is claimed that the word "every" ought not to have been used, and exception is also taken to "in restraint of trade or commerce." The law was clearly to apply only to such contracts and combinations as were for the express purpose of exploiting manufactures to prevent natural and legitimate competition, the idea being to control prices and unduly enhance profits.

When President Taft was on the Federal Circuit Bench it was pointed out that the indefinite language of the law was a positive error. Prior to 1897 there were scarcely sixty concerns dominant in their respective trades. In 1899 there were seventy-nine organized with a capitalization of over four billions. These enormous combinations, it is asserted, control one-seventh of the manufacturing output of the country, and one-twentieth of the total value of the nation—all wealth being almost twice as much as the amount of money in circulation in the United States. The United States Steel Corporation, with a capitalization of one billion, four hundred million, represents ninety per cent of the total capitalization of the railroad companies of the country. Fifty-seven separate systems control the railway systems today.


"'That is my hat,' I remonstrated. 'You are mistaken,' he replied"

Little did John Sherman realize that he was enacting a law of such vital consequence, when he prepared a measure with the idea of checking the growth of corporations and consolidations; contrary to his purpose, the law has apparently encouraged the formation of corporations. It is somewhat like developing impulses in young people by incessantly calling attention to the things which they "must not" do. The injunction is almost sure to create a desire to do that very thing. It is another illustration of the thought expressed by Tennyson, "The tie that binds too tightly snaps."

* * *

NOT long ago an Englishman carried a joke over the ocean, and across the continent to Chicago. Now a joke sounds well in the Windy City, even without an Englishman to tell it. The newspaper men who heard the story first hand were especially delighted.

"I was walking down State Street, you know, when a gust of wind—ah—well, relieved me of my hat—in fact, left me quite bareheaded. I gave chase, and you may imagine my joy on turning a corner to see my hat just before me, and lying quietly for the moment. I hastened toward it, you know, but at the same moment another hatless man dashed up and grabbed it, quite rudely, you know, just as I was about to stoop to reach it. He put it on his head.

"'But that is my hat,' I remonstrated.

"'You are mistaken,' he replied.

"'I assure you, sir, it is the hat that I have chased for quite half a mile.'

"'That is true,' he answered with a somewhat impolite grin.

"You know, I began to feel rather indignant, and I asked if I had chased it for half a mile why was not that my hat—I had never lost sight of it. 'If this is not my hat, where is it?' I demanded.

"'Your hat—your hat—why, it's hanging down your back with a bit of string attached,' he replied with a laugh."

This joke was told by Senator Lorimer, who is a native-born Englishman. He likes nothing so well as a good joke on an Englishman, told with all the charm of the true insular accent.

* * *

THE agricultural Department in Washington, taking practical cognizance of the general interest in the high cost of living, has issued a book giving fifty recipes of savory dishes and much general information as to the best methods of preparing meats, and how to utilize cheaper cuts to make them toothsome and easily digested. There are also hints as to clarifying fats and retaining the flavor in meats by skilful cooking. This pamphlet contains such simple formulas as can be followed by any housekeeper of ordinary intelligence, and are not like the recipe which puzzled the cook described by Wilkie Collins:

"Look at this recipe for an omelette, that you say you want, ma'am—it reads 'a piece of butter the size of your thumb.' Now, whose thumb is meant, yours or mine?" and she stretched out a massive thumb side by side with the diminutive one of her employer, who happened to be a small woman, while the cook was a six-footer.

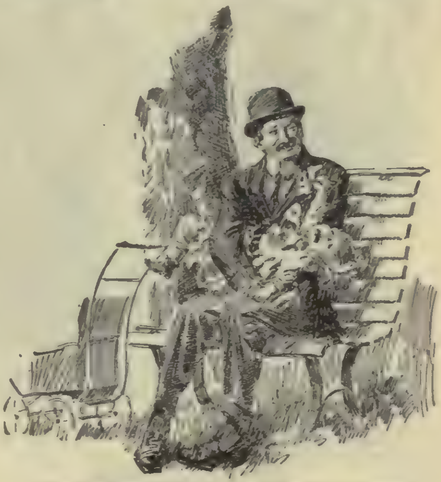
Secretary Wilson has the happy faculty of knowing when to do things, and keeps in touch with the people in the development of the Agricultural Department. This new book will be of permanent value, is sent free on application, and will need no press notices to exploit it. The Agricultural Department can furnish information on any subject of interest to the people, whether it is pip in chickens or how to masticate "chuck beef." These matters may not be great political issues, but care for them indicates a creditable interest in public welfare in its broadest sense. The most valuable public servants we have are those who constantly study how to prepare and disseminate valuable information to promote the happiness and comfort of the greatest number of people.

* * *

SATURDAY afternoon has come to be recognized as a universal holiday. That is the day when the father of the family has an opportunity to become acquainted with his children, and, incidentally, to remove them from the path of the busy mother that she may "cook and clean." On the streets and in the parks every Saturday afternoon in many cities the fond fathers wheeling baby carriages may be seen. Older children walk beside him with an air of especial pride and importance because they are arrayed in their best to "go out with father." Father himself is as carefully dressed as when he took "mother" to matinee or dinner, or a picnic in the old days. It is love of his children that impels the laboring man to array himself in his best for this Saturday afternoon walk with the little ones. The little groups are very happy, and papa shows it too, but it sometimes happens that baby discovers papa's weak point and refuses the obedience given readily at home to "mama." The scene on the street, the bawling child, the perplexed man, aware that he "looks like a fool," cannot but provoke a smile from the onlookers, as they hurry past, realizing that all pictures have lights and shadows.

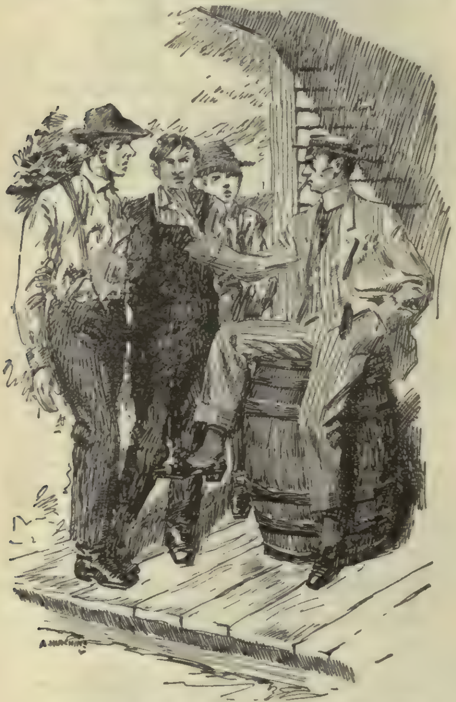
* * *

HOW like a family a nation is! The little bickerings that arise at the table, or in the sitting room, after school or work are over, are often the cause of something said or done which means the estrangement of brothers and sisters for years, perhaps for life—useless and oftentimes inconsequential disputes, all because of some little misunderstanding. One accuses another of injustice, when if the truth were known there is in each member of the family some noble trait, something that would rise to self-sacrifice with but little encouragement.



"The bawling child—the perplexed man aware that he looks like a fool"

So in the nation—how many there be who like cannibals seem ready to eat and tear each other about some trifle, some little thing of no vital importance, while the great things are "passing while we lie asleep." The flame of temper, prejudice or passion supplants reason, and great harm is done. In the nation's domestic affairs at the present time, there is not, we feel, the kindly spirit of criticism that makes the family—when it is as it should be—the best possible training school. Public men nowadays are not only criticized—which they must expect—but they are abused; their motives are impugned; they are suspected of the vilest conduct; until it will soon become impossible for a self-respecting man to remain long in public life, serving as a target for the abuse of those whose vanity he may offend, or whose plans he may have hindered.


"He makes a deep impression on the boys whom he left behind on the farms"

* * *

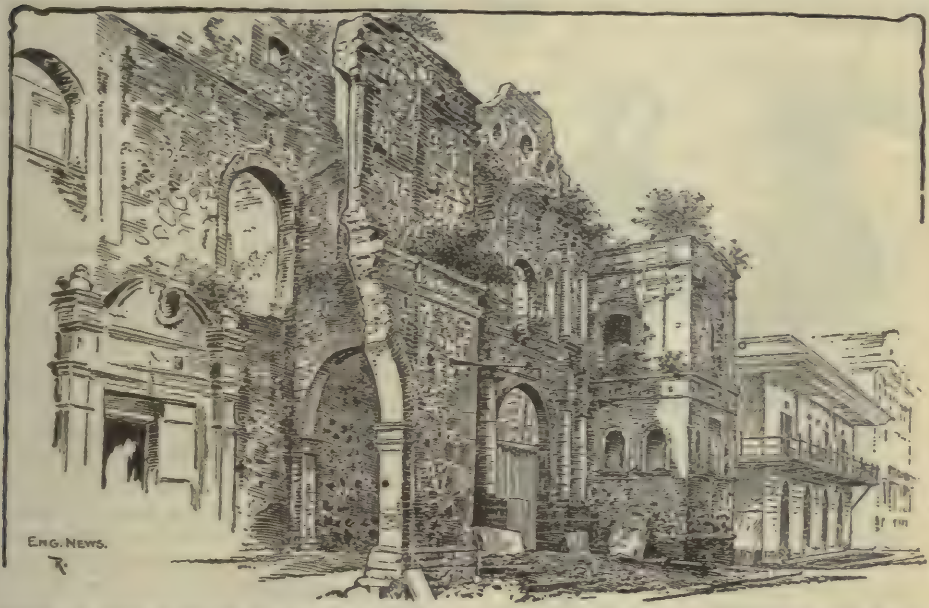
FOR years metropolitan dailies and newspapers all over the land have been pointing out the great attractions of the cities. The boy from the country is still "a rube," and when he goes to the city, remains for a while and then comes back home with his new clothes, and boasts of his ample weekly salary, he makes a deep impression on the boys whom he left behind on the farms and in the village.

In 1893 the political spell-binders were telling farmers at grange meetings and cross-roads that they were being robbed by the bloated bondholders in the cities. Such men helped to depopulate the farms because they caused thousands of young men and women to leave home, thus depleting the muscle and youthful energy which should have illuminated farm life, and wasting its energies in crowded cities where it was little needed. The career of many successful men has been decided in this way—apparently because they have "come to the city to find an outlet for their talent." But who has considered what they might have done with that same talent if applied to important agricultural problems? There is no loss without some gain, and so the rural parts of the country have become prosperous because the cities are overcrowded. The few who are left at home are usually well off; at least they live well and the rural poor-houses are being depopulated. This is not for the good of the nation at large, because the production is less and the prices are higher in consequence. The way to equalize prices for both city and country is to get the young blood and the muscle back on the land, where economical and increased production will soon be devised by the busy brains that are occupied in striving for a bare existence in the city.

* * *

IN the Census Department there is always some interesting phase of information in reference to statistics. A Chicago attorney called the other day to obtain more detailed knowledge regarding the divorce industry, and wanted especially to find out why Reno, Nevada, had supplanted Chicago in the social bulletins. His search disclosed to him that Switzerland carries the palm among all the nations for cheapness and ease in procuring a divorce.

Those desiring to dissolve the marriage tie are requested first to appear privately, or with their lawyers, before the judge, in order to effect a reconciliation if possible. Prior to all divorce proceedings, this preliminary notice is sent out. It occasionally happens that one of the parties fails to appear before the kindly judge. Often this preliminary visit effects a reconciliation, and the case goes no farther. A lawyer in Geneva, who made a specialty of this line of work, reported that at least thirty per cent of such cases are settled by the advice of the judge out of court. Swiss lawyers will not take up a divorce case unless this first proceeding has failed to reconcile the parties. When neither party appears before the judge, it is understood that the case is to be contested to the bitter end. When Americans realize that the usual cost of divorce in America ranges as high as two hundred dollars, and that in Switzerland it may be obtained as low as ten dollars, there promises to be an exodus to that country in the future, rather than to Reno—but the United States lawyers have no occasion for worry, as Americans are debarred from taking out divorce papers under Swiss laws.



RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF SAN JOSE, PANAMA, SHOWING UNSTABLE OVERHANGING WALL

* * *

"THE time is coming when the United States will lay down as an invariable rule that if a man has a reasonable amount of ability, he has no business to attempt to serve his country," was the recent utterance of a distinguished English visitor, who was viewing the Capitol.

While the stranger knew little of the retirement of Senators Aldrich and Hale, he had seen enough to get the idea that long and able service is not appreciated in the United States. He continued to generalize:

"You Americans seem to prefer youth to age. That may be because you are a young nation, but it seems to us, on the other side of the water, that long service is bound to accumulate a certain amount of power, prestige and knowledge which cannot be attained by younger men, however brilliant."

In view of the retirement of the two veterans, the Englishman's oration was impressive. When Senator Hale arises in the Senate, and in his stately way, with dignified gestures, addresses the assembly, his words interspersed with an occasional wave of his pince nez, he stands as a fine type of the statesman of the old school. The senators listen and know they are hearing nuggets of facts. His speeches are in strong contrast to the more hasty, less carefully prepared utterances of younger men.

The retiring senators may certainly be proud of their record, and of the confidence and friendship which they have won. On the other hand, thoughtful citizens all over the country are beginning to wonder whether it might not be well to hearken to the advice of experienced legislators.

A young farmer from Maine remarked: "The Romans may have been 'scared blue' at sight of the comet, but they were wise enough to create and maintain a stately body of elderly advisers, adding dignity and solidity to their nation in its best days. It seems that no such memorable gathering will ever be seen in the United States as that of the white-bearded Roman senators, each sitting with quiet dignity in his seat, and presenting an aspect that awed into silence even an attacking horde of barbarians."

Mark Twain moving with his wardrobe in a cigar box

Nowadays, in the heat of political contests, and the desire to forward personal ambitions and aid friends, there is danger of forgetting the public welfare and the highest good of the nation. The conservative and thinking press all over the country is expressing regret at the retirement of Senators Hale and Aldrich. Many papers are pointing out that by this movement New England will lose the power she once had, which will now inevitably be transferred to the West. Perhaps, in the logic of events, it belongs there.

The expressions of opinions coming to the veteran senators at this time must be gratifying. One letter recalls the active part taken by Senator Hale in the building of vessels at Bath; another speaks of the Navy Yards at Portsmouth, Charlestown and Kittery, which alone brought millions of dollars into the state, to say nothing of the granite industry. Senator Hale thought not only of his nation but of his state in his work. A learned and experienced lawyer, and a trained business man, he has given to his country forty years of good service, and that he now cheerfully resigns his post to another is in keeping with the dignity which has always been one of his notable attributes.

* * *

ON the Senate Military Committee Senator Warren devours work as though he relished it; he often remains in his room at the Capitol until past midnight.

"Why do you work so hard?" he is asked.

"Have you no pride in your work?" is the reply, as the busy man looks up under the green shade that he wears to relieve his eyes, as he dives into a mass of papers. "When you wish to do everything just right, it becomes a matter of pride as well as of conscience."

After spending the afternoon at the sessions, many of the Senators work late into the night in order to finish up work on the various committees.

* * *

THE assiduous attendance of senators at the meetings of the various committees consumes enough time to baffle even an industrious man. Long hours of plain, hard work are essential—and no pay for overtime. Senator Bailey paid a deserved tribute to his Republican colleague when he insisted that the Senate ought not to convene until two o'clock, to give members time to complete their committee work in the morning and enable them to attend the sessions.

My Lord Hamlet at Mountjoy's

POSSIBLE INFLUENCES OF SHAKESPEARE'S NEWLY DISCOVERED FRENCH SURROUNDINGS

By JOHN McGOVERN and JESSE EDSON HALL

NEW light has been thrown on the drama of "Hamlet" and its author by the surprising discoveries of Professor Charles W. Wallace, of Nebraska, U. S. A., in the *Public Record* office at London, England. These discoveries were announced in *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1910. Some matters may be added to both parts of our work on "My Lord Hamlet," published in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, June to December, inclusive, 1908.

In the Chronology, there should be entered the fact that, on May 11, 1612, "William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman, of the age of forty-eight years, or thereabouts," appeared as a principal witness in a lawsuit, and signed a deposition which made answer to five interrogatories. This signature he abbreviated into "Wilm. Shaks."

This proves, for a second time, that William Shakespeare, the poet, was born in Stratford in 1564, the present (copied) Stratford church register again appearing as a true copy, and this time with especial regard to him. (1564 from 1612 leaves 48.)

William Shakespeare, the poet and gentleman, author of the sonnets and other poems, is at last well traced and connected as to Stratford and London. This author of the sonnets is also, according to the laws and art of human speech, the author of the finest language in the plays attributed to William Shakespeare by his partners and publishers, Heming and Condell.

The original records of the lawsuit show that Christopher Mountjoy, wealthy wigmaker, a Frenchman, dwelt at the northeast corner of Silver and Monkwell (Muggle) streets, near Cripplegate. Shakespeare, it is sworn, lived with Mountjoy. He was probably an honored guest and tenant, as the incorruptible Robespierre lived with the cabinet-maker Duplay and his family at Paris in the Grand Terror. Shakespeare is mentioned by name in twelve of the depositions.

Sometime after 1604 Shakespeare was sent by the Mountjoys to entreat and negotiate a marriage between Stephen Belott, a former apprentice, and Mary Mountjoy, only daughter and heir of the wigmaker. This marriage followed, and brought on the lawsuit in 1612. While Shakespeare, in his testimony, bore out the main allegations of the former apprentice, who was plaintiff, he at the same time shielded his landlord as much as possible by a faulty memory. Shakespeare certainly figured in the romantic role of matchmaker.

Twelve witnesses made depositions, and Joan Johnson, who had sewed in the house of the wigmaker, testified that "one, Maister Shakespeare lay in the house." The date she gave is 1604.

Shakespeare testified that he knew both the suing son-in-law and his father-in-law, the wigmaker, during the apprenticeship (which began in 1598), and had known them "some ten years or thereabouts." (in 1612).

"To lie in the house" was to have lodgings there, and in another deposition it is stated that the wigmaker has "a sojourner in the house with him" (in 1612). The wigmaker did not become a "citizen of London" for several years after settling in London from France, and the style "William Shakespeare, gentleman, of Stratford-on-Avon," etc., argues that Shakespeare himself was never a citizen of London. Professor Wallace reckons that Shakespeare's "ten years or thereabouts" were nearer thirteen years. Carlyle's "hired girl" living afterward at Chicago, used to delight in telling to the newspaper men of the new world how the Sage of Chelsea wrote and fretted; and what a different Shakespeariana there would be if Joan Johnson had chanced to gossip similarly into the ears of oncoming humanity. All of the Baconian hypothesis and its logarithms would have failed to be, and much of three hundred years of *ana* regarding the absolute mystery of the man Shakespeare would have shared the same fate.

We have known that Shakespeare played a double part in life. To be a poet (and that meant often a playwright) was honorable; to be an actor was scandalous—there were "citizens of London" who considered and even made it criminal. William Shakespeare, as poet, could gain entrance to a rich man's house, but as actor or stage-manager he would not be welcomed by a native "citizen of London." It would be different at the house of a Frenchman, and, above all, a wigmaker, who would more than welcome "a member of the profession." The drama had come from Italy, through the Spanish and French ports. France, Mountjoy's county, was much more civilized (citified) than England—more degenerate, further from the primal simplicity of the human race. France had a common tongue or speech more generally agreed on than the English, for in London people might spell, or even pronounce, as they pleased—that is, the French were, as a whole, "better educated" in cases where neither Frenchman nor Englishman knew Latin, which was the vehicle of all scholars. William Shakespeare, gentleman (by purchase) naturally could live with his wigmaker, who also assuredly would have something to do with his costumes.

Reader, the discoveries of Professor Wallace concerning this frugal wigmaker give us a right to believe that the glory of Juliet (her hair), the soft tresses of "Cordelia," the sterner knots of "Portia," the braids that the fair "Ophelia" plaited with flowers, were arranged at the corner of Silver and Muggle streets for boys to wear at Blackfriars and the Globe. The white majesty of "Lear," the fierce beard of "Macbeth," the raven locks of "My Lord Hamlet"—all the similar trappings of the most original stage the world has produced—were handled under the very eye of the "monarch of mankind" at Monsieur Mountjoy's house. Little wonder that Shakespeare should be commissioned with the hopes of Mary Mountjoy, that he might work on the absent wigmaker and entice him into both matrimony and the renewed service of the Shakespearian theatres.

The Frenchmen had better stomachs for acting than the canting Puritans, so soon to be successful rebels. And at this merry workshop, Shakespeare would hear the French jabbering and parleying that could be so easily transferred to his comedies. In "Henry V" its author made Mountjoy a herald.

Let us inquire now about "Hamlet." It would not seem that the French folk necessarily possessed a French translation of Bandello's Italian novels, because Shakespeare uses a cry, "A rat! a rat!" That is not literally in Latin Saxo, Italian Bandello, or French Bellefoust, but *is* in the English rendition of the Danish tale.

"Hamlet" is a Scandinavian, not a Latin or a Gallic affair. Only its "Ghost" is from the Mediterranean. Shakespeare's mind was on the rude belongings of the north, rather than the luxuries and refinements of the south. He, however, had read his Plutarch and Montaigne, and had shared Montaigne's affection for the wonderful Greek biographer. It is possible that residence in a house so friendly to "the profession" as a French wigmaker's must be would embolden Shakespeare to champion the calling of the "periwig-patie fellows" as he did in "Hamlet." In this way the most important part of the drama would find its mainspring.

We know that William Shakespeare was a famous poet and playwright as early as 1600 (twelve years before the lawsuit). While he lived at Monsieur Mountjoy's, and while he was composing the greatest of his masterpieces, a "William Shakespeare," a minor actor, must have been occupying many hours of his time in rehearsals and performances at the Globe or the Blackfriars. Did some other actor in Burbage's company assume Shakespeare's name and place under Shakespeare's license? For in our own day we have seen even the most popular comedians and acrobatic dancers represented and imitated by substitutes, while the regular price of admission was charged at the door.

If William Shakespeare, gentleman, wealthy, friend of great noblemen, part-proprietor, author, and therefore director of the play, also bore the part of a minor and ill-paid actor, there is more that we do not yet understand about him than we would like to believe.

Rather, we should now be tempted to think that Shakespeare was back and forth from Stratford a good deal while he was a "sojourner" at Monsieur Mountjoy's, although all signs still point to an extended separation from Mrs. Shakespeare.

It is at first puzzling that the numerous acquaintances of the French family who were summoned as witnesses and spoke of Shakespeare so often, did not connect him with the art and calling in which he was so celebrated in St. Paul's churchyard, and therefore in play-going London. French wigmakers would be playgoers. But George Wilkins, one of Shakespeare's probable collaborators, was also a witness in the same lawsuit, and received no extra mention, though he was also well-to-do, and became the landlord of the former apprentice, after he married the wigmaker's daughter.

Professor Wallace has thus connected Wilkins with Shakespeare. If Kyd and Middleton should likewise be traced into the Mountjoy coterie, a great step indeed would be made. Professor Wallace states that Heming and Condell lived for many years almost within a stone's throw of the Mountjoys.

As Professor Curie of Paris worked with his wife in the discovery and isolation of the great radio-active elements of nature, so the noble and assiduous Professor Wallace credits his wife with an equal share of the success that has crowned his extraordinary labors among the neglected records of the Archive office.

Americans, from Ben Franklin's time, have owed to France an immense debt of gratitude. Now, by the aid of Professor Wallace and his wife, they may know that their Shakespeare, in the greatest years of his life and through the kindness and intelligence of Frenchmen lived in an atmosphere highly favorable to art and letters, though menaced on all sides, at Stratford and London, with ignorance and prejudice. Such is our second great debt to France.

The reader familiar with Visscher's ancient picture of London may wish to locate the Silver and Muggle Street corner. It was a block from the north wall. Leaving the Tower, and following the semi-circular wall, one passed Aldgate, Bishopgate, Moorgate, Cripplegate. "The theatre," where the Stratford colony started its inn and stage, was outside Bishopgate, and Shakespeare, if he lived near St. Helen's, where he was taxed, came in at Rat portal and went down Bishopgate Street. "The Theatre" was moved, and became the Globe, south of the river, in 1598, when Belott began his apprenticeship under Mountjoy. As Shakespeare knew the complaining party during all his apprenticeship, it may be that the poet changed lodgings from St. Helen's to Silver Street when Burbage moved the theatre. If Shakespeare, in fine weather, kept to the fields in reaching his domicile from the theatre, he would pass Moorgate and come in at Cripplegate. As he entered from the north, the block on his right hand included his abode, but the wigmaker lived on its farthest corner, diagonally; he might enter Cripplegate, turn to his right, go a short block on Hart Street, reach Muggle Street, and then go a longer block down Muggle to his own corner at Silver Street. There were fine gardens nearby, the relics of monastic establishment. Mountjoy's house was east of northeast of St. Paul's, and a little farther from the Cathedral than the Cathedral's distance from the river. Shakespeare would naturally visit St. Paul's often, where his pirated works were so extensively advertised, and the Mountjoy quarters were more convenient than the stopping place in St. Helen's on Bishopgate Street. Going to either of his theatres after Burbage moved, Shakespeare would pass St. Paul's.

At this corner of Silver and Monkwell Streets, in the train of William Shakespeare, there sprang into creative thought, for the recognition of increasing millions of humanity, a vast array of English words, the canon, the anchor, of the now most nearly cosmopolitan speech of the world. Where writers sleep is probably the place where most of their primal and formative labors are done. Rousseau tells us accurately of the process by which his phrases were polished into immortality. Thus, psychically, the new London shrine far surpasses in interest the shrine over which the phlegmatic and embarrassed Reverend Arbuthnot has so long presided at Trinity Church, Stratford. We feel nearer to the doubt of "My Lord Hamlet," to the mad songs of "Ophelia," to the bones of "Yorick," to the soft recorders of the "King" and his roisterous or lethal ordnance—we feel nearer to the high and moonlit "platform" or talus, where the hours flew past on the swift wings of minutes—nearer at Silver Street than at any other place whatever, be it "Wooden O," or monkish theatre, or rural place of respectable and orthodox sepulture.

THE "HALF-WAY HOUSE"

At sundown splendid and serene he entered in

On the hills he built him a Lodge-of-Life,
Far off from the noise of the angry strife—
While the hours wore on toward 'leven;
'Twas a sort of a shelter to pass the night,
Where at evening time it would still be light—
Just half-way home to heaven!

There, out on the Hills of Joy and Life,
Unreached by the jangle and jar of strife,
Where the wild birds nest for the coming night—
While the star-fire lamps burned seven;
Far from the clamor and clang and din—
'Twas sundown there when he entered in—
Half-way home on the road to heaven!

*

Forsake fear's frenzied fret and care,
O ye who would enter here;
Rest's haven of body and soul repair,
Where hearts agloom for sweet sunshine's air
Breathe strong with Life's Song and Cheer.

Let all of the wealth of the world beside
Fade from thy Vision's view;
For above earth's sleepless, troubled tide
Where greed's gaunt, fevered phantoms glide,
Smiles God's glad dream of blue:
Above man's petty, contentious pride,
Deep as His peace of the eventide,
Slumbers Infinitude!

Henry Young Ostrander, M.D.

A Great Industrial Epic

By PROF. L. H. BAILEY

Of Cornell University

HOW does the Panama Canal impress me?

It impresses me that this is not the digging of a ditch, or the building of railroad trackage ten times across the Isthmus. It is the implanting of a civilization. Its parts are great flights in engineering and sanitation; bold experiments in government, organization, education, and in social cohesion. It is a conquest, to which are contributed all the elements of a good human society.

* * *

A PIECE OF CONSTRUCTIVE POETRY

The building of the Panama Canal and the conquest of the Zone are concrete results of great feats in imagination. We are told that the great poets are gone and that the best expression of the poetic impulse is passing away. Yet I am convinced that of all epochs this is essentially the most poetic; but we do not recognize the poetry of it. Here in this great enterprise are imagination, prophecy, and better than all, fulfillment. It may not set itself directly to the music of words, although this will come. But even before it comes, the action, the rhythm of work, the stupendous leap of the imagination, the grasp of the future, the bonding of the peoples of the earth, are the elements of a greater poem than yet has been written.

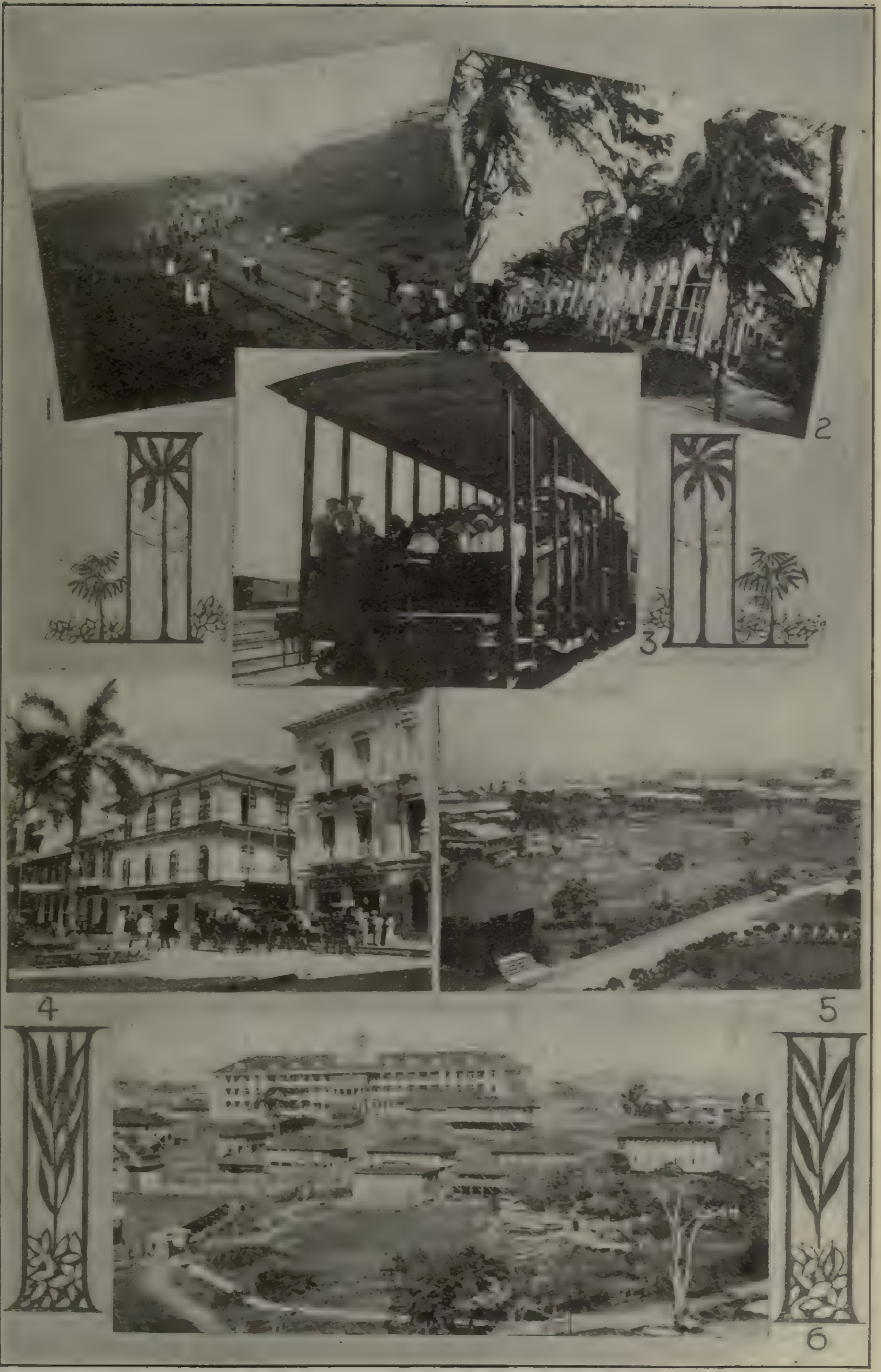
I like to think of this enterprise, and of all other enterprises that realize great prophecies, as constructive poetry. The mere putting of it into words is a secondary and really a minor matter. Poetry may take other forms than that of words. It is not essential that all poetry be written: it may be builded. All good work well done is essentially poetic to the sensitive mind; and when the work is the rhythm of fifty thousand souls striking in unison, the poem is majestic.

The striking of the rivet,
The purr of a drill,
The crash of a steam shovel,
The plunge of a dredge,
The breaking of a furrow,
The scooping of a channel,
The roll of the mill,
The silence intent of men at work,
The talk of men going to their homes—
These are all the notes of a great symphony.

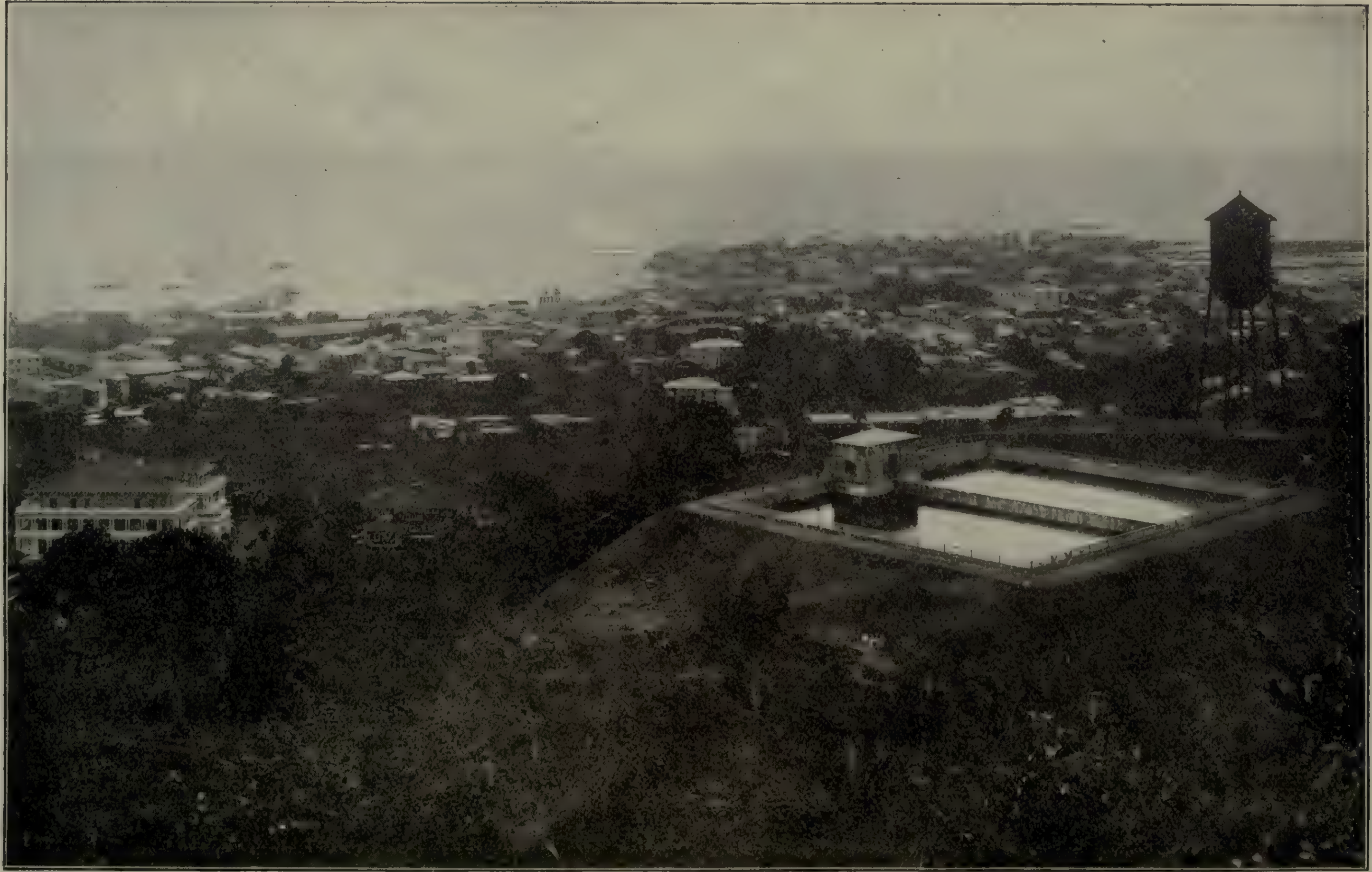
Nothing is finer than to see the adding of line upon line that makes a bridge a poem.

Here on the Isthmus has been a paradise lost; we are seeing the miracle of a paradise regained. It is regained not by angels and supermen, not by dark forces that we invoke from the unseen, but by men and women in the flesh who have the light of the future in their eyes.

Here, at the Isthmus, is to be the crossing of the currents, economic, ethnological, political, military. Here is to be a proving ground of the brotherhood of man.



1. Editorial party let loose in the ditch.
2. Among the waving palms on Roosevelt avenue.
3. Editors on the rubberneck car dashing into Panama.
4. The lolling building at Panama.
5. A view from the "Tivoli" hotel.
6. The stately building on Ancon hill.



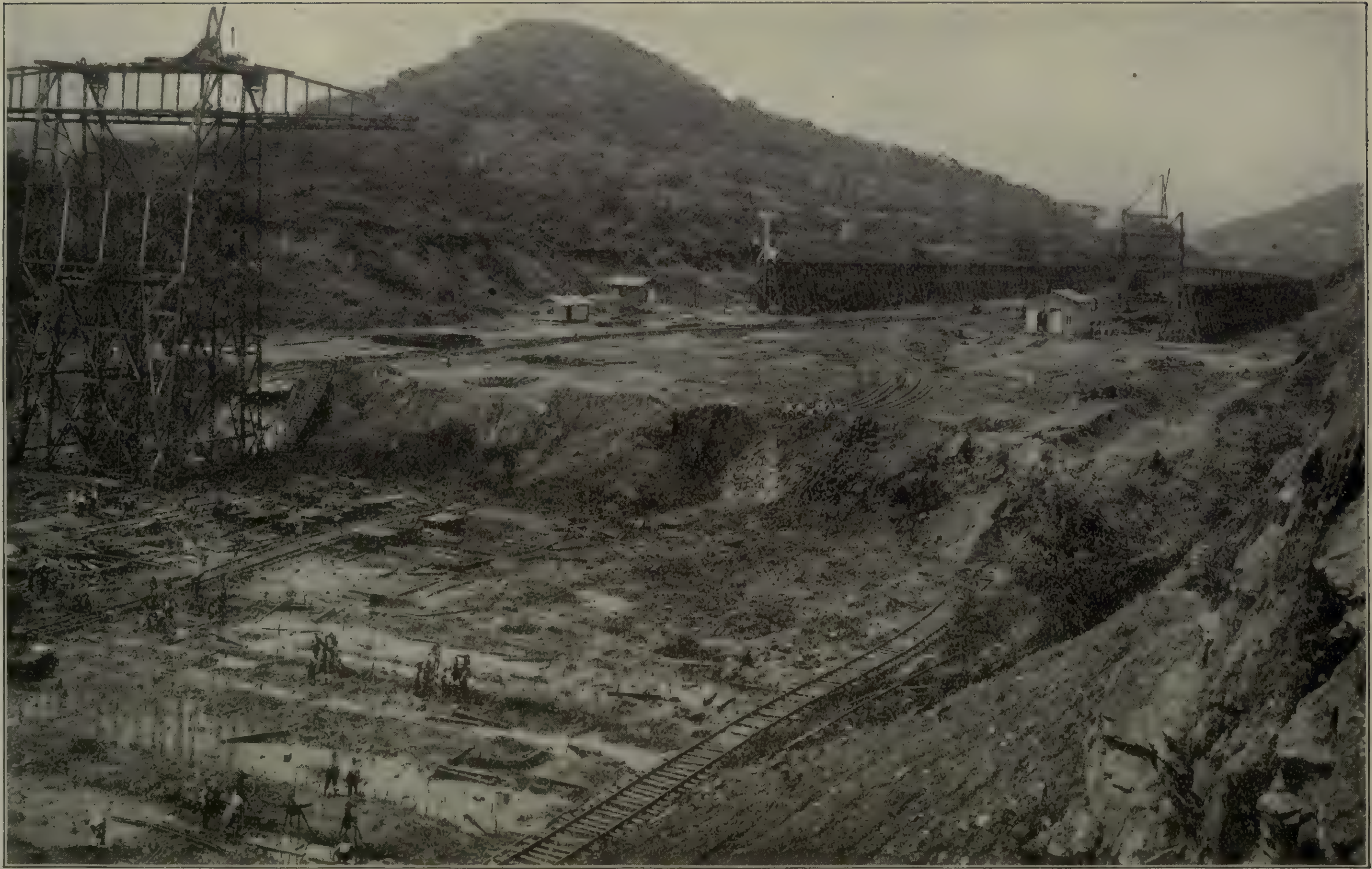
CITY OF PANAMA FROM THE NEW RESERVOIR, SHOWING ISLANDS IN THE DISTANCE

The Panama Canal as it IS

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

A NEW slogan, "Get Ready for the Panama Canal," is being sounded by Mr. John Barrett, Director of the International Bureau of American Republics. He is thoroughly familiar with all that pertains to South American trade, and no man in the United States is better fitted to pronounce a correct prophecy for the future of the Panama Canal. He says:

"There are twenty-one States of the Union bordering on the high seas and having ports from which vessels ought to steam through the Panama Canal, and yet hardly one of them realizes the opportunities which the Canal offers, with its completion only five years distant. . . . . . . Every city and commercial center having any interest in foreign commerce should acquaint itself with actual trade conditions in all parts of the world reached by the Canal. . . . . . . I would have every chamber of commerce or board of trade, from the Roanoke to the Rio Grande, from the Potomac to the Platte, organize committees or subordinate clubs to awaken interest in everything pertaining to Latin America. . . . . . . I wish we could start a Pan-American League, with branches in every important city and town of the South and West, supported by the best citizens of each community."



THE EXCAVATIONS AND CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION AT PEDRO MIGUEL, SHOWING CANTILEVER BRIDGE

Changing the World Map

AFTER a few days spent on the Isthmus one wonders how anyone has had the hardihood to write false criticisms regarding the work. It remains a marvel that men who stand up in Congress or elsewhere should attack so great an enterprise, until they have at least visited the Isthmus and used their eyes and common sense to assure themselves that their statements are correct. The people will not tolerate these unfounded political football attacks. Considering the bargain which was secured by Uncle Sam from the French government, and the fact that many millions of the dollars paid for labor and supplies are coming directly back to the States; that many millions more are expended in buying materials from United States firms, it will be seen that the $375,000,000 appropriation for the Canal is really a good investment, for it comes back to the people of the nation digging the Canal.

* * *

Among our contingent was Professor L. H. Bailey, Dean of Agriculture of Cornell University. It was a delight to hear his views on the work at Panama. Going across the Isthmus on the train, the Professor insisted that the appearance of the land, as seen from the car windows, proves it capable of producing almost anything. He believes that there is a great agricultural future before the Zone when it is known just what products can be profitably handled.

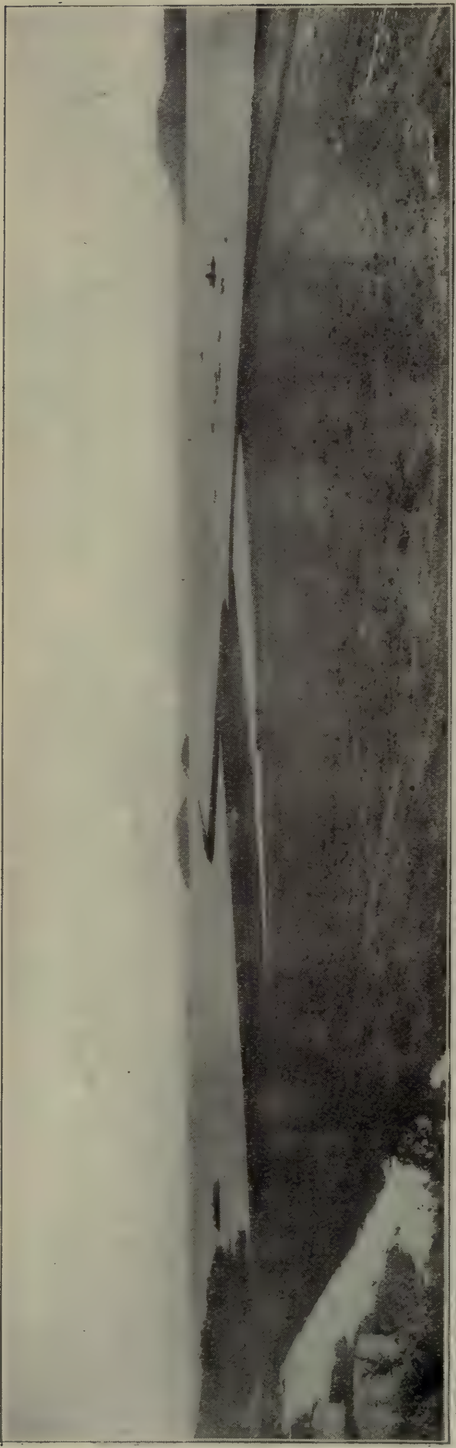
Dr. Josiah A. Strong and other eminent students of sociology were there with us. The experts have agreed that the canal work means the establishment of a new form of civilization in the tropics.

Great writers, seeking food for the imagination, will be attracted by the work done on this historic strip of land, but it is a question whether a poet will arise in our time who will be able to handle so vast a theme. The siege of Troy was a small affair compared with this gigantic undertaking, which is attracting worldwide attention. On every boat, from every part of the globe, visitors are arriving. They are collecting data and specimens that will become household treasures, handed down from generation to generation. Reams of literature are being written descriptive of the great work, and in a few years the present-day disgruntled complainers will be considered as short-sighted as those persons who objected to the use of illuminating gas for fear of explosions, and to the study of mythology as "irreligious."

The total population of the Zone is about fifty-five thousand. The census of 1908 showed a total of fifty thousand which it is believed has been considerably increased this year. The problem of creating a complete government for this large and mixed assemblage of people has been effectively solved, and now the conduct of the Zone is regarded as an object lesson of great value. and is closely scrutinized by the surrounding American republics. A dog muzzling order, or the adjustment of a case in equity, are accorded equal care and there is no friction, much to the surprise of the onlooking republics. Many of the results obtained and the ideas evolved are of deep interest to all students of effective administration and political economy.

* * *

The benefits of the Panama Canal are already forecast. No one state will receive more positive benefits from this great work than Texas. With its immense area, and such cities as Galveston, Houston,



THE FORTUNATE ISLES OF A STORMLESS SEA, ONE OF WHICH IS REACHED BY A BREAKWATER MADE OF CULEBRA DIRT

Dallas and Fort Worth, no state is more likely to feel the impetus of the diverted channels of trade, that will lead to the Southwest through the great artery of world-commerce on the Isthmus. The Canal brings every great Texan commercial centre within as easy access of the vast undeveloped South American and Central American trade as of New York and San Francisco. The profitable interchange of products is the basis of healthful commerce, and the aggressive and alert American enterprise, of the thriving cities of the Southwest, will find their influence and profit more than doubled when steamers connect the ports of the Texan coast and speed by regular voyages to the harbors of Western South America, Australia and the Orient.

* * *

Letters from William Jennings Bryan concerning the Panama Canal show how the conception of this great project is changed by a visit to the Isthmus. Like all visitors Mr. Bryan seems to have been alert in watching for mosquitoes, and hastens to announce that he "has not seen one." He also says:

> "Our appearance here (on the Isthmus) will prove a calamity rather than a boon if, by the establishment of an arbitrary government we set a harmful example to adjacent republics. We are engaged in engineering enterprises in the United States and do not find it necessary to interfere with the governments of the states and territories in which the works are going on—it is just as unnecessary here.
>
> "As one studies the Canal Zone and the countries which it brings under the influence of the United States, the physical features of the Canal dwindle in importance, and one finds himself contemplating the waterway as a factor in the development of Latin America, in the extension of American commerce, and in the spread of American ideas and ideals.
>
> "It has always been urged in behalf of a Canal that it would increase the efficiency of our navy; if that be true we can afford to appropriate less for the building of battleships and more for the construction of transports. These can be used as merchant vessels in time of peace.
>
> "The Canal should be open to the commerce of the world without other charge than that necessary for expense of operation and maintenance. This policy is demanded in the interests of our own people. . . . The cheaper we can make the water rate the cheaper will be the railroad rate."

The Canal Zone, A Proving Ground

THE personnel of the American working force on the Canal represents such an industrial army as has never before been mustered. The post office records show that many hundreds of thousands of dollars are sent back to the states every month. One blacksmith, who came from New York state, has saved $2,900, has lifted the mortgage on his home and provided himself with a little farm beside. He said that the average cost of living was a trifle over thirty dollars per month and he was paid seventy-eight cents an hour. The steam shovel men get $210 a month. The crane men, who sit perched aloft, get $185. It is interesting to know that most of the money saved on the Isthmus is going back to the states to buy farms; even the doctors are purchasing Idaho irrigated land and Texan land, or old New England farms and the old home farms in Iowa. In fact, work on the Isthmus seems to accentuate the desire to own some acres of "God's country," as the boys on the Isthmus call the states. Pushing forward the work under broiling tropical suns, they seem to be always dreaming of the time when they can "go back home," and sit under orchard trees, possibly own an automobile and "farm like gentlemen."

The Jamaicans and other cheaper laborers have little inclination to save their earnings, although Jamaica and the West Indies have never known such an era of prosperity as they have entered upon with the digging of the Canal. The shops at Empire employ over six hundred men for repairing of all sorts, and the efficiency of the great canal plant is always kept tuned right up to "high C." The speed of the work is largely due to the thorough up-keep of the equipment.

A large number of the workers come from the southern states. Although no one could speak in higher terms of President Taft than they do, acknowledging him as the great projector of vast enterprises, yet when a straw vote was taken in 1908 they went five to one in favor of Bryan. The boys said this was due to the habit of voting formed in youth—the Democratic ticket being an inheritance regardless of personal opinion. They said that on a straw vote they simply could not resist voting the Democratic ticket.

* * *

The total working force on the Canal is at this time 37,432 men, divided on the basis of payments into the "gold" force, consisting of physicians, skilled artisans, teachers and all high class labor on the Canal or the railway. There is also the "silver" force, which represents the unskilled labor of thirty thousand Europeans, chiefly Spaniards, with a sprinkling of Italians, Jamaicans and natives of the West Indies; these receive from sixteen to forty cents an hour. The rate for the West Indian labor is ten cents gold, while Spaniards are paid twenty cents per hour, gold. The white men become very brown and their eyes are bloodshot from the terrific glare of the tropical sun. Work begins at seven and continues until eleven A.M. After two hours rest for dinner, work is resumed at one o'clock and continues until five.

The shortening of the working day to eight hours has increased the cost of the work over the original estimate

PUERTO BELLO, TAKEN BY ADMIRAL VERNON, 1741; HERE ROCK FOR CEMENT MADE ON THE ATLANTIC SIDE IS SECURED

ALONG A QUIET REACH OF THE CHAGRES

on the Canal, which were all made on a nine-hour basis.

The berm, or ledge of land along the canal on which the railroad runs, is to be ten feet above the water, and from the north end of Culebra Cut, at Bas Obispo, will run parallel with the Canal to Paraiso. Near Miraflores, a tunnel of 736 feet has been constructed, and the entire line from ocean to ocean shortened a mile without crossing the Gatun Lake. The old lettering, "I. C. C.," has been discarded, and government ownership evidences itself in the large "U. S." which appears on all the locomotives and rolling stock, and, of course, means "United States," but one wonders why the A for "America" is omitted.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the supply and repair trains start out from the yards, to spend the night in the cut and all along the line making repairs and placing supplies, that all may be in readiness for the morning's early start at seven. During the rainy season, it sometimes happens that landslides or sudden floods tip over steam shovels, and float off the track, but even the deluge wouldn't phase some of the veterans who have grown web-footed in land work "when the dew falls."

The three years just passed have plainly revealed that the Panama "camp" is a model of progress, and full of possibilities along other lines than those of "digging dirt." It is not a frontier for the gathering of roughs and toughs, but even in a walk along the streets of the Isthmian towns, or a visit to any part of the workings, the best and most aggressive citizenship can be felt. The Zone police are very effective keeping up discipline in settlements, camps and cities, and are very similar to the northwestern police of Canada. Splendid, stalwart fellows, most of them have seen service in the Philippines and Porto Rico. Everyone seems bent on making a record. After two years of service the workers in the canal are given a service medal, and every two years thereafter a bar is added as a service distinction. Men who have been five years on the Isthmus are now regarded almost in the light of Civil War veterans, and all are proud of the distinction of long service.

Two hundred and five women hold positions on the Isthmus as nurses, postal clerks, stenographers and teachers. The first woman employed by the Commission was Miss Eugenia Hibbard, superintendent of nurses, who took this position in 1904 when an epidemic of yellow fever was prevalent. Women have truly played a noble part in building the Canal; first the heroic nurses who assisted in the yellow fever days; then expert stenographers, store clerks and women teachers, and thousands of women who have come here to make American homes and render life on the Isthmus pleasant for husbands and families. They have aided materially in maintaining the *esprit de corps* of the working force. Womens' clubs and social evenings have helped to while away the loneliness of life on the Zone. Every Saturday evening there are social gatherings, dances and balls, in nearly all of the twenty-three towns along the canal.

On the first afternoon I spent a half hour in the office of the Panama Railroad Company at Colon. It was two o'clock and the heat was intense, yet that busy hum of typewriters went on unabated, much to my wonderment. The young ladies tapped the machines just as quickly as though working in the North. And Mr. Fitch and his force were digging into the mass of correspondence with coats off at the regular Canal pace.

Vacations come in regular order to the workers on the Zone, and every year those in line for promotion are considered. The boys are very careful not to have too heavy a hospital record, as promotion seldom visits those who have a heavy hospital or sick leave record. "Furloughs in the states" are looked forward to as the distinct epochs in life on the Zone.

* * *

The Isthmian Baseball League indicates that the popular American game holds sway even in the tropics. Seven clubs were in the league when organized in 1908; and the scores are watched and talked over with the same avidity as those of the National and American Leagues at home. One important feature of Canal life is that everyone feels his responsiblity whether socially or in his work.

The Canal Record, a neat little paper of eight pages, is printed in the Zone once a week and issued free of charge to all employes of the Commission and of the Panama Railroad Company. The work is done by the secretary of the I. C. C., Mr. Joseph Bucklin Bishop, one of the ablest newspaper and editorial writers of the United States, who has long been identified with the Canal enterprise. He was for many years on the editorial staff of the New York Tribune. His management of the Record makes it a complete summary of the work in detail and no one is more thoroughly grounded in its progress and evolution than Mr. Bishop, who has devoted his best years to the Great Ditch. The Canal Record contains not only all official circulars, but standard information in reference to the Canal, including the current price of food supplies and other details of public interest.

H. H. ROUSSEAU, U. S. N.
Acting Head of Department of Civil Administration, Ancon, Culebra

My last afternoon, spent in riding on a dirt train through the great Cut talking to the different men and witnessing the splendid enthusiasm and loyalty of the workers, was a fitting prelude to the announcement that the Empire "Kangaroos" would give the editorial party a real Isthmian reception. The organization is an offshoot of the older one of that name in Australia, and our entertainers were styled the "Mother Court" of the order. They have a judge and two attorneys, and the work somewhat resembles that of an Elks Lodge. The order is benevolent and fraternal and has helped many a man, "down on his luck," to get upon his feet again.

Passing into the hall from the bright moonlight of the tropics, our party came upon a scene radiant with the stars and stripes, every color distinct in the glow of the electric lights. The boys from the states seem bent on using bunting whenever possible in decorations. Every chair had a bit of tri-color upon it and on the High Seat Judge Mills presided in a perfect bower of "Old Glory." We knew at once that we were going to have a "good time." Judge Gudger, chief justice of the Zone, in response to the editorial greeting, welcomed the visitors. The Kangaroos were attired in tuxedos, evening costume, linen or duck suits, regardless of society conventions; now and then Kangaroos "hopped" in for a bit of fun or a bite to eat. Some came from the engines, in their jumpers and overalls, but the spirit of true democracy prevailed. Coffee and refreshments were enjoyed and the speeches were the climax, continuing until late into the night, and if some of the critics of the Canal work could have looked in upon that gathering of Kangaroos, they would have understood that such men would be engaged only in work in which they thoroughly believe, feeling assured that it must prove beneficial to their nation. After two years service they are given a service medal, and a bar is added for each additional two years' continuous service.

It was amusing to see the workers on the Canal hunt out the editors from "home" states. The boys from Texas, New York, Massachusetts, and other states seemed to know by instinct which of the party hailed from the home commonwealth. The Boston boys soon discovered someone to whom they might present the inquiry, "Is Beacon Hill in the same place and looking as usual?"

One notable phase of life on the Isthmus, that has attracted the attention of students of Sociology, is the success of the Young

IN THE DISTANCE ARE THE DREDGES AT MIRAFLORES, WHERE EXCAVATIONS ARE MADE FOR TWELVE CENTS PER YARD

Site of West Dam—Miraflores

PANORAMIC VIEW OF MIRAFLORES LOCKS ON PACIFIC SIDE

Mens' Christian Association work. In 1905, a secretary was sent to the Zone to make a preliminary organization and the proposition was submitted to President Roosevelt, who made the following very emphatic statement:

> "I think that nothing better could befall us on the Isthmus than to have the Y. M. C. A. organizations flourish as they have flourished on the railroad systems in the United States, as well as in the Army and Navy. I hope that all the government can do to help this work will be done."

Under the direction of Engineer Stevens, four Association buildings were erected, and on leaving the Zone he stated in a public address that he would prefer to leave these buildings as monuments, rather than any other erected under his administration while in the Canal Zone.

These buildings were erected and equipped by the Isthmian Canal Commission, and the current expenses are provided for by membership dues and a supplementary appropriation made by the Commission. During the past year the membership was 1,222, but more than 2,100 men held membership within the year, the difference in the numbers being accounted for by the frequent changes occasioned by men going back and forth on vacations and furloughs. Nearly fifty per cent. of the white employees within reach of the club houses have availed themselves of the privileges offered, and the visitors are composed of both officials and workmen. The attendance at the buildings aggregates a daily average of fully 1,400; more than four thousand letters are written each month at the correspondence tables; a monthly average of 1,310 books is drawn from the circulating libraries and each reading room is furnished with one hundred standard, current publications.

The Special Commission, of which Mr. James B. Reynolds was Chairman, appointed by President Roosevelt to investigate conditions on the Isthmus, reported in August, 1908:

> "These comfortable club houses, wisely but in no way extravagantly equipped, and excellently conducted under the auspices of the Young Mens' Christian Association, we commend without reservation. They fill a necessary place in the somewhat artificial life on the Canal Zone, where a body of loyal Americans, far removed from the uplifting influences of home and friends, are performing with genuine enthusiasm a work of great importance to their country, in a climate demoralizing to the white man."

This enthusiastic statement was supplemented by Congressman Denby, who wrote President Roosevelt:

"The value of these Y. M. C. A. institutions to the Canal work cannot be exaggerated. They offer absolutely the only amusement agencies on the Zone."

Two additional buildings have recently been erected and opened—one at Gatun and the other at Porto Bello. This makes a total of six Association buildings employing eleven secretaries, and one General Secretary, Mr. F. C. Freeman, for supervision. The money for these additional buildings was included by Congress in the Canal Zone appropriation a year ago.

During President Taft's visit to the Isthmus the question was brought up as to whether the appropriation of government funds for this purpose was legal; he met the query with the following:

> "The question arises, 'Have we any authority to spend the money of the government for this purpose?' Well, we are subject to impeachment if we are not, for we have spent the money. Of course we have the right. The President is directed by law to build that Canal, and as a plain business proposition, if he is to build the Canal, he is to have the material and men with which to build it, and as a plain business proposition, that which keeps his men moral, that which keeps their minds on the work which they are to do and the duty with which they are charged, that is necessarily a proper object of government expenditure."

An Association has recently been opened at Camp Elliott, where one thousand United States marines are stationed; this was done by special permission of the Navy Department. A secretary is located here and a small building is being fitted up, and the expense is being covered by the Post Exchange Fund. Every man I met on the Isthmus had a good word to say for the Y. M. C. A. The Association work in the Canal Zone is under the supervision of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., and Mr. C. J. Hicks, associate General Secretary, has immediate charge of the same.

Social Life on the Isthmus

ON to Gorgona with its great machine shops; through Empire, the administration centre, and to Culebra, where the railroad passes the rim of the great ditch—encountering at every station some vivid picture of gigantic industry or wonderful tropical vegetation—we went and reached the Hotel Tivoli, on the Panama side, which in many ways suggests the luxury and comfort of a Palm Beach resort. The little Jamaican cabmen were everywhere, ready to take one on board for ten cents gold, or twenty cents "spickety" money. They make change from a mat or carpet under their feet—which serves as a spacious purse or money drawer. Here the tourist first comes into contact with "monkey" money, which is worth one half the coin of the United States.

At our first meal at the Tivoli we had papaya instead of cantelope, much resembling it in look and flavor, except that we detected a peculiar lardy taste—in fact, many of the tropical fruits have this curious taste of lard. Alligator pears were on the table, but as they suggest a flavoring of turpentine and resin it is a flavor that must be cultivated before the fruit can be enjoyed. For those who did not choose to experiment with strange fruits, there was abundance of accustomed foods, brought from the States, and equal in quality to anything obtainable at the Waldorf. We began, however, to understand the Jamaican preference for yams over sweet potatoes. "O you yam!" is the refrain of a popular Jamaican melody.

It does not take long for an American to adjust himself to novel conditions, and the editors from the frigid zone were soon adepts in the art of stepping leisurely into a cab, and wore white suits without nervous examination of convenient mirrors in search of stains fore and aft. Everyone went sight-seeing with a vigor and determination proportioned to the shortness of our stay on the Zone.

While at the Tivoli we met some of the jackies of the United States cruiser "Des Moines," just arrived from Nicaragua; they related an incident of the existing unpleasantness. A salute of twenty-one guns had been fired at Bluefields, and the rebel guns acknowledged the courtesy with a similar number, but they chanced to aim at a Nicaraguan gun boat and blew holes in the smokestack. They accounted for the damage by saying that they had no blank cartridges, but they did not explain why their guns were pointed so exactly at the boat of an enemy. A thousand marines were at Camp Elliott awaiting orders for Nicaragua, or elsewhere.

Mr. Merriweather, the *New York World* correspondent, arrived from Nicaragua while we were there; he had been spending some months on the Pacific Coast side, in a study of the Central American revolution at close range, which furnishes interesting plots for a comic opera as well as material for history. Certainly some of the scenes must have been remarkable, notably the one described when the United States boats appeared with supplies, and patriots and government troops alike seemed to forget on which side they were fighting in the anxiety to get a satisfying taste of the good things in Uncle Sam's Commissary Department.

* * *

The renaissance of the city of Panama as accomplished within three years is almost magical. No neater city exists in the United States; improvements are constantly being made though the quaint character of the city is kept unchanged. The grill work in fancy colors, Spanish balconies and other suggestive bits of architecture are untouched, but the sanitation is the one great feature. The streets have been cleaned and the filth which formerly prevailed throughout the city has been done away with, making it possible for residents to reach the allotted span of life, three score years and ten, an age formerly seldom attained, even by natives. The Panamanians appreciate the work done by the United States and have taken their place as the progressive people among Central American nations.

In the old city of Panama six miles away, an ancient tower, four hundred years old, still frowns over the haven. Here and there one can trace the work of the men who rebuilt the city after the invasion by Morgan and his buccaneers. The old-time wooden French suspension bridges have not borne the action of time so well. Those which spanned many of the interior rivers are falling down, and have been supplanted by substantial iron and steel American structures. The dredges and ships of the Pacific Coast rendezvous at Balboa near Panama which promises to develop into the great port on the Pacific. What a sight that was—a world fleet of merchant vessels from Peru, Chili, San Francisco, England, Australia, Africa and other countries—lying in Panama Harbor!

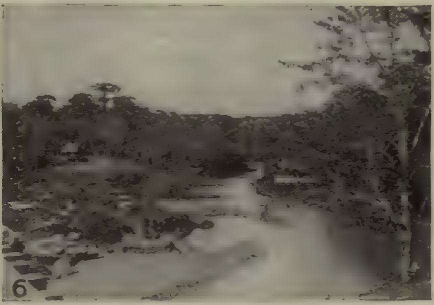
The breakwater to Naos Island, four miles out, is nearly completed, and will provide not only a breakwater for the entrance of the Canal, but for Panama as well. Half of the island is owned by the government and the other half by the Pacific Mail S. S. Company. When steaming through the finished portion of the Canal, and around the bay on the ship Balboa, it seemed strange that we were facing the Pacific to the East. The genial Bailey insisted that his compass was out of order, and closed his umbrella again to take observations of the sun.

It is a curious fact that no storms ever break on the Pacific Ocean within many miles of the coast of Panama; farther to the South a stormless area has never known a tempest for centuries, and this explains why Balboa called it the "Pacific" Ocean.

* * *

Close to the moss-grown seawall of Panama is the President's palace, the stucco building which has served for years as the home of the governor. The soldiers on guard stood outside with fixed bayonets, as we passed up the stairs to be graciously received by President Obaldia, since deceased. In 1904—1906, he was minister of Panama at Washington, and was much beloved by all who knew him. A stout man, with laughing, kindly, black eyes, and an iron gray moustache, he greeted his guests with perfect courtesy and was eager to hear news of the United States. Over his desk was a large portrait of President Taft. The state reception room was adorned with prism glass candelabra pendants. Here private audiences with diplomats and other officials are held. There is in the furnishings of the gold-room a hint of imperial splendor seldom seen in our own country, but it has also the quaintly simple air of many South American apartments. The President's son, Mr. Godfrey Obaldia, served as his private secretary. The minister "fomento," or member of the cabinet who is in charge of public works, is Jose Lefevre, a brother of the popular writer whose Wall Street stories have attracted much attention in current periodicals.

Very shortly after our visit, on March 1st, President Obaldia, aged sixty-four years, died suddenly of heart failure. His father, at one time president of Colombia, educated him at the Columbian College at Bogota, after which he entered the service of the Panama Railway Company, and later spent two years studying in the United States. He made a fortune in stock farming in Chirique, and represented Panama at the Columbian Congress at Bogota in 1900. Becoming a senator in 1903, he was the only member who voted in favor of the Hays Herran



1. Excavation for new Panama railroad. 2. Clearing the canal basin behind the Gatun Dam. 3. A typical village on the banks of the Chagres. 4. A happy family of Panamanian natives. 5. Photographed under the eaves of the old thatched hut. 6. The winding bars and bed of a torrential tropical stream. 7. Chagres in the tame days of the dry season. 8. A Panamanian village with an elevated railroad.

treaty providing for an inter-oceanic canal. After the failure of the treaty he resigned, but was appointed Governor of Panama and held office during the revolution which made Panama independent of Colombia, November, 1903. Under the new republic he became second vice-president, then minister to the United States; in 1906 he became vice-president, serving as president during Dr. Amador's absence in Europe. He was elected president by the liberals in July, 1908. How interesting it was that afternoon to hear him tell of his boyhood days in Chirique, and of his recollections of the time when the French were at work on the Canal.

"They are a great people," he said, his kindly dark eyes sparkling, "but Americans have laid the true foundation in caring for sanitation, as they have in Panama, making the city the most desirable tropical resort on the continent."

* * *

Outside the cabman waited patiently for us, while his gong rang every little while like a fire alarm, to notify us that another ten cent fare limit had expired. The Panama cabs are more merciful than the taxi-cabs in New York, in which the wheels go relentlessly around in silence, indicating figures which are a shock to any man who is not a millionaire. Our Panamanian cab-driver had been a school chum of the minister of public works and for our entertainment drew on his fund of early recollections.

The color line is not very distinctly drawn in the Latin republics. The San Blas Indians are found in and around Panama; like the Seminoles of Florida they never were conquered. A curious feature of native life in Panama is the cock fighting, which, like baseball in the United States, is more attractive to the public than any other form of recreation. Even the workmen on the streets have favorite birds tethered nearby and seize every opportunity to test their prowess. The click, click of steel spurs as the birds strike each other, the spurting of blood and the clamor of men indulging in small wagers seem to supply the mental excitement that Spaniards find in bull fights, and that English speaking races derive from less brutal contests. The backer of each game cock stands behind it, and if his bird shows signs of exhaustion, he takes it up and puts its bill into his mouth, while he inflates its exhausted lungs. One game cock, in a fight witnessed by the editors, appearing almost dead, was thus revived, went back into the pit and finally killed its opponent.

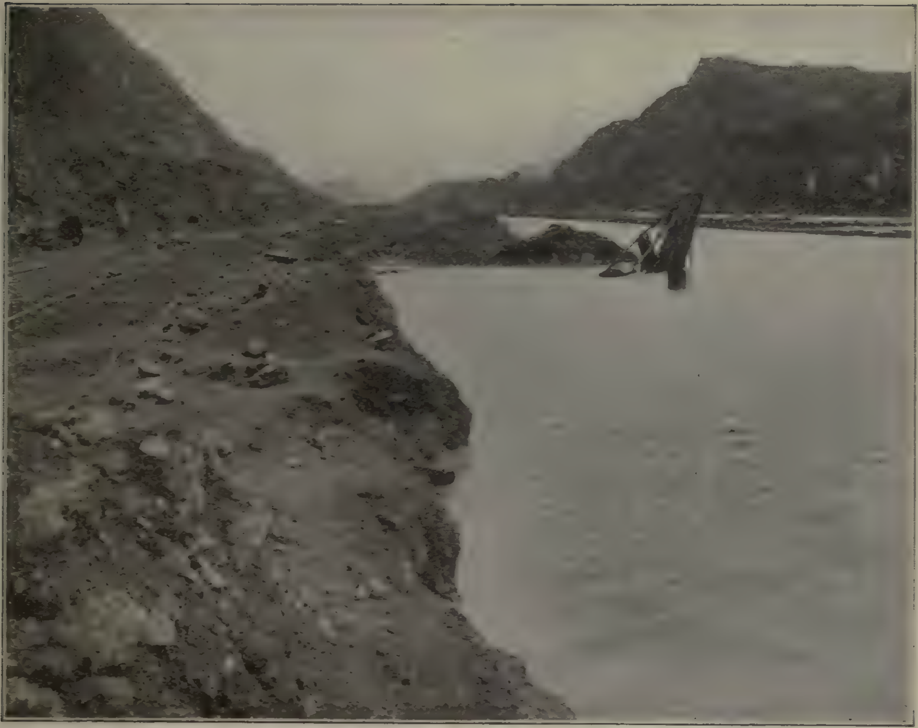
* * *

Every night most of the members of the party were busy with note books, and it was interesting to observe how many different aspects of the work and its surroundings were recorded, while the varying moods of the writers contributed a singular study in individuality. No two diaries had even a remote resemblance. It was difficult to believe that this was a "vacation trip," for we seldom found time for more than five hours sleep out of the twenty-four. Scarcely had the "wee sma' hours" come than we were awakened by the crowing of cocks, and the remembrance of "something special to be done" impelled us to dress. We always awoke refreshed, possibly on account of sleeping in the current of fresh air which sweeps through the sides of the houses, which are all carefully planned to secure perfect ventilation.

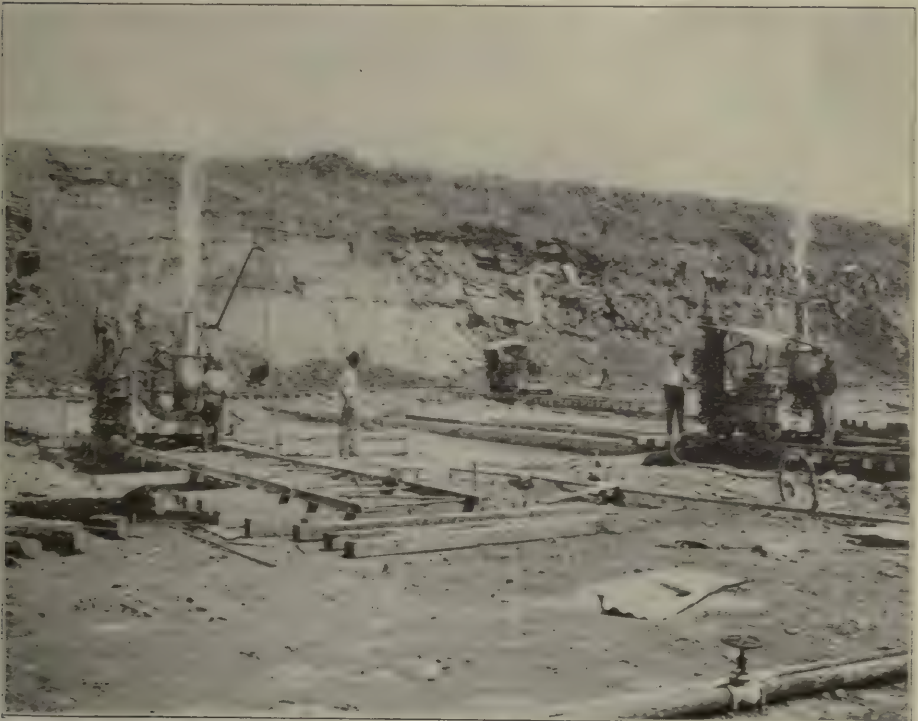
One morning there was a general uprising among the editorial party to view the Southern Cross, the distinctive constellation of the tropical heavens. Being called a little after two A. M. it did not seem worth while to go to bed again, so we put in an unusually long day. To the North, in the bright, starry, tropical sky we could see the Great Dipper and North Star distinctly, while equally clear to the South was that cross which has been so wonderful a guide through all ages. Just above the horizon it lay, brilliant as a constellation of small suns, and consisting of four stars standing somewhat obliquely. It is wonderful how anxious the youthful ship's officers are to show the Southern Cross to the ladies voyaging in tropical seas, and apparently the tropical moon has to be studied with equal care, always from a remote corner of the deck.

* * *

An inspiration came while Bailey, the agricultural editor from Iowa, was trying



SHOWING SUBMERGED SHOVELS AFTER A TROPICAL RAINY SEASON



WHERE THE CHATTER OF THE ROCK DRILLS IS HEARD his tripod on a corrugated roof, to obtain a profile view of a Panamanian cow to portray agricultural prospects on the Isthmus to his readers. I decided to visit the highest elevation that commanded a bird's-eye view—while Bailey obligingly hailed "the bird" for me with his umbrella. Four miles out from Gorgona, we made our way through the thick jungle to the Tower of Balboa—not a pretentious monument, for it is but forty feet high and looks like a windmill scaffold. From its summit we could see the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Truly this was an Isthmian view—to be able, at a single glance, to view the rim of the measureless expanse of the two great oceans. Nearby stands the old stump of the "Balboa Tree," on which the initials of many tourists have been cut. No picture can do justice to this marvelous view. What Bunker Hill monument is to Boston this tower will be to the Zone, and no visitor will consider his trip complete without a visit to Balboa Hill.

The feat of speaking across a continent, over the telephone wires, was impressed on me a few hours later, when I took the receiver to talk with Secretary Bishop, and heard his request from Panama:

"Speak a little louder, please; remember that you are talking across the continent" —I thought of the view from Balboa tower.

As we were returning that evening to the Tivoli Hotel, amid the beautiful tropical splendor of Ancon Hills, there in the moonlight lay the red-tiled Administration Building and the cottages, with the verandas softly lighted, as is usual on the Isthmus, presented a picture of fairyland. The foliage that clothed the hillside was silvered in the witching languorous moonlight. The soft swish of the branches of the cocoanut palms seemed fitting music for such a scene, and just beneath their feathery fronds, lifted a hundred feet in air, a high bridge spanned the great ravine. In the distance the Pacific glittered. So bright was the moonlight that it revealed the trails of the umbrella ants, which in a single night totally destroy a tree, and leave a bare path of destruction, six inches wide. In many of the buildings solid oaken floors may be seen eaten by ants. One official related how his refrigerator refused to keep things cool, no matter how much ice was used. On close inspection, he found the back all honeycombed by the ants, so that a prod of the finger produced a large hole. Sugar and many other eatables have to be kept constantly on shelves, and in creosoted strong boxes.

These little tropical pests have not yet been conquered, and seem even more obdurate than the yellow fever, but residents on the Zone take comfort in the fact that ants are not unhealthy. Rather the reverse, for they are nature's scavengers and in former years doubtless found an abundance of work in that line. We traced a string of ants two hundred feet long, each one carrying a small sprig of green. They have been known to invade and carry off an entire barrel of rice in a single night. Residents say that the industry of the workers on the Canal is appropriately symbolized by these active little insects. In fact the people on the Zone seem to have taken to heart the advice of Solomon, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise," for everybody gets up early on the Isthmus —so do the ants—you can't get ahead of them.

* * *

When an alligator hunt was mentioned that night Montgomery was alert; there was no difficulty in getting the editorial "sharpshooters" together at four o'clock next morning. After a cup of coffee and a fight with the ants for bread, the nimrods started for Balboa to embark on the cruise. Even in the darkness of the early morning there were many natives going to mass—for I must frankly confess that it was Sunday—Bailey carried the editorial umbrella as usual.

There is something almost supernatural in "the awful rose of dawn" on the Pacific Coast in the tropics. Spurs of light crept along the eastern rim of the Pacific Ocean, extending into a long prism; then purple gleams cast a halo over the islands of Naos and Toboga; in a moment the full burst of sunlight gleamed all along the summits of the green hills of Ancon. The myriad electric lights that had been sparkling a few minutes before on every veranda seemed suddenly quenched and drowned in the daylight. In the little,

STONE QUARRIES ON ANCON HILL, WHERE FORTIFICATIONS ARE SUGGESTED

WHERE THE MEN AND SHOVELS MEET

old dark shops of Panama dim circles of candle light might still be seen; everyone was getting ready for "market day," the chief day of the week. Craft of all kinds from all ports of the Isthmus swept up on the tide, and every boat was laden with oranges and other fruit, vegetables or merchandise; drawn up on the beach the boats made a picturesque sight, as they lay under the old, mottled-green seawall. As the tide receded they toppled over lazily, seemingly preparing for a tropical midday siesta.

The launch puffed down the Pacific portion of the Canal, and there, in the shadow of the leper colony, waited for the tide to carry her across the bar. She headed for the mouth of the tropical river, which a white man had not entered in eight months. The muddy waters and heavy banks suggested scenes in the valley of the Nile. On board the launch the seven editorial sharpshooters were rubbing the sleep out of their eyes and looking out for alligators. A short distance up the river appeared something that looked like a great log, floating down inertly. The natives began to scream and chatter like parrots—it was an alligator. Soon after a school of the great creatures came circling toward the boat from all directions. Everyone was now on the alert, and the sharpshooters were looking to their firearms, but then came the orders of Lieutenant Barber:

LIEUTENANT COLONEL D. D. GAILLARD
Division Engineer of Central Division, Empire

"Don't shoot—don't shoot. You cannot kill them in the water. Wait until they are on the bank."

Then the river suddenly was full of those squirming pre-Adamite monsters, which for nights after were seen in our dreams. It was suggested that the editorial gunners go ashore in the cuyaias, a boat hollowed out of a log. It took "nerve" to enter a small boat and pass through the water which that wriggling school of alligators had so recently ruffled. On the banks lay the great saurians—twenty feet long and more; they looked fifty. On the Isthmus dogs and children give river banks a wide berth, for alligators have good appetites for both. The great river elephants wriggled awkwardly down the bank, and a lesson in natural history was learned. The alligator moves only the lower jaw; the crocodile moves both jaws like a pair of scissors—but there was no time for a discussion of "jaws." The gunners made for the banks of the river, alarming the screeching birds overhead. Some confessed afterwards the fear they felt that every dead limb on the trees might be a boa constrictor ready for a late Sunday breakfast. The tropical forest had a wierd appearance which suggested deadly, hidden poisons. At the pier the natives were quietly getting ready a boat-load of faggots to take to Panama.

Here were orange trees, which had been planted by the French from seed brought from the Mediterranean, to furnish the basis of many an air-castle concerning gigantic orange plantations and vast fortunes to be amassed from them. The fruit on the trees in these abandoned plantations is abundant and delicious. After lunch the party felt a trifle nervous about entering the boats again, lest the bodyguard of alligators should be desirous of an American sandwich or two. The fears of the "sharpshooters" were allayed by the information that alligators do not attack boats; they lay lazily on the banks, furnishing good material for target practice.

THE HARBOR AND CITY OF BALBOA AND PACIFIC CANAL TERMINUS

AT THIS POINT THE VESSELS STEAM IN FROM THE PACIFIC

The natives added life and movement to the scene; their entire clothing consisted of one long piece of cloth, wound artistically about the body. They come very near to the "simple life" down there. Many shots were fired at the alligators on the banks, but only one wee small alligator "lost his head" and was captured as a trophy of the hunt. His blood-stained carcass lay upon the lawn at the hotel to tell the story of the alligator hunt.

It may be the diet, it may be the warm climate, but on every trip we noticed that few stout persons were met with, either among the native or foreign population, and this despite the fact that the natives live largely on foods containing sugar and starch.

COLONEL WILLIAM C. GORGAS
Head of the Department of Sanitation, Ancon, Canal Zone

* * *

Crossing the railroad tracks at Gatun is a bridge whereon many of the men gather in the evening, to talk over the day's events. Above are the winding streets of the little town, an undying rich foliage clustering about the houses and climbing the green slopes. Mr. Stillson, who owned some of the land used for the Canal, has a house built on a beautiful eminence overlooking the lake. Behind the screened verandas electric lights with softening shades shed their light. Everywhere are children in white, bedecked with ribbons, busy at their play. It is a home scene even more impressive to me than the great work on the locks, for here is another striking example of the way in which the English-speaking race retains its individuality, even when transplanted two thousand miles from its native soil. Their ideas on architecture and hygiene have revolutionized the Isthmus and even tropical life.

The streets of Gatun are laid in curves and are very picturesque. Especially enjoyable are the evenings; moonlight on the tropical foliage, the dark shadows with their hint of mystery and romance, and the tinkling of guitars and distant cowbells made up a scene that was like a bit of fairyland.

We "dropped in" at the Gatun Commissary Store, conducted by Mr. Stephens, and witnessed the curious sight of the sale of merchandise without money, and yet nothing sold on credit. Everything required by an American family was there, and the sales were rung in on a cash register, although no money was handled. The Commissary coupons were carefully checked and rechecked. Prices ranged below those in the States, and some articles were even very much cheaper. Dress materials of all sorts were supplied, and the beauty and low prices of hand-embroidered articles won the hearts of the ladies. To their grief they discovered that these goods could only be sold to holders of Commissary coupons. One of our party remarked that it was no wonder women were content to dwell on the Isthmus, when they could purchase real embroidered gowns for about the price paid for making a good gingham at home. There is a special entrance to the stores for the "gold employes," who are Americans or skilled laborers, and another entrance is reserved for "silver workers," who are chiefly Jamaicans and Spaniards. While the Canal Commission feeds and lodges as many as thirty thousand workmen on the Zone, at the rate of thirty cents a day for the silver men and ninety cents for three meals for gold men, many workers have

CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION AT GATUN, SHOWING OLD FRENCH CANAL

THE CEMENT RAILROAD STATION AT GATUN

their own homes. The Isthmus is a domicile as well as a great industrial camp.

Every passenger train is crowded with Jamaicans and natives in the second class coaches. Every seat is filled, and a smiling black face is at every car window. They enjoy travel and spend a large portion of their savings in pleasure trips in the evenings, on holidays and especially on November 3, the day sacred to the declaration of Panamanian independence. The workers on the Zone all seem happy, and owing to the rigid observance of the sanitary regulations the mortality record has been less than anyone had dared to hope. The figures are lower than those in many average United States cities.

THE DIVERSION OF THE CHAGRES, BY MEANS OF CAMACHO TUNNEL

The school system is excellent; even a casual glance at the children playing with toy automobiles and little red wagons, shows that the faces above the jumper suits are healthy and contented. The Zone seems to agree with the boys and girls just as well as the States, for they insist on having real "fun" at play. Yet no talk with them was completed without some mention of the time "when we go back home." Many complexions were a dark brown shade, and some were burned almost black, for the tropical sun is relentless with the fair-skinned races.

* * *

One fruitful subject for argument on the Isthmus has been the distribution of the A. B. and C. furniture, for furnishing the different domiciles. It is distributed according to the official rate of pay of those who receive it, and if a lady who is entitled to class A outfit receives class B or C furniture, there is trouble all along the line. Colonel Goethals manages to adjust all these difficulties so that everyone is happy. There were many enthusiastic expressions of confidence in the man at the head of the work. His fairness and thoroughness, united with his administrative ability and experience, make him an ideal head for this great undertaking.

The fine arts are not neglected on the Zone. The Panama Conservatory of Music, with an orchestra of forty pieces, was giving a grand concert in the "Teater National" the night that we left. Home talent unites with the professionals in providing entertainments of popular interest. Lombardy's Opera Company had an engagement in Panama and did well.

The "Grand Circo" was exhibiting at Colon. The weather was extremely hot and sultry. The blue tights, worn by one of the lady performers on the tight rope, gradually changed color owing to the heavy perspiration, while the grease paint on the clowns slowly melted and ran off in pink rivulets, creating a transformation scene not designed for the amusement of the public; the performers fairly sweltered while the audience "encored" approvingly.

WHERE SWEEPS THE FLOOD, SHOWING GRAVEL BEDS BROUGHT DOWN BY THE HELPFUL CHAGRES

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE PACIFIC DIVISION, AS IT PUSHES THROUGH TO ANCON HILL

A PERSPECTIVE OF THE LOCK SITE AT MIRAFLORES

JOHN BURKE
General Manager of Commissary at Cristobal, Canal Zone.

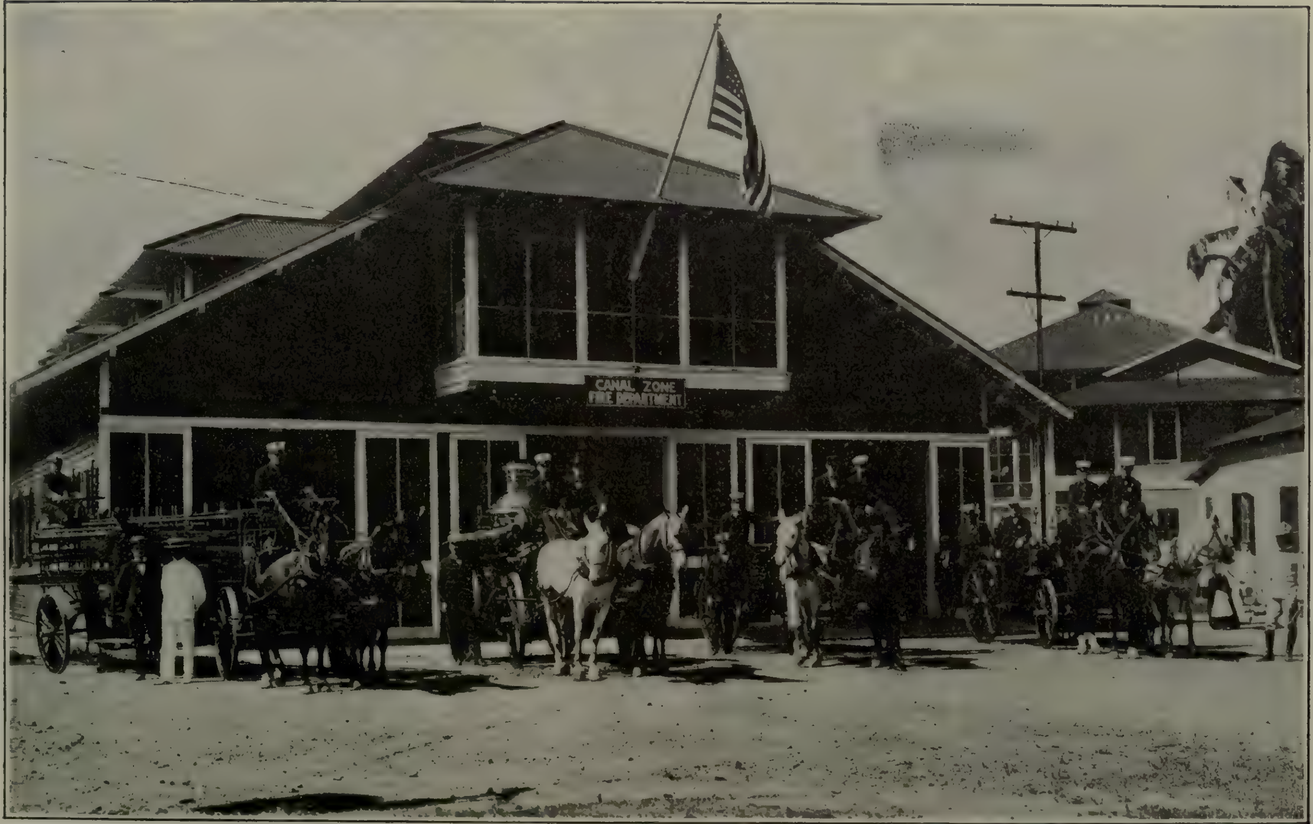
The gracious housekeepers in our party voted the commissary department one of the most interesting features of the work on the Zone. In company with Mr. John Burke and Mr. Ecklund we had an opportunity, in Colon, to inspect the one department that declares a dividend for Uncle Sam. All manner of supplies necessary for comfortable living are here. Orders received through the Mail Order Department are sent out the same day, leaving the stores at four o'clock, P. M. and on the following morning, at eight A. M., the goods are delivered at the doors of homes all over the Zone. The goods have two notable features—their variety and the lowness of price. In the dry goods department the finest Irish linen handkerchiefs and embroidered dresses are sold at "sale" figures, and big bed spreads are marked at "real bargain prices," as the ladies said. Many other desirable commodities are very low in price, but only to be purchased by those possessing Commissary tickets. The commissary department is operated by the Panama Railroad Company, making it possible for the buyers to supply the stores without awaiting the unwinding of red tape and government consultation every time anything is needed. The department is run on strictly business principles, under Mr. Burke, who has been there for many years. He takes a great pride in the development of this the only branch of the work that at present fully pays its own way. Mr. Burke hails from Indiana and has all the jovial ways of the Hoosier.

Such a cold storage plant! Never have I visited a cleaner, more wholesome place and it smelled as sweet as a Dutch dairy. It looked as though even the sawdust might be clean enough and good enough to eat. Onions, potatoes, turnips, parsnips and all sorts of other vegetables from the states were there. A large supply of milk shipped from New York, sufficient for ninety days, is carefully preserved so that the babies may have it sweet every day. There was also an abundance of ice cream, which is sent to all parts of the Isthmus every day—and it was *real* ice *cream* too. Here New Zealand butter is purchased, delivered at twenty-seven cents a pound, which "in the states" would cost forty-two. A large part of the butter used on the Isthmus is brought from New Zealand because it does not become rancid as does that which is made from milk that is the product of cows fed on United States' scented clover. It is quite a common occurrence to find in cold storage the products of foreign lands, and already there are many indications of the new channels of trade which the Canal will open. In going through the cold storage plant we wore the white "asbestos" butchers' coats and did not feel any too warm even with that increase of clothing. We felt like Dr. Cook after his real frost experience when the records were exploded at Copenhagen. On every side were the familiar articles of diet; potatoes in round crates; oysters in sealed cases; chickens, apples, bananas, disproving the belief in the states that residents on the Zone exist exclusively on canned goods.

In the great bakery fifteen thousand loaves of bread are mixed every day by machinery and baked in great ovens which look as though they might cook bread enough to feed the world. There are also pie-making machines and cake mixers, which turn out as toothsome articles as could be produced by a French *chef*. The

SITE OF THE LOCKS AT MIRAFLORES, ON PACIFIC SIDE

A VILLAGE ON THE PANAMA RAILROAD


CANAL ZONE
FIRE DEPARTMENT

FIRE STATION, CRISTOBAL

wholesale department, combined with the cold storage warehouse, supplies consumers stores all over the Zone, which are conveniently placed that the people may reach them without loss of time.

* * *

What a delight it was to spend an evening with Dr. Pierce of the Quarantine Department, in his house on the edge of the sea, at Colon; as the tide never varies one foot on the Atlantic side the beach residents enjoy the long "hush" of the waves at all hours without going out-of-doors to hear it. The kitchen overlooks the water and everywhere additional precautions have to be taken on account of the ants; there is no danger of anything becoming too dry in the tropics, when the rainy season is on. During the wet months mould appears very quickly, even on clothing and shoes put off for a single night. An old Irishman remarked to me:

"We gather a deal of mould down here—'tis a wonder we don't turn mouldy ourselves—we would if we didn't put in a drop of spirits now and then to dry us out."

Rain for nine months of the year is the usual record, and at times the parks and streets are turned into miniature canals. On the Zone corrugated iron roofs are largely used on the houses, as they seem to keep out the floods of rain, as well as the old-fashioned thatched roofs of the natives. All through the Canal workings are little shelter buildings to protect the workmen during the heavy showers. While these last only a few minutes, the rain comes down in sheets that would wet any clothing through in a minute or two.

* * *

Of course I had to visit the schools again and find out what had become of the bright lad who told me three years ago that "the President of the United States am Mr. Root." St. Anthony is now big enough to be in charge of a signal station, and he insists that William Howard Taft is President of the United States and no argument can shake his faith in that statement, for Mr. Taft has made five separate trips to the Isthmus and St. Anthony has seen and admired him. The superintendent of schools is Professor Gause; scholars and teachers seem well content, though there is an occasional wistful glance toward "home," as hinted by a small boy on his way to school.

"The Isthmus is all right, but I wish I had some fellows to play snowball with, and that we could have some skatin' once in a while. What we want is real ice that freezes itself, without any cold storage."

In looking over places formerly visited I saw the row of cottages which Mr. Macfarlane had completed three years ago "for bridal couples on their honeymoon," he said. Before each one of these cottages stood a baby carriage, in which was a blooming little one, while other children played about nearby. The Zone seems to agree wonderfully with children, who do not suffer at all from the heat of the climate. Possibly this is owing to the comfortable, cool nights. A wool blanket is needed at night and refreshing sleep is always obtainable. Another reason for the general health of both adults and children may be the perfect ventilation of the homes, the screened windows under the eaves never being closed.

During my former visit the ground beneath and around the houses was kept entirely free of shrubbery, but now vines were trained to beautify the little bird cage bungalows perched aloft on cement stilts.

The old mansion house above the Ancon Quarry, on the Balboa Road, called by the French "La Folie Dingler," or "Dingler's Folly," and later the French Folly, is to be torn down and has been sold for $525. It was built for Jules Dingler, the French director-general of Canal work, and was finished in 1885. His wife died in January, 1886, of yellow fever which had already carried off a son and daughter. Dingler returned to Paris in June, never having occupied the home, which was hence called "La Folie Dingler." For a long time the dwelling was said to be haunted, as it certainly was by sad memories of the tragedies of the French occupation. In those days the digging of the canal was a succession of delirious pleasures and grim fatalities; the cost in human life, paid by that nation in launching the Panama Canal enterprise, will probably never be known.

MISS MADELEINE LOUIS

With William Hodge in "The Man From Home"

William Hodge The American Man From Home

WHEN a single play has been witnessed by almost a million of delighted auditors, and is still attracting myriads, the word "popular" is not sufficiently strong to describe its success.

Notable in the annals of theatrical productions of recent years is "The Man from Home," with William Hodge in the title role. It was first produced in Chicago, in a very unpretentious way. Night after night all the seats were filled, wherever the genial and welcome "Man from Home" appeared, and it soon became known as one of the few plays which everyone feels free to recommend to all friends. There is in it not only heart power, but wholesomeness. I may as well confess that I am one of many who have witnessed it six or seven times, and I sincerely long to see it again. Many of the lines I can almost recite "by heart," and it never loses interest, for the reason that Mr. Hodge as "The Man from Home" appeals to noblest emotions, and is true to nature. The successful run in Chicago, five hundred nights, was outdone by a two years' run on Broadway, of six hundred nights, and the climax was reached by the Boston performances, where night after night the manager is obliged to hang out the sign, "House Full." It is running well into the summer and promises even another season.

The critics were not at first kindly disposed toward "The Man From Home." Said they:

"The play may go all right in Chicago, but wait until it strikes New York."

After the success in New York, they said:

"New York, after all, is not severely critical, but wait until the chill East winds of Boston blow upon 'The Man From Home.'"

It would be impossible to disassociate the leading character in the play from the personality of the artist, William Hodge. Six feet tall, slim almost to angularity, his bearing is as attractive as his voice, which is rich and resonant, with a touch of tenderness that goes well with the naturalness and simplicity which characterizes this actor who knows so well how to reach the hearts of the people. The audiences are a curious study; every expression of "The Man from Home" is reflected in their faces. Many individuals regard the play as a most valuable tonic, because it creates that genuine, jolly laughter which oscillates every muscle and promotes digestion, while dissipating the "blues." No mere smile, no foolish giggle is sufficient to express appreciation of the humor of William Hodge. It is droll to look along a row of men in evening-dress and see every expanded diaphragm churning up and down, as the owner indulges in prolonged and hearty laughter.

Play-goers all remark on the singularly well-balanced cast which supports William Hodge; there is none of the overshadowing influence exerted by the usual star actor in his part, but every character in the play "just fits," and all appear anxious to focus interest in the story of the play. Mr. Hodge, from the first, insisted on dressing the part younger than was contemplated by the authors. He does not "make up" to represent an imaginary character—but himself. While he retains just enough of the picturesque qualities of Daniel Vorhees Pike, he does not look in the least like the conventional theatrical representation of the American abroad. He is still the William Hodge regarded as a model of "good style" in conservative Boston, who has revived the fashion of wearing silk hats, long since sadly neglected until his coming. In William Hodge there is no suggestion of the fashion plate, but elegant and attractive simplicity. Every time I hear him, I am reminded of James Whitcomb Riley, for he has the same wholesome, homespun vein of sentiment in his acting that has endeared the Hoosier poet to the American people through his verse. In his Boston engagements, Mr. Hodge has been nightly called before the curtain for those little talks in which the audience and actor seem to reflect the family spirit.

Slow, deliberate in his speech, both off the stage and on, he is always just the same, dear good soul, and that is why he has attained a hold on the affections of the people such as is only granted to the "real man" of whom Lincoln is the fitting type. The loyal unity of his company is another tribute to Mr. Hodge, which is apparent during the sharp battles on the stage between him and the Russian duke and the eye-glassed, dog-loving fiance, St. Albans. Though on the stage the entire evening, with the exception of about fifteen minutes, he is not in any sense in the spot light—he is clearly forced to the front by circumstances of the play and the charm of his personality.

Mr. Hodge is essentially systematic; he smokes just so many cigars during the play, watches at every performance the mood of the audience, has regular plans carefully followed—so that success is due to close and scientific study of his work and genuineness that sparkles through his art. His acting recalls the genial lines of Brinsley Sheridan's plays, and he is one stage favorite who has achieved ideal acting without recourse to the tragedy of Shakespearian roles.

There is no elevator behind the scenes for the benefit of actors, and he makes the trip up and down three flights of stairs at least three or four times in an evening. When I had climbed up and down with him once, I felt as though I had done a good night's work without going on the stage, where a thousand electric lights concentrate their rays on the actors from all sides. In this fierce glare, an actor who can sustain, for nearly three hours, a naturalness that even pierces the glamor of footlights, and send people home with the strains of "Sweet Genevieve" ringing in their ears, and feeling more contented with themselves, is performing a public service. There is a wholesomeness in it all that impels one to go again and again to see William Hodge, as he represents in a peculiar and subtle way, the emotions and aspirations of his auditors. He does just what they would have him do and does it in their own way. Can you conceive of any more simple formula for winning and holding public favor? It is the Lincoln idea—the McKinley way—to win the heart-confidence of the people. Admiration for William Hodge is an expression of that confidence which characterizes every successful public career.

MOTHER EARTH

By A. VAGRANT

Earth mothers the spawn of a seething brood,
    Restless, dominant, wild!
Sends Man forth in the pride of life,
    Calls him her best-loved child;
Gives him to play with the toys of power;
Amuses him thus for a fleeting hour;
    Patiently waits till the play is past;
    Gathers him back to her breast at last,
        Brooding old Mother Earth!

—*From "Pipe Dreams."*

The Deception of Mary Wahl

By Charles Henry Olin

AS Compton turned the corner after a fruitless quest for a well-known Tammany politician, the cheerful lights of McClarin's cafe caught his eye. "Now, it is just possible McClarin may know something about this business," he muttered. McClarin's knowledge of affairs at the Wigwam was usually extensive and reliable.

But for once that good-natured, easy-going individual utterly failed him. "Nothing doing as far as I know," he responded to Compton's question, "and I would have heard of it if there was. Guess you are working on a false scent this time all right. Better stay a while and have a broiled live and a cup of strong coffee; you look about all in."

Broiled live was McClarin's famous specialty, and Compton smiled. "Shouldn't wonder if you were about right, Mack," he assented wearily. "I've been on the trot since noon, and your prescription is about what I need."

Seating himself at an unoccupied table the young man glanced around him casually. The well-lighted room was already well filled with persons of both sexes belonging to the respectable middle class to which the cafe's moderate prices and excellent cooking especially appealed. Something in the manner of a young woman who at that moment entered from the street interested him at once. It was not merely because she at first hesitated, then with a single glance about her took one of the vacant chairs at his table in preference to any other; but she wore a certain indescribable air of repressed excitement that seemed strangely out of keeping with the quiet, homelike atmosphere of McClarin's. He noticed, too, that she seated herself heavily like one who welcomes a moment's respite after a hard struggle.

Although plainly attired her clothes were scrupulously neat and well fitted a trim, youthful figure, and Compton noted that her hands were soft and delicate. "Poor and miserable, but of a better class than the usual run here," he summed up as he observed her pale, but rather attractive features, and heard the sigh of utter weariness with which she seated herself without even a glance in his direction.

Indeed it seemed doubtful if anything in the scene around her made any impression on her mind. Only when a waiter approached and coughed to attract her attention, did any look of comprehension come into her eyes. Then she glanced up as if uncertain what to do.

"Can I serve you with anything, ma'am?" questioned the man as she hesitated.

"Yes, I suppose so—a cup of tea," she said in a low voice that trembled slightly. "That is all—thank you."

Sinking into apathy again the woman seemed oblivious to her surroundings until the waiter returned. She paid him out of a thin little purse, but made no move to touch the beverage.

Although the nature of his work had made Compton a good judge of human nature he was a little puzzled to know how to place her. But his first hasty impression was confirmed. "Well bred, respectable, but playing to hard luck," he concluded as he studied her. "Possibly desperate and worth watching."

He was sure of this a moment later when he saw her fingers steal quietly to her bodice and clutching something from it carry it under the table. He awaited the next move with alert suspicion, quickly turning his eyes away as she glanced in his direction.

Apparently satisfied that she was unobserved, she carried her hand carelessly across her cup, then dropped it slowly to her side.

"Ah!" breathed Compton, "she means business. It is up to me now."

Raising his right leg as if to cross it over the left, he brought his knee smartly up against the table. With a crash the cup slid from the table to the floor.

"Beg pardon," exclaimed the young man in apparent dismay. "Deuced awkward on my part, but these tables are low and my legs are long. Hope I didn't startle you. Here, waiter, another tea."

He spoke loudly and hurriedly to attract attention away from the girl who suddenly sank back limply in her chair and breathed quickly under the stress of strong emotion.

His ruse was successful. By the time the waiter had filled the order the young woman had in a measure recovered her self-possession.

"You knew?" she asked in a voice that shook in spite of her efforts to control it.

"Yes. Why did you do it?"

"Why does anyone? When one can bear no more what else is there to do? Oh, why did you prevent me?"

"Is your case so desperate, then, that you resent my interference?"

"Resent it! I don't know. I am half glad that you saved me, and yet—" She made a little gesture of despair.

"Tell me your trouble," suggested Compton. "There is surely some other way out. You are better bred and educated than most women who come to that."

"Perhaps. Yet that may be the reason. If I were less sensitive I might have borne it better. There is not much to tell. Can you realize what it means to be tied to a man for whom you have lost all love and respect?"

"You are married, then?"

"Yes, or was until—well, I stood his cruelty, his dissipation and his idleness until I could bear no more. Then putting half the continent between us I came back here where he had met and married me."

"Have you seen him since?"

"No. Pray heaven, I never shall. I left him in Chicago. What a beast he was!" She spoke passionately and vehemently as if the recollection of her wrongs thronged over her.

"Careful. Speak lower; we are attracting attention," warned Compton, as he noted the intent gaze upon them of a newcomer at the next table. "Have you tried to find work?"

"No," she declared in a lower tone. "Work and ill treatment unfitted me for that. I am just out of Bellevue after a month's illness. I am still too weak and unsettled to do anything; the little money I had is gone and I can see no light ahead. If you had not prevented me it would have been all over now."

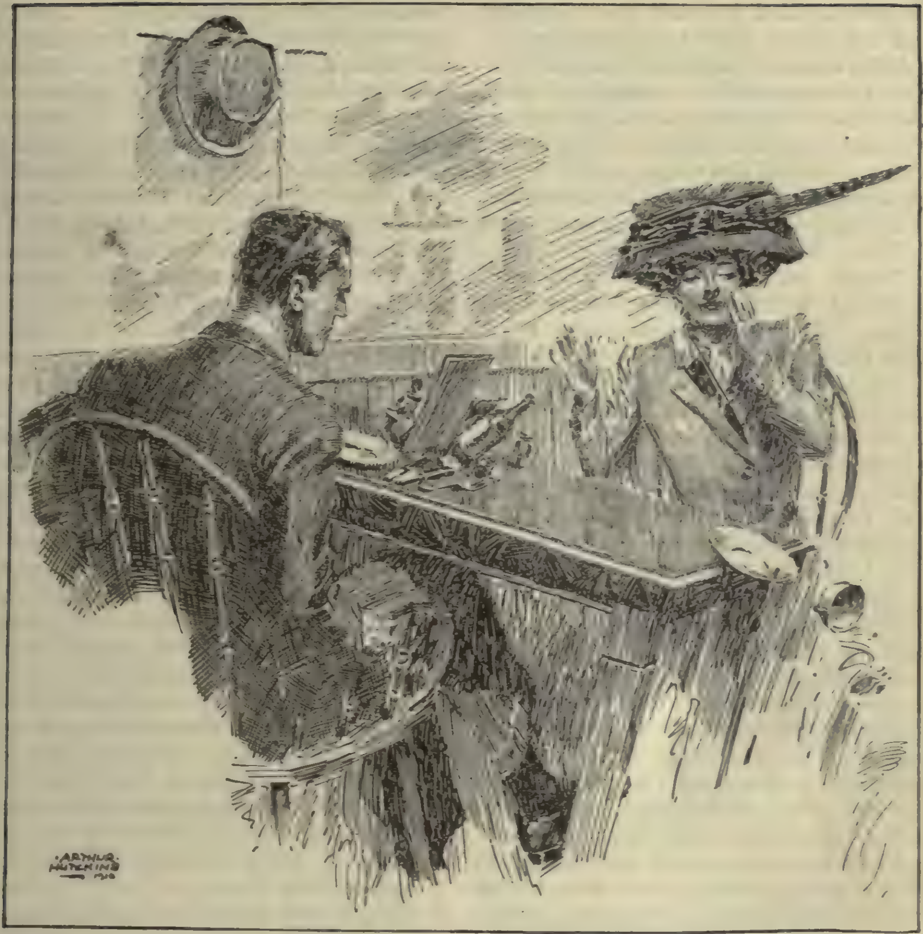
She spoke with a pathetic intensity that moved the young man strangely. All suspicion that she was other than she seemed had vanished from his mind, and he longed to aid her. But how?

Suddenly a bold plan flashed through his mind and he drew in his breath sharply. "Look here," he exclaimed with a quick resolution. "You certainly have had a hard time. You need rest, good food and freedom from anxiety. With these hope will return again, and the ability to make your own way. But for the present these three are necessary. Now I happen to be in a position to offer them to you."

"You!"

"Yes. Listen. I am a reporter on the *World* and am living with my widowed sister near Central Park. She is just recovering from an illness brought on by grief over her husband's death. The nature of my work leaves her much alone, and she needs a companion to cheer her up, to read to her and make herself generally useful. Only this morning she requested me to call at an employment agency and secure a suitable person for her, but in the rush of the day's events I forgot it. I feel that you will do splendidly. Will you come?"

For a moment the girl looked at the young man earnestly without speaking, then her eyes wandered to the man at the next table; still with her gaze upon him she nodded meditatively as if she were making up her mind. Then she turned to her companion. "I thank you for your offer," she said, "but will your sister accept an unknown girl without references?"



"With a crash the cup slid from the table to the floor"

"She surely will on my recommendation; she trusts my judgment absolutely in such matters. We will go to her at once."

"Tonight!"

"Yes. Is there any reason why we should not settle the matter without delay? I thought you had burned your bridges behind you," and the young man glanced significantly at the waiter who was removing the pieces of broken crockery.

"So I have, but it is really so unconventional."

The reporter was puzzled. For a woman whom he had saved from an ignominious death and was now offering a pleasant refuge, her sudden regard for the conventions seemed strange, and yet—

"Look here," he said. "By accepting my offer you get, at least until you are stronger and better able to face the world, the home you need; while if I read you rightly, my sister will obtain a thoroughly congenial companion. Besides, you will save me the irksome task of looking further. You really owe that to me, you know."

"Oh, well, if you put it in that light, I will do as you say. There really seems nothing else to do—just now. Yes, I think I will accept," and for the first time she smiled.

The man at the next table rose from his chair, sauntered carelessly over to the cashier's desk, engaged McClarin in conversation for a moment, then quietly left the room. Half an hour later Compton and the young woman also departed.

Mrs. Easterly, Compton's sister, occupied an apartment in a house of rather ambitious architecture on a quiet street not far from Central Park; and it was not long before she congratulated herself on her brother's foresight in picking out so intelligent and competent a companion as Mary Wahl.

"Where on earth did you find her?" she asked one morning over the breakfast coffee. "Why, she anticipates my every wish almost before I have made it, and it is a positive pleasure to hear her read. Besides, she seems so ladylike and refined."

"She certainly is a jewel," assented the young man heartliy; "but that is the kind you commissioned me to get, and I laid myself out to fulfil the contract. She has at least one accomplishment that I myself can appreciate."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, only last night, after you had gone to your room, I was berating my luck in not having engaged a stenographer to help me get out that rush story for the *Sunday World* when she suddenly volunteered to do the work. What is more she did it to the queen's taste. It seems she was once a stenographer, and I never had a better amanuensis in my life."

Thus early Compton had begun to discern that he had builded better than he knew when, mainly out of pity, he had taken in the woman whose acquaintance he had so strangely made. She carried herself always with a quiet dignity that compelled the young man's admiration and respect. Her keen interest in his literary work and willingness to be of use in furthering it threw them much together; and at last he awoke to the knowledge that from becoming simply his sister's companion, Mary was fast becoming a necessity to himself. Dim, half-formed thoughts concerning her began to trouble him, and one evening he asked abruptly: "Have you ever thought of securing a divorce from your brutal husband?"

The question seemed to startle her. "My husband!" she stammered, a look of distress crossing her face. "No, I—I have put him completely out of my mind." Then with a vivid blush she turned to the typewriter again. "There," she said, deftly pulling out the sheet of manuscript, "that is finished," and placing it before him she abruptly left the room.

"Curious," mused Compton. "I wonder why she shied so at my query? At any rate it is something I must take up with her later." The point had become of vital importance to him, and he meant to persevere. Never before had a woman attracted him so much, and he took an increasing amount of pleasure in her company.

Yet he himself scarcely realized how much she had grown to be a part of his life and thought until an incident occurred that brought him to a realizing sense of the intensity of the love he bore her.

In crossing Central Park early one afternoon he came upon a man and a woman seated on one of the benches. Their backs were toward him, and shrubbery partly screened them from the path. As the reporter drew near the young woman uttered a subdued laugh. There was something oddly familiar in the sound that brought Compton to a sudden halt. Even the indistinct glimpse he got of her through the greenery reminded him of Mary. This half-formed conviction became a certainty when, evidently in answer to a low-toned question, her voice reached the ears of the involuntary eavesdropper—subdued but clear.

"No, it will not be wise to meet you oftener. They are both nice people, and not for the world would I have them suspect that I am not what I seem. We must make my afternoons out do. You will really have to get along without me a little longer, Frank."

Her companion seemed to remonstrate, then his words became audible. "The Madison Avenue flat is a dreary place without you," he said. "It is lucky that I have so much to occupy my attention now, or I would die of loneliness. Why don't you cut the whole business and come home? That was a mad idea of yours in the first place."

"But I proved my point, didn't I?"

"Oh, I'll admit that, but since you have, what is the use of your staying longer?"

Mary appeared to hesitate. "To tell you the truth, Frank," she said slowly, "I hate to leave now. I like them, and I am sure they like me. Besides, it would be unfair to leave until Mrs. Easterly is able to do without me, even if I wanted to."

"Gee," exclaimed the man with a laugh. "Your talent as an amateur actress wasn't wasted after all. I never supposed you clever enough to completely deceive a bright New York newspaper man. Mary, you certainly are a wonder!"

"Thank you," she said demurely. Then, after a moment's silence, "He is so very nice that I am conscience stricken every time I think of my deceit. I don't know what he will think of me when he learns the truth."

At that instant her companion turned his head so that for the first time Compton caught a distinct view of his countenance. In a flash of recollection he recognized it. It was the face of the man who had occupied the seat at the adjoining table that fateful night at McClarin's.

Waiting to hear no more he hurried on his way, his mind in a tumult of conflicting emotions. What did it all mean? Only one thing seemed clear. The woman he had grown to love with all the intensity of a man's first real affection had deceived him. After what he had overheard there could be no doubt of that. And the man and the flat on Madison Avenue—"Good heavens," he thought, "what a fool I have been! But," and he set his teeth down hard, "cost what it may to my peace of mind she shall deceive me no longer."

Yet when his last assignment for the day was completed he started homeward with a curious feeling of reluctance. After the mental torture of the afternoon he wanted time to think. So, oblivious to the sights and sounds of the hurrying traffic, he sauntered slowly along, rounding even "Cape Horn" at the bridge unconsciously, his mind busy with what he should say when he saw her.

When, half an hour later, he let himself in by his latchkey he had decided upon only two things—to tell her he had found her out, and to let her go. The rapid click of the typewriter came to his ears as he ascended the stairs, and, entering, he saw that the door of his study was open. Quietly crossing the floor of the living-room he looked in.

With eyes intent upon her work, Mary Wahl was rapidly typing part of a story he had dictated to her the night before. She heard his step and looked up brightly. "Oh," she said, "I was hoping to finish this before you arrived; but it is nearly ready now. Do you wish to dictate the rest of it tonight?"

"No," he said brusquely, "nor any other time—to you."

The girl grew pale. "What do you mean?" she breathed.

"Can you ask that?" he demanded with sudden passion—"you, who have so basely deceived me!"

Mary threw out her hand with a gesture of appeal. "You know?" she cried.

"Yes, all that I care to. I saw you in the park this afternoon and heard what you said to your companion. And I had thought you so good, so worthy of my love. Oh, Mary, Mary, how could you be so base?"

For a moment silence fell between them; then the woman did a strange thing. She crossed over to where he stood and laid her hand upon his arm. "I know that appearances are against me," she said in a shaking voice; "I know that I have deceived you, but not—not basely. It is true that the story I told you was false, but in spite of that I ask you to believe in me, ask you to believe that I am worthy of—of what you said."

For a moment Compton wavered, then he shook his arm free with a motion eloquent of despair. "How about the man and the flat on Madison Avenue?" he questioned. "Are you so lost to all sense of truth that you think I can trust you again?"

"You must, you shall!" she averred with frantic eagerness. "I know that I have done wrong in deceiving you at all, but listen, Harry, things are not so bad as they seem. The man you saw me with is my brother, and the flat is his apartment where I lived until I came here."

"A likely story," sneered Compton, "a likely story indeed!"

"It is the truth; you must believe it, Harry," reiterated the girl. "Look at me, dear; look into my eyes. Do you suppose I could let you if I were telling you a lie," and she faced him fearlessly under the strong light of the electrolier.

For a breathless moment he gazed at her as if he would plumb the depths of her very soul, then he passed his hand uncertainly over his eyes and sank into the nearest chair. "I want to believe you," he groaned, "but what is the explanation? End my suspense at once if you can. I have a right to demand it. To disbelieve you would mean misery. But even if what you say is true about the man, how about your brutal hisband?"

"There never was one," she answered softly. "I have never married."

"But what was your motive for deceiving me, and how about your attempt at self-destruction? That at least was real."

For a moment the woman was silent, then she suddenly smiled: "Have you the evening paper?" she asked.

Compton looked at her in amazement. "Why, of course," he said, dragging a copy from his pocket. "But what on earth?—"

"Give it to me," she commanded, and taking it from his hand she turned to an inside page. Rapidly skimming down a column she pointed out an unheaded paragraph in a column of dramatic news. "There, read that," she requested. "Jack, my brother, told me the announcement was to be made today, and here it is."

With surprise, mingled with a strange new hope, Compton read:

> "Messrs. Sims and Argyle are confident that in 'Out of the Depths,' which they are now enthusiastically rehearsing, they have discovered the best high-class melodrama that has been produced on Broadway in years. It was written by Frank and Mary Wahl, two hitherto unknown authors, for whom competent critics who have read their work depict a brilliant future."

Compton dropped the paper. A sudden light of comprehension had flashed over him as he read. "You were acting the part of your own heroine that night," he questioned eagerly.

"Yes."

"But I don't understand. What was your motive in doing so, and why did you go to McClarin's at all?"

"Because of my desire to prove a point in dispute between Jack and me. He objected to a situation in the first act where the hero takes the heroine into his mother's home after saving her from self-destruction. He said it was entirely too improbable; he did not believe such a thing could happen in real life. Either the girl, he contended, would succeed in her purpose, or her savior would summarily hand her over to the police, but as for taking her into his home—never.

"I, on the other hand, contended that an honest, generous-minded young man, one accustomed to judging character pretty accurately, might well believe the girl's story, and, being touched by it, strive to aid her in just that way."

"Ah," explained Compton, his face lighting up with a smile, "you put your belief to the test in McClarin's."

"Yes. Jack and I went down town for that purpose. We got to the cafe just as you entered. You had been pointed out to him once by a newspaperman, and he knew you by reputation."

"He must have been nonplussed when I so well played up to the part of the hero as you had insisted on making him," laughed Compton.

"He was, and would have interfered had I not signalled him not to do so. Besides, he knew you were trustworthy, and to make the matter doubly sure, made inquiries of McClarin and of a friend who knows you well. Having proved my case, I intended to leave in a day or two, after telling you the truth, but—" She hesitated and lowered her eyes.

"But what?"

A burning flush mounted to the cheeks of Mary. "Well," she whispered, "if you must know, I found I could not; it was much the same with me as you say it was with you. I found that in enacting the heroine so realistically I had unwittingly discovered my own hero, and I could not bear the thought of leaving—him. But now that you know all, can you ever forgive me for my deception?"

"Since it brought you to me—yes," answered Compton, opening wide his arms.

Before and After a Tariff on Zinc Ore

By W. S. JENSEN

SINCE a tariff was placed on zinc ore a remarkable degree of activity has been noticeable in the lead and zinc mining districts of the United States. During a recent visit to the Joplin Mining District, I was much impressed with this renewed activity, and the general feeling of satisfaction which was prevalent among the miners and all classes of business men.

It is impossible to definitely locate the date when lead and zinc were first discovered in the Joplin District. The existence of lead ore in that section of Missouri was known to the Osage Indians and to the hunters at an early date. The remains of their crude furnaces have been found, which indicates that they used the ore as a source of metal for their bullets. About 1848 William Tingle began the mining of lead ore at a point two miles southwest of the present city of Joplin. This district, however, attracted but little attention for the next twenty years. Up to 1854 the total production had not reached one thousand tons of lead. The zinc ores were thrown aside. The first smelting furnaces erected in southwestern Missouri were the old log furnaces. These were superseded by the Scotch hearths, the blast being produced by water power.

Just when the industry was beginning to assume large proportions, operations were checked by the Civil War. The district was a contested territory, and furnaces were worked alternately by Federal and Confederate interests. During the Civil War the price of lead rose to 12.8 cents per pound, and at the close this, naturally, led to a vigorous resumption of mining.

According to the statistics of the ninth census, there were forty-two producing mines in Missouri in 1870, which employed 539 men, and produced about 3,500 tons of lead. In Jasper County there was only one mine in operation, and in 1870 it is said there was not a single house standing on the site of the present city of Joplin. During the next year, however, the locality became a hive of industry, and this was the date when the district started its career of activity and prosperity. During 1871 two smelting works were running. Discovery followed discovery; the limits of the district were rapidly extended and miners came in large numbers. By 1874 the population of Joplin had reached five thousand, and about one thousand miners were being employed.

Few people are familiar with the characteristics and peculiar mining and milling methods used in the Joplin district. From the date of its discovery, and up to about ten years ago, most of the mining was of the simplest kind. The ore bodies were all shallow and in a soft formation. The mills in operation could handle but fifty or seventy-five tons of rock a day, and very little machinery was used in the mining work. The ore was usually rich and easily reached so that but little effort was made to improve methods.

At that time it was an ideal "poor man's camp"; every miner prospected more or less and a large per cent. were very fortunate. It required but little capital to operate; a few thousand dollars would equip almost any mine and mill at that time. Ore was struck at the grass roots, and mined all the way down as far as the water could be beaten.

As time went on these rich, shallow bunches of ore became fewer and harder to find. This led to deeper prospecting and the finding of the harder ores at lower depths and finally the "sheet-ground" deposits. With the operating of these deposits also came a complete change in the mining and milling methods, as nearly all of these deposits are large and carry a very low per cent. of ore. The miners found that the old haphazard methods would have to go and a cheap, rapid and efficient kind of mining take their place, and this led to the development of a system that has given the district the reputation of mining more cheaply and efficiently than any other district in the world.

As before mentioned, the sheet-ground deposits are horizontal blanket-like formations, consisting of flint interbedded between two strata of limestone. The thickness of the sheets runs from eight to twenty feet, while the formation is almost analogous in position to that of the coal deposits. When the shaft is sunk through the ore, large pillars are first left about its foot to prevent any danger of the ground caving about the shaft; then mining is started on all sides. Air drills or machines run by compressed air are used for drilling the holes which are filled with dynamite to blast the rock. The lead and zinc ores are scattered all through the flint rock, sometimes in pockets, or in sheets, or in little veins.

Since 1907 it has been made possible for the mills to handle on an average of from four hundred to five hundred tons of rock in ten hours, by the installation of the new Foust Automatic Concentrators, reducing the loss of available ore to about one-half of one per cent. The rock first passes through heavy, high speed crushers where it is crushed to less than two inches in diameter. From the crushers it passes through rolls, which further reduces the size. Then it passes through revolving screens and on to the rougher jig. This jig makes a rough concentration by separating most of the waste rock, or tailings, from the ore. The ore is then fed on to the cleaning jig, where a clean separation is made. There are lots of fine ore which cannot be caught on the jigs as it floats along in the water. This is settled from the water in large tanks and fed on to sludge or slime tables. The tables separate the fine ore from the sand that settles with it.

As in the mining, the milling process is very simple. The separation is not complete as the tailings contain from twenty to twenty-five per cent. of the available values in the ore originally fed into the mill. The object, however, is to take out the greatest possible amount of ore at the lowest possible cost. It is found that it is cheaper to lose considerable and handle more than it is to make a closer saving and reduce the capacity of the mills. New deposits are being continually found, and of course old ones are continually worked out. The development area is growing and the output increasing each year. New methods are being tried out so that mines that would not pay to work several years ago are now being worked at a profit.

The Missouri-Kansas and Oklahoma District extends in a general easterly and westerly direction from the vicinity of Aurora, Missouri, to Niami, Oklahoma, and includes the cities of Carthage, Carterville, Webb City and Joplin in Missouri; Galena and Baxter Springs in Kansas, and Niami in Oklahoma, with dozens of smaller towns and mining camps in the adjacent territory. The general area covered is perhaps eighty miles east and west, by about twenty miles north and south. Within this area prospecting may be done in almost any place. Persons desiring to mine may secure a lease of from ten to forty acres of land, agreeing to pay the owner a royalty of ten to thirty per cent. of the gross proceeds. Upon securing such a lease he prospects his ground with a drill, and if successful in locating an ore body of sufficient richness and magnitude, sinks a shaft, explores the ore body and builds a concentrating mill. The present cost of developing a mine in this way varies widely and may be anywhere from $15,000 to $100,000. The ore is sold as often as is desired to representatives of the smelting companies, who haul it from the bins at the mines and load it into cars. Most of the miners make these sales or "turn-ins" weekly, settle their bills and accounts each Saturday, and so are informed at the close of each week of just how much money they have made or lost.

Including the mines of Kansas, Oklahoma and Arkansas, it is safe to say there are in the entire Missouri-Kansas Mining District over six hundred mines in operation, and all equipped with power concentrating plants. These mines are not controlled or operated by a pool, trust or combination. All are owned by individual owners and distinct corporations.

There is no labor union among the miners of this district; nor is foreign labor employed. The miners and laborers of the entire district are strictly Americans who live according to American ideals, and many own their own homes. A church is in every mining camp. Many former miners who found good prospects have sold their holdings, and have attained positions of responsibility and affluence in the district. With the immense growth of the district have come metropolitan cities aggregating over one hundred thousand inhabitants.

As showing the great development and immense value of ore production in the Joplin district, it is conservatively estimated that the total production since mining operations first began will aggregate a value of $175,000,000.

It is perhaps not unnatural that the Joplin Mining District is remembered by many investors with anything but pleasant recollections. Like all mining districts, this section has been visited by grafters and promoters who have buncoed many Eastern stock purchasers. But the number of people who have lost money when they invested intelligently is comparatively small.

It is evident that good conservative business men do not always appreciate the fact that mining is a business in itself, and that the successful conduct of operations involves a degree of skill and business knowledge, fully as great, if not greater than those required by the successful man in any other line of activity. It is often the case that we find a company of business men investing in zinc mining, and it is a common practice for them to secure a man from their own ranks to take charge of their property and operate their mines. A number of years ago a company of such men from the state of Pennsylvania purchased a mining property in the Joplin district. The property was a good one, and the question arose as to who should manage it. The selection finally settled upon a gentleman who was an employee of one of the principal stockholders, and when his fitness for such work was questioned all discussion was settled by the statement of a prominent stockholder that he knew this man was competent, because he had successfully run a branch grocery store for many years.

To sum up the whole situation, so far as the Eastern investor is concerned, there should be but one watchword for him, and that is "INVESTIGATE."

The importation of zinc ore first began to attract serious attention in the year 1905, when upwards of forty thousand tons were imported. This increased by leaps and bounds, reaching one hundred and and ten thousand tons in 1907. The effect of this large tonnage of cheap ore, coming into direct competition with the product of the Missouri-Kansas and Oklahoma district further resulted in curtailing the market for the home product to a deplorable extent. The operators of the Missouri-Kansas and Oklahoma district maintained that under the Dingley Act the imported ores should pay a duty at the rate of twenty per cent. ad valorem, and on February 12, 1906, the Secretary of the Treasury issued an order instructing the customs officials to classify ores, chiefly valuable for the zinc they contained, as "metallic mineral substances in a crude state," and at the same time instructing that calamine or silicate of zinc be admitted free of duty. Against this ruling the zinc smelter interests brought a test case. The parties in the controversy presented evidence in support of their respective contentions before the Board of United States General Appraisers. The evidence was voluminous and largely of a severely technical character. The Board of General Appraisers decided in favor of the importers, admitting all classes of zinc ore free of duty. Against this decision the government, co-operating with the mine operators, appealed, but the decision of the general appraisers was upheld, and it became evident that there was no hope for the imposition of a duty upon this commodity under the doubtful and conflicting wording of the Dingley Law.

Accordingly, the zinc mining interests of the United States set to work aggressively in the month of July, 1908, to secure the protection of this important industry in the general tariff revision, which was promised by both political parties in the National campaign of that year. Bringing about this condition was a stupendous task. The mine operators were without organization; the industry was at a low ebb, and disagreement was in evidence on every hand. However, the bolder spirits got together and organized the Zinc Ore Tariff Club, and started a campaign of education among all the zinc mining interests in the United States with a view of explaining the conditions in plain language. Experts were sent to Mexico to gather data relating to the cost of production, the resources, and the influences behind the development of zinc ore in that country. The political campaign was studiously avoided, but on every hand were discussions and explanations of the manner in which the mining interests of this country would be affected by the failure to secure at this time an adequate protective duty. Statements were prepared with the most scrupulous regard to the truth, but were attacked viciously, their authors vilified, and every idea which could be advanced to discredit the miners was put forth without apparent regard for truth. The miners contended for a duty of one and one-half cents per pound upon the metal contained in the ore. This was the measure of protection which was required to make up the difference between the cost of production in Mexico and the United States.

The Ways and Means Committee reported a duty of one cent upon the metal contents of the ores, and the tariff bill passed the House, carrying the duty. The real fight against the miners began in the Senate. A strong lobby was maintained by the opposition, while the miners had none, but delegations from the mining districts succeeded one another in Washington, urging their claims upon members of the Senate, and in the final outcome it seemed apparent that these men, inexperienced though they were in the ways of Congress and the wiles of the lobbyist, succeeded in impressing the justice of their contentions upon those most responsible for the enactment of the Payne Law, so that, in the bill as passed by the Senate the duty of one cent per pound upon the metal contained in zinc ores was left intact; excepting for ores carrying a low percentage of zinc, which were provided with a graduated scale according to their metal content.

While the tariff bill was under discussion, imports of zinc ores were active, reaching as high as seventeen thousand tons of ore per month. They were poured in at a tremendous rate as it became more and more apparent that Congress would impose a reasonable duty. The bill was signed by the President on the fifth of August, and during this month thirteen thousand tons were imported, practically all of which came in between the first and the fifth. Since that time the imports have been reduced to substantially twenty-five hundred tons per month.

The ores imported from Mexico contain a low percentage of metal. Some ores are being imported from British Columbia containing a high percentage of metal—about fifty-five per cent. These importations show very plainly that the duty is not prohibitive for any grade of zinc ore and that it is justifiable from either of the schools of economics, and may be called either a protective tariff with incidental revenue, or a revenue tariff with incidental protection.

The effect of the application of this duty was magical. In less than a week after its application the price of zinc ore advanced practically five dollars per ton. A further advance has been made, so that now the miners of the Missouri-Kansas and Oklahoma district are enjoying a fair market price for their product. The smelting interests, a part of which predicted ruin for their industry, have been totally discredited by the outcome. They predicted that this country would be unable to supply sufficient zinc ore for the requirement of the trade. The miners have responded to the increased demand put upon them and are furnishing all the ore needed. It was stated that the smelters in the gas fields of Kansas and Oklahoma would be forced out of business because of the high price of ore, but we find them doing business right along, running all their plants to full capacity. Talk of extension of smelting furnaces is rife, and at least one of the most prominent smelters has announced its intention to immediately double the capcity of its plant.

The miners and smelters feel that the industry is on a more stable foundation than it has ever been, and that the future holds brilliant promise for both the miner and the smelter.

Her Maiden Name

By Seth Brown

THE Nashville Bank had closed, the blinds were drawn and everybody was doing his best to "balance up" and get out doors.

"Bill, give me the ledger page of Mary Hathaway," said the teller.

Bill hunted through the index. "I can't find any Mary Hathaway."

"Strange," said the teller, "here is a check drawn on us and cashed by a person with whom we have no account."

This was irregular, and required explanation.

"The check came through my window," said Dubler, the receiving teller. "I thought I knew the lady when I cashed it, but for the life of me I can't call her to mind now."

The amount, fifteen dollars, was not large enough to cause uneasiness, but the fact that it had slipped through was unusual.

The cashier asked for all the particulars and the check.

John Beardsley, assistant cashier, raised his head when he heard the name. Mary Hathaway! The name was familiar. Yes, he had heard it before. While the discussion had been going on, his eyes were fixed on a gleam of afternoon sunshine through the curtained window. He was far away in his thoughts. A vision of beauty, the blended gaiety and beauty of girlhood and womanliness, raised before him. Then the scene changed. A wedding; a happy home; a little daughter lived for three short years and tenderly carried to rest; a misunderstanding; a mutual agreement to separate followed by a life of hard work on his part with no knowledge of Mary, his wife, for over four years, was his day-dream in the midst of a busy banking house.

He came to himself with a start. Dubler was just handing the mysterious check to the cashier. John went to the cashier. "Let me see that check," he said. Yes, the handwriting was the same. He returned to his desk, made out a personal check, handed it to the cashier. "Take my check for the fifteen dollars and endorse the Hathaway check to me."

"Do you know the lady, Beardsley?" asked the cashier.

"I think I do; at any rate I want that check."

"All right, there you are."

Beardsley was a man with few weaknesses who thought quickly, knew the real inside of affairs, always acted wisely, and when he decided a matter it was settled. Evidently Beardsley knew what he was doing and no one questioned his interest in the mysterious Mary Hathaway. He slammed down the cover of his desk, grabbed his hat, and was out of the side door two minutes after he put the check in his pocket.

The check had unsettled his usual calm. He had no idea why he wanted it or what he would do with it, but none of the bank fellows should have the little blue slip of paper with that name at the bottom.

Before and after their misunderstanding, his wife had kept her account at the bank. "Interest on bonds," "cash from rent accounts," and other credits were put in by John. His wife did not understand, but accepted them as a matter of course as coming from some investments that her father made for her on her wedding day.

John's keen business insight had long before disclosed to him that her father had been unwise in his business. When Nathan R. Hathaway died, he believed himself in good circumstances, but he was a bankrupt. John feared that the truth might make a difference with Mary's happiness. He got hold of the father's attorney, and through him advanced the money for the income on the father's supposed high-class investments. He always felt guilty about the deception, but the Hathaways were proud people, and his salary served to bridge the chasm. Some day he would tell her. He kept putting it off. The longer he put it off the harder it was to tell. This led to the unpleasantness. Mary was extravagant. No more so than the means she supposed to be hers would warrant. Had she known the truth, it would have been different. She sometimes wondered what John did with his salary, but he kept details to himself. Half his salary of four thousand went to make good the "income" on his wife's "investments."

The confidential agent died, and John was puzzled. "I can easily look after your investments and will save you the commission," he said to Mary. The supposed "settlement" with the agent's executor was attended to by John. Now he felt easier.

Mary's aunt was a meddlesome woman who spent a good share of her life with her relatives and attending to other people's business. She was proud of her Hathaway blood and felt it her duty to look after the affairs of her dead brother's daughter. Aunt tried to draw Mary out in regard to money affairs. Mary paid little attention until her aunt explained that if everything was all right, John would not persist in keeping all the details to himself.

It did look queer. "John, why don't you want me to know where my money is invested and how much I've got? Aunt says you ought to explain everything, so that I could attend to things if anything happened."

"You don't want to fill your head with business. It's dreadfully commonplace, not at all suited to your tastes. I will see to it that if anything should happen, you will get all the facts without any trouble. By the way, dear, don't you think we could paint up and re-upholster your phaeton this season? It is in good condition, and this will save the price of a new one."

"No, sir. I want one like Mrs. Bracket's and if you can't afford it, I will get it with my own money. Painting won't change its old fashion, and besides it is too heavy for a horse the size of Nell."

"All right, dear, but you know we must save something for a rainy day."

Little by little they grew apart on account of her "investments." John made the mistake of his life in not taking her into his confidence. Mary made an equally great mistake in allowing a meddlesome aunt to poison her mind against John.

The crisis came after little Ellen passed away. Heart-sore and weary, each seemed to wish to be alone. Their mutual grief should have drawn them closer together, and would if the aunt had gone home, but this worthy saw her chance and kept Mary busy trying to answer questions about John.

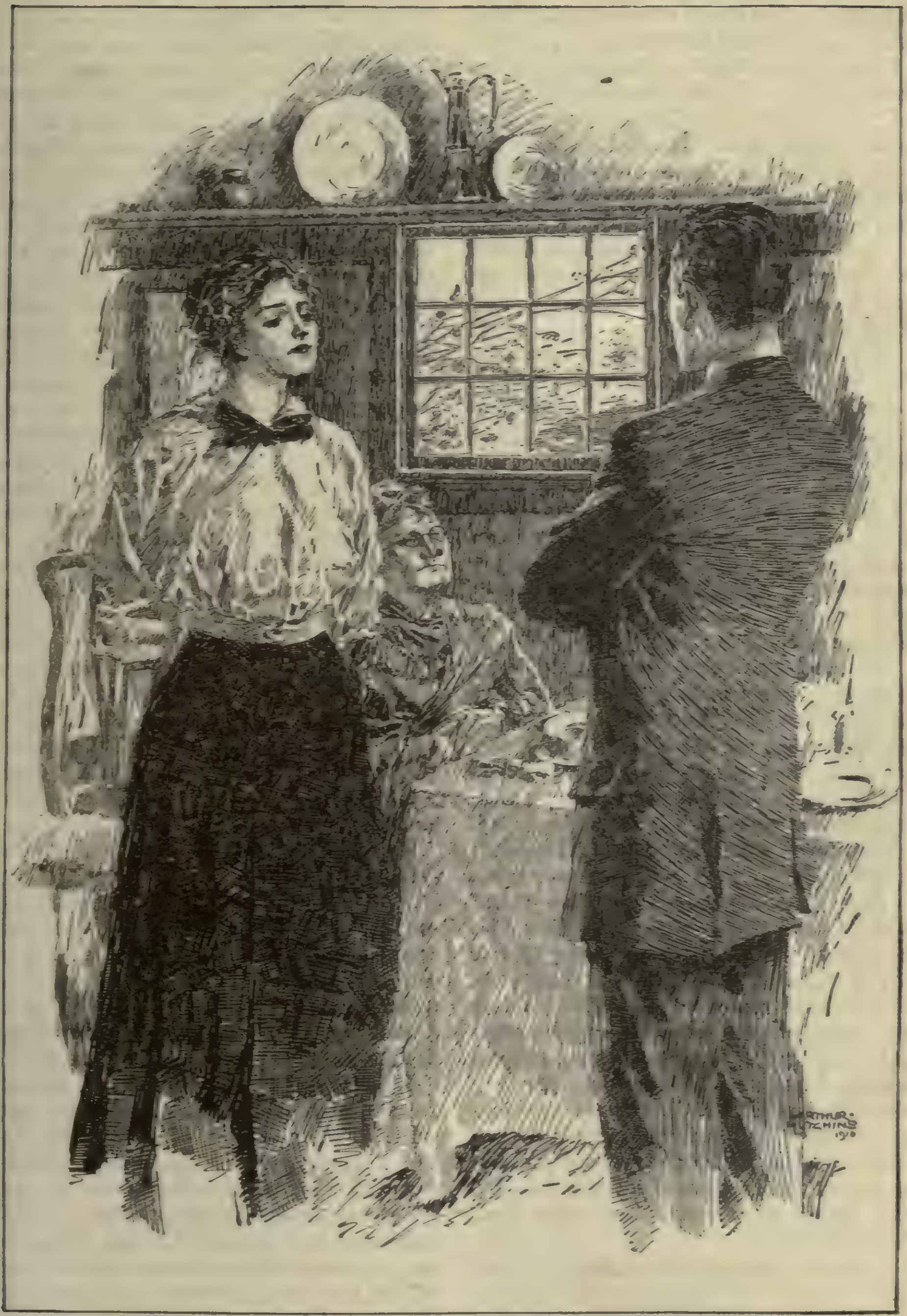
After breakfast, one rainy, cold, chilly unhappy morning, aunt's influence had its effect. The evening before John had been working on the annual statement, and aunt had improved her opportunity. Mary must demand her rights. She said she would, and did. John looked at her with a mixture of kindness and regret in his gray eyes. He pulled his mustache, looked at the aunt and then at Mary. She must know about her money. She must know now.

"Mary, let us talk this matter over between ourselves."

"No, John, you have deceived me long enough. Something is wrong, or you would tell me where my money is. I want to know now, right here before Aunt Jane."

John might have told Mary the truth had they been alone, but exposing the fact that her father died a bankrupt to the cold eagle eye of Aunt Jane was quite another matter.

"Mary, can't you trust me? Everything is all right. Won't you believe me, dear?"


ARTHUR HUTCHINS
1910

"Mary, can't you trust me? Everything is all right. Won't you believe me, dear?"

John stretched out a hand to her. She hesitated. She made a move toward him, and looked toward the aunt.

That look was the undoing of two loving hearts. It was the entering wedge of years of sorrow. The aunt did what could have been expected, shook her old meddlesome head. Mary stopped, put both hands behind her and delivered her own decree of divorcement.

"John, if you refuse I shall be forced to believe that you have deceived me, and I can't live with a man that I can't trust."

A new light came into John's eyes. She had never seen it before, and she remembered it afterward for years. The light was a mixture of kindness and resolution. John had wonderfully good eyes.

"Mary, you are right. I feel the same. If you can't trust me, I don't want to live with you. You think you can't trust me. You are mistaken. There are reasons why I can't tell you about our—your—money. These reasons concern your happiness, but I can't tell you why."

He was getting unsteady; his hand trembled, some feeling like to the one he felt when they told him to come and see little Ellen for the last time took hold of him. He put out one hand to Mary. She stood resolute, firm. He put on his hat, started toward the door, hesitated, turned back, stooped and kissed his wife's forehead, said "good-bye" and was gone.

Four years passed. Her balance had always been kept good from her "investments." Gradually she came to feel her mistake without understanding why. Her money must be all right because she always had plenty. She did not go out much now. Streaks of gray showed among the brown in her hair. She had changed, applied herself to learning things about men and affairs. She came to understand a little about business and began to realize that of all the men she had heard of or seen, there were none like John.

She knew he was still at the bank and that was all. "These reasons concern your happiness" was the riddle of her life.

Only once did she do business with the bank personally. A charity school needed ready cash for an urgent case and she had no money. Before she thought of the possibility of meeting her husband she volunteered to go and have a check cashed. As she entered the bank, she looked toward the old desk she knew so well. It was there in the same place, unoccupied, open. Papers strewn about indicated his absence was only for a short time. She trembled, her throat felt strangely. She stepped to the counter and hurriedly filled out the check for fifteen dollars. She was dreadfully nervous, and in her hurry she signed with her maiden name, "Mary Hathaway." The old teller was sure he had seen her before. Her face was familiar. He judged the goodness of her check from her countenance and passed out the money.

She delayed one moment. No one was looking. She must get a closer look at the dear old desk. His cuffs with a pair of buttons she had given him on his birthday were on the desk. There were two small pictures behind the big inkstand. Whose could they be? She got up close and saw the pictures—hers and little Ellen's. If John had been there—but he wasn't. She winked hard to keep back the tears which would come. A man came in and asked, "Where in the world is Beardsley?" A smart clerk replied, "Out studying the stars again as usual, I suppose."

She sat down that night and had a talk with herself. These four years had proven that John had been fair with her money. She received her dividends and rents. Going over some old papers in a drawer, she found the address of her father's confidential attorney. He was dead now, but she might learn something about the business at his old address.

It was raining hard, but no matter. In two hours she found a cottage in the suburbs. The sister of the late Mr. Frank Rutledge, Attorney, well remembered hearing her brother speak of Mr. Hathaway, "a fine old gentleman, indeed, but Frank said he needed a deal of watching. Always lending money without security and taking shares in enterprises that proved to be of little merit."

"Oh, yes, Miss, I often heard my brother say that he was afraid for Mr. Hathaway. In fact he seemed to foresee what really happened, that the old gentleman would one day lose all his money."

"What do you mean?" whispered Mary. "Did Mr. Hathaway lose all his money?"

"Oh yes," replied the old lady in a quiet, resigned manner, "he lost it all, and there would have been trouble, too, if it had not been for that young fellow Beardsley who married the old man's beautiful daughter. Yes, he was the most glorious fellow I ever knew, next to my brother. He had brother Frank go right along sending in dividends and rents from investments that did not exist, and he made Frank swear he'd never tell, and he didn't. Did you know any of those people?"

The old lady turned as she asked the question. Mary moved over toward the window. The electric light from the street showed the old lady a pale, distressed face. The room was quiet, and the old lady was disposed to let her guest have her own way and answer when she was ready. Gradually her head dropped to her hand. Then into both hands. The old lady's heart went out in sympathy toward this unknown woman. The minutes slipped by, and her visitor was undisturbed. Then the old lady heard her visitor sigh heavily and murmur under her breath, "O John, why didn't you tell me?"

Mary arose, looked out of the window, turned to the old lady, pressed warmly her wrinkled hand, kissed the tender old face and said: "God bless you. Good-bye."

That night Mary had another long talk with herself. For her sake John had concealed the fact of her father's losses. For her sake, was it? Yes, because he wanted her to feel independent. She had misjudged and abused the best man that she ever knew.

Before she went to bed she sat down and wrote a letter to John. She did more. After writing it, she went to the corner in the rain and put it in the mail box. She would have delivered it personally if this were possible. Then she cried herself to sleep.

John Beardsley carried the little blue check home with him. It brought a flood of memories. Yes, she must have written it today. It seemed to bring her very near to him, especially that dear name at the bottom.

Things had not been pleasant with John lately. His modest quarters lacked everything that could make a man of his disposition feel at home. At first people had talked, but after it appeared that neither Mr. or Mrs. John Beardsley paid any attention to others, people had to stop talking. They shook their heads and did not understand. John's hold on the confidence of the directors was strong. He evidently did not care to be interviewed, and they avoided the subject.

It was still raining next morning. Coupons, checks, bonds, and discounts hardly bring sunshine into a dark back office. The postman had left a pile of letters on John's desk. Sorting out those requiring immediate attention, he came to the old familiar writing. Mary's letter. There was no mistaking that writing.

John put the letter in his pocket and looked around to see if anybody was looking. He would read it after business, and grabbed the huge pile of correspondence as if to annihilate it. Then he looked at the letter, and tumbled the pile of letters on the desk of his assistant. "I must go up town, Joe. Be back after a while. Look the pile over and attend to the remittances."

John went up town, for he wanted to be alone with that letter. Shut up in a private room, he read:

Wednesday Evening, 12 o'clock.

Dear John:

Forgive me.

Today I saw our little Ellen's picture and my own on your desk. It proved to me that you have not entirely forgotten, so I dare to ask forgiveness.

I have misjudged and wronged you. Today I know the reasons you said concerned my happiness. I know now what you suffered, what you sacrificed, and that you did it for my sake. All for me—me so undeserving.

I don't know what to do next. I'm all confused. So ashamed, so grieved, and yet so happy. Happy because I love you more than ever. I know you better now.

I understand and I am very lonely tonight.

God bless you, my darling, and forgive me.

Your wife, MARY.

John's was a big nature, but with all his bigness he could not comprehend all that Mary said. He read the letter twice before he understood. Four years of suffering and a world of woman's love were crowded onto that page. John was practical as well as big hearted. He would plan everything and send a message. No, he would plan nothing. He would just go home to Mary. Up the old familiar steps. Mary answered the door. He noticed the gray hair, the drawn, tired look and she trembled as he studied her a moment. Did he come to spurn or forgive her? They entered the old study together. A smiling baby face looked down from a frame of gold in benediction.

Words—no, there were no words.

"THE DEED IS THE MAN"

By JAMES C. McNALLY

THE Dream is the babe in the lovelit nest,
And the rollicking boy at play;
The Dream is the youth with the old, old zest
For the rare romance of a day.
Then the Deed strides forth to the distant goal
That has dazzled since life began:
For the Dream is the child of the rampant soul,
But the Deed is the man.

The Dream is the peak that is seen afar,
And the wish for the eagle's wings;
The Dream is the song to the beck'ning star
That the world waif fondly sings.
Then the Deed comes crowned with the strength and skill
That doth perfect a golden plan;
For the Dream is the child of the sovereign will—
But the Deed is the man.

The Dream is the mask that would make men fair,
And the boast that would count them brave;
The Dream is the honors that heroes wear,
And the glory that high hearts crave.
Then the Deed gives battle to pride and pelf
As only a conqueror can;
For the Dream is the child of the better self—
But the Deed is the man.

No song was so sweet and no star so bright
As the Dream of the Nazarene;
From Virgin's bosom to Calvary's height
It sang and it shone, serene.
Then the Deed proclaimed Him King of His kind
As the blood of the Martyr ran;
For the Dream was the Child of the Mastermind—
But the Deed was the Man!

In Costa Rica Homeward Bound

ALL too soon the hoarse booming of the siren of the Turrialba summoned us to "walk the plank," and get aboard. It was Washington's Birthday and the ships in the harbor were gay with bunting. Even the English vessels hove aloft the stars and stripes in honor of the man whose leadership secured independence for the new Republic and wrested the "colonies" forever from the "mother country." After we were under way the Chinese fired a parting salute of firecrackers, we waved our final adieux, and off the boat swung toward Port Limon, in Costa Rica.

While sailing over the Caribbean Sea, viewing reefs and shores set amid sparkling green waters, Lafcadio Hearn's description of the tropics had an especial charm. This part of the world, little known as yet to the tourist, is rich in the enchantments of novelty. Despite its charm, the critical travelers from the North decided that there is something lacking in a country wherein warm weather prevails the year around, and we agreed "that climate is best which compels a man to work for an overcoat." Isthmian reports were carefully studied and a pamphlet much in demand was that written by Colonel H. H. Rousseau, of the United States Navy, and a member of the Isthmian Canal Commission. During the days there was much sleeping, reading and discussion of things and books rarely touched upon in every day conversation at home. George Meredith's "Egoist" also came in for a liberal share of attention, during the voyage. His description of a well-known type of Englishman created much discussion and there were hints that, though the United States environment is so different, the same character might be found there if one searched carefully. Blending with the monotonous patter of the rain on the deck and the swish, swish of the waves on reef and shore, now and then a yawn was heard, passing along the row of deck chairs, clear down to the farthest, and discussion on life in the tropics revived. We vaingloriously agreed with Walt Whitman: "You can raise good men only on a little strip around the North Temperate Zone; when you get out of the track of the glaciers you don't get tender-hearted, sympathetic men of brains and brawn." The hint to the contrary, offered by the work on the Canal, was disregarded, and we adhered dogmatically to the poet's statement.

Passing the troubled waters of Nicaragua the captain swept the shore with his glass to pick up a wireless operator who wanted to return from the scene of the revolutionary mix up where Estrada had stirred up things, but had made headway only on the Atlantic side.

A mimic court was held upon the high seas, and a passenger, who had kept his room through the greater part of the voyage, was brought before it on the charge of having surreptitiously obtained a meal from the cook's galley. The papers were duly made out, dated Caribbean Sea, Circuit Court, S. S. Turrialba. The jury was impanelled and witnesses examined, being urged "not to tell the truth, nor any part of the truth, and especially not to disclose anything that would implicate the judge or the prosecuting attorney." Proceedings went merrily on, amid peals of laughter, and Judge Kirby certainly made a reputation for legal acumen and judicial humor on the S. S. Turrialba.

* * *

At Port Limon a stop was made to take on a cargo of bananas, but slides had occurred on the railway up the mountains, and a message from Manager Mullins announced that though there would be much difficulty in sending on the fruit, it would be pushed through in some way. Meanwhile, we landed to see the sights, and had a little experience of the heaviness of tropical showers, a hint of what the rainy season might mean, but in the well-covered, large docks no delay was occasioned by the heavy rains.

Port Limon, Costa Rica, was at one time regarded as a very pest hole of yellow fever, but is now changed to a popular seaport resort for tourists, and the largest banana port in the world. A luxurious park and modest cement sea wall with a Masonic Temple built out in the water are sights in Limon. The republic is one of the most prosperous of Central America, and the substantial piers and warehouses of Port Limon are emphatic proof of increasing commerce and thrift. The port is within twelve or fourteen hours' sail from Colon on the Isthmus. Travelers who visited Costa Rica years age naturally inquire what has wrought so marked a change. "Thereby hangs a tale."

Years ago Minot Keith and his brothers arrived in Costa Rica from the United States, bent on developing the great banana resources of the island; their success is almost without a parallel and is a notable tribute to the benefits which commerce may confer upon a country. At the present time the railroad trains run, all the year around, from the plantations to the wharves, and the handling of the popular fruit has been reduced to a science. This is a very important point in the industry, as bananas must be absolutely free from bruises when packed; a single injured one necessitates the entire bunch being set aside.

The United Fruit Company's handsome concrete building at Port Limon offers a perfect picture of modern United States equipment. Across the street from it is one of the handsomest parks in the world; it would be difficult to find a greater variety of tropical growth, including the rare "velvet palm," and many foliage and flowering plants that glow with every hue of the rainbow. The local brass band ministers to the Latin Republic's longing for music, and on a former visit to the park I remember listening with much surprise to the impassioned alto horn which rendered "The Stars and Stripes Forever." The music given by the band seems to include that of every nation.

In Costa Rica breakfast is served at eleven o'clock, never earlier, and at that hour all the stores are closed, this being the formal repast of the day and the chief event of the twenty-four hours. When the meal is over the stores are opened again.

When in Costa Rica three years ago I had enjoyed a railroad trip of one hundred miles up the mountain to San Jose, the capital of the island; this route affords the finest scenic views in Central America, the road skirting the Gulf shore for miles, and being bordered on either side by magnificent banana plantations. On the present visit we went to Banana River, and saw the process of banana-growing, from the planting of the suckers to the cutting of the great bunches of fruit. The train stopped at Bearsmetta, a plantation in charge of Mr. Brandon. Here the banana trees rise to a height of twenty feet, and look like giant cornfields. Each tree is from fourteen to eighteen inches in diameter, and the stalks bear but one bunch of fruit each. With two strokes of the machete in the hands of a skilled worker the boll is cut through as cleanly as though sawn asunder; while this is being done by one man, another stands by with a long pole, supporting the bunch of bananas at the top of the tree, until the stem falls on his shoulder, while the fruit, propped safely, is free from bruises. Very carefully each bunch of bananas is laid across the back of a burro before the workers pass to the next tree. The fruit is all cut green, and the donkeys waiting for cargoes relish green bananas as if they were a cucumber salad.

POST OFFICE, ANCON

From the post offices on the Canal Zone nearly three-quarters of a million dollars are sent to the United States in post office orders. The boys are now buying land—"Anywhere" they say "in God's Country," meaning the States.

THE PICK AND SHOVEL BRIGADE, AN OLD WAY OF MOVING EARTH NOW SEEN ONLY AT ONE POINT ON THE CANAL, BOHIO

The culture of the banana differs from that of any other fruit. As each tree in from eight to ten months brings to perfection its single bunch of bananas, it is cut down and a sucker sprouts in the place of the older tree, this part of the work being so arranged that a regular succession of planting and cutting is kept up, and a crop assured for every month of the year. When higher prices were paid for the fruit many a planter became wealthy, because, although it is a slow-growing crop, it is sure, and there is little expense in cultivation, most of the work being done by the natives with machetes. On some plantations bananas are from eight to twelve inches long. Only "six and seven hand bunches" are exported, but "nine hand bunches" are preferred.

THE FAMOUS "STEPHENS TREE," ON THE PANAMA RAILROAD

The darkies on the island go up and down the cocoa-palms as nimbly as monkeys, and bring down green cocoanuts; we drank refreshing draughts of cool sweet water from them, which later turns to milk if left in the nut. When the nuts are dried they are sent to the United States. Such cocoanut-pie as we enjoyed on this trip I never expect to taste again until I visit Costa Rica.

The people of temperate zones are much indebted to the United Fruit Company for having added the banana to their food list, but to learn the real value of this most nutritious fruit, it is necessary to go to Costa Rica. Here bananas are served like Saratoga chips, and are also baked, fried and dressed in several ways which never occur to American cooks. It is considered dangerous in that tropical climate to eat bananas and drink intoxicating liquors at the same time, as many a sailor on "shore leave" has found to his cost, the two combined having a poisonous effect and often fatal results. This fact may account for the temperate habits of the residents in the banana belt.

Instead of the old way the bananas are now brought to the wharves in freight cars covered with banana tree leaves; thence they are removed to carriers which throw them on a soft cushion on the hatch, and as they are unloaded they are rolled gently down into the hold of the vessel, the first row standing ends up and the rest lying sides to. The hold is kept cool by a cold storage plant, and there is little danger of injury to the fruit. As each bunch goes up the chute a cash register rings. This exact accounting is essential, as an export tax of a cent and a half is paid on bananas, and the bunches are reckoned just as any other merchandise would be. Thirty cents a bunch is the usual price. The four hundred and fifty negroes employed that night were singing and laughing while a cargo was being put on board. It would make a good chorus scene for a comic opera.

The native women add to the picturesqueness of the scene, as they sit or stand about the wharves vending pies, cakes, oranges and lumps of sugar-cane and cocoanut candy during the night and day work. One jolly soul said her name was Cinderella, and she seemed especially popular with customers. What she sold she put in a book and apparently took no names. I asked how she could tell later on to whom her goods had been sold.

CULEBRA SCHOOL HOUSE, AFTER RECONSTRUCTION
The Canal Zone is proud of its school system where American boys graduate with the same honor and distinction as in the States.

IN THE FOREGROUND A SIGNAL HOUSE WHENCE "DIRT TRAINS" ARE DISPATCHED

"I know them by description," she replied.

"How would you describe me?" asked a young man standing by.

"I put you down simply 'gentleman.'"

The young man blushed and the girls laughed.

* * *

The new boats of the United Fruit Company were built in Belfast, Ireland, and have British crews and stewards. Commenting on this fact, a gentleman who had just returned from a tour of South America remarked that in his opinion the United States would never build up a strong trade in that continent until they had established American banks and had placed United States ships on these waters. He said that he had observed the close scrutiny given to every vessel by the people in various countries, and the credit or discredit given to the builders rather than to the nation that happened to be running the ship at that time. The South American people seem to think that the country that builds a ship continues to own it. Many a United States merchant, using British vessels for his trade, is regarded as a Briton; in many instances goods purchased by our traders are shipped to England and reshipped thence to this country or elsewhere, as required, and Great Britain is credited with the trade created. What the United States has been to the Isthmus of Panama in sanitation and commerce, the United Fruit Company has been to Costa Rica, but it is doubtful whether the natives recognize the great company as citizens of the United States.

The great coffee plantations furnish an object lesson of the amount of labor needed to prepare this popular breakfast beverage for market. The ripe berry looks like a cherry, and the pulpy outside must be removed by soaking and fermentation, until the nut or "bean" is set free, which is the "coffee berry" as we know it. Some of the berries are transported down the sides of the mountain by means of iron flumes, in which are small apertures to prevent the tube from becoming choked, and thus a constant stream of berries may be sent down when desired, suggesting a Standard Oil pipe line. Coffee impresses the visitor as a somewhat troublesome crop, and one wonders how it can be sold so cheaply. Coffee planters are not making fortunes of late. All through the country enterprising young planters may be met with, hailing from the United States, Canada, Holland, England and Spain, as well as older men who have been twenty or thirty years in the country and may be regarded as pioneers in coffee and banana growing.

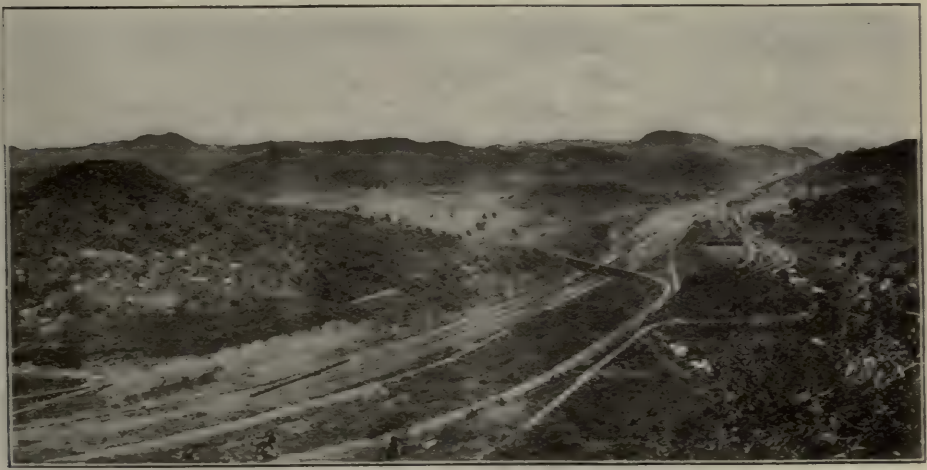
It was a matter of regret that our brief stay prevented my looking up some of the planters met with on a former visit to Costa Rica; or renewing acquaintance with the clean, well-built mountain metropolis, San Jose. Here there are many smart-looking shops and clubs, with a fine park where at night a band of a hundred pieces plays, music being the chief delight of the citizens. They were, I thought, very cosmopolitan in their musical taste when I was there, enjoying even United States ragtime. Much of the most popular music of the country suggests Spanish influences, being in the plaintive minor key hinting at a gentle melancholy.

All the national music, and especially the national hymns of tropical countries, such as Costa Rica and Ecuador, have a peculiar jerky movement, in contrast with the stirring, solid waves of sound of the national airs of Germany, Austria, Great Britain, Russia and the United States.

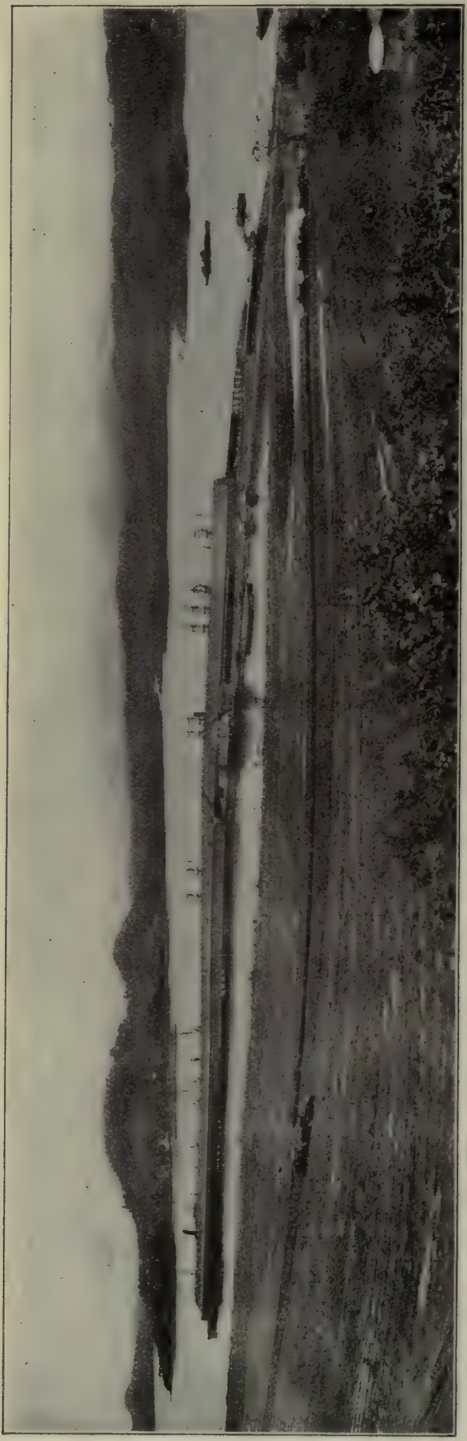
Costa Rica may well be proud of its beautiful young girls, who wear their hair loose, with the fascinating Spanish lace mantilla coquettishly arranged over it. Many a pure Spanish type of beauty, worthy of ancient Seville, may be seen. The picture has its dark side, for the older women, many of them not over forty, are a living demonstration of the fleeting character of tropical beauty. The early hours kept in San Jose are unusual; by ten o'clock the streets and hotel lobbies are deserted. The "bachelor girl with a latchkey" is never seen on those streets, for the liberty which the American or English girl regards as her right is an unknown quantity to the Costa Rican belle, who never converses or meets a member of the opposite sex except in the presence of her elders. Even engaged couples are bound by the old strict Spanish etiquette.

TENTH STREET, BEFORE PAVING

No trouble with "Municipal Economics" on the Zone. It's a question of "Do the work and get your money or get off the job"



WHERE THE LANDSCAPE STRETCHES INTO MILES OF DITCHES AND TRACKS



DOCKS AND HARBORAGE AT BALBOA, SHOWING PACIFIC ENTRANCE OF CANAL

The Teatre Nacionale, which cost over a million to build, is one of the sights of the country; it was erected with part of the proceeds of the banana tax, and, though unpretentious outside, the interior decorations are gorgeous. The boxes rise tier on tier, with the President's box in the centre of the first balcony. In the rear is a handsome reception-room which recalls the East Room of the White House. The ceilings are richly frescoed with representations of banana trees, coffee plants and other Costa Rican products, mingled with allegorical pictures.

* * *

We were loth to leave Costa Rica, with its panoramic glimpses of wonderful scenery, mountains, thriving plantations and fertile valleys, and vegetation indicating a surprising variety of climate, ranging from the torrid heat of the tropics to the moderation of the temperate zone. Costa Rica has escaped the ravages of revolution, and in this best-governed and most thrifty of all the Central American republics many Americans have established homes. Like the native Costa Ricans, they regard the United Fruit Company as a "big brother," hailing from the active land where people are forever "doing things."

Everyone wished to carry home a souvenir, and each nam seemed to feel that he must at least have a cane of some kind to support him in his old age. Every variety of wood was secured for these props for the editors. The ladies—the rush on Panama hats threatened to create a famine. One of the most valued souvenirs that I possess is an ash tray, made from scraps of the French machinery. It was presented by Mr. W. P. Wheeler, an old subscriber to the National, who has made many ingenious souvenirs from the "junk" collected on the Isthmus. Every time I see my ash tray I feel as though gazing on a bronze tablet, commemorating the noble and heroic struggles of the French on the Isthmus.

At sea again, we passed Cape Gracias, where Columbus once landed; in fact, he seems to have "landed" about everywhere on the Caribbean. There are few lighthouses along these coasts and instances have been known of unwary mariners

TENTH STREET, COLON, AFTER PAVING

Just note the contrast of "Before and after," and no wonder Panama and Colon are known as the Cleanest cities in the world. Work does it—that is honest work. No wonder Boston sends to Panama for a street commissioner

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE PACIFIC DIVISION

having been lured by false lights to death and disaster in these shallow waters. Farther out we passed the "Flowing Rock," from which the sea shoots up like a geyser through a natural rocky reef funnel as the waves dash upon it.

The time for reading and chat had arrived, and a commercial traveler told us a weird tale of how, when hunting in South America, his horse fell into a hole. To save himself, he hastily clutched at something near; the object which saved him proved to be the tail of an ostrich; the bird, wildly alarmed by his over-earnest clasp, escaped, leaving the traveler with two handsome ostrich feathers in his hand, which he had unconsciously yanked out of the tail of the bird. He said he was taking home the plumes for his wife's Easter bonnet, adding:

ONE CHAMBER OF THE PEDRO MIGUEL LOCK, PACIFIC SIDE, 1,000 FEET LONG, 110 WIDE

"In proof of my story, I can show them to you; they are downstairs in my trunk."

We admitted that it was a good story and demanded no proof.

What a welcome we received from the pilgrims of Swan Island as they came aboard during the night! A hearty cheer was given as young ladies jumped from the boat and landed on the ladder, upheld by the hand of the gallant captain who took no chances, but insisted on personally seeing to their safety. They told us they had been fishing for us and expected to bring some finny dainties on board, but were unable to save them for lack of ice.

"That cuts no ice," growled the bilious man from Bundee.

On the return voyage the screw worked with more ease than when going to the Isthmus, which was due to the aid of the Gulf Stream, whose current was now with us. A fog came on as we neared the jetties of the Mississippi, and the captain watched almost constantly on the bridge until the pilots arrived. One pilot for the bar and one for the river.

The night previous to landing exercises were held in the cabin, the performers representing nearly every state and territory in the Union. "Heart Throbs" recited and "Heart Songs" sung played a conspicuous part in the programme that will not soon be forgotten. Who will not remember Captain Doten's reading of "Columbus" and "Sail on," from "Heart Throbs"? The group about the piano sang themselves hoarse. Even the stewards in the dining saloon below joined in the choruses when the good old songs rang out. When Captain Clarke was called, his ready tongue failed for once, and he assured us that he could not find words to tell us just how he felt. It seemed to him, he said, that we were the best people he had ever met—and I suppose he is saying the same to another jolly lot of people this minute. As we gathered after the exercises someone started "Home, Sweet Home." Many a wistful look crossed the faces of the listeners as they thought of dear ones left behind in the States, and of

BREAKFAST HOUR ON THE PLANTATION (11 A.M.)

all the changes at home that even a few weeks may bring.

How delightful it was when we emerged from the Southwest Pass, after all the fog, with the whistle going all night and sounding just when the conversation was growing interesting! Dark-hued clothes, neckties and hats came forth and the good-byes began to be said, for everyone knew what a rush there would be after the custom house ordeal had been passed.

On entering every port the passengers are confronted with quarantine officers before they are permitted to land; there must be a full declaration as to the sanitary condition of the vessel and its passengers before anyone can go on shore. It was amusing to see the passengers lined up for inspection, as we arrived at the jetties. One ship recently entered gave a serious scare by having a case of bubonic plague on board. After the month of May all ship's doctors take the temperature of the passengers once a day on the ships, and report in full on arrival at port.

The soil from the Mississippi River from the jetties north shows how many acres of land are being made year by year by means of the silt carried down by the current of the Mississippi. This is rich alluvial land, and has all been formed by the simple contrivance suggested by Captain Eades who had large mats made of trees and branches sunk at given points in the river. The silt gathered about the mats and has continued to build up the land ever since. Cows graze on these made lands and rice grows in the fields. On the flats, far out in the Gulf is "Pilot Town." It is said that the climate there is not excessively hot, but a few million mosquitoes hunt there through the season.

On reaching the permanent quarantine station, up the river, the doctor came aboard and each one of us put a thermometer in his mouth, and stood looking foolishly at each other with a mouthful of glass and mercury as if enjoying cigarettes. Then the doctor passed through our ranks and gave a severe glance of scrutiny at each one. After that there was the declaration to sign as to goods brought in. The old one hundred dollar permit on articles no longer prevails, as some of the ladies found to their sorrow. Any goods not made up, or prepared for immediate personal use, were charged. The rigid insistence on having everything made up

A RAILROAD TRACK RUNS THROUGH THE BANANA PLANTATIONS

looks like a tariff for the benefit of the Panamanian dressmakers. About four to five hundred dollars are collected on each shipload of passengers. The sad-faced man who predicted that "all the dues made on passengers' luggage would not net the government enough to pay a custom house officer's salary," was slightly mistaken, and was also compelled to contribute twenty-five dollars of the five hundred dollars taken from that ship. Those who brought home monkeys and parrots as pets had a hard time, for the animals and birds would squeal and chatter, just as they had at all hours on board ship, bringing us at midnight the wildest dreams of living in the midst of the jungle and holding seances with monkeys and parrots. Their animated conversation soon attracted the attention of the customs officers, and some of the pets must have been quite costly luxuries before they reached their destination.

On landing the forebodings of sorrow proved too true in some cases. A wireless message brought to one passenger the news of a sudden death, and telegraph and telephone wires told others of the sickness of dear ones. The joy of that happy vacation was clouded by bad news from home, but how quickly the words of sympathy sought to comfort, even though the fellow-voyagers had known each other but two short weeks. A tie that seemed almost as strong as kinship had been established among those on the boat, for on shipboard life-time friendships are made which time only serves to strengthen. Then people appear as they really are and at their best, without a delusive environment, which too often gives quite a mistaken impression.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT EXAMINING GUN BEFORE BEING PRESENTED TO CHIEF CKAWAHKI

ROOSEVELT IN MOVING PICTURES

By MITCHELL MANNERING

A RECENT volume on "Educational Motion Pictures," by Mr. George Kleine, of motion picture fame, is a veritable encyclopedia of a modern industry which exerts an immense influence throughout the civilized world. This book is a notable contribution to the literature of the times. The volume is dedicated as follows:

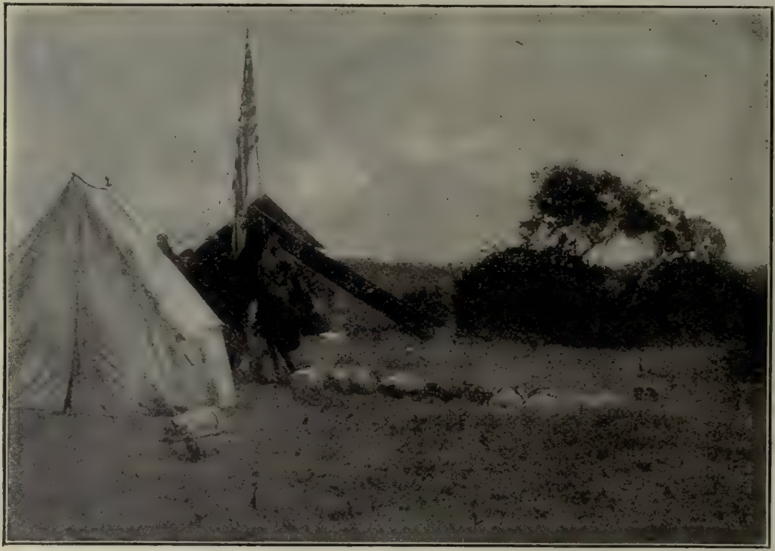
> "To the most democratic of men, the most unassuming, whose energy is compassed only by the number of hours in the day, whose measureless intellect finds kinship in every branch of knowledge, whose inventions have bettered the condition and added to the pleasures of uncountable millions—to the man who is most honored and revered by those who know him best, to Thomas A. Edison, this compilation is most respectfully inscribed."

It is difficult to define the scope or justly outline the work of Mr. Kleine. All the subjects of his moving pictures are educational in some degree, and in this book he classifies, in a masterly way, a multitude of pictures suited for educational purposes. The catalog is indeed a standard text book and index of motion pictures, which have already become part and parcel of the curriculum of public education. Mr. Kleine has pointed out very clearly how the films may be utilized, and no one can speak with more authority on this new and important source of imparting information.

The variety of subjects represented by moving pictures is astonishing. One series shows a surgical operation in progress; another demonstrates vividly how contagion may be transmitted by a common house fly. The spectators almost rise in their seats ready to "swat" the flies from the face of the earth, and such films must impress audiences all over the world with the imperative need of exterminating these deadly, disease-breeding pests. The government is now using motion pictures as a means of instruction in laboratory work, and has recognized their value in geographical, military, naval and other lines. Sight is probably the most valuable of all the senses for conveying impressions that retain their force through life. It is probable that the road to learning will be made much easier in the near future by the use of moving pictures.

The exhibit made by Mr. Kleine at the Boston–1915 Exposition was of great importance, and suggested unlimited and practical uses for moving pictures in educational work. On the battleship "Vermont," and on other naval vessels, the films furnished by Mr. Kleine touch every phase of life—agriculture, aeronautics, mineralogy, mining metallurgy; almost every form of human activity is portrayed. Every achievement of consequence, whether it be the climbing of a mountain, discovering the North Pole, building a skyscraper, digging a mine, the passing of a great parade–may be seen in living, almost breathing moving pictures. Even the classical and mythological are visualized, and the children today are more familiar, so far as lifelike conception is concerned, with the Greek and Roman deities and their doings than a learned college professor would be in days gone by. During the Eastertide this year, moving pictures showing scenes from the life of Christ were thrown on the screens in many places. Such historical stories as "Nathan Hale," "Evangeline," "Washington at Valley Forge," "The Christian Martyrs," bring before the popular gaze noted figures of older times in a way which clings to the memory as information obtained from the printed page will not do.

Seated in a darkened room recently, I watched thrilling scenes flit across the screen; they were produced from pictures taken by Mr. Kearton of London; the first showed Theodore Roosevelt in front of his tent in far off Africa, with the stars and stripes floating in the warm air. Later films revealed journeys over the veldts, fording rivers, "stepping lively" at all times. Now and then a lifelike picture of herds of wild animals, which had been met with by the ex-President, a dashing stampede of zebras or hippotami playing on the rocks in the river were thrown on the screen, and seemed so real that I could almost hear them. A lion or tiger, coming from his lair, looked ready to spring from the picture. By such pictures the career and personal adventures of a public man actually live before thousands of persons who will never see him



CAMP ROOSEVELT. MAKING AND BREAKING CAMP AT BONDONI in the flesh. The public are made perfectly familiar with his appearance, and greet him with cheerful clapping when his face is seen on the screen. The pictures of Roosevelt in Africa are universal favorites.

Every subject is susceptible of being handled in the moving picture film. It may be we shall have in the future, instead of the photograph album on the centre table, little sets of moving pictures showing each member of the family in all his favorite poses and occupations, beginning with the time he took his first step and on down through the "seven ages." Cracked ancestral oil paintings no longer dangle in chipped gold frames upon the walls; they will be supplanted by films which give moving pictures that almost bring to life again those who have passed away. It was fitting that the first person to be followed by the moving picture camera, through an important period of his life, should be Theodore Roosevelt in his African hunt and European tour. This series of pictures has brought him within the actual range of vision of many millions of people. In fact, he is a peculiarly good subject for photographs of this kind, for no one could imagine the ex-President in aught else but a "moving picture."

* * *

Prominently identified with the exploitation of moving pictures, Mr. George Kleine of Chicago worthily succeeds his father and grandfather, who were occupied in lines that have been the direct precursors of the present films. His father was a maker of stereoscopes, those quaint magnifying glasses, with their double pictures, which were so often found on the marble topped parlor table of the "best room" in days gone by. The next evolution toward making pictures lifelike was the revolving zoetrope or "wheel of life" in which ribbons of pictured paper were placed to form a circular panorama. When looked at through closely set slits a fairly perfect "moving picture" might be seen by two or three people gathered about the revolving wheel. The great moving picture business of Mr. Kleine is the natural and ingenious outcome of a combination of the magic lantern, stereoscope and zoetrope.

BOMA TRADING C

BOMA TRADING POST AT MOMBASA, WHERE SAFARIS OUTFIT FOR THE INTERIOR

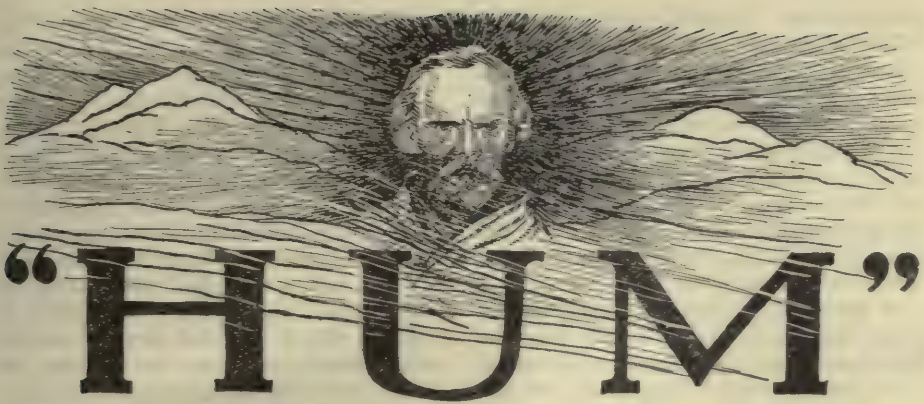
Mr. Kleine is enthusiastic over the development of his art. He believes that the "moving picture" has come to stay, but says that it must positively be kept clean and wholesome, and must be made educative as well as entertaining, in order to retain confidence and favor. He insists on eliminating the "fake" element. For millions of people many a delightful half hour is filled with a visit to a "Nickelodeon," for as long as the world lasts men and women—and especially children—will be fascinated by pictures that possess the accuracy of the photograph and the charm of motion. The motion of trees, flowers, bud and beast; the stress of wind and storm; cloud and river; the headlong impetus of railway train and ironclad; the forceful march of infantry and cavalry; the crisis of accidents and perils by flood and field, and of that human interest excited by the voiceless actors—their adventures, employments, errors, mishaps and tragedies—as depicted by these shadows of humanity upon the screens of thousands of theatres, are today influencing the actions of millions of people in the innumerable mutations of life.

ZULU WAR DANCE AND CEREMONIES IN HONOR OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S VISIT TO AFRICA

IF YOU'VE ANYTHING GOOD TO SAY

FROM THE BOOK "HEART THROBS"

If you've anything good to say of a man,
  Don't wait till he's laid to rest,
For the eulogy spoken when hearts are broken
  Is an empty thing at best.
Ah! the blighted flower now drooping lonely
  Would perfume the mountain-side,
If the sun's glad ray had but shone today
  And the pretty bud espied.



"HUM"

A SERIAL

By FRANK HATFIELD

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CHAPTER XX

FULMA is coming to, she will soon clear," were the first words I heard. I sought her by my side, she was not there. I sat upright and gazed about me. She was lying on a flat rock at the edge of the water, her head pillowed on Zenia's arm. Tom was sitting on the gunwale of the boat wiping his brow. Termal bent over Moto. I called—

"Hello, old man," cried Tom. "How are you? Glad to hear from you again. We have had a close shave—my face isn't dry yet. Oh, yes, Fulma's all right, she will speak for herself shortly. I will come and give you a lift."

So he did—helpful Tom—and I was soon kneeling by my precious little wife, kissing again and again the lips once more red. The dark blue eyes unclosed. "Why, I have been dreaming," she said.

"Yes, dear heart, but you are awake now."

She nodded and held out her hand. In the waning daylight and the *syuna's* glare, there gleamed on the Subagino stone an iris of hope.

"Well, we are all here, thanks to the Father," exclaimed Termal joyously. "We shall have no trouble in the outward passage; the walls are high and full of fissures. Besides, there will be but little vapor for some hours. Now, let us have some food-cakes with wine and make ready to go. It is now the twenty-second hour; we shall have seven and a half hours to get out; we could paddle out in that time. The sea runs into a deep bay on the eastern shore, the distance is less than you might suppose. We must take soundings as we go. Will you keep the record, Feanka?"

"Well, not exactly," opposed Tom. "I shall be the skipper's clerk. I have been a bit vapory a while, but I have dropped out of the fog. Of course, you will steer, Termal. Who is to be the engineer?"

"Motoo, he has been trained."

"Good. If he handles the engine as well as he managed the Mahales, he will do. Hello, Zene, you dear darling sweetheart, come here!"

For the first time in many hours, the ivory cabinet was opened.

* * *

When we were well under way, Termal said: "Feanka, in the bunkers you will find things needful for the girls' comfort. Make a bed for them in the stern, put up the rods and the curtains. No sleep for the rest of us in this vault."

With my comrade's assistance, I soon had what he called a "bride-chamber" ready for occupancy. It was promptly accepted without protest. Sensible women, I thought.

The night wore on. Occasionally Tom or I crept aft and watched the gentle sleepers. Now and then Termal ordered Moto to slow or stop while he took soundings. Other sounds there were none, save the water dripping from the recently submerged rocks and the occasional plunge of detached stones. In some places the stream ran direct, in others it was winding and required careful navigation.

"I have an idea," exclaimed Tom, after some thought. "We will call this the Zoeia and Mainland Night Line, Limited."

"A capital idea," I approved. "I will enter that on the log."

The original memorandum is now on the leaf of a scrapbook belonging to an old friend in Illinois.

About four o'clock in the morning, Termal ordered Moto to shut off the *syunas*, and pointed to a small irregular-shaped object, far away, of a dull gray color, and apparently on a black background. Tom and I had much difficulty to see it.

"Why, what are we looking at?" I asked.

Termal laughed heartily.

"You are looking at daylight," he said. "That is the opening on the bay."

"Bless me," said Tom, "we should call the girls."

The skipper objected. "Let them rest," he said. "Tonight may not be as favorable for sleep."

At the eastern entrance we stopped to take soundings and measurements. This done, we passed on to a long narrow shoal that jutted into the bay, and to a flat rock where we could moor our craft. Termal leaped ashore, fastened the boat, and threw himself on the rock like one released from a great responsibility.

"We will make ready the morning repast before our fair passengers come on deck," he said. "Afterward, we will divide the watches so that each may have some sleep."

We had matters well under way when two bewildered faces looked out from between the draperies.

"Why, Tooma," exclaimed Zenia, "what does it all mean?"

"It means, Zoesy mine, that the morning being fine, we will breakfast on the shore. We are just out of the mountain."

"One would think," said Fulma, "that we were in the clouds."

"Nothing but vapor,' explained Tom, volubly, "and it is all right, for it's foggy in London, you know, Mrs. Hatfield. London, fair lady," he went on, bowing low, "is the capital of your country, the residence of your sovereign. There you will no longer be—"

"I do not understand," interposed a surprised little woman. "Zoeia is my country—and this is my sovereign. Shall I not be little Fulma?" she appealed to me.

"Only that to me, Blue Eyes, but in the outside world, something else, maybe, and so it will be with Zenia."

"Oh, no," denied the Zoeian beauty, "I am just Zene, or Zoesy, or Sweetheart. I won't be anything else."

"Come ashore," called Termal, cheerily, "the feast is spread."

During the meal, which was another token of the Zoeian generous bounty, he paused and looked at the fresh faces of his loved daughters.

"Pretty good appetites considering recent experiences," he said. "Feanka," he went on, "when I came back I kept down the coast for about fifteen miles, then took a course two points south of west. Now, we must hold the opposite course until we reach the other shore, then pass cautiously up the coast. I want to find the place from whence I embarked."

"Well, if I were as sure of heaven as I am that you will strike it," exclaimed Tom, "I would be satisfied."

Termal looked at my comrade.

"It is too early to call anyone," he said, "or we might hear from home."

"Think of that, Zoesy!" cried Tom. "Why, what's the matter, sweetheart?"

"I couldn't help it," she said.

"Nor I," quavered Tom. "Such things are catching, and I am not immune."

"Nor would I seek to be," said Fulma. "Such an expression of affection is never a weakness."

Breakfast over, Termal held the course. "At this rate," he remarked an hour later, "we shall reach the other shore before noon. If the wind came stronger from the west the vapor would part, and we might see our island. However, if we can't see, perhaps we can hear. Feanka, take my place while I try the *kanjoots*."

He used them in duplex. A response soon came from Oron. "We are on the lake," spoke Termal. "All is going well, we shall soon be across. How is Buela?" . . .

Termal smiled.

"Oh, what is it?" cried Zenia.

"He asks me to use the other instrument and to wait."

Another voice came: "My daughter, Zenia, our darling is well, and as merry as the birds. You and Tooma get close to the tube."

Then, through the vapor billows, came a soft, gentle sound: "Madu, dear Madu"—"Why, it's that precious, blessed child's own voice," cried Tom. "God bless her! Sit up close, Zene." . . . "I say, Fean, don't you wish you had such a chance? Why! I never had anything like it before."

"Is it possible, my comrade?"

"Well, that is refreshing," exclaimed Termal. "Voices from the clouds."

"Voices from heaven," asserted Fulma.

Our captain declared that we were near the other shore, and directed Moto to lessen speed. How he knew it I cannot say, as the fog was thick, but he was right. Half a mile further, and the rock wall loomed before us.

"Now, we will lie in shore and search for that waterfall," he said. "The lake has risen as we crossed, but it will not be high until half past one. The fall will be comparatively low, not a hundred feet in height. All watch for it."

An hour or more passed. Then Moto directed our attention to a humming noise—faint but continuous. When Termal caught the sound, he said joyously, "That is falling water!" He drew in still closer and soon came abreast of a fall, small in volume and broken in its descent. "I believe this is it," he said, "though it looks different from the one I went down. But we are within two hours of high water, when I went out it was much lower. We must lie off and wait until the water reaches its level, then pass into the stream. I shall know, by the rocks, if we are right."

The effect was singular. To lie at the base of a waterfall and see it gradually merge into a placid stream.

"This is the spot," said Termal. "I know it well. Fulma, child, it was between those two rocks on the left bank, that I put you while I searched by the moonlight for a way down the face of the cliff. Well, we will go in, tie up, and have our repast; then on until we find a camping place."

"Oh! Zoeia!" Moto suddenly exclaimed.

A stronge breeze had scattered the vapor. Beyond stood the porphyry mountain in all its matchless beauty.

"Oh, our dear home, Zenia!" exclaimed Fulma, in ecstasy.

"Yes, my sister, our glorious home! The abiding place of my heart's darling."

Tom had turned and was gazing at the dark stream flowing through the marsh. "Fortunate little soul," he added.

* * *

As the hour was yet early and the stream, as far as we could see, free from obstructions, Termal thought it possible to get through the fen before nightfall. It was not long, however, before our cutting tools came into vigorous use, especially so at a point where a small brook entered the main stream. "Here is where I struck this water-course," said Termal; "I remember this rivulet. Look yonder, my child," he said to Fulma, "and imagine a tattered, staggering man coming through that place with a baby in his arms. You were right, Feanka, it was by the Father's will. I was protected and sustained when I knew it not. Beyond this point I know nothing of the course."

We kept on, with increasing difficulties, until our river lost itself, by numerous arms, in the swamp. As daylight was fading, we decided to tie up at the base of a high, rocky mound, covered with rank vegetation. Tom and Moto cleared a space on the slope and soon had an old-time campfire glowing. The girls were to occupy the boat, while the rest camped on the beach and alternately stood guard.

They watched our proceedings with lively interest free from apprehension. Neither one had ever known fear or dread; they had no conception of evil influences and associations. They experienced a child's delight at the fire, but wondered why we had it when, as Zenia said, "it was by no means cold."

"True enough," said Tom, wiping his brow, "but there are things 'round here that might make it warmer for us. Fean," he whispered, "they know no more about the dangers of this place than the 'babes in the wood.'"

"No, nor do we want them to if we can prevent it," I said.

It was deep twilight when we spread the evening meal on the shingle. Termal remarked that a cup of cold water would be refreshing.

"I think you can have one," I said. From the top of the mound I saw, half way down the other slope, a small pool, evidently a spring. Tom proposed to accompany me. "Oh, no," I objected, "the place is close by, I need no help to get a bucket of water, but I will take a *syuna*." I slung the bucket over my arm, reached the summit and located the pool, gleaming by dim moonlight, in the tall grass. As I came nearer, I noticed that it was at the base of a rocky ridge, not over four feet in height, that extended around the mound.

Beside the *syuna* I had a sharp knife in my belt. At the wall, I transferred the *syuna* to my left hand as I looked over the edge. Nothing was visible but the rank growth and the ooze fringed water. I decided to leap down and fill my bucket. Then came an experience the thought of which, even now, slows my heart—one that left on me a mark art only can remove. The prediction of Mrs. Durand was fulfilled. As I dropped through the tall grass my right foot landed on some yielding substance, while my left caught and I pitched forward but did not fall. I instantly had a sensation as though standing between lines of a hawser that was being drawn in opposite directions. It was all so sudden I did not even then fully realize my situation. As I grasped my knife and swung round with the *syuna*, I heard a sharp hiss, and met two glistening amber eyes that drew back suddenly, but as quickly shot out to meet the keen edge of my blade as I struck at the distended mouth and flashing tongue of a hideous reptile.

The head and sinuous neck dropped to the grass, darted here and there, resting an instant, then were still. I heard a gurgling sound, then the living horror piled in coils, out of and on which I frantically clambered to freedom. Then I knew all. I had jumped upon a sleeping African python. I madly dashed my bucket into the pool, rushed to the wall and along it to a low place, sprang up and recrossed the mound just as my companions were calling to me.

"Why, old man, have you seen a ghost?" Tom asked.

"N—no," I stammered.

"Why, you are deathly pale, my boy; there is a wild look in your eyes."

"Oh, is there?" I gasped. "I am—er—a trifle tired. Here is the water."

Fulma drew me down to her and pressed my head against her shoulder.

"What is it, beloved? Tell your little wife."

"Why—dearest, it—it—it's—er . . . ."

When I opened my eyes everyone was near me, and a soft hand was bathing my face with cool water. I roused myself and assumed an air of unconcern. "I think I know," I said. "I jumped off a rock—it was higher than I expected—I must have been shaken up."

"Why, precious," said Fulma, her arm still around me, "you shiver. Are you cold?"

"Just a trifle, dear. Give me a glass of wine and I shall be quite right."

And so I was to all appearances, so much so that the girls went to rest and Tom and Moto replenished the fire. When I was sure our loved ones were asleep, I said to Moto: "Go quietly to the bunkers and get three revolvers and two more *syunas*. Now, cluster close, talk low, and I will tell you what happened." . . .

Termal jumped up. "Motoo," he said, "take one of the irons and remain in the boat. Should anything happen, fire and shout. We are going on an exploring tour not far away."

We each took a revolver and a light. I cautiously led them along the wall to the spring. "It should be here," I said.

"Yes," assented Termal, "the grass is thrashed and trampled, but—Ah! Come here!"

He turned the *syuna*. There in the green swale the big, dark brown and orange chain-marked body, gorgeous but terrorizing, lay motionless save a slight quiver. He followed it up to its head and dashed the light full at the eyes. "It is dead," he said, turning it over with his foot. "It was a lucky strike—you slit its neck. It was like aiming at lightning."

"Our girls must never know this," I said.

"Never," agreed Tom and Termal. "I will come up early in the morning," said the latter, "measure the creature, and secure a trophy of your first victory over evil in this 'lower world.'"

I was not allowed to stand guard that night, but I might as well have done so, as my sleep was feverish and broken. Once by Tom:

"Hey—wake up, old fellow! You are having a nightmare and going through it all again, I reckon."

Early in the morning Fulma came to me, took my head in her lap, and toyed with my hair.

"That's right, little sister," approved Tom. "Cuddle him close. He is a lamb fresh from the fold."

"A what, Tooma?"

"Oh, a jolly good fellow who didn't sleep well and needs just what you are giving him."

The gentle ministration went on, then suddenly ceased.

"Why, Feanka, there is something white on your hair. Why, I can't rub it off, how strange! See, Tooma!"

"It is queer," assented Tom, "maybe he slept in the moonlight. Moonbeams have been known to turn heads, they might turn hair."

"Ah, my dear, you should have slept in the boat," said Fulma. "I am going to put a piece of that hair in my locket."

"And you couldn't do better," asserted Tom gaily.

Termal joined us at breakfast. "I have been up to the spring for water," he explained.

We were off early. Termal decided that among the numerous branches of the stream, the one with the deepest channel must be the right one. This proved to be a tributary so narrow that at times it scarcely admitted the boat, and often was so obstructed with vines and overgrowth as to require constant use of the cutting-sledges. About noon, Termal remarked that but for the channel, which indicated a continuous current, he would turn back and try another passage.

As the prow of the boat struck a fallen gum tree, a fair-sized boa looped from the branches, roused from his reveries and looked at us.

"Why, it is like a beautiful scarf," exclaimed Zenia. "It is falling. Why, Tooma, is it a living thing?"

"Well, rather, but nothing you want to get acquainted with."

"Why not? It is lovely. Fulma and I would make it fond of us."

"Undoubtedly," assented Tom, "so fond that it would hug you until you couldn't breathe. Oh, Zoesy! you girls have never seen anything but birds and butterflies. It is almost a crime to bring you into such associations."

The ophidian dropped into the water and glided away; whereupon, the axeman felled the tree and we pushed on. The stream soon began to widen, and in less than an hour we ran out of the marsh into a lake bordered by low rolling hills. Termal and Moto went ashore to blaze trees, and Tom mapped the lake.

Finding no inlet at the head of the lake, we went ashore, a task which required our guide's skill and great strength. At this point we built a huge cairn. I was slightly apprehensive as to how our amphibious vehicle would act on land, notwithstanding its Zoeian parentage, but my fears were groundless. Moto deftly changed the gearing, and we moved up the rolling country. On the summit of a high hill, Tom suggested that we stop. Looking back, we could see, across the marsh and far away, the vapor billows faintly roseate in the evening light.

"It may be our last view," he said. "Safe behind yonder deadly counterscarp and seething moat, stands Mount Zion, 'beautiful for situation!'"

Here we again talked with Oron. He was already planning for our return. He asked many questions as to the probable relative position of the eastern outlet to points above. "We will have powerful *syunas* placed thereabouts," he said, "as you may have to cross in the night."

We made good progress across the hills, and, near sunset, reached a range of mountains running north and south. As it was obvious we must cross them, we sought the most accessible one, and at its base camped for the night, built another cairn, and lighted our evening fire.

* * *

"No play today," exclaimed Termal, rising from our morning meal. "Let us gather up and be off while it is cool. The girls will have to carry the light articles; the boat will be all we can manage."

The ascent being comparatively easy and

the air bracing, we went along without weariness until we entered a narrow defile that terminated at the mouth of a cavern. Termal was scanning the face of the cliff for some way by which to surmount it, when Moto declared that he felt air coming through the cave. "You are right," said Termal, "there must be an opening at the other end. We will try for it. Your perceptions are keen, my boy."

The floor was covered with pebbles and sea shells over which we pushed our car. "In some remote age," said Tom, "this may have been an ocean cave. There are oyster and mussel shells here. We may find pearls."

"What are they?" asked Termal.

"Beautiful jewels that grow inside of shell-fish," said Tom. "Come with me, girls, we will search for things that resemble you."

We went ahead with the Amphibium (my comrade's name for our vehicle), while he and the girls lingered on their quest. It was a strange scene. The dark, water-worn walls, the shell floor—both mute witnesses of a hazy past—the dim light, toward which a little group struggled with their weird car. Behind—the glaring *syuna*, like the Cyclopean eye of some monster from the bygone, returned to punish our trespass on his domain.

"See!" cried Tom; and he showed a handful of pearls, some very fine. "Here, take them, Zene, I must make a record. This is the Pearl Cavern."

"Where the Peris have slumbered," I added.

"Say rather, Fean, where Peris now wander, to search for the shells which lie at their feet. How's that? Termal, what do you say for some of the Zoeian concentrated life sustainer? And Zoe—"(he threw his arms about her), "now for the best wine at the beginning of the feast!"

"That is as it should be," approved Termal, "but you cannot live on that fare."

"Nor fare well without it," asserted Tom.

"What do you think, sweetheart?" I asked.

"I think Tooma is exemplary," she smiled at me.

The cavern terminated on a ledge from whence we saw a level country stretching to the banks of a broad river. To get ourselves and our belongings down the cliff was strenuous work, but large muscles and level heads overcame all obstacles, and in less than two hours we were launching our boat in the stream.

"This river runs southeast," said Termal joyously; "it will serve us well. We have been very fortunate, thus far."

"And shall be to the end," exclaimed Zenia.

We had followed the picturesque shores for miles, when Moto suddenly pointed ahead and said that he saw smoke. Termal denied its presence, but the boy persisted, and finally made the startling announcement that he saw a cornfield.

"If so," said Termal, "we are coming to a tribe. Shall we go to them or avoid them? The people on the eastern side are generally friendly. I don't think they will harm us."

"Padu," asked Zenia, "do you not know they will not injure us? Neither they nor any living thing will do us harm."

"And how do you know that, fair sister?" I asked in surprise.

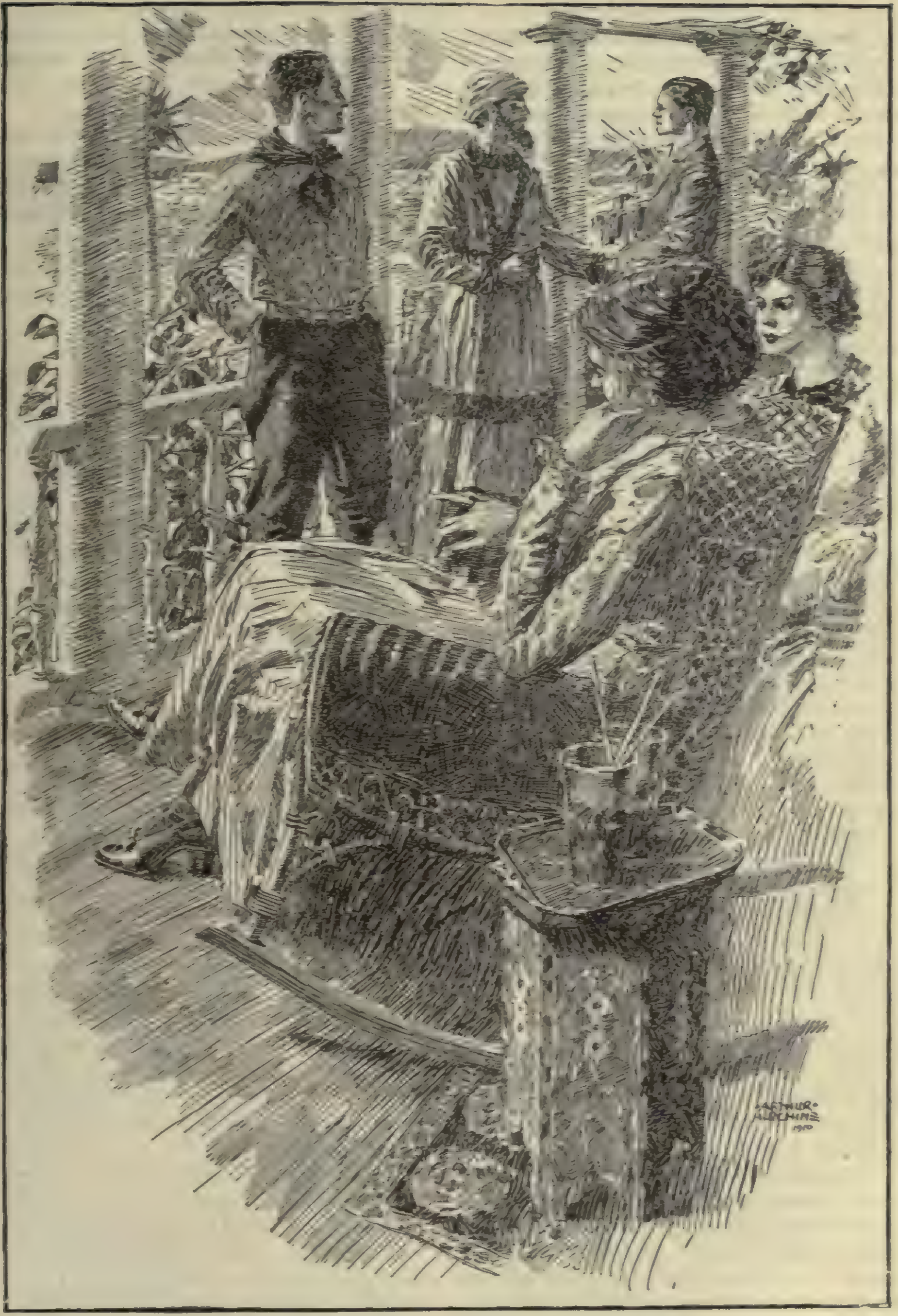
"It is something I cannot explain," she said quietly, "but I am quite sure of what I said."

The natives had crowded to the shore, but when we drew near they ran away. They evidently looked on us as supernatural visitors who had dropped from the sky. By much sign language, Moto convinced them that our intent was peaceful. Then they came back and gathered near us in awe and wonder. They apparently recognized the male members of our party as fellow-creatures, but they seemed to consider our girls a higher order of creation.

"They are intelligent," commented Tom.

When they knew our intention to pass a night with them, they put huts at our disposal and brought us food which we declined, preferring our own. In the morning when we were about to leave, Tom, through force of habit, put his hand in his pocket. "We are once more where a little currency would be convenient," he said, "but I haven't a sou; aside from that oil stock, I am strapped."

I had a few pieces left. I gave the head man a small gold coin, whereupon they all prostrated themselves and performed a series of genuflections which Moto declared were invocations to the sky spirit to bless us.



The house allotted to us had broad, cool verandas

CHAPTER XXI

"Rivers are convenient," said Termal, on the third day of our voyage, "especially when they run the right way, as this one does; and one has a good boat. The Amphibium has saved us much hardship and danger."

"Padu," said Zenia, "if, as you say, we have escaped perils, it is not due to the boat, good as it is."

"You are right, my child," he assented. "Your Padu sometimes forgets."

When near the shore one day at sunset, a large animal, at the water's edge, glared at us and sprang up the bank.

"Was it a big black man?" asked Fulma.

"No, it was an African panther," laughed Tom.

"Why, it has a face and eyes something like a man."

"True," said Tom, "its mouth and cheek about equal a man's, but it has less brain, to plan evil with."

"Are they evil?" inquired Zenia.

"Yes, and no, Zoesy dear. They do what seems to be evil, because they know no better; whereas, men do evil acts when they do know better. Do you understand?"

Zenia shook her head. "I should not fear it," she asserted.

"Would you be afraid of the panther, sweetheart?" I asked.

"I think not, Feanka, certainly not, with you. Why did the animal run away?"

"Because we came upon it suddenly. It recognized in us, in some of us at least, its foes. From a remote past, man has waged war on every living creature, his own species as well."

"It was not ever so, Feanka," said Zenia thoughtfully; and as her dark eyes emitted a certain fathomless light that came at times, she added: "It will not always be so."

I looked at her searchingly, as I recalled a remark Tom once made concerning her.

We came at eventide to an open place of sand hummocks where, here and there, sparse vegetation clung to life around stones that indicated former contact with human hands. As it was dry, and sloped upward from the water's edge, we decided to camp and explore. Material for a fire being scarce, we grouped three *syunas* on a flat rock, so that their blended rays would form a circle of light.

We searched amidst unmistakable evidences of a remote civilization. The broken stones still showed the intelligence of the builders.

"Well, now for supper," cried Tom, "and then good-night. I am actually tired."

Something about the spot invited deep repose. With the exception of the quiet "guard mount" nothing broke our slumber. It was after daylight when we again realized we were in African wilds.

* * *

"Well, what's the matter?" asked Tom, at breakfast. "All but Motoo seem to have the blues."

"For my part," I said, "I have been thinking about my curious dream. It was vividly real. We were sitting where we are now. Oron and Loredo came up from the boat and after warm greetings, told us they had come from Zoeia with tidings. I recall Zenia's face when she said, 'Why, there are dear Oron and Loredo.' They talked of many things, especially about Buela. The expression on Oron's face was beautiful when he kissed Zenia's brow and said, 'My daughter, your precious child is in our arms; doubt not her welfare.' And then both talked with Termal. Oron asked: 'With which of our cities is the water-gate on the bay in line?' Termal answered: 'Wesna,' Then Loredo said: 'On the outside of the cliff will be the place for the beacon.' They asked Tooma all about the shaft, and requested him to write it down. He tore a leaf from his tablets—Hello, Tom, what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, n—nothing, Fean. I guess I—er—swallowed the wrong way."

"And then Oron noticed the white lock in my hair, and Loredo said: 'Some great emotion caused this.' Don't look at me so, sweetheart. In my dream, you went to Loredo and asked him: 'What emotion?' He put his hand on your head and smiled, but said nothing."

Termal was growing restless. "There's not much more," I said.

"Oh, that's not it," he said. "Go on!"

I continued. "Oron said: 'We are sitting above the remains of a very old and wonderful race.' Then he and Loredo laid their hands on our heads—then went down—down—toward the boat, waving something to us. . . . I awoke and saw Motoo standing by the *syunas*."

Fulma was the first to speak. "Why, Feanka, I did ask Loredo what the emotion was. I saw his smile and felt his hand. How curious"

"Yes, it's awfully queer," said Tom, "for I heard Zoesy say, 'there are dear Oron and Loredo,' and all the rest of it. I wrote on a page I tore from the tablets. The most astounding—"

"A strange occurrence," interposed Termal. "I told Oron about Wesna, and I remember what Loredo said about the beacon."

"I am surprised, Padu," said Zenia. "I, too, had the beatific vision. I can now feel dear Oron's kiss and hear his blessed words. I feel as though I had held Buela in my arms. I cannot call it strange, it may be unusual."

"Great mercy, Zene," cried Tom. "How queer you are! 'Not strange, may be unusual'—well, I should say so! What do you mean?"

"Simply this, dear, Oron and Loredo have been here. They came when we were in condition to receive them."

"Been here? In this old graveyard? Phew! Where am I?"

"Motoo, did you have any dreams?" Zenia asked quietly.

"No, Toomaena, I wish I had."

"I thought not," she said. "You were on watch between two and four."

"Great mercy!" cried Tom. "Let us pack up and get away from this haunted hole."

* * *

The river ran into a lake bounded, on the east, by a sterile, chalky plain that stretched far away. On this uninviting shore we debarked.

There being no material with which to build a cairn, Termal asked Tom to make careful records. When my comrade opened his book, an expression came into his face that made me exclaim: "How now, dear boy; have you seen a ghost?"

"N—no, not exactly," he stammered, "but look here!"

A leaf had been torn from his book.

"Possibly a false entry," I suggested.

"Not much, Fean. The book was all right when we stopped at that cemetery."

"Don't let it trouble you, dearest," consoled Zenia. "Some day you will understand these things better."

Scattered clumps of vegetation and occasional herds of antelopes and zebras were all that we saw during the two days' journey across this barren. The animals greatly interested our fair travelers and awakened their admiration. It was sometimes difficult for me to realize that from the hour we left Zoeia, everything had been new and strange to the girls. An entirely different world had opened to them.

Leaving this waste, we entered a well-watered park country, welcome to us, though our progress was slower and at times difficult owing to the make of the land and the thick undergrowth. Three days from the western boundary we came to the Mullala tribe, a hospitable people, and nearer in degree to the Baruti than any we had met.

Moto found a man who understood something of his language. Through him we learned that these people had never seen persons with white skins, but had occasionally met men lighter than themselves who came to trade for ivory. We conjectured that they had been visited by Arab caravans from the coast. "An encouraging thought," said Termal.

We stayed with them several days during a rainy period. Fulma and Zenia won the hearts of the women and children, by our girls' inherent sweetness, I thought, but my skeptical chum attributed it to a liberal dispensation of bright scarfs and other attractive articles. I must admit that my comrade's insight usually was fairly clear.

When we left, my two gold pieces gave this folk "more joy than an angel's visit," he said.

From here our route became very laborious and tedious. In many places we were obliged to carry the boat considerable distances—we did well if we made a mile a day—but Termal held the course true, and the cheerfulness of our good wives did not wane.

"It's fierce!" said Tom one afternoon, wiping his brow. "Worse than the night assaults at old Dinkelspiel's."

"Yes," I assented; "for we could rise superior to those, but from these torments there seems to be no escape."

He gazed at me. "That's worth all it has cost, old man, you are not as tired as you look."

Termal had been silent for some time—the silence of fatigue. "Motoo," he said, "go as far as you can within call, and try to find something better than this."

The stalwart young African was gone what seemed a long time, when we heard him shout. Jumping up, I saw him frantically beckoning to us. Termal and I started on a run and found him standing beside a broad trail stretching through the forest as far as we could see—a trail well worn, as though traveled by men and animals. If any one of my readers has ever been lost on a lone mountain at nightfall, and suddenly come upon an old wood road, he will appreciate my feelings.

"It resembles a caravan trail I saw years ago," said Termal. "If so, it leads to some place of importance."

Another hour, and the Amphibium was rolling eastward. A few miles further on the forest fell away, disclosing a narrow plain with hills beyond. Moto suddenly jumped up. "Oh, see!" he cried. "White houses! Arab village!"

On the hillside opposite glistened the oriental dwellings of the Ishmaelites. In the streets were gathered a motley crowd of human beings clad in the many-colored garments of the east. Now and then a white-robed chieftain, on gaily caparisoned steed, plunged down the hill and was lost on the plain, or a group of camels, with Ethiopian attendants, moved leisurely through the principal thoroughfare. Strains of barbaric music mingled with discordant cries.

"Tom, it suggests a circus!"I exclaimed.

"So it does, old schoolmate, with the real band wagon and the old-time drummer, on the back seat, yet to arrive. Make room for me, girls," he cried, going to the stern, "we are about to enter the town."

"Why, what strange sights!" exclaimed Fulma and Zenia. "What strange animals! Some half man and half—something else."

"Are they evil?" asked Zenia.

"Well, they are somewhat mixed quantities, my angel. The lower half has an unpleasant habit of occasionally extending its hind leg without previous notice, but it won't eat you, it is a strict vegetarian. The half and halfs come apart at the right time. Watch them, Zene!"

"Why, Tooma! I never dreamed of such things."

"Probably not, my fair Zoeian. However, those combinations have figured in many a maiden's dreams. What shall we do, Termal?"

"We must make a dash for it, Tooma, and await what comes."

* * *

Had the heavens opened and a nondescript car filled with human beings dropped into old Unyanyembe it would have caused no greater excitement. Crowds poured from the hills, from the streets and the houses. We were so quickly surrounded by eager faces we were speechless. The girls pressed close to Tom, who at last found his voice. He rose and exclaimed, in English:

"Well, friends and brothers, we have arrived."

The effect was unexpected. A tall, handsome Arab, richly dressed, sprang from the crowd and grasped Tom's hand.

"May Allah's blessing be with you," he said, in perfect English, waving back the throng.

"Your words are most welcome, my friend," I said. "We have not heard them thus spoken for nearly nine years."

"Nine years? Why, whence do you come?"

"From Central Africa, my brother."

"From the center of this continent thus equipped and bearing so fair a freight?" He bowed gallantly, then beckoned to an Arab boy and spoke a few words to him. "I am Ben Ali," he went on. "My father, Noureddin Ali, is a merchant of Zanzibar. Fortunately, I arrived yesterday by caravan to look after his interests, as is my custom every two years. You doubtless wonder at my familiarity with your language. I spent fifteen years in England. I am an Oxford man, but my father's great business demanded our united attention. I have sacrificed my ambition to my sense of filial duty."

I then presented him to each of our party, and gave him briefly our history, telling him our plans.

"Your story exceeds the wildest tale in the Arabian Nights," he said. "I would have more of it. And your beautiful wife—she, too, is a Zoeian?"

"By adoption, Ben Ali."

"Ah! their foster-child. The marvel deepens. Mr. Hatfield, let me assure you that every hospitality we can give is at your command."

The groups parted as a swarthy, venerable man with flowing beard, dressed in full Arabic costume, approached.

"This is Sheik Nasib," said Ben Ali. "He comes to give you official welcome."

Then followed an interchange of courtesies and an epitome of our history by Ben Ali, during which the old Sheik's eyes roamed alternately from our faces to the Amphibium. He spoke a few words to Ben Ali, then raised his hand. The crowd disappeared as by magic, while a boy brought forward a beautiful white mare. The creature stood by our car while Ben Ali informed us that the Sheik had ordered a house to be prepared for our reception. Meantime, Zenia caressed the animal's glossy neck. She turned her head, looked at Zenia, and rubbed her nose against her arm.

The Sheik mounted. Tom nudged Fulma: "Now, you know the combination," he whispered.

"I will accompany you," said Ben Ali.

"Will you trust yourself on our strange craft?" I asked.

"Most willingly, it will be a novel experience."

"This is the highest place we can offer you," said Tom, pointing to his seat beside the girls.

"In the name of Allah," said Ben Ali, raising his fez, "one could not ask for a more exalted one."

He gracefully accepted the proffered seat, and we moved slowly up the street.

The house allotted to us had broad, cool verandas and stood in the midst of a garden filled with fruit and flowers. It was equipped with servants, food and everything essential to our comfort.

"The caravan now here," explained Ben Ali, "will break up, and detachments will go toward the interior for ivory, gums and native products for which we barter miscellaneous articles of English and American manufacture. Similar detachments, now out, will gather during the next month, consolidate into one body, and return to Zanzibar. I hope it will be your pleasure to rest and go with me. We will talk further of this tonight, if I may come to you. Meanwhile, I will arrange for the storage of your strange vehicle."

That evening Tom and I sat with Ben Ali until a late hour. We told him about Zoeia and our life among its people. He listened with rapt attention while he smoked fragrant cigarettes. At a pause, he took up the theme:

"The porphyry mountain," he said, "the hot lake, the marvelous recession, the isolation of a race deific in character and attainments, and here on this continent, unknown to the rest of the world. Why!" he exclaimed, rolling a fresh cigarette, "it is past the romancing of Rama Dvivedi, my classmate at Oxford—an odd, fascinating man of singular parentage. His mother was a high born English woman, and his father an East Indian Pundit, a deep read, mystical man. Some said he was a Mahatma. It was a strange union and a stranger offspring. The young man went back to India before his father died, and his mother subsequently married a Major Durand of the English army. He was killed in the Afghanistan campaign."

Tom was at "ready," but on signal from me resumed "attention."

"Did you ever see Major Durand's wife?" I asked nervously. "Did Rama ever speak of his mother?"

"No, I never met the Major's wife, but Dvivedi occasionally spoke of his mother. He said she was a remarkably handsome woman, with rare occult gifts. These he thought had much to do with his parents' union. Ah! the story you have told me seems like a dream that fades with the morning."

"And yet it has been a vivid reality for seven years," said Tom.

Ben Ali was silent for some moments, lost in thought as the aromatic smoke rolled upward, until the silvery chime of a clock on a cabinet near by roused him. "Have you ever thought," he asked, "it might be possible that this Arcadian island, by reason of its peculiar environment, and it may be from other causes, is rarely visible? It is incomprehensible that, under ordinary conditions, some trace of it should not have appeared in history."

"Something of the kind has occurred to me," I said. "Your suggestion is of absorbing interest to the speculative mind."

"I might frame a theory," he went on; "fanciful, perhaps, and not acceptable to the skeptic, but I am warned that the hour is late. So you are going back—I do not wonder. I should like to go with you."

"Why not?" we both asked. "You would not care to return," I said.

"Doubtless so," he said, "but the interval is too long. I could take you to the Pearl Cavern," he smiled.

"And this leads me to say, Ben Ali," I interposed, "that we are from a country without a currency; from a land where the word barter is unknown; hence, we have only gems and some pearls. It will become necessary for us to convert—"

"Yes, I understand," the genial Arabian anticipated; "you must again soil your fingers with the debasing essential of our daily life. I will go with you to a dealer in the morning. He will make you an offer, but if I press your arm, do not accept it. The evening stars are sinking westward," he said rising. "I must go."

On the veranda I handed him a *syuna*. "Move the little lever to the right," I directed. A beam of light swept round the garden and rested on a dense cluster of white lilies.

"It is astounding!" he exclaimed.

"It is Zoeian," I asserted.

"I can believe it, Mr. Hatfield!" He put out his hand. "Your coming is like the blessing of the new moon. Rest well; may Allah protect you! Good-night!"

* * *

While at breakfast, the Arab's elastic step sounded on the threshold. I met him in the hall. "Just in time, Ben Ali!" I said. "Join us."

"Thanks! I have already broken my fast. I will smoke and think, while you finish the coffee." I turned to go. "One moment Mr. Hatfield," he said, glancing along the hall. "I could not well say it before Mr. Selby. These Zoeians, while they are like us in some respects, are an entirely different race of beings. One can see it, dimly, in Mr. Selby's wife and her father. It is my opinion you have had an experience rarely accorded to mortals. Pardon me for detaining you."

As I came from the dining room I picked up two *kanjoots*. "Here is something more wonderful than the *syuna*," I said. "I will talk with our old Hungarian comrade in Zoeia, and you shall receive his answers."

"Talk with a man not less than eight hundred miles away? Why—Mr. Hatfield, are you— ?"

"Crazy?" I assisted. "No, Ben Ali—Listen!"

"It is simply superhuman," he said, turning the instrument from end to end. "We must show these things to Sheik Nasib."

"Here are the pearls," I said, as Fulma brought them to me.

He examined them critically. "They are fine!" he said. "Let us go to the dealer. Remember my words!"

* * *

Abdul Hafizben, the Persian, after examining each pearl carefully, offered me the equivalent of three hundred pounds. Ben Ali pressed my arm. I declined. The Persian named three hundred and fifty. Again my arm was pressed.

"Hafizben—too much opium last night," said Ben Ali. "We may come again, when you are clearer."

We went to the storehouse and examined the Amphibium. Ben Ali showed great intelligence about the mechanism, and approved the name; but his wonder was expended on the people who had invented a vehicle capable of bringing us safely and expeditiously, by land and water, for a thousand miles. He made no further reference to the Persian until we were again on the veranda. Then, as he rolled and lighted a cigarette, he said:

"Hafizben's offer was wicked! Now if I may, I will offer you five hundred pounds for the pearls. I cannot take more than two hundred pounds from my funds, but I will pay you the balance at Zanzibar. Meanwhile, you will retain the pearls. Should anything happen me en route, which Allah forbid, you will but require to state the matter to my father. They are worth somewhat more than I offer, Mr. Hatfield, but, you know, contingencies may arise."

"Say no more," I exclaimed. "We gladly accept your offer; and in token of our faith—here are the jewels."

He took them reluctantly. "It is not usual," he said.

"And you would really go with us to the Pearl Cavern?" I asked.

"Certainly! I should organize a small caravan for the purpose, and would meet you at Bagamoyo. But seven years! Allah alone knows what may happen before then. We must give attention to the present. Doubtless, you and Mr. Selby are horsemen, but the others should practice riding every day. I will provide suitable horses and *hygeens* (easy riding camels). Meantime, we must try to enjoy ourselves in this dull old town."

* * *

Thanks to the handsome Mohammedan, we had many interesting experiences; among others, one unique and appealing to the feminine mind—a visit from the women of the Sheik's harem, who came, the Sheik confided to Ben Ali, to see "the beautiful ladies from the strange land." They came at the evening hour, by the light of the new moon, dressed in silks of brightest dyes, glittering with ornaments, and redolent of eastern perfumes. Much to Selby's disgust, they were attended by a eunuch who requested the men to withdraw during the visit. From Fulma's description, I inferred it had been much like a group of persons visiting a collection of unnamed curios. She said: "I am very sorry, for something seemed to annoy them."

"Don't worry over it, little woman," advised Tom. "It was simply because they couldn't ask questions. However," he glanced at the remnants of our hospitality, "they made good use of their mouths."

"Tooma, dear, were all those women the Sheik's wives?" asked Zenia.

"Of course, Zoesy, in an oriental way."

"I did not suppose a man ever had more than one wife."

"In some countries, my dear, he can have as many as he can carry."

"Sheik Nasib must be very strong," she said thoughtfully. "Women are not so strong as men."

"Not as a rule, sweetheart, but I've known of several weak sisters, in my country, who carried quite a line of matrimonial goods."

"Fulma, do you understand what Tooma is talking about?" asked Zenia.

"No, my sister, nor do I wish to know." Tom whistled.

I think that Fulma was Ben Ali's favorite pupil. The courtly, cultivated Arabian divined her wealth in those qualities which appeal to the genuine man. For the tall man who daily excited the wonder and admiration of the desert people, he formed a lasting friendship. When I told him that the average height of the Zoeians considerably exceeded Termal's, he exclaimed: "In the name of Allah, Mr. Hatfield, what manner of beings are they?" As for Tom—Oh! Ben Ali liked him, as did everyone, everywhere. Zenia, as he expressed it, "though delightfully winsome, possesses an indefinable element of remoteness; a certain something I am unable to put into words."

Near the end of the month, the quiet of the town gave place to the bustle incident to the arrival of detachments from the interior and the organization of the caravan in charge of Soud ben Sayd.

The long journey from Unyanyembe to the coast is through a diversified country, and caravan life is full of incidents upon which it is needless for me to dwell, as they have been ably described by other writers, so ably as to render trespass on forbidden ground nearly unavoidable.

As we entered Usagara—ninety days from Unyanyembe—Ben Ali pointed to some glittering points on the distant horizon. "Yonder is the seacoast town of Bagamoyo," he said. "Those are the minarets on the mosques. There ends your journey on the African continent. Across the strait lies the island of Zanzibar."

When I lifted my little wife from the saddle in the old town by the sea, a great sense of relief came over me, but with it a sensation of nervous dread concerning those from whom I had received no tidings for more than eight years.

The next morning we crossed the straits to the city of Zanzibar, with its "glittering mosques, palace, white houses and forts," nestling in the Indian Ocean.

(*To be continued*)

The Story of Attorneys-at-Law

By CHARLES WINSLOW HALL

ONE of a series of articles descriptive of American professions, trades and avocations, giving a comprehensive revelation of the dignity of the life and work of the "American people," which will be followed by articles on Bakers, Blacksmiths, Druggists, Merchants, Grocers, Engineers and Dentists, and other trades and professions. These articles are the results of many years of research, and a wide range of reading and thorough investigation by the author, Mr. Charles Winslow Hall. There is a sentiment associated with all trades, professions and avocations, and if any of our readers have a suggestion to make in reference to the forthcoming articles, the editor will be glad to receive it from them, addressed to him personally. The first installment of this article appeared in the April issue.—EDITOR.

THE long period of semi-savagery which intervened between the fall of Latin civilization and the feudal renaissance of law and order is but dimly lighted by history. The Lombards were allowed by the King or judge to employ counsel when unable to plead their own cause, and some of the German tribes allowed litigants a like privilege. Charles Martel, the Charlemagne of traditional history, seems to have allowed the same privilege, although in certain charters he alludes to these advocates as *Clamatores* (Clamorers).

When Godfrey, Duke of Boulogne, was made King of Jerusalem, A. D. 1099, he ordered the compilation of a code of laws and practice, one for the High Court of which the King was chief judge and the other for the Bourgeois or Citizens' Court. In this advocates were not only allowed but commended. But long before this the Norse nations had possessed and prized counsellors learned in the law and advocates famed for their eloquence and skill in trying causes. The Kings of Sweden and Norway had "law men" who advised and not infrequently dissuaded them in personal and State action, and sometimes in the "things" or convocations of the people warned and even threatened them. These men also aided private litigants with advice and even with personal services when undeserved misfortune had fallen on deserving men. The old Sagas abound with interesting anecdotes, most of which are too long to be here inserted.

Iceland had a system of law, unwritten it is true, and for that reason entrusted to the memory of the "law men" of the Island. Their chief court at the Althing had its judges and advocates of distinction who not infrequently had to fight as well as plead for their clients. Owing to the fact that a slayer who openly proclaimed himself as such, could not be legally adjudged a murderer, except in cases of unusual treachery or greed, a fine or outlawry was usually imposed by the court on the survivors of the numerous feuds, whose man-slayings seemed least defensible. The "law men" in all Norse countries were given rich gifts of money and property by their clients.

From the earliest days of Gallic history, France has been a land of astute and eloquent advocates and this "Noblesse of the Robe" certainly rendered great service to the French kings and people. From its ranks were long drawn the magistrates of the parliament court and council of the ancient Kings, and the establishment of the Salic Law of 1317, which confined the kingly rule to the male line of succession forever, undoubtedly saved France from many misfortunes and was largely due to their efforts.

Even more beneficent was their fearless defiance of the arrogant demands of Pope Gregory VII, that the church, her property and clergy should in no degree be subject to taxation or to supervision by the civil or criminal law. The same Pope even addressed to his subordinates throughout Europe in his bull of excommunication against Emperor Henry IV of Germany, the the following remarkable utterances:

"Most Holy Fathers and Princes: let the whole world understand and know that if ye have power on earth to bind and to loose, ye have power also on earth to take away from, or grant to anyone according to his deserts, Empires, Kingdoms, principalities, dukedoms, marquisales, earldoms and, in short, the possessions of all men."

Under Saint Louis, the best of the French Kings of that century, the French advocates, many of them clerics, answered the appeal of his council for aid with a spirited and able attack on this ultra-montane doctrine. In many things they anticipated the theses of Luther and other leaders of the Reformation and displayed a knowledge of Biblical exegesis and Catholic doctrine which awakened the secular clergy to resistance, and for the time no further effort was made to enlarge the temporal power of the Pope in France.

But later, in 1300, Pope Boniface VIII sent Bishop de Saisset of Pamiers into France to demand the recognition of papal supremacy to the Crown itself, on pain of excommunication and interdict. Philip the Fair arrested the delegate, and the Pope issued a series of bulls, one of which thus addressed the King:

"Boniface, Bishop, Servant of the servants of God, to Philip, King of the French:

"Fear the Lord and keep his commandments; we wish you to know that you are subject to us in spiritual things; that the collation to benefices and prebends does not belong to you in any manner, and that if you have the custody of livings while they are vacant it is only to preserve the fruits for the future incumbents.

"If you have bestowed any benefices, we declare your collation to be null, both in fact and law. We revoke everything that has taken place, and those who hold a contrary opinion are declared heretics."

One Pierre de Cugnieres was chosen to answer this document, and it seems impossible that such boldness could have been inspired in the zenith of the papal power and the fourteenth century. It ran as follows:

"Philip, by the Grace of God, King of the French, to Boniface, pretended Pope: Little or No Greeting.

"Let your Great Stupidity know, that we are not subject to any one in temporal matters; that the collation to vacant benefices and sees belongs to us in right of our crown; that the revenues during each vacancy are ours; that the presentations which we have made and shall make are valid both for the past and future; that we will support to the utmost of our power those whom we have presented, and whom we shall present, and that those who hold a contrary opinion shall be deemed fools and idiots."

Up to the time of Philip the Fair, the "Royal Court" seems to have been the chief tribunal of the kingdom in which alone could tenants of the crown or appealed cases from the numerous inferior courts be heard, as this court attended on the person of the Sovereign in war and peace. In this reign was established (1302) "two parliaments" to be held at Paris every year beginning on the octaves of Easter and All-Saints, and to continue to sit for two months. There were four chambers; the Grand Chamber consisting of two prelates, two peers, thirteen clerks and thirteen barons; presided over by a premier president and two assistants. The members were called "Counsellors." The King himself presided in certain causes placed "on the King's list," as it was called, and this it appears was also done in England, but it was found best to delegate the King's power to judges and dispense with the royal presence.

So strictly were the French judges held to their duties and oaths of office that in 1348 Alain de Ourdey, one of the judges, having falsified some depositions taken before him, was hanged by the sentence of the parliament of which he had been an honored member. Other and like parliaments were established in the great provinces of France and all maintained the laws and justice of France until swept away by the French Revolution.

The French advocates were from an early date allowed to receive fees, although under Philip the Bold (1274) these were limited to thirty *Livres Tournois*. Among the duties of a French advocate in this period often occurred the necessity of claiming for and in the name of his client the "wager-of-battle," that is, a personal fight with his adversary. Hugh de Fabrefort, one of the most successful advocates of the fourteenth century, when challenging Aymerie de Duneforth on behalf of Armand de Montaigne failed to clearly state that he only challenged as the advocate and not as principal, and being taken at his word, barely escaped meeting in the lists a redoubtable antagonist.

It is refreshing to learn that in the fourteenth century, the advocates prided themselves on terseness and brevity in speech and pleading, but this laudable merit was short-lived, for in 1413 Charles VI felt compelled to issue an ordinance in which both excessive fees and undue prolixity were both forbidden "under pain of exemplary punishment." This excellent statute seems to have failed of its purpose, for Charles VII, in 1454, issued a like law against the same abuses. When the Papal see was removed to Avignon, in the early part of the fourteenth century, the Italian jurists who accompanied him were greatly sought after by French clerics who desired to perfect themselves in the law. Curious treatises were issued for this purpose, in which supposed causes were traced through all the phases of pleading and trial. The supposed parties were all biblical or religious worthies, and Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Moses, Solomon, the prophets, the saints, and even the Virgin Mary, figured as officers, witnesses, advocates and parties to the suit. One treatise purported to be a record of "The Cause of Satan with the Holy Virgin, Jesus being Judge," and another was entitled, "Cause of Lucifer vs. Jesus, Solomon being judge." Later, when the laity began to pay more attention to the study of the law, which had previously been largely in the hands of ecclesiastics, more attractive titles were given to legal treatises. About 1500 Martial D'Auvergne published a law treatise entitled "Declarations, Proceedings and Decrees of Love, pronounced in the court and at the Bar of Cupid, in the case of Different Disputes, heard before that Magistrate." This was really a very learned text-book, illustrated by fictitious and amusing cases, among which appeared:

Fifth. Process between two lovers, wooing the same lady.

Eighteenth. Concerning a kiss taken by a lover *vi et armis* against which the lady appealed.

Twentieth. A suit brought by a lover against his mistress to compel her to remove a cage containing a quail, which kept up a continual calling whenever it saw him at the lady's door.

Under the Reign of Terror (1793) the whole legal fraternity was swept away. The unhappy Marie Antoinette was one of the last who was allowed counsel before the revolutionary tribunals, and the good old Malesherbes, who at seventy dared to conduct her defense, was himself guillotined within the year.

Napoleon at first vehemently refused to restore the profession to its ancient privileges, but in 1804 decreed its re-establishment "as one of the means most proper to maintain the probity, delicacy, disinterestedness, desire of conciliation, love of truth and justice, and enlightened zeal for the weak and the oppressed, which are the foundations of their profession."

ENGLISH LAW AND LAWYERS

IN England there were undoubtedly many advocates of the natural order: viz., those who as relative, master or superior pleaded for those unable to speak for themselves. In the *Witan* or general assembly of the Saxons; in the "things" held by the men of the *Dane-lagh*, or Northeastern England; in the Cymrian courts and assemblages of Wales, and the Danish ports, and native provinces of Celtic Ireland, the strong and wise undoubtedly threw the aegis of their influence and wisdom over the oppressed and innocent. In this service and in the art of conveyancing the churchmen of Great Britain shone pre-eminently long before the conquest and are said to have forged as well as conveyed.

But for centuries there were no paid attorneys in England, although the judges and law advisers of the king undoubtedly at times sold their favorable decisions to rich suitors and criminals. The theory of the English law was that the "king's justice" should not be swayed by the arguments of counsel, although his own counselors were to be consulted by him at his pleasure, or to consult with each other in exercising his delegated authority.

Edward I (about 1275–1300) first appointed King's counsel, then termed "sergeants-at-law" or "servants of the King," and the order thus created held special privileges and the sole right of practice in the Court of Common Pleas for nearly seven centuries. At first appointed to attend solely to the business of the crown, they were by degrees allowed to act for parties in their private suits, the permission of the king or presiding judge being first asked and obtained. Gradually this special license became a right in all civil causes, although in the criminal courts counsel could only appear for the king, unless permission was given by the sovereign or his representative.

As in France, the "wager-of-battle" was invoked in civil causes. In 1571, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the champions were to fight with clubs and targets at Tuthill, Westminster, in the presence of the justices of the court in their scarlet robes and coifs, and of the sergeants-at-law in full regalia, the court being duly opened, the plaintiffs were summoned, but did not appear. Then their champion, one Henry Nailor, a master of defence, in leather armor, and red sandals, bare-headed and bare-legged from the knee to the ankle, was led into the lists by Sir Jerome Bowes, Kt., carrying a red baton tipped with horn, and followed by a yeoman bearing a target of double leather; these, entering at the north end of the lists, marched half way down the eastern side, then coming straight across the lists made three solemn obeisances to the judges and took their places at the south side of the sixty-foot enclosure. George Thorne, the champion of the defendant, was brought in at the south side of the lists by Sir Henry Cheney, Kt., and after like obeisances took his place at the north side of the lists, and two sergeants-at-law (being of counsel of either party) took their places between them, whereupon the demandants (plaintiffs), being duly summoned, failed to appear. Sergeant Barham, for the defendant, prayed a non-suit, which was allowed and recorded, and the last wager-of-battle at Westminster, Common Pleas, ended without bloodshed, much to the regret of many spectators.

It was not until the reign of George III that the right of appeal to the wager-of-battle was finally abolished by statute.

It is said that the custom of wearing wigs in court arose from the fact that in England, as elsewhere, most of the early advocates were in holy orders and shaven monks, and when, in the reign of Henry III, it was provided that priests should not serve in the secular courts except in their own behalf, or for charity's sake, many wore wigs to conceal the tonsure, and so continued to practice. In 1259 one William de Bussy, being charged with knavery and mal-practice, claimed exemption, as being in holy orders, and would have untied his coif to prove it, but was prevented and sent to prison.

Until after the great Civil War no counsel was allowed to persons on trial for treason and felony, and as nearly all crimes of any moment were felonious and punishable with death, the crowded assizes of those days, in which ignorant and helpless victims went to their doom unaided by counsel or advice, is a spectacle that even now fills the reader with horror. Only in case "*some point of law arose proper to be debated*," and of this the judges only were to decide, could counsel speak for the prisoner. Thus the Duke of Norfolk, tried for high treason in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in vain alleged that the indictment containing a multitude of charges, some of which could not be treason, had been placed in his hands only fourteen hours before, and that without books or counsel he was compelled to defend himself.

So Colonel Lilburne, tried for treason because of certain books arraigning Cromwell's government, declared to his judges: "If you will not assign me counsel to advise and consult with, I am resolved to go no further, though I die for it, and my innocent blood be upon your hands." His judges would not yield even when he excepted to the matter and form of the indictment and asked that counsel be heard on these points, but the jury in spite of all acquitted him.

Sir Henry Vane, on trial for high treason in 1662, prayed that counsel be assigned him to argue the following matters of law: First, that the collective body of Parliament cannot be impeached for high treason; second, that no person acting by authority of Parliament, so long as its authority continues, can be guilty of high treason; third, that no such matter can afterward be called in question by an inferior tribunal; fourth, that a king *de jure*, being out of possession, cannot have treason committed against him, he not being a king *de facto*, and in possession. It is needless to say that his request was refused, and he died on the scaffold.

The rule appeared to be that only if (in the opinion of the judges) there arose a question of law, they could for their own satisfaction allow the defendant counsel. Thus at the trial of Lord Preston for high treason in 1691, Chief Baron Atkins plainly said: "It is not the doubt of the prisoner, but the doubt of the court, that will occasion the assigning of counsel."

So obviously unjust was this practice, that even the brutal and merciless Jeffreys said: "I think it is a hard case that a man should have counsel to defend himself for a twopenny trespass, and his witnesses examined on oath, but if he steal, commit murder or felony, nay, high treason, where life, estate, honor and all are concerned, he shall neither have counsel, nor his witnesses examined upon oath. But yet you know as well as I that the practice of the law is so, and the practice is the law."

The chief reason assigned for the rule was that the court was counsel for the prisoner; but a prisoner to whom a judge had explained this theory, hearing him ask a witness a question tending to prove him guilty, exclaimed: "Ah! my lord, if you were my counsel you would not ask that question."

Of the value of such "counsel" to the petty thieves who went by thousands to English gallows, a few examples of the tender mercies of English judges may be of interest. It is related of Judge Buller that he always hung a man convicted of stealing a sheep, avowing as a reason that he had lost several sheep from his own flock. Justice Heath always gave a sentence of death in capital cases, however petty the crime, because he knew of no good secondary punishment. He said, "If you imprison at home, the criminal is soon thrown upon you again hardened in guilt. If you transport, you corrupt infant societies and sow the seed of atrocious crimes over the habitable globe. There is no regeneration for felons in this life, and so, for the sake of society, I think it is better to hang." Judge Buller, while holding court at Gloucester, asked a witness what part of the county he came from. "From Bitton, my Lord," he replied. Buller seemed surprised, but remarked: "You do seem to be of the Bitton breed, but I thought I had hung the whole of that parish long ago."

Under William III in 1695, a statute allowed counsel to persons accused of treason, and in 1747 certain forms of treason excepted by the former act were also provided for; but in trials for felony and counterfeiting a defendant was still denied counsel. Under William IV this terrible abuse was swept away, and for the last century all men might be defended by counsel in the English courts.

English pleadings were long couched in a foreign tongue. From the time of William the Norman to Edward III (in 1362), all proceedings were in Norman French, but in the latter reign it was enacted that all causes "shall be pleaded, debated and judged in the English tongue, and shall be entered and enrolled in Latin." This provision was also changed under the Commonwealth so that all records were in English.

The restoration of the Stuarts in 1662 revived the Norman-French jargon of court and record, but finally in 1731 English courts procedure and English records were in the common tongue—slightly disguised by "Law French" and "Law Latin," terms now largely anglicized or obsolete.

Until a few years ago the average writer upon legal subjects expanded his treatise by quotations, marginal notes and appendices from the dead languages and defunct codes, to an extent which confused the reader, unless he was a past master in classical research.

The reason for this use of Norman French or "Law Latin" was thus stated by Coke: "It was not thought convenient to publish these or any of the statutes enacted in those days in the vulgar tongue, lest the unlearned by bare reading, without right understanding, might suck out errors, and trusting to their own conceit, might endanger themselves and sometimes fall into destruction." It does not appear to have occurred to the great jurist that thousands of his people must have found themselves guilty of breaking laws, which not one in a thousand could read for himself, and whose existence was only made known by the use of pillory and gallows.

The English attorney-at-law, being the recognized initiator of lawsuits (for the barrister, sergeant-at-law and solicitor seldom took such initiative) has always been an unpopular practitioner.

Daniel O'Connell had a favorite story of one Parsons, an Irish barrister, who hated the whole tribe of attorneys, and one day was approached in the lobby of the Four Courts by an attorney who was soliciting shilling subscriptions to pay the burial fee of an attorney who had died in poverty.

Parsons offered the gentleman a pound note. "O Mr. Parsons," said the applicant, "I do not want so much. I only ask a shilling from each contributor. I have limited myself to that, and cannot really take more."

"Oh, take it, take it," said Parsons blandly. "For God's sake, my good sir, take the pound, and while you are about it, bury twenty of them."

Foote, the humorist, was once buttonholed by a country gentleman who complained bitterly of the heavy cost of burying a relative who was an attorney.

"Why, do you bury attorneys here?" asked Foote gravely.

"Yes, to be sure, how else?"

"Oh, we never do that in London."

"No?" exclaimed the amazed squire. "How do you manage, then?"

"Why, when an attorney happens to die, we lay him out in a room by himself, throw open the windows, lock the door, and in the morning he is entirely off."

"Indeed! and what becomes of him?"

"Why, that we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes. All that we know of the matter is that there is a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning."

Lord Brougham once complained in Parliament of a letter threatening him with a combination of the attorneys and solicitors, who felt that some proposed bill would lessen their profits. He exclaimed: "Let them not lay the flattering unction to their souls that I can be prevented by a combination of all the attorneys in Christendom, or any apprehension of injury to myself, from endeavoring to make justice pure and cheap. . . . . The question may be whether barristers or attorneys shall prevail, and I see no reason why barristers should not open their doors to clients without the intervention of attorneys and their bill of costs."

Even royalty in the reign of "good King George III" gave fresh life to this popular prejudice, when in 1803, at a great military review of twenty-seven thousand men of all arms, he saw the Temple Guard commanded by Lord Erskine, and splendidly uniformed and equipped. On being told by Erskine that "they are all lawyers, sire," King George replied in his nervous, eager way: "What! what! All lawyers? All lawyers? Call them 'The Devil's Own!' Call them 'The Devil's Own!'" The name stuck to the corps, which was in a way revived during the volunteer movement of 1860, and was said to bear on its standard the legend "Retained for the Defence."

A great number of English jurists have distinguished themselves in military service either before or after they practiced law. Premising that there were no lawyers at practice previous to the fourteenth century and that most nobles and knights in feudal times were given power to "justify" and punish, we find that William Fitz Osborne, who commanded one of the three Norman divisions; Bishop Odo, whose iron mace slew savagely in the press of the conflict; Walter de Couilland, William Fitz Warrenne, Robert, Earl of Morton, and Richard Fitz Gerald, who also distinguished themselves at the battle of Hastings, all became judges in after life.

Walter d'Esper commanded the irregular troops at the "Battle of the Standard" in 1138. Sir Francis Drake, Sir Richard Grenville, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, Edmund Lord Littleton, Generals Lambert, John Hampden and Oliver St. John of Cromwell's army; Sir William Gray, who commanded a battery when Arnold and Montgomery besieged Quebec; Lord Erskine, commanding the first regiment of foot in 1775; Sir Henry Havelock, who crushed the Indian mutiny; General Stewart, who fell at Abu Klea, where Arabi's revolt met its Waterloo, and Sir Evelyn Wood, in our own day, were a few of the many "Noblesse of the Robe" who have served England as staunchly by land and sea, as they have vindicated her laws and sought justice in her courts.

ATTORNEYS IN AMERICA

IN Massachusetts for nearly a century there were no practicing lawyers, although Governors Winthrop and Bellingham were both bred to the law, and acted as judges. Paul Dudley is said to have been first in active practice in Boston, July, 1745; but Timothy Ruggles of Sandwich, Massachusetts, was a lawyer, in 1742, and there were probably others.

Thomas Morton of Furnival's Inn appears to have been an English barrister, but his practice as "Master of the Revels" at Merry Mount, near Quincy, 1625–1628, was not appreciated by the Pilgrims of Plymouth, who demurred by sending Miles Standish and his men-at-arms to oust him from his jurisdiction. He returned to England, came back to Massachusetts in 1643, was arrested, fined and imprisoned, and on his release went to Agamenticus (now York), Maine, where he died in 1646.

As Maine eventually became a part of the Massachusetts colony, it may be said here that Sir Ferdinando Gorges by his deputy, Captain William Gorges, established the first court at Saco, March 21, 1636. Of the seven commissioners, Purchase of Brunswick, Bonython and Lewis of Saco, Cammock and Henry Josselyn of Scarboro, and Godfrey of York, several are notable names in the early Indian troubles of Maine. Later (September 2, 1639), under a charter, the court reorganized with Commissioners Vines, Champernoun, Josselyn, Bonython, Hooke and Godfrey. Sir Thomas Josselyn, who refused the office of deputy-governor and president of the court, was succeeded by Thomas Gorges, an English barrister, the only one recorded in the annals of Maine for a century, with the exception of Thomas Morton of Merry Mount. The procedure of this court seems to have initiated in America the revolt against the conventional and complicated practice of the English courts.

The summons in civil process ran:

"To our well-beloved A—— Greeting.

"These are to will and command you to come and appear before us in this court established in Mayne, upon the —— day of ——. To answer to us upon the complaynte of————.

"Given under our hands and seals."

The declaration setting forth the claim of the plaintiff and the other pleadings were equally direct and simple.

At the first session, June 25, 1640, there were eighteen civil and nine criminal cases.

The great civil war in England put an end to the projects of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who, like most of the early settlers of Maine, stood up sturdily for Church and King. He devoted himself to the Stuart cause and died in 1647 in the height of the struggle.

The Massachusetts colony assumed jurisdiction in Western Maine, which was generally acquiesced in 1652–55.

After the restoration, the grandson of Gorges tried to recover his heritage, but failed, and the legal history of Maine for many years merged in that of Massachusetts, which in 1692 was given control of the Maine country by William and Mary.

There was no Supreme Court until 1692, all special cases and appeals being tried by the General Court, which, at first a single body, was later divided on account of the memorable suit against Keayne for the illegal appropriation of a pig. This higher court for many years considered the decalogue and "The Law of Moses" far weightier precedents than the dicta of the common law or the decisions at Westminster.

In 1639, the first Probate Courts were established in Massachusetts, and the Registry of Deeds in 1641. The charter of 1691 gave probate jurisdiction to the governor.

In the eighteenth century the practice and procedure in Massachusetts grew more and more like that of the English courts. The judges wore robes, black in summer and scarlet in winter, and wigs after the English custom, fashions which still linger in the robes worn by the Supreme Court judges at Washington; the last judicial wig in America disappeared with William Cushing, who commenced practice at Pownalboro, Maine, on the Kennebec in 1761, and was one of the judges of the Supreme Court from 1784 to 1810.

There were only eight lawyers in Boston in 1763.

Of these Mr. Thatcher died in 1765, Jonathan Gridley in 1767, James Otis, incapacitated for business by a brutal assault by a loyalist official in 1771, fought at Bunker Hill in 1775, and was killed by lightning in 1783. John Adams alone remained in practice in Boston at the close of the Revolution.

Like thousands of American attorneys since that day they were pioneers in every sense of the word. James Otis, Jonathan Sewall, Jeremiah Gridley, and John Adams not only "rode the circuit" in Massachusetts, but followed the judges through the wilds of Maine, where they were met with drum and fife; cannons were fired from the blockhouses to warn the outlying settlers that court was in session, and the daily opening of court was announced by peals of bells and ruffle of drum. John Adams has recorded that on his first attendance at court in what is now Dresden, Maine, he followed "blazed" forest trees from Brunswick to the river ferry, and crossing was guided in the same way through the woods to the village.

There was a great deal of hospitality exhibited in those days, and the tavern was usually the scene of a nightly gathering of the bar, whose members, with much smoking and drinking of "flip" and "punch" kept up a fire of fun and merriment late into the night. Mock courts were held at which lawyers and officers of the court were tried for alleged offences, and fined so many pipes of tobacco or mugs of "flip." For instance, Noah Emery, who called the sheriff "a fool" was fined a pipeful of tobacco, and the sheriff for being a fool, a mug of flip, which both proceeded to enjoy at peace with each other.

Similar meetings of the bar in Boston were instituted at the suggestion of John Adams in 1750, and these added much to the good feeling and often strong friendship existing between the members.

A very strong liking existed between John Adams and Jonathan Sewall, who in 1774, at Portland, Maine, had a long talk over the evidently approaching rupture with Great Britain, as they walked on Marjory's Hill and surveyed the harbor. Neither could persuade the other, and they parted never to meet again, until in 1788 Adams, then Ambassador of the United States of America at St. James, met Sewall in England. Sewall never returned to Boston, but settled at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he died in 1796, aged sixty-two years.

Although there were few practicing lawyers, the people of New England were remarkably conversant with the laws under which they lived and their rights under them. So conversant were they with their rights under the laws that Burke said in his "March speech" in 1777:

"In no country perhaps in the world is the law so general a study. The profession itself is numerous and powerful, and in most provinces it takes the lead. The greater number of the deputies sent to Congress were lawyers."

Twenty-four of the fifty-two signers of the Declaration of Independence, and thirty of the fifty-five framers of the Constitution, were lawyers, and so were about two-thirds of all the Presidents and Representatives in Congress.

The failure of either New York or Massachusetts to ratify the Constitution would have ensured its defeat. In New York there was a strong opposition overcome by John Jay, Alexander Hamilton and Chancellor Livingston. In Virginia Patrick Henry and James Munroe thundered against it, but were overcome by John Marshall, Madison and Wythe. In Massachusetts Samuel Adams and John Hancock opposed it, to be defeated by Fisher Ames, Theophilus Parsons, and Rufus King.

But it would be an endless task to portray the character and achievements of the great American lawyers, and it only remains to call attention to the fact that wherever a state has been founded the American lawyer has always been a factor in its settlement and development.

Judge Charles E. Flandeau of Minnesota records that he once travelled on snowshoes from St. Paul to Winona, one hundred and fifty miles, to try a lawsuit, and returned the same way. His fee was forty acres of land or twenty dollars, at his option. He took the money, but the land is now a part of the city of Mankato and probably worth over a quarter of a million dollars. At another time he paddled a canoe one hundred and twenty miles, sold the canoe for three dollars and walked back across country one hundred miles. His fellow-citizens will long remember how in 1862 at the head of some rangers and the townsmen of New Ulm, he defeated on two successive days the attacks of Little Crow, and some hundreds of Sioux warriors, or how he saved from a fate worse than death two white women, spared from the Spirit Lake massacre to be carried away to the villages beyond the Missouri.

Edward D. Baker, born in England, raised in Philadelphia, and a major in the Black Hawk War, became a Representative from Illinois to Congress, but gave up his seat to fight under Taylor at Cerro Gordo as Colonel of the Fourth Illinois. In 1849 Illinois sent him a second time to Washington, but his heart longed for command and action, and in 1851 he was superintendent of construction of the Panama railroad. That completed he went to California, and after some years of law and politics removed to Oregon and was elected United States Senator in 1860. In the stormy scenes in the Senate attending the initiation of secession he made some powerful and eloquent speeches, but in 1861 he resigned his seat, and as a colonel of volunteers (commissioned Major-General after his death) fell at the head of his regiment, October 21, 1861, at Ball's Bluff, his first battle.

General William Walker, "the gray-eyed Man of Destiny," a Virginian by birth, undersized, quiet, self-possessed, gentle in speech and quiet in demeanor, also practiced law in California. His great ambition was to establish Anglo-Saxon rule on the Isthmus, and in Nicaragua had conquered the land and the hearts of the people. In an evil hour he came in conflict with the Vanderbilt interests, having, it is said, prómised to the Morgan ring certain concessions secured by Vanderbilt. He was driven out of Nicaragua by American rifles and sailors of the Vanderbilt line. In Honduras he surrendered to a British force on promise of fair quarter, and was turned over to the Honduras troops, who shot him.

Two more California lawyers turned from the law and politics to the then popular pursuit of filibustering, which, despite a too general opinion in the Northern states, was by no means wholly due to a desire to extend slave territory. The ease with which Spanish and Mexican rule were overthrown in California, the ignorance and peonage of the masses, and the almost utter failure to exploit the resources of their vast territory, or even to keep in check the brigands who levied blackmail, and the Indians who made regular periodical raids into northern Mexico, inspired adventurous men not only with a desire for riches and power, but with a belief that they could establish on the ashes of a dying Castilian civilization a greater and freer state of the American Union, or perhaps an United Empire from the Isthmus to the Rio Grande.

Henry A. Crabbe, a Tennessean, practicing law at Stockton, and State Senator McCoun, a Kentuckian of the Contra Costa County bar, entered Sonora in 1857 with a few hundred followers, expecting to be joined by Mexican revolutionists. They were attacked by greatly superior numbers, and defended themselves in a church, the roof of which was finally fired by fire-arrows. Compelled to surrender, they were all stationed in lines in front of open graves and shot in the back. McCoun at the word "fire" turned quickly and received the bullets in his breast. Crabbe, it is said, was not shot. Having married a Mexican lady, he was allowed to write her a letter of farewell, and was then beheaded.

Bret Harte's deliciously portrayed "Colonel Starbottle," the Southern-born attorney, who was always "personally responsible, suh," was by no means an utter caricature of the fire-eating attorneys of the "days of forty-nine." Even South Carolina, whose John Lyde Nelson (1784-1849) is the only legal authority on "The Code of Honor," of which I have knowledge, or Louisiana, whose annals abound in personal rencontres, could scarcely afford more interesting stories of professional and political enmities, settled by the "wager-of-battle."

Judge Stephen J. Field, a son of Rev. David D. Field, of Haddam, Connecticut, a brother of David B. Field, the great New York barrister; of Cyrus W. Field, the promoter of the first ocean-telegraph cable; of Hon. Jonathan Field, once president of the Massachusetts Senate; Stephen Johnson Field, the jurist, and of the Rev. Henry Martyn Field, editor of the New York *Evangelist*, went to California in 1849, and found himself in San Francisco on the first day of October, with just three dollars in his pocket. By a succession of fortuitous circumstances and bold strokes for fortune, he secured support and assured position in Marysville, had become alcalde and justice of the peace, and made many thousands of dollars in the "boom" period on Marysville town lots.

Unfortunately Judge William R. Turner, appointed in 1850 to the eighth judicial district, took a very great dislike to Mr. Field, and at the first opportunity in court denied a motion made by Field's associate counsel, refused to hear or consider a decision bearing on the question, and when Field said that he excepted and would appeal on that point of law, fined him two hundred dollars for contempt of court. This fine was raised to three hundred, four hundred and five hundred dollars, in a few moments, and an order for Field's imprisonment added. On the next day Judge Turner expelled Field from the bar, and threatened later to publicly insult him and shoot him if he resented it. This feud existed until Judge Field was on the Supreme Court Bench.

Judge William T. Barbour, having been asked to explain some very bitter expressions, verbally invited Field to settle the matter "in the usual way among gentlemen."

Barbour chose a room twenty feet square in which the duellists, armed with revolvers and bowie-knives, were to stand opposite each other and at the word to turn, fire while advancing, and finish the conflict with knives. Judge Mott, Field's second, objected to these conditions as unusual and barbarous, but as Judge Barbour insisted, Judge Field told Judge Mott to accept them.

Then Judge Barbour said he would "waive" the bowies, and later sent word that it would not do to fight in the room as the firing would attract a crowd. So it was arranged that Judge Barbour was to take one of the Sacramento stages at Marysville, and get out at a retired spot which Judge Field was to reach by a private conveyance. Judge Field waited for the stage. The first one stopped, but there was no one inside. The second contained Judge Barbour and his second, Fairfax. Barbour exclaimed that "as a judicial officer he could not fight a duel, but if assailed would kill the assailant," and leaving Fairfax walked to the empty stage and went on to Sacramento. Judge Field invited Fairfax to breakfast with him near by, and all returned to Marysville.

Some sharp squibs in the Marysville paper naturally resulted. Barbour demanded the name of the author, and Judge Field told the editor to give his name. Judge Barbour one day came behind Judge Field and holding a cocked revolver to his head cried, "Draw and defend yourself." Field replied, "You infernal scoundrel, you cowardly assassin! You come behind my back and push your revolver to my head and tell me to draw! You haven't the courage to shoot. Shoot and be d——d!" Barbour put up his pistol and walked away.

B. F. Moore, state representative from Tuolumne County, in answering Judge Field's motion for the impeachment of Judge Turner, drew two revolvers, cocked and laid them in an open drawer of his desk, and in a most savage and abusive reply, declared that he was "responsible for what he said there or elsewhere." Field sent a challenge to Moore by State Senator David C. Broderick. Moore finally concluded to fight a duel. He then reconsidered and refused the challenge through his friend, Drury R. Baldwin. Then Broderick told Baldwin that Field would the next day, recapitulate in the legislature what Moore had said and his declarations that he was personally responsible, and that, while Judge Field's respect for the dignity of the House had prevented a fitting reply, he had demanded satisfaction of Moore, who had refused to respond, and would denounce him as a liar and a coward.

"Then Judge Field will get shot in his seat," said Baldwin hotly.

"In that case there will be others shot, too," replied Broderick.

Broderick told Field, and asked: "Will you act as you said you would?"

"Most certainly, never fear for me," was the reply.

When the House opened, Field was at his desk. Near him sat Broderick with eight or nine other gentlemen, armed and ready for hostilities. The House was still as death while the journal was being read. Then Field and Moore both rose and addressed the speaker, who recognized Mr. Moore, and Field took his seat. Mr. Moore read a written apology, and the incident was closed.

Later, Field was taking a glass of wine with Broderick in the old Union Hotel, San Francisco, when Broderick suddenly sprang in front of Field and pushed him into another room, probably saving his life. Vicessimus Turner, a brother of Judge Turner, had recognized Field, and throwing back his Spanish cloak, levelled a revolver at him, but at Broderick's prompt intervention put up his weapon and walked away.

Later at Washington Judge Field received a small infernal machine. He suspected from the appearance of the contents, when partially opened, that all was not right, and escaped injury, if not death. Slips from a newspaper formed all the directions, and the author was never discovered.

Judge Field, who had spent two years on the bench with Judge David S. Terry, who killed United States Senator David C. Broderick in a duel September 13, 1859, always regretted that he was absent from the state, as he felt that he might have reconciled the parties. It may be doubted that he had much influence with Terry, who later came to his own death at the hands of a bodyguardsman who was in attendance on Judge Field to protect him from Judge Terry.

David S. Terry, born in Todd county, Kentucky, March 8, 1823, was left an orphan when only thirteen years old, and served under General Houston at the battle of San Jacinto, where Santa Anna was defeated and made prisoner.

Admitted to the Texan bar, he left it to fight at Monterey in 1846, and in 1849 led a company of Texans across the plains to California, having two sharp Indian fights in which he lost only one man, while the Indians suffered heavily.

He began the practice of law at Stockton, but in 1855 was elected a justice of the Supreme Court, and in 1857 was made Chief Justice.

In 1856 he was strongly opposed to the great vigilance committee in San Francisco. The committee wanted one Reuben Maloney as witness, who refused to testify before it, and S. A. Hopkins, Vigilance Sergeant, with two men were sent to arrest the witness. They found Maloney in a room with Judge Terry and another man. Terry told them they could not make the arrest in his presence. Hopkins made his report and was sent back with reinforcements, but met Terry and other armed men on the street escorting Maloney to the State armory.

The arrest being resisted, Hopkins seized Judge Terry's gun and was stabbed with a bowie knife in the neck. Judge Terry was overpowered, disarmed, and was incarcerated in the vigilance committee's headquarters, "Fort Gunnybags," for seven weeks, being confined in a special cell or cage made by Winslow Hall, an uncle of the writer.

Hopkins recovered, which saved Terry's life, although many advocated his immediate execution on general principles.

In 1859 the California democracy split absolutely in two, Broderick leading the Douglas wing, and Terry supporting Buchanan's leadership. Terry made a bitter speech at Sacramento, calling the opposing wing of the Democracy "a miserable remnant of a faction, sailing under false colors. . . . the followers of one man—the personal chattels of a single individual, whom they are ashamed of. They belong body and soul to David C. Broderick, etc."

Broderick, as he read the report of this speech at the breakfast table of his hotel, remarked "that he had considered and spoken of Judge Terry as the only honest judge on the Supreme Bench, but he took it back."

Perley, a former law partner of Terry, was at the table and told Broderick that he "should hold him accountable," and sent him a challenge. Broderick said he could not, at that time, afford to violate the state laws and constitution, and intimated that a challenge must come "from a gentleman holding a position equally elevated and responsible," and even then after the close of "the pendency of the present canvass."

After the election, Terry resigned his judgeship and demanded a retraction. Broderick wrote the words as he remembered them and added that Judge Terry could decide whether the words were offensive. Judge Terry at once sent a challenge through his friend, Colonel Calhoun Benham, which was accepted, and the parties met near Lake Merced, September 13, 1859. Senator Broderick fell at the first fire, mortally wounded.

In 1862 Judge Terry went through Mexico to the Confederacy, joined the army, serving first on the staff of General Bragg, and later became colonel of a Texan regiment, rising to the command of a brigade. His discipline was rigid and his courage indisputable.

At the close of the war he went to Mexico, and refusing a high military command under Maximilian, devoted himself to raising cotton. In 1870 he returned to Stockton and soon had a large and lucrative practice.

On January 7, 1886, Judge Terry married his second wife, Mrs. Sharon, for whom he had been counsel in the celebrated case of Sharon *vs.* Sharon. Mrs. Sharon won, but the case was appealed, to be closed by the death of Mr. Sharon, November 13, 1885.

His tragical death at the hands of the body-guard of his old associate, Judge Field, closed a life of more than unusual adventure and absorbing interest.

Judge Child of the Supreme Court of Mississippi in 1830 was a curious character, below the middle height, long bodied, short legged, drank heavily, loved hunting, believed in the code, and was overbearing and rude in manner. Having a quarrel with General Joor, they fought it out without seconds, armed and accoutred as each chose. Child came accompanied by his mulatto body servant, who drove a vehicle loaded with weapons of various kinds, which with remarkable *sang froid* he handed to his master as the exigencies of the combat seemed to demand. Both were severely, but neither mortally, wounded.

THE SUMMER BOARDER INDUSTRY

By THOMAS F. ANDERSON

WITH all this prevalent discussion about the renaissance of New England agriculture—the development of its long-neglected apple culture, the stimulation of sheep-raising, etc.—we are apt to lose sight of an even more important rural industry, that of the entertaining of summer boarders.

The summer vacationist, in the aggregate, is an annual "crop" whose value is never impaired by weather, business conditions or cost of living. People simply will have vacations, even though at home they refuse to indulge in potatoes, eggs or honey.

Go up and down through this fascinating section of our continent we call New England, and you will find scattered throughout its six commonwealths thousands of farms upon which their owners, if they willed, could annually raise a midsummer crop of humanity that would add millions of dollars to their collective bank accounts.

To be sure, there are hundreds of our farmers who are reaping a goodly harvest of "made" dollars from this source every year, especially in New Hampshire, but there are hundreds of others equally qualified to share in this lucrative business, who have as yet given no serious thought to the idea.

It is a curious fact that some of the very best of our city people—men with good incomes and women with social position—prefer to spend their summer vacations on a farm, rather than at the fashionable hotel they could well afford to patronize, if they can only find the right sort of farm. Indeed, the "back to the farm" movement has a broader significance than many realize.

These people like the quietude of farm life, the absence of convention, the plain but good food, the close association with nature they can enjoy in every waking hour, and the naturalness and sincerity of the social life in which they for the moment move and have their being.

All they ask in the way of accommodations is the best that the farmer and his wife would give their "company," the only difference being that they are willing to pay a fair price for what they get, whereas "company" is never an immediate dividend-paying proposition in country or in city.

From the viewpoint of the farmer, there are several important factors entering into this proposition of "taking summer boarders," most of them of a favorable kind. The financial factor is a self-evident one, for it is obvious that if the agriculturist can keep his house filled with paying guests for a couple of months every summer without adding materially to his "operating expenses," there must be a respectable money balance in his favor at the end of the vacation season; and the average New England farmer, not being as affluent as his automobile-owning, mortgage-free contemporary of the West, is usually very glad to get hold of a few extra dollars in any legitimate way.

To the farm owner with a mortgage hanging over his head, like a threatening thunder cloud, this source of extra annual income is frequently a veritable godsend. New England farmers have been taking summer boarders on a more or less extensive scale for more than a quarter of a century back, and if the entire story of what has been accomplished by them through the utilization of this extra source of income could be told, it would make most remarkable reading.

There comes to mind one case in particular, where, in the last ten or twelve years, a mortgage debt of no inconsiderable size has been lifted from the farm property of a New Hampshire widow, her son sent through college and important repairs and additions made to the farm house and its outbuildings, simply because she was enterprising enough to throw her comfortable home open to summer guests; and the manner in which she received the hint from a visiting Boston business man was quite accidental, at that.

Instances like this could be multiplied many times; and what has already happened along this line can easily be duplicated in every town and village in New England.

There are other elements beside the more sordid one of money-making that enter into this question also. The enlightening and uplifting contact of country boy and girl with the more traveled and cultured "city folks" who form this great and increasing army of "summer boarders" is one of the most important benefits that follow this custom.

While the elders in the farm home may be too old-fashioned and "set" in their ways to be receptive to new ideas, there are few of them who do not want their children to get all the Twentiety Century education and "polish" possible; and nothing so quickly tends to impart that polish, to smooth the rough corners or stimulate the latent ambition of the youthful native as this daily association with the visitors from the metropolis. Each one of these has something to give his country neighbor, covering the entire range of travel, business, industry, music, literature and general education. And certainly, this visitation of the wide horizoned city folks is an exceedingly pleasant break in the humdrum existence of the farmer's wife, even though it adds a little to her daily labors.

This latter day invasion of the "summer boarder" in our New England country districts, indeed, has had a wonderfully energizing influence in many directions. It has increased the summer social life of the community and made it better worth while; it has stimulated better methods of cooking and housekeeping, and brought improvements in sanitation and various other benefits in its train. Even the religious life of communities has felt its stimulus.

There is "good money" in the summer boarder as well as a lot of other things the average New England rural community needs. It is a marvel that in a thrifty community like ours more farmers do not take advantage of the opportunity. It is estimated that the great army of vacationists that yearly invades New England's mountains, seashores and farming country leave between $50,000,000 and $60,000,000 ere they depart. The farmers are not getting as large a proportion of this vast sum as they ought to receive. They can have more of it if they want it.

WORK THOU FOR PLEASURE

FRO- THE BOOK "HEART THROBS"

Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.
Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.
Work for work's sake then, and it well may be
That these things shall be added unto thee.

—*Kenyon Cox.*

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By—Frederick Hulzmann

GEMS from "H. M. S. Pinafore," that famous little Gilbert and Sullivan opera whose music has been sung and whistled the country over, will meet with more enthusiasm, perhaps, than any record which the Victor people have offered for some time. With "We Sail the Ocean Blue," "A Maiden Fair to See," "I Am the Monarch of the Sea," "I'm Called Little Buttercup," "Captain of the Pinafore" and "His Foot Should Stamp," the Victor Light Opera Company presents a medley which cannot fail to meet with public appreciation.

From the operas of the day "The Stepping Stones" from "The Belle of Brittany" and "Ring o' Roses" from "The Dollar Princess" are charmingly sung as duets by Miss Lucy Marsh and Harry McDonough.

The success of the past month's Bayes-Norworth records assures an equally enthusiastic reception for "Young America," sung by Miss Bayes, and "Come Along, My Mandy," by Miss Bayes and her husband. "We parted on the Shore" and "Killiecrankie" are sung by Harry Lauder in his own inimitable style.

A pleasing deviation from North Pole gossip comes in the record "A Dash for the South Pole," in which Sir Ernest Shackleton tells a modest but interesting story of his journey over the Antarctic ice fields. The number has an educational as well as an entertaining value.

Strauss's "Vcice of Spring Waltz," called one of the best compositions ever written by the "Waltz King," is rendered with variations by Alfred Grunfeld, the well-known German pianist. Three new Caruso records appear on the June list. Two are from "Germania," the third the duel trio from "Faust," in which Scotti and Journet take parts.

There are three new McCormack records, "I Hear You Calling Me," the Flower Song from "Carmen" and the "Salve, dimora" from "Faust." The leading women singers of Grand Opera are represented in records by Mmes. Homer, Gadski and Farrar. A novelty in Red Seal records comes with the Elman violin reproductions.

* * *

The Columbia list for June announces two very stirring military marches played by Prince's Band. The recording of one of these, the "Colt's Armory March," was made in the laboratory before the music was issued to the public. It is sure to prove popular and is rivalled only by the selection on the reverse side of the record, "Old Number One March," written by the leader of Prince's Band.

The usual Collins & Harlan success is "Underneath the Monkey Moon," a new jungle ditty by Meyer & Drislane, composers of many other successful songs of this character. On the reverse side of the record is the old college song, "The Bulldog," sung by the Columbia Quartet. It is surprising that this famous old selection has not been given place among the musical records, for its popularity makes it sung in every college in the country.

Favorite selections from two recent successful light operas, "Bright Eyes" and "The Arcadians," furnish an interesting record of copyrighted popular music.

In humorous and light material for the

month is a coon song of originality and interest, "You'll Come Back," sung by Miss Elida Morris, new to the Columbia ranks.

Raymond Hitchcock, the versatile humorist, has contributed another of his popular songs, "So What's the Use?" which promises to equal in popularity his record issued last month. George Lashwood, another well-known vaudeville artist, has contributed a new song, "Send for a Policeman." These two well-known entertainers are assisted by another artist under exclusive contract with the Columbia Company, Miss Kitty Cheatham, whose success has been achieved by the interpretation of children's songs, etc.

The two and four-minute indestructible lists are as usual replete with good numbers.

The Grand Opera selection for the month is by Mme. Lina Cavalieri, the well-known Manhattan Opera House singer, who sings a selection from "La Boheme" and one from "Mefistofele."

* * *

The importance of the Edison Grand Opera records is growing each month, and anticipating the pleasure afforded by this kind of music, the Edison people have given an especially good list in their June catalog. One of the most expressive of these is by Ernesto Caronna, who sings "Eri tu," from "Ballo in Maschera," by Verdi. Another conspicuous success from the same composer is "Preghiera di Fiesco" from "Simon Boccanegra," sung in the effective bass of Luigi Lucenti. Marguerita Sylva, soprano, renders the "Ballatella," well known as the bird song, from "Pagliacci," and her trilling is exceptionally well recorded.

Carmen Melis, soprano, has contributed an effective number from "Zaza," being the story of the sacrifice of love and happiness for another. A Massenet selection is sung by Luigi Cilla, tenor.

Some exceptionally good comic numbers are given on the Edison list for June. Billy Murray in "What's the Matter with Father," Murray K. Hill in "Don't Go Up in That Big Balloon, Dad," Marie Dressler in "I'm Looking For a Angel," Sophia Tucker in "My Husband's in the City," and Billy Murray and chorus in "Casey Jones," represent a collection of the best comic artists and most popular "funny" songs of the day.

"My Hero," the song success of the "Chocolate Soldier," Strauss's Opera Bouffe, which is having a long run in New York City, is sung by a new Edison singer, Miss Marie Florence. Ada Jones is at her best in affecting the slight brogue and emotions called for in "When He Sings the Songs My Mother Sang to Me," and Len Spencer and Billy Murray in "Two Gentlemen from Ireland" present an original and unpublished sketch of Irish wit and humor.

Edison owners who have not already one of the "Annie Laurie" records will be interested in Mr. Roxy P. La Rocca's harp solo. "Larboard Watch," Williams' famous old sea song, is sung by Stanley and Gillette, and W. H. Thompson's rendition of "Forgotten" forms the third of the "old songs" offered for the month.

Brain vs. Buncombe in Traction Companies

A Story of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company

By W. C. JENKINS

BROOKLYN, New York, is known as the city of churches. Whether there has been more religious enthusiasm in Brooklyn than in most American cities is perhaps open to argument; but certain it is that the street railway company of Brooklyn, in bygone days, excited more profanity than any similar corporation in the world; and the argument might be advanced that the unusual number of churches in Brooklyn was a result that had its inception in a desire to counteract the effect of this profanity. Indeed, it would seem that at a certain period while one half of the people of Brooklyn were engaged in devotional exercises the other half were strenuously damning the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company.

It is perhaps no exaggeration to state that much of this blasphemy was uncalled for; yet there were sufficient grounds for complaint, so that the little flame of discontent was fanned into a formidable conflagration. Everybody seemed to find solace in blaming the Rapid Transit Company for every known difficulty or trouble that arose. If taxes were high, it was caused by the supposition that the railway company had inveigled the politicians into making unnecessary street improvements; or perhaps it had shirked its own share of the taxes. If one political party was successful in gaining control of the municipal government the other parties attributed their defeat to the lavish use of money supplied to their opponents from the coffers of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company.

The condition of affairs in Brooklyn can hardly be classed as one of the many mental epidemics that has at various times taken possession of the people of a municipality because, as a matter of fact, the affairs of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company were in a condition that was calculated to invite criticism and animosity. In those days the Rapid Transit Company was a typical soulless corporation—an institution controlled by men who clung to the theory that people hate the corporations anyway, and that it is impossible to please. The officials of the company had acquired "vested rights" and behind the shield which the law had provided they laughed while the people kicked. They had more interest in watching the ticker in their office which told of the daily battle of stocks and bonds than in those requirements which ensured safety and comfort to the people who patronized their road; and so after a continued era of incompetence and indifference it is perhaps no wonder that revolt on the part of the people against the Rapid Transit Company was imminent.

There are possible reasons why the people should in many localities entertain a profound hatred for the corporations of a semi-public nature. The legislators in days gone by improvidently granted huge powers which are beyond the reach of a reasonable and proper regulation, and many managers have arrogantly and defiantly ignored the rights which in all fairness the people should possess. The American public utility men watched with eager eyes the methods employed by great corporations like the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, and it was not strange that the stock-jobbing and other questionable methods were quickly imitated by similar corporations in other cities.

Street railway operation has from the beginning been one continued period of experiment. The public knew but little about the details of organization and development; in fact it was not intended that the game should be understood except by the players who were behind the table. It was, therefore, an easy matter to acquire franchise privileges which in effect gave the stock-jobbing corporation men not only business control of cities, but a complete political dictatorship that brooked no interference. But with all these powers and privileges many street railway companies found they had figured unwisely—they had undertaken innovations of an experimental nature which sooner or later led them into the hands of receivers. Prior to 1885 the only means of surface transportation was by horse car. It was common for one big, arrogant concern to control the principal thoroughfares while dozens of smaller companies operated in the outlying districts. Before the purchase and consolidation of the various properties which now comprise the Brooklyn Rapid Transit system there were fifteen different railroads operated by ten different companies and separate management in the city of Brooklyn. The methods of acquiring one property after another varied considerably, but an illustration might be given of the plan of consolidation: On April 1, 1900, the railroad property, franchises, etc., of the Nassau Elevated Railroad Company were leased to the Brooklyn Heights Railroad Company for a period of 999 years. The terms of the lease provided that in addition to the interest on bonded indebtedness and the assumption of taxes and organization expenses, a rental should be paid of not less than four per cent per annum on $6,500,000 par value of the Nassau Electric Railroad Company's preferred cumulative stock. It should be understood that all but $448,000 par value of the stock was the property of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, and the latter company naturally engineered the deal.

In the early days of street railway operation in Brooklyn, the Brooklyn City Railway Company controlled most of the downtown streets. This rich, presumptuous concern never added to its equipment until demands came from sources that could not be disregarded; and it harassed rivals who attempted to penetrate the territory it served.

It is true that various street railway companies were organized in Brooklyn, and some were the creation of promoters who imagined that the day would arrive when the Brooklyn City Railway Company would be compelled to buy them out. Tom L. Johnson, the three-cent fare advocate of Cleveland, was one of the promoters who invaded Brooklyn with this object in view. He built the Nassau Railroad lines, but the officials of the Brooklyn City Railway Company evidently saw the hook through the bait—and did not buy him out.

About this time electricity as a motive power was beginning to attract considerable attention. People began to clamor for the new method which meant greater rapidity in transit, but the horse railway men controlled the streets and were unwilling to make the change. Abnormal concessions and vast sums of money were demanded, and being in control of the thoroughfares with perpetual franchises, they were in position to dictate the terms under which the new system might be put into effect. When the Long Island Traction Company in 1895 took over the properties and converted the motive power to electricity, the company had submitted to exactions by the transportation barons which are even a burden today, and one of the underlying troubles of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company.

In order to legally effect the work of consolidation, it became necessary to organize a holding company, and January 18, 1896, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company was given birth. Today, barring some minor changes, the Transit Company is substantially the same as it was on the date of organization.

A complete story which would detail the high financial methods on the part of the men who turned over their properties to the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company will perhaps never be made public, but as a matter of fact the holding company attained, besides the franchises, rattling, rolling stock, rack-shambling "L" tracks—nothing, in all, but a varied assortment of junk—at a fabulous price.

One predicament followed another in

rapid succession. The Transit Company had pinned its faith on the new motive power—electricity—believing that the innovation would pull the company out of the hole into which it had so blindly stumbled. But alas and alack! the early electrical experiments only served to make the hole still deeper. While the company was guided by the advice of "experts" of that day it was early shown that the chief stock in trade of their counselors was ignorance. Defects began to creep out at every turn. Some of the early difficulties were overcome at great expense, and disheartened and discouraged, the men in control abandoned their effort to build up a creditable street railway system in Brooklyn and turned their attention to Wall Street as a more fascinating and profitable game. The stock of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company became a football in financial circles; the public was kept in dense ignorance of the actual state of affairs of the company, while the directors piled up fortunes in margin trades. In the meantime the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company property and organization had gone from bad to worse, and it was at this time that one-half of the Brooklyn population spent considerable of its time heaping curses on the company—not even the employees of the concern had a kindly word to say for the corporation.

Poor old Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company! Its stock was battered about from pillar to post at sixty-seven, and the stockholders who sighed for dividends waited in vain.

The darkest hour is usually before the dawn, and so it was in the affairs of the Transit Company. While certain directors were blaming everything and everybody, a few boldly asserted that something radical must be done. "Who cares for yesterday when tomorrow is ahead?" said one, while another optimistically stated that the company was now more concerned with the rising sun than the setting sun. It was agreed that making money by manipulating the stock of the company was a thing of the past, and it was frankly admitted that the necessities of the company included a higher assortment of brains—a man was needed who, like Napoleon, would do things without talking. Where, in this vast territory known as the United States, was there a man who could place the poor old decrepit Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company on its feet?

Out in the West was a man who had won distinction. He had been a protege of Marvin Hughitt, and at that time was president of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. This man was Edwin W. Winter. Someone suggested the name to the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, and speedily all the directors echoed "Winter!" Then there was a call to the West, and Winter came—and true it was a seasonable change!

In their selection of a man to rejuvenate their tottering concern they unwittingly upset a theory entertained by many American street railway men. They selected a steam railroad man to manage a street railroad property—and he made good—something which most public-utility men say can seldom happen.

Mr. Winter had been educated in the broad school of experience which teaches men that honor and honesty are prime factors in successful corporations, and that one of the most valuable assets is the confidence of the people.

When Mr. Winter arrived in Brooklyn he discovered a condition of affairs that was most discouraging. He found the elevated structures so weak that he was apprehensive of their being able to stand the traffic until they could be temporarily braced. There was no system in the organization of the company and no intelligent direction.

"Give me money and men," was his first demand. He called the heads of the different departments together and announced the policy he proposed to carry out. "You men who stand by me in this fight," he concluded, "will find I'm easy enough to get along with; but the first 'knocker' will get out of the company at once!"

He proceeded to banish the stock ticker from the company's office and ignored the appeals of the "Street" for information which might "bull" or "bear" the stock.

Naturally this policy did not meet with the favor of some of the stock-jobbing directors, and there was an immediate undercurrent of disapproval of the new condition of affairs; but Mr. Winter was more concerned with the rights of the stockholders and the general public than with the speculators, and he set to work to make the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company a public service corporation instead of a financial joke.

At first the directors were disposed to be niggardly in the appropriations for betterments; but Mr. Winter stood firm on the ground that unless large sums of money were provided the whole outfit had better be cast into the scrap heap.

Within five years after he assumed control there had been expended nearly $40,000,000 in improvements—a large sum of money—but it had been wisely invested. This expenditure has transformed the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company from the most inefficient street railway system in this country to one of the very best, and it is now paying dividends.

Nor was the physical part of the road the only phase to which Mr. Winter gave careful attention. He found, when he took hold of the property, a great, disorganized body of employees who had no pride in the road nor interest in its welfare. No one realized better than the new president that one of the great problems of the traction and railway system of the country was the labor question, and he conceived what is known among traction men throughout the country as the "Brooklyn Idea," the evolution of which in Brooklyn has been watched with considerable interest. The "Brooklyn Idea" gives a man a chance; it recognizes merit among employees and is not too severe when an occasional mistake is made. The company does not encourage the professional disorganizer, and disloyalty is weeded out as quickly as possible.

Back of President Winter have stood, throughout the entire process of revigorating Brooklyn Rapid Transit, Vice-President and General Manager J. F. Calderwood and Vice-president T. S. Williams. To the labors of these two experienced street railroaders as well as to the genius of President Winter has the new-found success of the big Brooklyn property been due. Mr. Calderwood started as an expert accountant—possibly the best that this country has ever known—and developed into a wonderfully able operating man. From his management of the upbuilding of the systematic Twin City Rapid Transit of St. Paul and Minneapolis he came, seven years ago, to bring system out of chaos in Brooklyn, and has had signal success. The old-time crude bookkeeping and operating methods of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company's horse car forbears have been displaced by a system whose perfection is being imitated by many other roads.

Colonel T. S. Williams, the other Vice-President, a reporter who became a prominent state executive, left service as the private secretary of Governor Roswell P. Flower, to enter the ranks of the new and struggling Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. To him has been entrusted the great legal machinery of the company, and his intimate and personal knowledge of each of its franchises has often been of great value. Sometime ago he discovered a loophole in a contract with one of the old companies, and by bringing suit in the courts was able, after a long cause, to convert the substantial verdict of $3,600,000 in favor of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit.

No one but the men who have to foot the bills fully realizes the enormous expense caused by the electrical and other machinery becoming obsolete. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company years ago discarded engines which were sent to the World's Fair in Chicago and captured gold medals. First-class engines of today form a part of the scrap-heap tomorrow. Cable systems which had involved the expenditure of millions of dollars had hardly been introduced when the equipment was torn out to make way for the electric trolley, and so it has been one continued season of experiment and expense.

Today the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company is in excellent physical condition. The daily average of cars run for the year 1909 showed an increase and the earnings per passenger have been increased despite the abuse of the transfer system. Five cents is fixed as the rate of fare on a transportation line, but the public has lost sight of past conditions and is exacting too much of the company. In the old horse-car days the ride was limited, but now the public can ride all over Brooklyn for a nickel. Should the people exact such liberality on the part of the company and still expect the highest type of efficacy in service? That is the question.

On the elevated part of the company's system there is no abuse of transfer privileges, and the result is shown in the fact that while the elevated lines consist of sixty-eight miles of trackage and the surface lines 529 miles, the elevated provide forty per cent of the earnings, while the surface lines contribute sixty per cent.

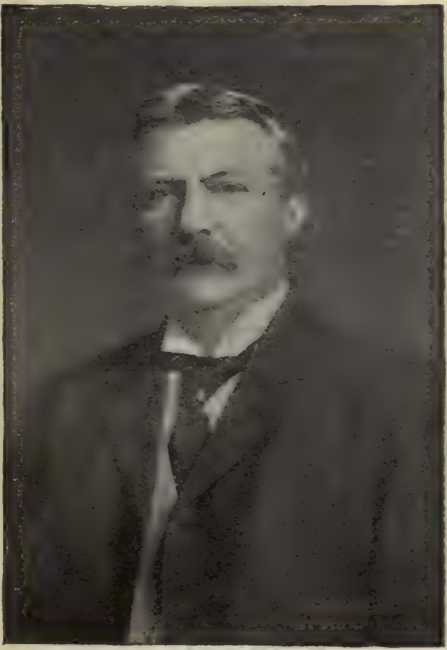
Then again the system of taxation is a handicap and an unjustifiable burden. The road is liable for thirteen different kinds of taxes, aggregating nearly seven per cent of the total capitalization. This is too heavy a burden, and the people might to their advantage remedy the injustice. Take off a million dollars of these taxes and it will pay the interest at five per cent upon $20,000,000, which, invested in betterments, would add tremendously to the wealth of the property-owners within the zones served by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company.

The law provides that corporations are allowed to earn a fair return upon an investment and it should not be difficult to figure that excessive taxation and an abuse of the transfer system prohibit the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company from making what might be termed satisfactory returns upon money legitimately invested.

Let the public once realize that the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company is a valuable property, that it has rights that should not be ignored, and they will get into the market and restore the value of the stock and bonds to something like what they should be. The property is good, the traffic is there and no other company to handle it.

Think of a company with a capital stock issue of $45,000,000 spending an amount equal to eighty-eight per cent of its capitalization for betterments in five years, and it will at once be seen that the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company has been one of the most potent factors in the remarkable strides which Brooklyn has made during the past five years.

Street railway companies must build months and sometimes years ahead of the cities. They must have confidence in the growth of their respective cities and also in the people. This faith cannot be promoted if radical common councils and the general public impose upon the companies conditions that are impracticable and impossible. Without new money no street railway company can make extensions that are necessary in growing cities, and new money cannot be obtained if there is a spirit of hostility and animosity on the part of the people.



RALPH PETERS
President and General Manager Long Island Railroad Company

Physically the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company is today an ideal American public-utility company. Mr. Winter has done wonders during the last five years, and he asserts that the work of improvement will continue to go merrily on.

Early Days of the Wells, Fargo Company

By W. C. JENKINS

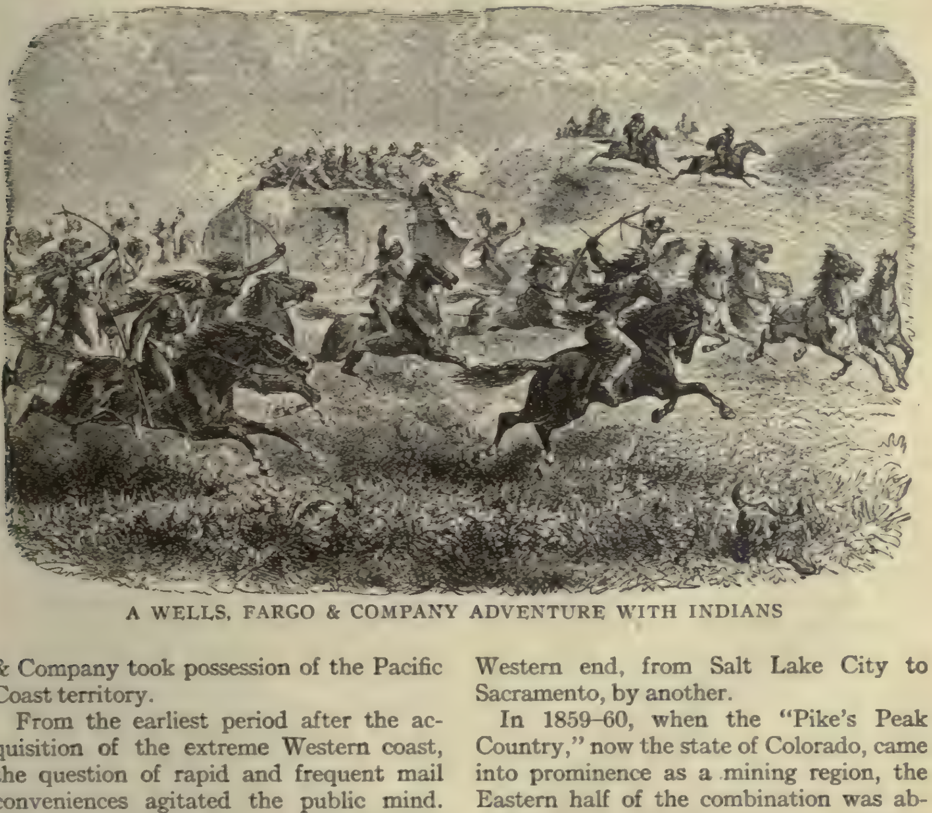
FROM the early history of the Pacific Coast eliminate the romance of gold discoveries and the career of Wells, Fargo & Company and there is little left. The history of the Argonauts of '49 and of the creation of immense fortunes and of great states will always command the interest and admiration of mankind and form one of the most striking episodes in American history; and of it all there is no more thrilling phase than the story of the great express company that under the most perilous and trying conditions guarded the property of the miners and transported treasure and papers of incalculable value to their destination. In an unostentatious manner Wells, Fargo & Company launched in 1852 an industry that began the development of the Great West. The company has never thrust itself into the limelight for deserving applause, it has never asked tributes from journalists or orators; but it has steadfastly pursued a course designed by the men whose names were used to represent the corporation, and today no more worthy testimonial to honest endeavor exists than the solidity of this great transportation company—nor is any American semi-public corporation held in higher esteem.

Subjected to merciless attacks from the abandoned profligate who with gun in hand brags that "might is right," day after day and night after night its brave messengers have defied death at the hands of hostile Indians and highwaymen—its progress has ever been coupled with enterprise and heroism. When in 1855 the financial crisis prostrated Adams & Company and several California banking institutions, Wells, Fargo & Company officials bowed their heads in humiliation. Their corporation was also in the hands of a receiver; its doors were closed. Following his enquiries into the condition of the company's affairs, Henry C. Naglee, who had been appointed temporary receiver, immediately decided that the assets of the company were sound and amply sufficient. In three days the suspense was terminated and the business resumed. While the failure of Adams & Company in California threw overboard its managers and broke up their business, the field was not left clear for Wells, Fargo; several of the employes of the late wreck formed the "Pacific Express," which disputed the Western field with indifferent success for several years. Other express companies were organized in the West, but in the course of a very short time were consolidated with the powerful Wells, Fargo Company.

The part which the company has played in the Western states during the past fifty-eight years is well worthy of a conspicuous place in the country's history. Its foundation dates back to the days when Henry Wells acted as agent in Albany for William F. Harnden, the founder of the express business. Young Wells urged Mr. Harnden to extend operations to the West, but the latter objected, stating that the country was too sparsely settled; however, he attempted, before death, to overcome this obstacle by furthering a gigantic immigration scheme to people the West, but the young assistant lacked faith in the colonization project, and began an express business running from Albany to Buffalo. At that time the government was charging twenty-five cents a letter for carrying mail. Wells offered the same service for six cents, and the delighted public held meetings denouncing the government and encouraging the young expressman. The government officials, however, retaliated by ordering his arrest, and later passed a law requiring every letter sent by express to bear a government stamp. To the present day express companies are not allowed to carry letters for the public unless the proper postage is affixed.

Wells's express and letter-carrying business had blossomed into a large industry by 1845, in which year Wm. G. Fargo became a partner. Other rival express enterprises had meantime been established by Butterfield, an old stage driver in western New York, and Livingston, another driver. Butterfield finally proposed a consolidation of the three concerns, and the result was the birth of the American Express Company. After this organization had been launched, a distinct corporation under the name of Wells, Fargo & Company took possession of the Pacific Coast territory.

From the earliest period after the acquisition of the extreme Western coast, the question of rapid and frequent mail conveniences agitated the public mind. The first practical effort in this direction was in 1858, when a company was formed which contracted with the government for carrying the mail overland from St. Louis to San Francisco. The appropriate title of "The Overland Mail Company" was assumed—John Butterfield appointed president, with Wm. G. Fargo, Wm. B. Dinsmore, the Barneys, B. P. Cheney and others associated in the enterprise. It was, in short, controlled by the originators of the Wells, Fargo Company. The line was located geographically on what has been designated as the Southern route, the initial point being St. Louis, thence through Southern Missouri, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California to San Francisco. The route, though followed for several years, did not prove satisfactory, and in 1861 it was abandoned for the Central route. This was considerably more to the North—the Eastern division, from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Salt Lake City being operated by one firm, the Western end, from Salt Lake City to Sacramento, by another.



A WELLS, FARGO & COMPANY ADVENTURE WITH INDIANS

In 1859–60, when the "Pike's Peak Country," now the state of Colorado, came into prominence as a mining region, the Eastern half of the combination was absorbed by the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company, a new organization. It was this company that started the famous Pony Express. In 1866, under the Holliday charter, there was a general consolidation of all the interests. The name Wells, Fargo & Company was adopted, a capital of $10,000,000 possessed, and the conditions of consolidation ratified by a special act of the legislature of Colorado.

The entire stage trip, extending half-way across the continent, was made in seventeen days when no accidents befell. To accommodate the business about 150 coaches were required, most of which were kept running continually. To haul them the company possessed 1,500 horses scattered all along the route from St. Joseph to Sacramento. In addition, the company had six or seven thousand head of cattle, part of which were used in conveying heavy freight, and transporting feed for the horses and provisions for the men. When the Union and Central Pacific Railroads were completed to California in 1870, this overland traffic and mail service could be managed to better purpose by the railroad, and the overland stage went out of existence.

This overland branch of the Wells, Fargo Company had scarcely begun before the company experienced difficulties and dangers that form a conspicuous part of American history. It was a brave but hazardous undertaking for the company to attempt to keep its routes across the plains open during the Indian uprising. The cause of the bitter hostility of the Cheyenne Indians toward the United States, even though maintaining appearances of nominal friendship, is to be found in the Chivington massacre of 1864. The circumstances of this attack upon a peaceable band of Indians, encamped under the protection of the United States flag and at the direction of an officer of the government, are well-known. The immediate consequences are set forth in a report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who said: "Exasperated and maddened by this cold-blooded butchery of their women and children, disarmed warriors and old men, the remnant of these Indians sought the aid and protection of the Comanches and Kiowas and obtained both. The combination which followed embraced all the tribes of the plains, from the Red River of the South to the Red River of the North, and resulted in the general Indian War of 1865, which cost our people many valuable lives and $40,000,000 in money."

The peace concluded with the Southern tribes in October, 1865, and with the Missouri River Indians late in the same year, was not lasting. The Sioux Indians recommenced hostilities July 17, 1866, and warlike operations were carried on until April, 1868. The Cheyennes were hostile as early as May, 1867. It has been claimed by the government when defending suits for damages caused by Indian depredations that the Indians were actually hostile from the date of the Chivington massacre in 1864. They had never forgiven nor forgotten that event, and there existed between them and their red brethren of the North a tacit agreement, the object of which was to close the Western plains to the white man forever. They made known their intentions during the winter and early spring of 1866-67 by messages which, considering their savage and untutored form of government were tantamount to a declaration of war, and as soon as they could get forage for their ponies they began an organized attack upon the Wells, Fargo Company's stage line and emigrant route, which represented to them the invasion of their territory by the white race.

In the spring and summer of 1867 the Wells, Fargo people lost property amounting to $242,500, caused by Indian depredation. Of this amount $182,000 was lost along what was known as the "Smoky Hill Route" through the state of Kansas and in what was then the territory of Colorado. In all there were thirty-two attacks during that year upon the company's employes on this route, and in nearly every case the stations with all their supplies were burned and the horses either burned or stolen. Several employes of the company were killed by the Indians during these attacks. The largest single loss on the Smoky Hill Route was encountered by the company on May 12, 1867, at Lake Station, Colorado, where the Indians burned the station and other buildings with their contents, including twenty head of horses. The loss amounted to $32,000.

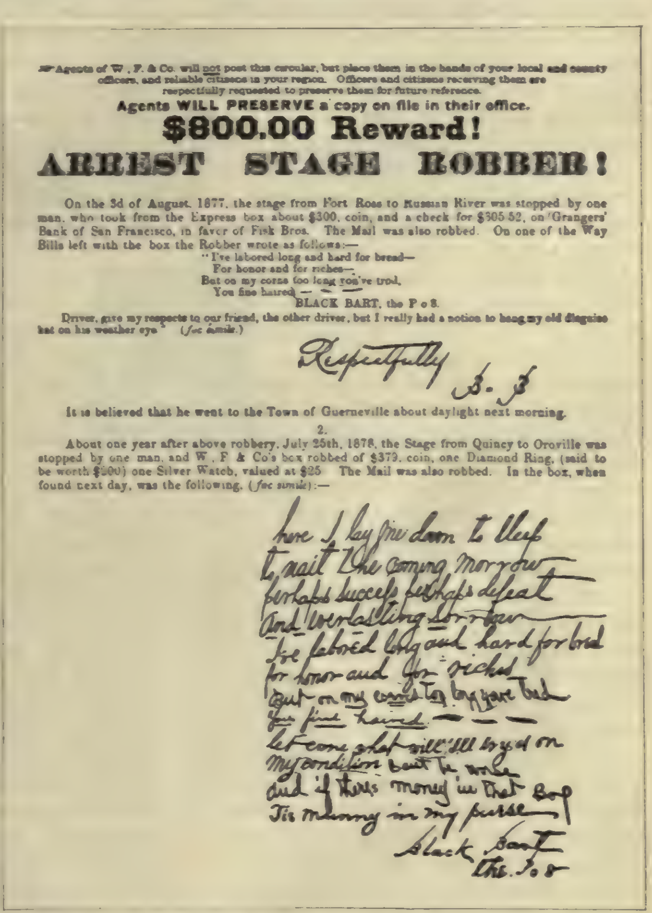
In the same year the company suffered losses on the Overland Route amounting to $54,000 by Indian depredations.

The Indian outrages covered but a comparatively brief period; the real features of annoyance ever present in the early days were the attacks made upon the company's property and men by stage robbers. Few if any of the drivers of the company's primitive vehicles have any place in the records of the government; they are little known outside the country in which they lived. Their perils have at times been recounted by writers, but are not recorded in official documents.

It is not to be supposed that the stage and express routes in the Western country have been dispensed with; in fact, there are many of them in operation today at points not contiguous to railroads; but the glamor and renown attached to them in the olden times have, in a great measure, vanished.

However full of dangers and hardships, the life of a messenger in the early days was a particularly fascinating one. The long, uncertain hours, and the possibility of being knocked in the head or shot furnished the men with a peculiarly thrilling mode of occupation. In the golden days of California a Wells, Fargo express messenger was a "big Injun" all along the Pacific Coast. The men gave him big dinners, while the women beamed on him, or he could bring all their little necessities, as well as the latest dress patterns from San Francisco. The fatted calf was usually killed in the little mining camp and all the gay young miners had to take a back seat when Wells, Fargo Company's messengers came to town.

These little pleasantries, in a measure, offset the hardships and hazard in traveling from place to place. Coupled with this feature, these men possessed a spirit of loyalty and devotion to the company that impelled them to brave all dangers. Many a poor fellow, however, fell from his seat as a result of the well-directed bullets of the stage robber.



☞ Agents of W., F. & Co. will not post this circular, but place them in the hands of your local and county officers, and reliable citizens in your region. Officers and citizens receiving them are respectfully requested to preserve them for future reference.

Agents **WILL PRESERVE** a copy on file in their office.

$800.00 Reward!

ARREST STAGE ROBBER!

On the 3d of August, 1877, the stage from Fort Ross to Russian River was stopped by one man, who took from the Express box about $300, coin, and a check for $305.52, on 'Grangers' Bank of San Francisco, in favor of Fisk Bros. The Mail was also robbed. On one of the Way Bills left with the box the Robber wrote as follows:—

"I've labored long and hard for bread—
For honor and for riches—,
But on my corns too long you've trod,
You fine haired — — —
BLACK BART, the P o 8.

Driver, give my respects to our friend, the other driver, but I really had a notion to hang my old disguise hat on his weather eye" (*fac simile.*)

Respectfully
B. B.

It is believed that he went to the Town of Guerneville about daylight next morning.

2.

About one year after above robbery, July 25th, 1878, the Stage from Quincy to Oroville was stopped by one man, and W., F. & Co's box robbed of $379, coin, one Diamond Ring, (said to be worth $200) one Silver Watch, valued at $25. The Mail was also robbed. In the box, when found next day, was the following. (*fac simile*):—

here I lay me down to Sleep
to wait the coming morrow
perhaps success perhaps defeat
And everlasting Sorrow
I've labored long and hard for bred
for honor and for riches
But on my corns too long you've tred
you fine haired — — —
let come what will I'll try it on
My condition can't be worse
and if there's money in that Box
Tis munny in my purse
Black Bart
the Po8

A WELLS, FARGO & COMPANY REWARD CIRCULAR

The exact number of lives lost and the actual amount of money stolen from the Wells, Fargo Company's stages while in transit over the mountains and across the plains cannot be accurately determined, as the records were lost in the San Francisco fire; but a statement published in 1885 shows that for a period between November 15, 1870, and November 14, 1884, the amount taken from Wells, Fargo's Express by stage robbers, train robbers and burglars was $415,312.55. The company paid as rewards for the arrest and conviction of robbers and percentage on treasure recovered, $73,451; for attorney's fees and assisting in prosecution, $22,367.

incidental expenses, $90,079; salaries of guards and special officers, $326,417—a total of $927,726.55 during fourteen years. The number of robberies in this period is given as 313; thirty-four unsuccessful attempts were made, and a total of 240 convictions of robbers was secured.

Among the many uncertainties attending the production of California's wealth of gold none were more conspicuous than the chances which attended the transportation of the precious metal from the place of its extraction in the mountains to towns and cities below. As the conveyance of the gold was managed almost exclusively by Wells, Fargo & Company, the detective department was kept particularly busy. For many years James B. Hume was its chief, and when he died, in 1904, he had seen the work of the stage robbers almost suppressed, due largely to his untiring efforts. This country has produced few men who have made such a remarkable record in the persistent and successful pursuit of that class of robbers who prey especially upon the express and transportation companies as has Mr. Hume. In his thirty-two years' continuous service, some of the worst criminals the country had ever known were brought to judgment. Whenever Hume started on the trail of an offender against the Wells, Fargo Company the pursuit was never relinquished until his capture was effected. For more than a generation his name was a terror to stage and train robbers of the West.

It is the policy of Wells, Fargo & Company never to abandon or relax the pursuit of anyone who has committed a criminal offence against it. In some instances the pursuit has extended over a series of years, and has been carried to remote countries. Detective Hume always carried out this policy in spirit as well as in letter.

There was a time when the company put aside $100,000 a year to meet highway robberies in California, and some years this large amount was not sufficient to meet the losses.

Perhaps the most annoying robber who continually and for several years successfully preyed upon the company was Charles E. Bolles, known to fame as "Black Bart." He was incomparably the most conspicuous character in the history of Western stage robbers. From 1875 to 1883, "Black Bart" is known to have committed twenty-seven stage robberies single-handed. Northern California stage drivers stood in constant fear of this unique desperado. On various occasions the drivers were able to give a good description of his figure, hair, feet and hands, yet no clue to his actual identity was gained during the eight years of his stage-robbing career. He was finally betrayed by a laundry mark on a cuff which had dropped from his wrist when opening a treasure box which he had taken from a Wells, Fargo stage in San Joaquin Valley. When he was finally captured in San Francisco the detectives were amazed to find the famous "Black Bart" a slight, quiet-mannered man of fifty-five, familiar in face to all the San Francisco detectives—he had for years frequented a little restaurant near police headquarters where many of the detectives dined!

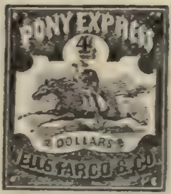
Another troublesome character who became famous with Wells, Fargo detectives was a young Missourian, M. S. Sharp, who worked on the stage road over which the Wells, Fargo Company carried the gold from the Bodie mines in California to the Carson City, Nevada, mint. In four months, during 1880, he held up successfully six stages before being caught.

"Once a stage robber always a stage robber" has been pretty conclusively proved; the history of any criminal of this class shows that he never leaves the prison, even when pardoned, except to make his way with astonishing promptness to the nearest mountain road and there rob a stage. John J. Ivey was a convincing example. His record is thirteen robberies, eight terms in prison and six escapes from behind the bars. He always followed flights or releases with a hasty return to his former pursuit.

"Old Jim Smith" escaped from prison three times and was thrice discharged, having served his terms. Once the governor of California made the experiment of pardoning him, but "Old Jim" was not to be nursed to righteousness by any such means, and within two months he returned to prison with a fresh offense in stage robbing.

Perhaps the most picturesque figure on the old trail was the Pony Express rider. The Overland Stage proved too slow for mail and express in its flight from the Missouri to the Pacific. True it had cut down the months of the old ox-team to twenty-five days, and still there was a clamor that the East and West be brought closer together—and it was done. The Pony cut the time to ten days.

Those who were personally acquainted with the famous Wells, Fargo Pony Express of those days could never forget the intrepid rider who braved all peril, forgetful of self, intent only on the speedy delivery of his precious mochila to the next hardy horseman. Hard and fast he rode over mountain and plain, across scorching desert and icy snow, through sunshine and rain, past friend, away from foe, to the final achievement—the safe delivery of his charge.



A Wells, Fargo Pony Express Stamp

Forty fearless horsemen in saddle riding west, as many more riding east—and this novel but useful enterprise was in motion. For two years the Pony Express carried messages of business and love across two thousand miles of Western mountains and plains, over a country peopled with a hostile race, destitute of cultivation or development, through a region wild, desolate and little known.

It was in 1859 that the Pony Express was established. The route, briefly stated, was due west from St. Joseph to Fort Kearney, up the Platte to Julesburg, thence, by Fort Laramie and Fort Bridger to Salt Lake City, thence to Camp Floyd, Ruby Valley, the Humboldt, Carson City, Placerville and Folsom, to Sacramento and San Francisco by boat.

The intention of the Pony Express was to carry letters only, and not more than ten pounds at a trip. It was decided that the safest and easiest mode of carrying the mail was to make four pockets, one in each corner of the mochila, a covering made of heavy leather for the saddles and generally used by the expert Mexican and Spanish riders. The mochila was transferred from pony to pony, and went through from St. Joseph to San Francisco, the pockets containing the mail being locked and opened only at military posts en route and at Salt Lake City. These precious letters were wrapped in oiled silk to protect them, but even this precaution sometimes failed. Rivers had to be crossed—horse and rider swam together.

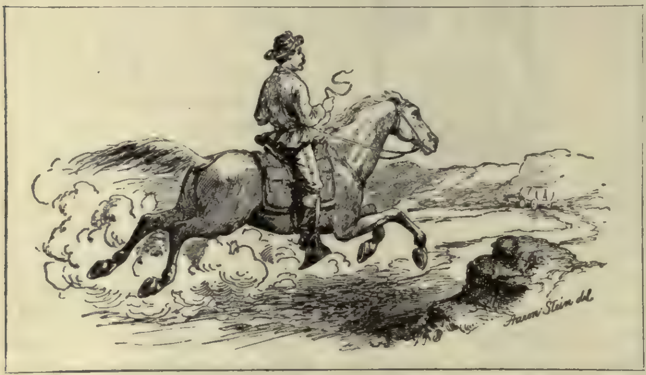
It cost $27,000 to build relay stations and lay out and construct trails over the mountains. It was a hazardous undertaking, but save for the number of riders killed by the Indians was a complete success, notwithstanding the prediction of many well-known men that it would be a failure. The late C. P. Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, asserted that it was constructive murder to send out lone horsemen to ride 2000 miles to the Missouri River, because not one in five could get away from the Indians.

One of the most remarkable pony riders was William F. Cody, who has become famous as "Buffalo Bill." His regular route was 112 miles every other day through Nebraska, and he became known through the plains as the toughest rider in the West.

Few stamps are held so sacred by collectors as those issued by Wells, Fargo & Company for the Pony Express. They recall at once the stirring scenes of early life that seem like fairy tales to the present generation. Although put out by a private corporation they were sanctioned by Congress and were in use throughout a large territory. The Wells, Fargo Company service was independent of, but auxiliary to, the United States mail. The charges, as sanctioned by Congress, were five dollars per ounce for the trip from San Francisco to St. Joseph, with proportionate lower rates for intermediate points.

Although no visible monument marks the deeds of chivalry and valor which ennobled the careers of many of these fearless riders who figured in the annals of the Pony Express, they have an enduring remembrance in the hearts of the people of the Golden West, and the story of their bravery will be handed down in the pages of fiction and poetry to awaken the enthusiasm and appreciation of thousands of American citizens of the future.

In the world's history there are few instances where a corporation has striven under such trying circumstances to acquire and maintain a name that carried with it so complete a suggestion of integrity and honor. When Wells, Fargo Company first began operations on the Pacific Coast, mining camps were being rapidly organized over the northern and central parts of California, and the men who were obtaining the yellow metal in such abundance knew that to keep any large amounts in camp was practically an invitation to hordes of desperadoes to commit crime. It was equally unsafe for any individual to undertake to convey the product of his labors to the seaboard.



PONY EXPRESS RIDER OF THE PLAINS

With this condition staring the miners in the face, small wonder that the Wells, Fargo Express office was considered a necessity in every camp, as from the first a Wells, Fargo receipt was worth its face anywhere.

With the company's auxiliary mail service carrying letters from the terminals of mail routes to points where its service had penetrated, many a lonely miner was made to realize that he was not beyond the reach of love missives, even though he was in reality far into a pathless wilderness. But for the energy and enterprise of Wells, Fargo & Company in the early days of California, thousands who had left loved ones behind would have been lost to them forever, and it is perhaps not strange that no company was ever held in higher esteem in the West than this great express corporation.

Many of the important cities of the Great West owe their rapid progress and present prosperity to the encouragement given them by this company when they needed such assistance. When Denver was a mining camp of insignificant pretensions, the selection of that place for the Wells, Fargo & Company department headquarters and stables gave the city's growth an impetus that started the remarkable development which it has since experienced. Other Western cities are equally indebted to this company for the assistance given them in their early days.

So absolute was the faith of the pioneer in Wells, Fargo & Company that wives and children were often shipped as express. Children were brought from the little interior mining camps and placed in school at Oakland and San Francisco and when vacation had arrived were returned home by the same gentle hands. A commission given to a Wells, Fargo & Company agent in 1860 reads: "Meet Mrs. John Jones and three children, who should arrive by steamer Uncle Sam from Panama about the 10th. Escort them to Occidental Hotel, furnish them what money is needed, and when recovered from fatigue of the journey forward them in charge of messenger." The far-famed "Sermon on the Mount" does not contain admonitions more admirable than features of the instructions to agents. Here is an example: "The most polite and gentlemanly treatment of all customers, however insignificant their business, is insisted upon. Proper respect must be shown to all —let them be men, women or children, rich or poor, white or black, and it must not be forgotten that the company is dependent on these same people for its business."

On the payrolls of Wells, Fargo & Company are still listed many names of men whose usefulness to the company terminated several years ago. They had become incapacitated through shotgun wounds or accidents met with while in the discharge of their duties. Few corporations can show such a large number of men killed while defending their company's property. A trust with these men as a class has always meant "fight," and stirring tales have been told of the heroism manifested by Wells, Fargo & Company employes. Many have gone to their graves, some on mountain sides, some in the valleys, and some in lonely towns, but the San Francisco earthquake destroyed all records of their fates, and their names will remain forgotten. The company has always exerted every effort to protect its employes, and at times Wells, Fargo & Company handbills offering rewards for the apprehension of robbers and murderers have been as thick as leaves at every post office and drinking saloon in the California mining regions.

For a period of eighteen years beginning in 1890 there were a total of 385 train robberies in the United States, and in a large number of these robberies Wells, Fargo & Company sustained heavy losses. During these hold-ups, 106 people were killed and 121 shot, some of whom later died from their wounds. The year 1895 was the most active, when forty-nine trains were held up; while 1905 was the lowest, only seven train robberies taking place during that year.

The first American train robbery of which there is any record took place near Verdi, Nevada, on the Central Pacific Railroad about 1 A. M., November 6, 1870. Wells, Fargo & Company lost $41,000. On the same day a train robbery took place near Pequot, Nevada, in which the company lost heavily. Most of the robbers were captured and nearly all the money was recovered.

Perhaps the most unusual robbery of the company was that of a robber who concealed himself in a rough case and was shipped as a corpse by express. When a favorable opportunity presented itself en route, the man in the box raised the lid, got the drop on the messenger and robbed the safe.

The letter-carrying feature of the Wells, Fargo & Company service, after forty years of effort, was discontinued by the company May 24, 1895. At one time from seven thousand to twelve thousand letters were handled daily; when it was discontinued there were but a few hundred. The falling off of this branch of the company's business was accredited to the improved service of the postal department. Many California merchants noted the passing away of the Wells, Fargo Company mail system with regret; the service had dated back to the earliest settlement of the Pacific Coast by Americans, and was one of the old-established institutions of the golden era in California.

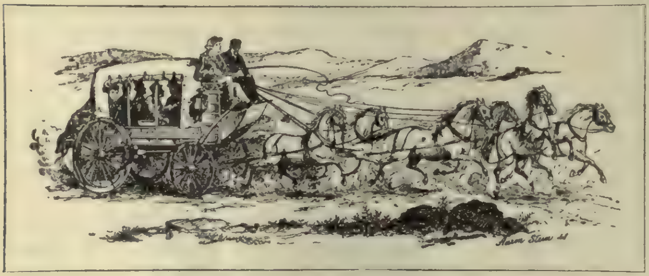
Notwithstanding its general usefulness to the public at a certain period, the Wells, Fargo Company letter-carrying feature was the subject of investigation and attack by certain politicians in 1879, and a committee of enquiry was appointed by Hon. D. M. Key, Postmaster General, on the claim that the company was in competition with the United States Government, and was corrupting the United States postal service by engaging postmasters as its agents.

The letter service of the company had existed with full knowledge of the Postal Department for more than a quarter of a century. It had at that time reached and extended through three states and five territories; it had been patronized and endorsed by over two million people, yet suddenly it was declared by this committee of enquiry to be "at variance with both the letter and spirit of the postal laws."

A committee of representative California citizens appeared before the Postmaster General to protest against any ruling which might deprive the people of the West of Wells, Fargo & Company's letter system, and the company was permitted to continue the service.

The amity of relationship that has always existed between Wells, Fargo & Company and its employes has been one of the distinguishing features of the company. When the magnitude of this great express corporation is considered and the fact that fifteen thousand men are on its payrolls, this friendly relationship carries with it a significance that attracts at once not only the attention of economic writers but of the commercial world. The spirit which employes of the Wells, Fargo Company display in the execution of their work evidences more than a mere *quid pro quo* of labor for pay. The company has not been unmindful of this friendly attitude, and on many occasions has shown appreciation of this loyalty and enthusiasm. Substantial reminders are sent to every employe on Thanksgiving Day each year, no distinction being made between president and wagon-boy.

Up to 1880 Wells, Fargo & Company's operations were confined practically to the railroad lines on the Pacific Coast, on what is now known as the Southern Pacific System, extending as far east as Ogden, Utah; Yuma, Arizona, on the south, and Redding, California, on the north. It also operated over steamer lines between San Francisco, Portland, Port Townsend, Tacoma, Seattle and Victoria, and from Portland south to Roseburg it operated over the Oregon California Railroad and east over the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company lines.



THE OVERLAND STAGE COACH

In the latter part of 1880 the Southern Pacific Line was extended southeast to Tucson, Arizona, Deming, New Mexico, and El Paso, Texas. About the same time the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe was connected with the Southern Pacific at Deming, and in 1881 Wells, Fargo & Company extended its service over the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe to Kansas City; a year later over the Denver and Rio Grande as well as the Atlantic & Pacific Railway lines. In 1882 its service was extended over the Mexican Central Railway from El Paso south to the City of Mexico. It also inaugurated its service on the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad lines west of the Missouri River.

In 1883 the Southern Pacific lines were extended from El Paso to New Orleans. Wells, Fargo & Company followed that extension and in the following year included the Chicago and Northwestern lines west of the Missouri River and the Northern Pacific lines. Owing to a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, it withdrew its service from the Northern Pacific and Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's lines in 1886.

In 1887, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe had completed the construction of its line through to Chicago, and Wells, Fargo & Company extended its service over this route, thus making its advent east of the Missouri River. In the following year it succeeded to the express service of the Erie Line from Chicago to New York, including the operation of several contiguous lines hitherto operated by the Erie Express Company, which extension of service gave birth to the often heard phrase "from Ocean to Ocean."

In 1892 it acquired the express privileges of the St. Louis and San Francisco lines; in 1898, the Rio Grande Western and Chicago Great Western; and in 1909 the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, until today it operates over fifty thousand miles of rail routes, one thousand miles of stage routes, five hundred miles of inland steamer and eight thousand miles of ocean steamer, having offices at more than five thousand points.

In 1909, in conjunction with the government-controlled railroads in Mexico, the company formed a local express, jointly owned by the two interests, to operate over lines in the Republic of Mexico. This Mexico company operates over upwards of 8,700 miles of railroad, and has in the neighborhood of seven hundred offices in the Republic.

There is one marked peculiarity about the Wells, Fargo Company—but eight men have been raised to the honor of presiding over its destinies since its organization, more than fifty-eight years ago. E. B. Morgan, of Aurora, New York, was its first president, holding the office from March 18, 1852, to November 25, 1853. D. N. Barney was elected his successor, and held the office until 1865, when his brother, A. H. Barney, was elected. He held office until February 18, 1867, when he was succeeded by Louis McLane. A year later, A. H. Barney was again elected. Wm. G. Fargo, one of the founders, was elected sixth president, and was succeeded by Lloyd Tevis, who was continuously at the head of the great banking and express company for more than twenty years. August 11, 1892 he insisted upon retiring, and John J. Valentine, who had been identified with the company for more than thirty years, was unanimously elected his successor. When Mr. Valentine died in 1901, Colonel Dudley Evans was chosen president, and held the office until his death on March 27 of this year.

The principal active men in the early operations of Wells, Fargo & Company were:

Louis McLane, born in Baltimore, Maryland, and at one time an officer in the United States Navy, who died only a few years ago at a ripe old age. He was appointed General Agent of the company on the Pacific Coast in 1855. Upon the consolidation of several companies took active charge of Wells, Fargo & Company affairs, and when the consolidation of Wells, Fargo & Company, the Holladay Overland Mail & Express and the Overland Mail and Pioneers' Stage Companies under the title Wells, Fargo & Company was effected, Mr. McLane was elected president. He was the founder of the Pioneer Stage Company, running between Shingle Springs, California, and Virginia City, Nevada, one of the most perfectly equipped and ably managed stage lines ever organized.

Lloyd Tevis, the seventh president, who was born in Shelbyville, Kentucky, in 1824 and emigrated to California in 1849. In 1870 he became interested in the company's affairs, and in 1872 was elected president, which office he held for the twenty succeeding years.

John J. Valentine, the eighth president, elected to that position in 1892, born in Bowling Green, Kentucky, in 1842. His first express service was performed in his native town, but shortly before the Civil War he removed to the Pacific Coast, where he entered the service of Wells, Fargo & Company and became probably the most conspicuous of any of the officials in the upbuilding of the company.

Colonel Dudley Evans, the ninth president, who entered the employ of the company in 1867, serving his apprenticeship in the Victoria, B. C., office. In the late '70's he was transferred to Portland, Oregon, and successively took various positions of responsibility until he was elected president of the company in 1902.

The men who are directing the affairs of Wells, Fargo & Company today have all risen from the ranks. The circumstances of their early years did not lead them to college halls, but they are ripe scholars. Starting at the bottom, where all true manhood begins, with health and courage, honesty, genius and appreciation, they began the struggle upward. Through the great labyrinth of difficulties that always overshadows the paths of the successful, they finally reached the top, to become the honored heads of one of the greatest corporations in the country. There is no difficulty in reading the letters that marked their stepping-stones—each possessed youth, courage, appreciation, honesty, integrity, rectitude and moral grandeur.

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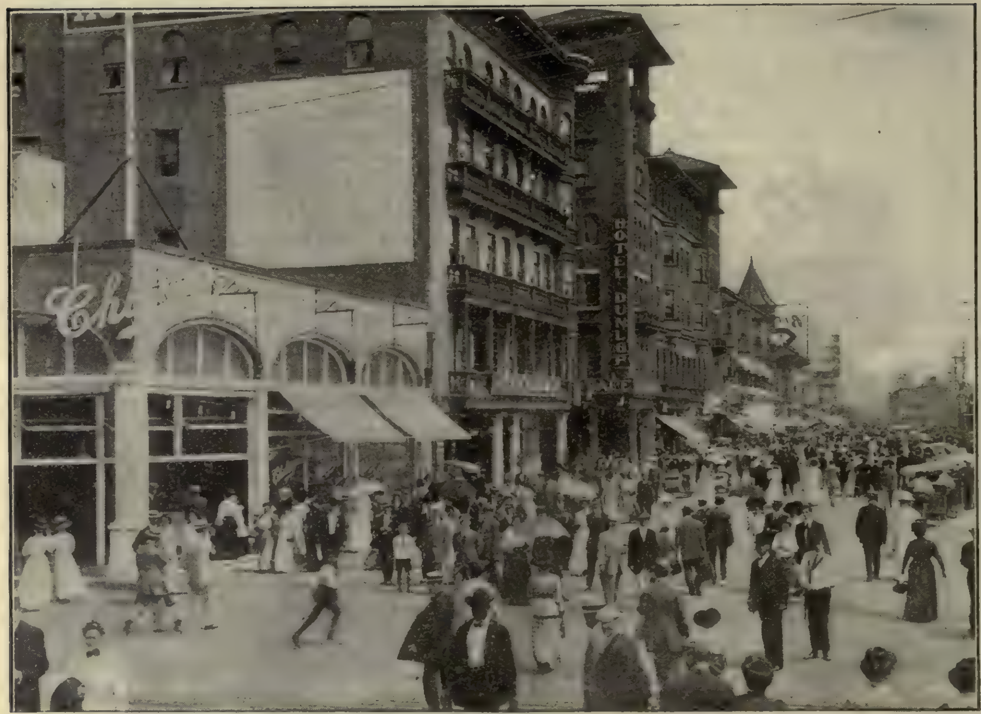


ATLANTIC CITY'S PROMENADE

WHERE EVERY "WALK OF LIFE" IS REPRESENTED

THE Boardwalk at Atlantic City is without question the most familiar promenade in America. In considering the great centers of population, one thinks of the cities of New York, Philadelphia, etc., yet over sixteen million people visited Atlantic City last year. Up and down its five miles of boardwalk, where the eye can take in the broad expanse of ocean or enjoy the gorgeously decorated shop windows, laden with trinkets and souvenirs, there is something of interest and amusement to every individual in every "walk of life," who either rides or strolls down the crowded thoroughfare.

At night the scene is made more brilliant by wonderful electrical displays, arranged with surprising ingenuity to attract and fix in the mind of the passerby a particular well-advertised article—"lest we forget."

Last year it is conservatively estimated that over eight million people were attracted by a beautiful American flag waving majestically in the breeze, the delightful effect being accomplished by a moving-picture device. Connected with this waving flag were the words "THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE—Read by the Nation." Alternating with this was a large size color reproduction of the cover of the current issue of the magazine, while an additional flash brought to light the familiar covers of the great gift books—"Heart Throbs" and "Happy Habit."

All this took place in the white square in the above picture every night during the busy summer season. We heard many complimentary remarks from our friends, to whom as they walked along the Boardwalk the familiar names flashed out and greeted them as an unexpected friend. This service was arranged by the Irving Advertising Agency, 407 Betz Building, Philadelphia.

Merging the Wireless Companies

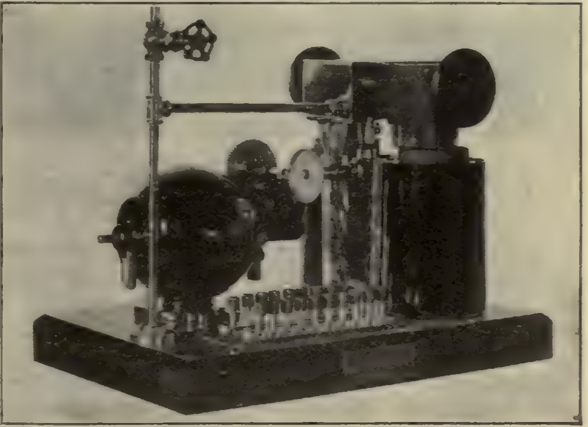
IN the early part of May was announced the consolidation of four wireless telephone and telegraph companies operating in various parts of the United States. Naturally this announcement occasioned considerable interest, and the public became eager to learn what the consolidation portended in the way of electrical feats. During the past few years the public has been treated to many surprises in this line—it has seen the telephone rise from an insignificant toy to an indispensable public utility; it has watched with keen interest every innovation in electrical science; and particularly has it been interested in every wireless feat which scientific men have performed.

Wireless telegraphy by induction—the transmission of electric impulses without any apparent conductive medium—has been a scientific and commercial success. It was first suggested by Dr. Henry, who, in 1838, when a professor of mathematics and natural philosophy at the Albany Academy, established wireless communication between two rooms in his house. These rooms were situated eighteen feet apart and were separated by two thick walls.

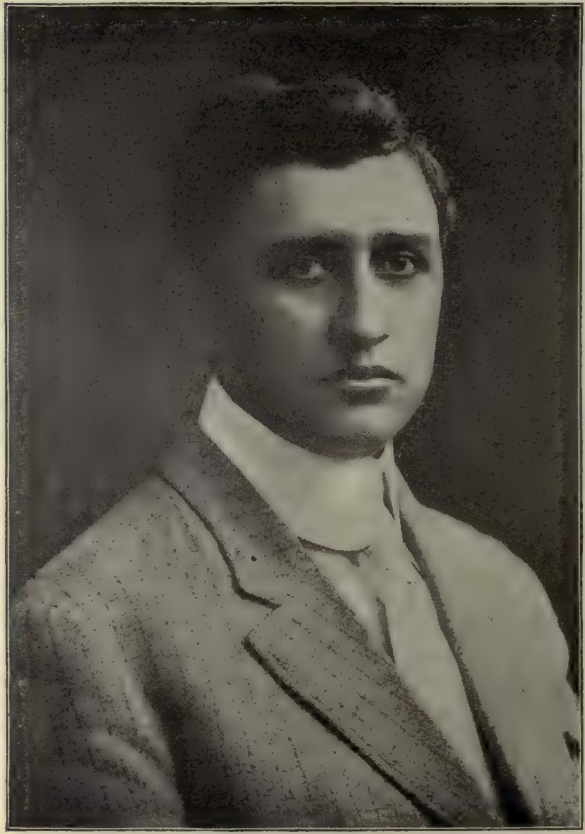
During the succeeding fifty years many scientists attempted to solve the great problem of wireless telegraphy, but it was not until 1888 that Professor Hertz of Bonn, by discovering the waves that bear his name, established the correctness of the hypothesis often advanced, though never with any great degree of conviction, that electric impulses might be transmitted to unlimited distance without artificial conduction. In reality, it was a wonderful discovery, and one that theoretically, at least, revolutionized the whole science of electrical communication; never before had it been dreamed that an electric impulse could travel 186,000 miles a second, passing through every opaque substance but metal, and making at the same time over 245,000,000 distinct impingements on any object susceptible to its influence.

Science the world over immediately recognized that in the practical utilization of this marvelous force would lie the solution of the great problem of wireless telegraphy, and their efforts were directed to this end.

Another invention which is destined to play an important part in the world of communication is the wireless telephone. The wireless telephone has been brought to a remarkably high state of development, and is by no means in an embryonic stage. Thomas E. Clark of Detroit has demonstrated the tremendous value of the wireless telephone and telegraph to the shipping interests of the Great Lakes. It has been estimated that eighty per cent of all the water tonnage of North America is carried on their waters. This, computed, means nearly seven times as much freight as the combined mercantile fleets of the world carry through



A. FREDERICK COLLINS' ROTATING OSCILLATION ARC, WHICH SCIENTISTS BELIEVE WILL MAKE WIRELESS TELEPHONY POSSIBLE the Suez Canal. At the present time over 4,000 freight, 250 passenger and 2,500 pleasure and other craft compose the fleet of the Great Lakes. Every year there are hundreds of accidents, for their waters are among the most treacherous in the world. Many vessels have left their docks never to be heard from again; storms arise without warning—to the sailor. True, the United States Weather Bureau has posted warnings hours before the storm broke, but hitherto it has been impossible to carry these warnings to the sailor out on the mighty deep, far from any source of communication.



WALTER W. MASSIE
Vice-president of the Continental Wireless Telephone & Telegraph Co.
President and inventor of the Massie Wireless Telegraph System

At present, the future and possibilities of the wireless cannot be predicted. That it is destined to be an important link in intercommunication, no one can gainsay.

The consolidation of companies previously referred to includes the Collins Wireless Telephone Company of Newark, New Jersey, the Clark Wireless Telegraph-Telephone Company of Detroit, the Pacific Wireless Telegraph Company of Los Angeles and the Massie Wireless Telegraph Company of Providence, Rhode Island. The operations of the companies in the new corporation cover New England and the Middle Atlantic Coast, the Great Lakes and Middle Western region, and the Pacific Coast. Ultimately, it is declared, the operation of the Continental will be extended so as to allow for the transmission of wireless messages from New York to San Francisco, or a dozen other places on the Pacific Coast, and to hundreds of intermediate stations.

In the consolidation of these companies is ample capital to back the venture; there is a volume of meaning in the combination of four concerns whose business is the transmission of wireless intelligence, and it is a significant step in the world's progress. Wireless, the greatest distance eliminator that has come to mankind, is in its present state like an unbridled colt. Its tremendous energies have not been fully utilized, and the best method of directing those powers is the present-day study of scientists.

Three men, prominent in the art of wireless, each of whom has traveled ahead of public knowledge regarding this new means of communication, have now determined on concerted action to establish trans-continental wireless telephone-telegraph service and to give an immediate wide field of operation. They are A. Frederick Collins, inventor of the Collins Wireless Telephone; Walter W. Massie, inventor of the Massie Wireless Telegraph system, and Thomas R. Clark, inventor and founder of the Clark Wireless Telegraph-Telephone system.

Mr. Collins's laboratories are at Newark, New Jersey, Mr. Clark's at Detroit, Michigan, and Mr. Massie's at Providence, Rhode Island. These scientists form the technical directorate of the Continental Wireless Telephone & Telegraph Company, which is to furnish a means of wireless communication on land and sea, but primarily on land. The object of this organization is worthy, as all such ventures make for the ultimate good of humanity. It will bring men closer together, expedite commerce and serve as savers of lives, in times of danger, by quick communication.

Edison said: "All that remains to be invented is the frictionless machine, and the only frictionless machine running now is the world whirling in resistless ether." The man who invents a frictionless machine discovers the secret of perpetual motion—but he is not yet known. Nowadays everything that moves causes friction, likewise innovations cause friction because established conditions resent disturbance. The listless content of "what was good enough for father is good enough for me" is dissipated in the wind of the rush of this progressive age, actuated by the thought "onward and upward.' Mutation of human affairs is as inevitable as death, and improvement follows every change. Between man and his fellow-men, communication is the first requisite of progress, and the shortest route to a given point is the straight line. Of all the methods of communication known, wireless is the only one with which it is possible to utilize the shortest distance between two points. Ether is everywhere, and the wireless wave travels with the speed of light, namely, 186,000 miles per second. There is nothing faster.

On May 4, somewhere in the thick fog off Cape Cod, the steamship Santurce, bound for New York from Boston Light, collided with the steamship Ligonier. Through the roaring of the immediate panic on board both steamships, the wireless operator sat calmly tapping out his C. Q. D. calls. Walter W. Massie, at his home in Providence, five minutes later, was awakened by a call from the station at Point Judith, telling him the story of the collision, giving him the names of the two vessels and appealing urgently for help. Immediately, Massie communicated with the wrecking tug, Tasco, and President Scott of the Scott Wrecking Company of New London, and the work of rescue began at once. This was merely one of the hundreds of instances where wireless served as a life saver on boundary and inland waters. On the Great Lakes numerous instances of this kind occur with consequent good results, to the credit of Thomas E. Clark, making the lives of sailors and travelers comparatively safe.

A. FREDERICK COLLINS
Technical Director and Consulting Engineer of the Continental Wireless Telephone & Telegraph Co.

But it is not on the water alone that the three inventors plan their great improvements. At present, it is impossible to telephone from New York City to San Francisco. In the future, it will be possible to communicate over this distance by wireless. If the wire telephone cannot convey speech over the United States, there must be some other means of covering that distance. Everything points to wireless as the solution of difficulties presented to commercial and social life by distance, and Collins, Massie and Clark are working at the puzzle.

The Massie Wireless Telegraph System is the result of years of study and experiment by Mr. Massie, and has been in practical operation for over six years, accomplishing much in New England and along the Atlantic Coast. Steamers of the following lines have used the Massie equipment: San Francisco and Portland, Pacific Coast, Matson, Maine, Fall River, Providence, New London, Norwich and other steamship companies and lines. In addition to this service, land stations are located at Wilson Point, Connecticut, Point Judith, Rhode Island, Block Island, Rhode Island, Cape May, New Jersey, New London, Connecticut, Chatham, Massachusetts and Jacksonville, Florida.

THOMAS E. CLARK

Of Detroit, inventor and founder of the Clark Wireless Telegraph-Telephone Company and general manager of the Continental Wireless Telephone & Telegraph Company

The Collins Wireless Telephone Company of Newark, New Jersey, has spent years in developing its wireless telephone under the well-known expert, A. Frederick Collins, and it is the intention of the Continental Company to install the wireless and put it in operation at all the wireless telegraph stations.

A. Frederick Collins is a man of mental force, and judicial scientific publications place him in the class with Morse, Bell, Edison and Marconi in furthering the cause of modern science for the benefit of mankind. Mr. Collins says:

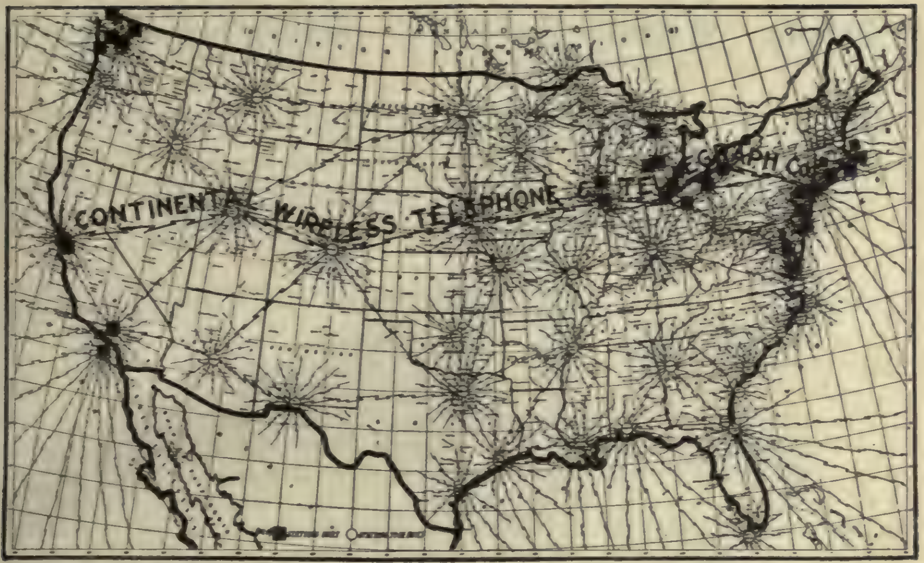
"My wireless telephone represents the last stage known in the evolution of communication. Wireless telephony is a great advance over the wire system because distance between two stations ceases to be an impediment to clarity and reliability, and the cost of maintenance and installation is slight in comparison."

Since its inception, the Collins company has grown from healthy infancy to vigorous youth, through the policies of A. Frederick Collins, technical director, and his associates, owing to the fact that Collins is the pioneer of wireless telephony in America, and is probably the best informed on all wireless matters, being author of five books on wireless, the authority quoted in many encyclopaedias, and his aim being to further modern science. He was awarded the only gold medal ever won by any company or scientist, exclusively for wireless telephone, at the Seattle World's Fair, in September, 1909.

The Clark Wireless Telegraph-Telephone system is the creation of Thomas E. Clark, electrical engineer of Detroit, and has been in practical and successful operation on the Great Lakes of America during the past five years.

On the Pacific Coast, the Pacific Wireless Telegraph Company has been established for several years, and enjoys an excellent reputation for efficient service.

America's broad areas will lose the quality of magnificent distances when the East becomes constantly in instantaneous touch with the West by means of Continental Wireless. Stations are now built and operating in New York City, Buffalo, Detroit, Toledo, Chicago, Oakland and San Francisco, and intervening points may be Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha. A Northwest Coast-to-Coast wireless line will be arranged from Seattle, taking in the following points: Ellensburg, Spokane, Helena, Fargo, Duluth, Milwaukee,



COMPREHENSIVE PLAN BY WHICH THE CONTINENTAL TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. PROPOSES TO COVER THE UNITED STATES, SHOWING PRINCIPAL STATIONS

Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York. The Massie service on the New England Coast will be extended from Portland, Maine, to Key West. On the Pacific Ocean, the stations Seattle, Port Townsend, Friday Harbor, San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles and Catalina Island have already furnished a wireless service of great value.

The list of ships using service of the combined companies shows a remarkable development of wireless communication. The Pittsburg Steamship Company, owning 115 vessels, utilizes the Clark wireless for reporting on the Great Lakes.

The future of wireless looms big in the world's affairs, and if development and progress in the next ten years is proportionate to the past ten years its dimensions in 1920 will be magnificent. In 1897 there were in existence two wireless stations, and the longest distance covered was fourteen miles, and in 1909, there were on earth 1250 stations and intelligence had been transmitted wirelessly nearly four thousand miles.

Fortune From Nature's Minute Creatures

By GEORGE E. HEYL

President of Standard Nitrogen Company, Singer Building, New York, N. Y. Formerly Chief Chemist and Engineer of W. T. Glover & Company, Manchester, England; Chief Chemist and Engineer and Chairman of St. Helen's Cable Company, Warrington, England; Consulting Chemist of Continental Rubber Company of America; Consulting Chemist of Consolidated Tire Company, etc.

NO subject of modern scientific development is of greater importance to the human races and animal life than the study of small organisms, commonly called microbes or bacteria. No life can exist without their co-operation, no sickness is caused except by bacterial action, and no healing or curing of the sufferer is possible without either destroying the harmful bacillus by another one or by killing it in the living animal through other agents, such as medical, electrical or other treatments. It is therefore very evident that the production of bacterial preparations, called serums, is one of the fields in which the most wonderful discoveries have been and are being made, discoveries which, by applying such serums or bacterial antidotes in a proper manner for the curing of diseases caused by the great host of harmful bacteria, must benefit mankind to a greater extent than has been dreamt of. The knowledge we have and use in trying to solve these problems is great already; we know for instance that a great many diseases have their origin from bacterial infection, and statistics show that the application of the proper serum has decreased mortality to a considerable degree. We are today in possession of a thoroughly effective bacterial serum for diphtheria; we can and are using successfully inoculation against typhoid fever; we are able to reduce and before long are certain to eradicate the dangerous microbes lurking in milk by methods so carefully studied and worked out by Dr. T. Darlington, late Commissioner of Health of the City of New York.

We have bacterial serums for the inoculation of hogs, preventing the loss of many hundreds of thousand of dollars yearly through hog-cholera.

The elimination of the microbe causing the curdling of milk and the formation of lactic acid, so called from the Latin word *lac* (milk), has and is of vast importance to the human race. Professor Metchnikoff, director of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, made a special study of this sour milk bacillus, because he found that the natives of Bulgaria reached the average ripe old age of over ninety. On enquiry he found that they were consuming huge quantities of sour milk from childhood.

The result of his investigations was the finding of the lactic acid bacillus, which, when introduced into the human system, has the quality of fighting and killing all other harmful microbes which may be present in the digestive organs. The result is an ideal state of health and as the bacteria are inexpensive, and only a few are needed to convert ordinary milk into the desired sour milk, it is most likely that this bacillus will take one of the most important places in the households of the American citizen. To enumerate all known bacterial preparations would be beyond the space allowed for this article; suffice it to say that the field is a virgin one, though the results in using these preparations for the well-being of the human and animal races, while doing already away with useless suffering, loss of life and also money, are becoming more incisive every day.

More surprising still, however, is the work carried out by the bacteria of the soil. No plant life can take place without the silent and efficient work of our little friends, only visible through a microscope enlarging their size 800 to 1,000 times.

The great wave sweeping over the United States at the present time, "back to the farm," may make a few words as to the role played by our soil microbes not inopportune. Secretary of Agriculture, the Honorable Wilson, is no doubt America's grand old man in pushing forward to the mind of people in the large cities that there are thousands of cheap farm lands lying uncultivated ready for them to make a decent living on. A great many farms have been abandoned on account of their poor soil conditions mostly. Why has the soil become unfertile? Why has the yield of crops become smaller year by year and why is the same sort of thing going on to some degree on all farms unless worked on a basis to be referred to hereafter? The main reason is that the soil has become unfit for the habitation of the bacteria, the little creatures which one might call the wet nurses of plant life.

BACTERIOLOGICAL LABORATORY OF STANDARD NITROGEN COMPANY AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Let us see what they do and what they require for their comfortable existence.

We find there are bacteria, and they are the most important ones, which have the faculty to take nitrogen from the air and then feed it to the plant in a peculiar way. Nitrogen is the most expensive of all fertilizing elements; it is used today in large quantities costing from forty-five to fifty dollars per ton as nitrate of soda, the supply of which is getting less every year. Our nitrogen-gathering bacteria are supplying more nitrogen to an acre of ground than one ton of nitrate of soda. We do not pay them any wages, we simply breed them by having carefully studied their food necessities, and we breed them in quantities so that one four-ounce bottle, containing about 250 millions of living organisms, supplies enough nitrogen for an acre of land and only costs fifty cents per acre.

Now, all that remains is to explain how we can make the nitrogen-gathering bacteria happy and vigorous when they get into the ground and when we want to use them as a means of rejuvenating abandoned farms or for making good land out of bad land or to increase our crops as far as their nourishing value is concerned. Understand clearly: the more nitrogen in the soil, the more nutritious will be your food material derived from your crop; therefore the more bacteria, the bigger your bank-roll at end of the season. Their enemy is acidity; acidity is caused through the use of acid commercial fertilizers; also through continuous cropping. Old meadows which are never ploughed up refuse to produce sweet hay; the corn crops get smaller every year, and so on. And this state of affairs is all caused through the inability of our nitrogen and other bacteria to live; they hate acid and die. The remedy is lime; use it every two or three years on your fields, lawns, vegetable gardens; make the land sweet, and our microbe friends will do their duty. If the wheat crop averages eighteen bushels per acre in the United States and thirty-eight in Germany, there is no reason at all why the average should not be the same here, if scientific practical methods are applied.

The writer, who enjoyed a chemical education, came to the conclusion that there was one line of applied science which opened the door not only for doing an immense amount of good to humanity, but also to make a reasonable commercial profit by creating an institution in America, the sole object of which should be to manufacture useful bacteria on a large scale for all purposes. There is no such institution in America or elsewhere making a specialty of this new branch of applied chemistry. He therefore developed several branches of microbe and serum manufacture and incorporated a company, called the Standard Nitrogen Company. A large amount of money has already been invested, but the demand for the company's products increases in leaps and bounds. The field is enormous; every doctor in the Americas will ere long be a customer of the corporation, every veterinary surgeon, every farmer, estate and garden owner.

The company have at their disposal the advice of some of the greatest experts in the world, amongst others Dr. T. Darlington, late Commissioner of Health, City of New York; Dr. Victor Heyl, Director of the Institute for Physiological Chemistry, and inventor of a serum for syphilis.

The company's products have proved to be very successful; their present laboratories at Richmond turn out thousands of bottles of material, and tons of "Heyl's Inoculated Humus" are shipped every day to large users at two dollars per one hundred pounds, leaving a fair profit.

To enable the company to cope with their ever-increasing business further capital is required. Several opportunities offer themselves to buy farms close to good markets, which can be raised in value from ten dollars per acre to $150 to $200 per acre by means of the company's agricultural bacteria, applied and managed under their expert's advice.

The farming products accrue to the company in the meantime.

To fully exploit the company's most valuable processes and formulae, the Directors have found it advisable to form subsidiary companies in each state. Local influence and local supervision by the qualified officers of the state whose services, where obtainable, will be retained. Virginia and New York are already incorporated, and the parent company receives a substantial payment from each state organization in consideration of the sole right to use their processes in such state.

* * *

The profits accruing to the Standard Nitrogen Company as a parent company from all these sources should make every shareholder an independent fortune.

The stock is all common stock and is now obtainable at four dollars per share of five dollars par value, but will be raised very shortly, as subscriptions are coming in at an abnormal rate.

The company also issues six per cent. convertible twelve months Gold Bonds in denominations of one hundred dollars and upwards, interest payable monthly, such bonds being convertible at the option of the holder into common stock at four dollars per share during this period. They are protected by all the assets of the company, and further, a sinking fund has been created by paying five cents for every bottle of bacteria sold and depositing such funds in a separate account at the First National Bank of Bayonne.

VIEW OF ANALYTICAL LABORATORY OF STANDARD NITROGEN COMPANY AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

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Applications for stock or bonds to be addressed to M. C. Fogarty, Cashier, Standard Nitrogen Company, Singer Building, New York, N. Y.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

"TIRED—just worn out"—like the drowsy response of a congregational "amen" came the chorus of weariness from every senator and congressman during the last stifling days of the session. In the Marble Room of the Senate all the brilliant mural paintings and classic elegance of pillar and tile—so impressive in snappy, winter weather—now seemed stiff and superfluous. Rounded periods, flashes of humor and the stirring moments in debate are submerged in dreams of the lounging days of summer. And these same lazy days determine the legislation. By coming close to Nature in summer time, public men get nearer to the people. How revivifying is the remembrance of lying in the "shade of the shock"—a jug of water near at hand—listening to the soft quiver of the leaves overhead—looking upward at the blue streaks of sky showing between—and resting. Nowhere can a man so well pull himself together as out in the fields—in contact with Nature. All our houses and modern apartments, our luxurious furnishings and strongly built walls are nothing but hibernating holes. Out in the open, where the scent of the hay refreshes, where the drone of the bee is heard, where the buzz of myriad insects mingles with the song of birds—that is the place where virile, creative thoughts breed—even if the chrysalis does not enter upon its metamorphosis and become a butterfly until stimulated by the warmth of winter social activities.

Look at the soil—that little spot of earth under one's heel, within the immediate range of vision near the haycock—it bears a very hive of industry—there a thousand live creatures are wide awake. There is no sloth in Nature, there is no pause, no nerve fag, for the tiny workers are in their native habitat. Many a strong, lusty man whose muscles were built in the fresh air at wholesome work wastes slowly in the city grind. The stifling confinement, the round of industrial or social activities become a sordid urban whirl to him, and he looks eagerly forward to those all too brief weeks of summer when he shall once more touch the earth—like Antaeus—and renew his vigor for the combats and vicissitudes of life.

* * *

President Taft may have dreamed of the Myopia links, and the long, warm afternoons on the North Shore boating, or of watching fom his veranda the sails of the yachts as they skirt the shores of Little and Big Misery. Even the ambassadors themselves realize the need for a change. The English Embassy decided to move for the summer to Dublin, New Hampshire, rather suggestively Irish for an official English rendezvous. Distinguished city magnates, who would be shocked if seen in Washington doing any sort of "menial" work, are willing to take the garden hose and nightly freshen the grateful grass, or take a scythe or hoe in hand, while the literary lady of the

Photo by Clinedinst

CHILDREN OF KING GEORGE V
Prince Edward, Albert, Henry, George and Princess Victoria. Prince Edward on extreme left

house, or the young miss just home from college reads on the piazza a beautiful tribute to grass:

"I know not what it is, but when I pass
Some running bit of water by the way,
A river brimming silver in the grass,
And rippled by a trailing alder-spray.

"Held in my heart I cannot form a cry,
It is so joyful at the merry sight;
So gracious is the water running by,
So full the simple grass is of delight.

* * *

WHEN the dignified, affable and alert Prince, Tsai Tao, of the Imperial family of China, accepted the honors conferred upon him by the officials in Washington, he had every appearance of enjoying his visit. He is studying conditions in the United States with a view to reforms and development in the Celestial Kingdom. As I saw him leaving the office of Secretary of State Knox, he was attired in a black cloak trimmed with blue, something like the "eel cloaks" of today, and he wore a black hat with a long white-tipped feather, laid down horizontally. He was accompanied by Lord Li, son of Li Hung Chang, a young man at least six feet tall and weighing over two hundred pounds, who is always ready to rise in the morning and prepare to be up and doing when anything worth while is on hand. Secretary Knox enjoyed the conference with the Chinese Prince, and there was an exchange of real wit, for the Chinese sense of humor is more akin to the American than is that of the Japanese.

The Chinese Empire, which hitherto has never possessed an organized standing army, purposes to organize a centralized army corps of 10,000 men in each of the thirty-six provinces of China—in all 360,000 men.

As the imperial party, in charge of Assistant Secretary Hale passed out, shutters flapped open, for even the government clerks could not resist abandoning their dignity for the nonce, to get a peep at the stately procession. On the streets, bowling along in carriages, at the railroad stations, the delegation received a popular ovation.

A luncheon was given by Secretary Knox, and the prince and his interpreter,

Photo by Clinedinst

PAGES IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT THE NATIONAL CAPITOL

These youngsters receive seventy-five dollars per month. Some of the United States Congressmen now in office were pages when they were boys

Lord Li, and the imperial party made a trip to the yacht "Mayflower" and to Mount Vernon, where the prince placed a wreath upon the tomb of Washington. The Prince, accompanied by Chang Tin Tang, was cordially welcomed to the White House by President Taft. The imperial party also witnessed a cavalry parade and visited the navy yards. At Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, the iron works were inspected, where the steel armor plates are made. The Prince was especially interested in seeing the works and mechanism of the great gun factories at Bethlehem. Later they viewed Niagara Falls, and at West Point were greatly impressed by the beauty of the scenery and the perfect discipline and splendid architecture of the great military school.

* * *

WHEN it comes to marvelous fluency, Senator Joseph W. Bailey of Texas stands at the head of the class, and he is also happy in the possession of a rich, full-toned voice, capable of expressing deep feeling. In the Senate chamber he is one of the most popular orators, and it is understood that what he says will have just enough of the droll and the picturesque to make it "go." He is always sure of an attentive hearing.

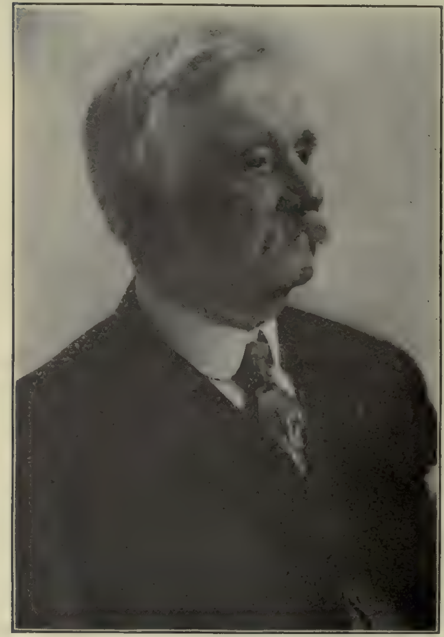
In reply to a question as to his habit of preparing his speeches, Mr. Bailey says:

"I seldom prepare any speech for the Senate, though I generally take the trouble to correct the stenographers' notes. The speech which I delivered in the Senate last session on the question of free raw materials is the only one I can now recall that I have carefully prepared before delivering. I took the precaution to do that in the case of that particular speech because it was doctrinal and intended more for Democrats outside of the Senate than for those who are members of that body. I also prepared a part of my 'Income' speech, but the part which I did prepare constituted less than a third of it."

Many of his speeches are long and take hours to deliver, yet newspaper men have noticed, in following his utterances with pen and note book,. that he never hesitates for a word but reels off his speech with a gusto that is coveted by all public speakers.

* * *

SHIVERING in the chilly blasts of a "Norther," we watched Louis Paulhan, the French aviator, as he prepared for his flight at New Orleans. The bold aeronaut rose into the air, swept in great circles around and above us, and noiselessly poised his dainty craft for the final descent. When he alighted, the throng of editors heartily cheered the plucky Frenchman. He was clad in a rather striking costume, sported a green felt hat, and wore a pair of riding breeches, of so close a fit that some of the younger editors suggested that "he had been melted and poured into them." Like a "gentleman rider," eager to jump the hurdle with a spirited steed, his dark eyes gleamed. A genial and notably youthful face was not at all in keeping with our preconception of the worn air which is supposed to characterize the hero of many aerial flights. In England, Paulhan flew 185 miles in 252 minutes, actual flying time, and averaged 44.04 miles per hour. He won the prize of fifty thousand dollars given by Lord Northcote for a flight from London to Manchester, and the enthusiasm of the sportsmen of England exceeded all bounds. Graham White, the English aviator, gave the Frenchman a hard chase. At a height of five hundred feet to one thousand feet, with a veering wind, the aeronaut kept a steady, unerring course and followed the fast express on the London & Northwestern, taking his bearings after sunset from the train lights. It was moonlight, and that was perhaps why the date was chosen. Only one stop over night was made, and that was followed by an early start. How weird that aerial flight, at dawn, in the slowly growing daylight of that latitude, must have been! He passed over the historic town of Rugby at a height of one thousand feet. The high wind encountered at Polesworth put his opponent, White, out of the contest; he tried manfully to continue the race, but was obliged to



HON. M. G. BULKELEY
United States Senator from Connecticut

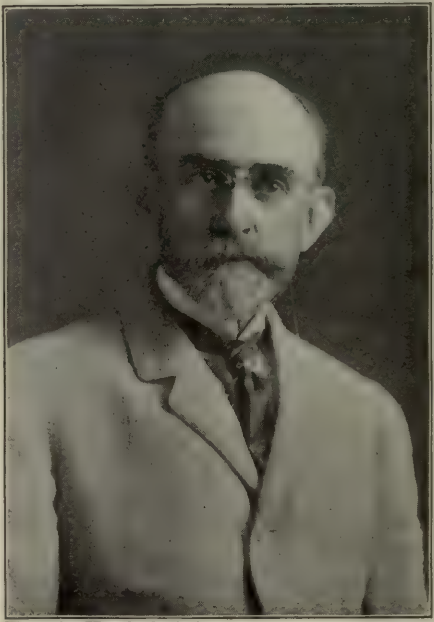


Photo by Harris & Ewing

HON. JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP
Secretary Isthmian Canal Commission

give up the struggle. Paulhan was numb with cold when he arrived and was hardly able to respond to the cheers and greetings of the throng which greeted his descent. On the last stretch he made the final twenty-four miles at the rate of sixty-four miles an hour, passing the train on which his wife was traveling. He had as usual parted with her, kissing her affectionately, and she had followed him to see him land if possible.

* * *

"WHEN is an egg a fresh egg?" promises to rival in unanswerability the question, "How many spirits can poise themselves upon the point of a needle?" Modern wiseacres do not worry about standing room for spirits, but much of their attention is absorbed by cold storage problems. Even unfresh eggs have their uses, it seems, for we hear from "across the water" that an English political campaign would be considered very tame if addled eggs could not be obtained as a spicy valedictory to unpopular candidates.

The investigation of cold-storage problems is not carried on with the vigor which might bring a solution, for products have a tiresome way of going down in price, just when the hue and cry of "high prices" is loud enough to be clearly heard throughout the land. If investigation puts the prices down, why not continue it? It has been decided that an egg does not lose its value by being kept, provided the hand of Father Time has not lain too heavily upon it. If consumed within six months from the time it has been cold-storaged, its nourishing powers are not seriously impaired. The word "fresh" has a wide meaning. For instance, if cold storage men apply the meaning given by Mr. Webster, "in raw, green, or untried state," almost any egg might be "fresh." Or definition number seven, "not salt—fresh meat in distinction from that which is pickled," would apply to any unpickled "fresh" eggs, salt being no longer used to preserve them. An old-time mariner of sailing vessel days describes eggs that had been packed in salt for three months as "uninjured in flavor, but with the yolks a trifle hardened."

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MRS. P. C. KNOX
Wife of the Secretary of State

It has been suggested that the milk in an egg might be a fair test of its being strictly fresh, and the only sure way to obtain such eggs is to set up a hennery, and attain the altitude reached by the farmer's wife:

"I never eat an egg that I don't know was a-walking around the yard yesterday."

* * *

GLANCING over the leaves of a business directory or at the signs displayed on the busy streets of a city, one is impressed with the curious uses to which air is put nowadays. Every sort of air—"regenerated" "compressed," cold air for cold storage and hot air for heating—is offered for sale, but no "air trade" is advancing so rapidly as that of the compressed air in the rubber tubes that gird the wheels of an automobile.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR., AND HIS BRIDE
Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., as Miss Eleanor Alexander, at the Washington Horse Show

Even to those in the trade, the facts of automobile development are astonishing. The value of auto exports from all countries in 1909 exceeded $50,000,000, against $9,000,000 in 1902. The exportation of automobiles from the United States has developed chiefly in the past ten years, and in 1909 reached nearly $10,000,000. Imports were $6,000,000 in 1905, and fell to $3,000,000 three years later, and were increased to $4,000,000 in 1909.

France leads the world in her export of automobiles. Reports from Canada say that the prejudice against machines of American make is dying out, and their real excellence is being appreciated. Automobiles are very largely used throughout the Dominion in farming as well as for pleasure. The exportation of over a million dollars' worth of automobiles every month tells the story of a great development in the trade.

* * *

OF all the gifts made by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, few will be more far-reaching in world benefit than the new building for the International Bureau of the American Republics, dedicated in April. It was a significant event in the development of closer relations between the Pan-American States. The happiest man on this occasion was Mr. John Barrett, director of the International Bureau, who has made a life study of the establishment of good feeling among them, and the opening of trade relations between nations. John Barrett is a true Yankee who "can turn his hand to anything." When he set out on his first great mission to Siam, it is said that all he knew of the Land of the White Elephant was his recollection of having seen the Siamese twins in a circus when a boy. Mr. Barrett settled while in Siam the famous Cheek claim, involving several millions of dollars, in a way that surprised even veteran diplomats. After serving also as the United States Minister in Argentina, Panama and Colombia, he accompanied Secretary Root on his tour of South America, and is building up a bureau that constantly grows in popularity. The *Bulletin*, the monthly organ of the Bureau, is a veritable encyclopaedia of Latin-American information, and is taking its place as a powerful periodical under the associate editorship of Franklin Adams, and is without doubt as patriotic and progressive a publication as even Mr. Barrett himself could desire.

* * *

BREATHLESS, hat in hand, side by side with another "sprinter," I tore down the platform of a local station half an hour's ride outside Washington. Just in time we both swung into the smoking car and sank panting upon the nearest seat. I turned to look at the man who had galloped beside me for a whole minute—and who at the end of the run had more breath to spare than I had. He was an old acquaintance possessed of an extraordinary memory for figures; he reeled off statistics about the railroads and the amount of mails carried in a way that amazed me. When my head was "all of a swum," and I was trying to digest a tithe of what he told me, he said:

"People do a lot of figuring in these days; nothing is so convincing to modern man as seeing matter set down in black and white. In a recent debate on 'The Causes of the Present Deficit,' the fact was disclosed that while the total sum paid to the railroads for carrying mails amounted to $46,000,000, even if all mails had been always carried free the deficit would not be wholly accounted for, but would still remain at a sufficiently high figure—$20,000,000.

"I have collected a mass of figures in my leisure time as an amusement, and know what I'm talking about. The railroads make me pretty mad if my train comes in a minute late of a morning, so that I miss the car which ought to carry me to work—hope I catch it this morning—but I don't believe in saddling with the onus of an enormous expenditure a lot of folks who are really not responsible for it."

Photo by Clinedinst

MISS ELOISE HUGHES

Daughter of United States Congressman Hughes of West Virginia. She is a great favorite in Washington society

SECRETARY MEYER walked hurriedly across Executive Avenue. Meeting a newspaper man he paused a moment before the executive office to briefly outline his idea of the requirements of the seamen of the future who are to serve the United States upon the "vasty deep."

"What the old navy wanted," said Mr. Meyer, "was a sailor, a man who had been before the mast, a man who could run up into the rigging with readiness, unfurl the sails and be an all-around man. What the navy requires today is not that class of man who is set in his ideas; we want young men who can be trained to manage the mechanical features of a modern battleship.

"An inland man is often better than a man from the sea, because he comes with no preconceived ideas and learns what he is taught. He should have the faculty for acquiring knowledge of electricity, mechanical and machinery work, because our great battleships today are nothing more nor less than great big moving machine shops."

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MRS. LARZ ANDERSON AT THE WASHINGTON HORSE SHOW

She has won many cups and ribbons

* * *

THE Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee is James A. Tawney, who represents the first district of Minnesota in Congress. Born near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in 1855, he was but a lad of eight when the memorable battle took place. He commenced life in earnest as an apprentice in his father's blacksmith shop at the age of fourteen, after attending the village school. In 1877 he went West, settled at Winona, started life at his trade as a machinist, in the very city where President Taft delivered his famous tariff speech. The fact that he had only a country school education did not prove an obstacle in the way of his ambition to be a lawyer, for after spending his evenings for several years studying law, he was admitted to the bar in 1882. He was elected to the State Senate in 1890 and two years later was sent to Congress where he has since risen to a position of national importance.

Coming from an agricultural district, he has been a consistent advocate of the interests of the farmer. During the consideration of the Wilson Bill in the Fifty-third Congress, though he was then but a new member and the House was Democratic, he secured the adoption of the only Republican amendment to that bill, increasing the duty on barley to protect the barley-growers in Minnesota. For this accomplishment he was christened "Barley Jim." During the consideration of the Payne Bill last summer, he succeeded in securing the adoption of an amendment increasing the duty on barley considerably over that recommended by the Ways and Means Committee. Through his efforts, also, during the earlier years of his service, a tax was placed on filled cheese and adulterated flour, driving out of the market two spurious products which seriously threatened both foreign and domestic markets for the farmers.

To him more than to any other man are the farmers of the country indebted for the present oleomargarine law. Recently the existence of this law has been seriously threatened, but it is not likely that the interests seeking its repeal will succeed in their purpose as long as Mr. Tawney remains a member of the House.

Mr. Tawney was one of the most conspicuous figures on the floor during the consideration of the Payne tariff law, chiefly because of his fight for free lumber. This fight became so bitter as to win for him, on account of his persistency, the personal enmity of some of the advocates of the lumber duties. But for the votes of some thirty-seven Democrats against the amendments he offered, he would have succeeded in placing lumber on the free list.

The visitor to Washington soon becomes familiar with the figure of Tawney on the floor. While in theory the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee is the floor leader, the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, which has come to be the most important committee of the House, is the leader always at the helm, for appropriations go on and on forever. This is due to the fact that his duties require him to be on the floor and to engage in debate a large part of the time while appropriation bills are under consideration. These bills must be considered and passed annually while tariff legislation is considered only about once in a decade.

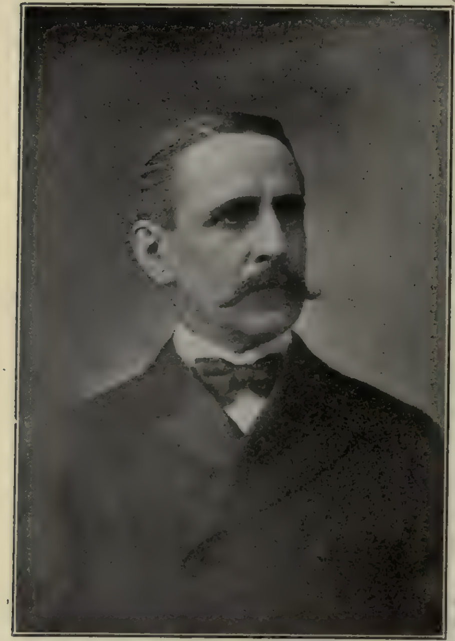
All the appropriations for the construction of the Panama Canal thus far made have been considered and recommended by the Committee on Appropriations; and much to its credit may it be said that these recommendations have passed both houses and become law in every case without any change whatever. This is due to the fact that the members of the committee, and Mr. Tawney in particular, have made exhaustive personal investigations of the work at the Isthmus on the ground, and he is therefore thoroughly familiar with the requirements of that great project. The appropriations for the Canal for next year will be about $37,000,000.

No man is more familiar with national expenditures than he, and through his initiative many economies have been effected. Realizing the lack of co-ordination between the various departments of the government in the submission of their estimates for public expenditures and the responsibility which has heretofore fallen upon Congress of cutting down

Photo by Clinedinst

DAUGHTERS OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Misses Meyer (center), Madam Von Stumm of German Embassy. Fashionable assemblage gather to witness baseball between Washington's society club men the estimates to bring them within the revenues, Mr. Tawney recently secured the adoption of a provision requiring the heads of the departments to submit their estimates to the President in order that he may go over them before they are sent to Congress, and if he finds that they do not come within the estimated revenue for the ensuing year, he is then required either to cut them down, or to recommend to Congress new sources of taxation to meet the increased expenditures proposed. The responsibility placed upon the executive has been productive of greatly reduced estimates for appropriations. It has put a stop to the practice formerly followed by the departments of estimating for more than they could use in the hope of thus securing large appropriations and has thrown upon the heads of the departments, who are familiar with the actual needs of their departments, rather than upon Congress, the duty of paring the estimates as close as possible to the real needs of the service. Mr. Tawney's most recent accomplishment, and one that has met with universal approval, was the adoption of an amendment to the sundry civil appropriation bill, appropriating $250,000, to enable the President to appoint a tariff board and employ experts for the purpose of investigating the cost of production at home and abroad. The information gathered by this board will be thoroughly reliable and will prove invaluable when another revision of the tariff is undertaken.


HON. JAMES A. TAWNEY
Congressman from First District of Minnesota

Mr. Tawney is an indefatigable worker, a ready debater, and a born fighter. These qualities have enabled him to forge to the front in the House and have gained for him a position which is next in actual power and importance to that of President of the United States and Speaker of the House. He is one of the strongest possibilities for Speaker in the next Congress. Those who are familiar with his ability, his fearlessness and his standing in national affairs would look upon it as little short of a calamity should the people of his district fail to appreciate the value of his service not only to them but to the entire country, and he will be returned this fall to continue his work in Congress by a handsome majority.

* * *

THERE is a breezy, business air about the White House these days. Mr. Charles D. Norton, who was recently appointed secretary to the President, has brought to the office wide experience gained in a singularly successful business career, in which he commanded a salary almost equal to that of the President himself. Under his guidance the administration is meeting and solving problems in the incisive and decisive way in which business propositions are handled, and prophecies are made that the Taft administration will be appreciated more and more as the legislative and executive plan develops.

While walking through the Treasury Department a short time ago, I noticed that furniture was being brought out of the supervising architect's old office. Through the door I saw the gleam of flags—the old Stars and Stripes rarely decorate any room in Washington except on special occasions.

"What holiday is this," I queried, "about to be celebrated within the sombre shades of the old Treasury Department?"

Inside, under the direction of Secretary Norton, who was at that time Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, preparations were being made for an exhibit. All manufacturers of all kinds of office furniture and labor-saving appliances had been invited to make an exhibit here during the first week of May. Government officials and clerks were given opportunity to become thoroughly familiar with every device which might accelerate their work. This was a most significant innovation, showing what Uncle Sam has done to keep up with his business contemporaries in securing the latest and best equipment.

There were tabulating devices, typewriters, filing cases, stencil machines, everything that is included in the equipment of a modern and up-to-date office. The exposition suggested that office work has passed the stage of mere professional quill-driving, at so much per thousand words, is now "skilled labor," and the question is not merely how many letters may be turned out in a day, but how the best and most effective output may be attained, while saving time and labor.

Some foreshadowing of such advancement is dimly hinted at in the essays of Charles Lamb. Surrounded by uncongenial labors and interests, his heart was in the work which he delighted to do after "business hours." Seated in his own home he wrote those charming essays which are truly his "life work," and many of which were suggested by his employment and business associates. Thousands of people today know the South-Sea House only because he has described it.

"Here are still to be seen stately porticos; imposing staircases, offices roomy as state apartments in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; . . . Huge charts which subsequent discoveries have antiquated; dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams—and soundings of the Bay of Panama! . . . . . . Vast ranges of cellarage under all, where dollars and pieces-of-eight once lay, an 'unsunned heap,' . . . . . long since dissipated, or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous *bubble*."

CHARLES DYER NORTON
Recently appointed secretary to President Taft

"Thy great dead tomes, which scarce three degenerate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves. . . . . with pious sentences at the beginning, without which our religious ancestors never ventured to open a book of business or bill of lading—the costly vellum covers. . . . . I cannot look upon these defunct dragons with complacency."

He tells of his fellow-clerks, "a sort of Noah's ark. Odd fishes. A lay-monastery." One is a Macaroni, "the last of that race of beaux." Another is an "old bachelor. . . who would chirp and expand over a muffin," and still another is "Thomas Tame," who "had the air and stoop of a nobleman."

The reader marvels in what direction Lamb would have branched out had he worked at congenial employment. To what use would he have put the genius expended in describing his fellow-clerks? Any young fellow who thinks he has "no scope" for his talents had better study the "Essays of Elia," and see what cheery old Charles made out of the most uninteresting position a man could possibly fill.

Photo by Stein, Milwaukee

A. CRESSY MORRISON

Who is carrying on a stirring campaign for clean money

This innovation in the way of an exhibition was launched at the Treasury Department in Washington at ten o'clock, one May day, when Assistant Secretary Norton, now secretary to President Taft, delivered an address, in part as follows:

> Inasmuch as the exhibit is made only for the benefit of the government service, and cannot be thrown open to the public, or be advertised in any way, I am glad to express our appreciation of the efforts of so large a number of business firms to enable the government employes conveniently to examine their devices. I urge that you and your assistants encourage every one of your clerks who shows any interest in better business methods to familiarize himself with these labor-saving devices, and, after the exhibit is over, you are requested to report in writing to the Secretary of the Treasury, in detail, whether any of these machines or devices will increase the efficiency of your office.
>
> No man is really fortunate who holds a sinecure, or does work elaborately or expensively that could be done simply and at less cost. The man himself deteriorates so that he pays an even heavier penalty than does the employer from whom he draws 'something for nothing' on pay day. He is fortunate whose faculties are tested daily by necessary work, done in the most scientific way, and who receives fair pay for doing it. In the immense and rapidly expanding activities of the government there is ample room for every clerk who is or who can be made efficient.

Photo by Clinedinst

MISS BESSIE SESSIONS

Step-daughter of Lieutenant Colonel Benjamin Reeves Russell, United States Marine Corps, retired. One of Washington's prettiest society girls, discovered in "Bright Eyes," Forest Theater, Philadelphia, by her friends

> Modern methods and labor-saving devices, if skillfully applied, will not, in my opinion, turn adrift efficient employes. There will be many transfers as vacancies occur by death or resignation in the service, and in justice to men and women who have entered

the government service in good faith, we are bound, in my opinion, to work just as zealously to bring about these necessary readjustments as to introduce better business methods.

We are really discussing here one of the great policies of the present Administration, the retrenchment of public expenditures.

At the very moment when the aspirations of the whole American people are for the expansion of the great and costly Federal agencies engaged in promoting public health; conserving public lands; teaching scientific farming or lumbering; improving our waterways; our national defenses; enlarging our courts of justice; at the very moment, in short, when the Federal Government is urged to expand our national expenditures, as we have been doing for the past ten years, we are threatened with deficits despite our immense revenues. It is in order to conserve these great projects of social betterment then that retrenchment and the elimination of waste has become so vitally important and so necessary to the American people who employ us all.

Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. JOHN KELIHER

Wife of the United States Congressman from Massachusetts

As a result of this exhibition the Secretary of the Treasury hopes to eliminate some of the antiquated methods of transacting government business which prevail at this time. He believes that the adoption of some of the machines and devices shown will materially increase the efficiency of the service, and has adopted this novel method of bringing them to the attention of the heads of bureaus and employes of the Treasury Department, as well as to the heads of bureaus and employes of all of the Executive.

HENRY S. GRAVES

New Forestry Chief, who succeeded Mr. Pinchot

INCREASING numbers of soiled bills are being returned to Washington for redemption. Mr. A. Cressy Morrison, of Chicago, still carries on with enthusiasm a campaign against "filthy lucre;" filthy in the literal sense of the word; when represented by the bills commonly used in present-day transaction of business.

The results of a thorough analysis of twenty-four of the worst bills turned in are startling. There were germs of grippe, tuberculosis, diphtheria and other contagious diseases. Mr. Morrison claims that the examinations made for typhoid and cholera germs in drinking water should be applied to bills. When Mr. Hilditch, of Yale, examined 24 bills he discovered an average of 142,000 bacteria of various dangerous maladies, which is a matter of grave concern when it is considered that this money had passed through the hands of thousands of men, women and children all over the country. It has been proved scientifically that paper money is a means of transmission of disease. Germs of tuberculosis and other contagious disorders may live for several days in bills. From a sanitary standpoint, the federal government ought to remedy this disgraceful condition. In fact, the bills become so contaminated that no self-respecting person would accept such an accumulation of filth in any other form than money, in a public or private transaction.

Photo by Clinedinst MISS MATHILDE TOWNSEND

Of Washington, District of Columbia, who will marry Mr. Peter G. Gerry of New York. Miss Townsend is the social leader of Washington. She is very beautiful and worth millions of dollars. Date of marriage not decided upon

The expense of sending money to the sub-treasury for redemption is assigned as one reason why bills are not oftener turned in for renewal. Large sums of money are tied up for the length of time required for transit and verification as to genuineness after reaching the Treasury. Here each bill has to pass through a minute analysis and comparison with various records to insure its genuineness. The government seems to be guided largely by laws which pay no attention to a sanitary currency. Persons who have traveled in Great Britain and noted the clean bills in use there, have felt that the unclean condition of Uncle Sam's green bills is a disgrace.

So long as positive proof can be obtained and given to the government that innumerable germs of filthy and mortal diseases exist, even in a single bill, it seems that precautionary steps should at once be taken. If a smallpox patient should expend a few bills, the grocer, the butcher and the baker would be likely to place many customers in grave danger by circulating these bills, not to speak of their personal risk. Congressman Wiley has a bill now before the House requesting that money returned to the Treasury shall not be reissued, and that the cost of transportation both ways shall be borne by the Department. An amendment provides that when the bank examiner counts the reserve, which must be held legally by any bank, he will consider a debit against the treasury for redemption as a part of the reserve; such an amendment would clear the path of the chief difficulties in the way of clean money. The total number of bills redeemed last year was 241,000,000 of separate issues, the largest number ever redeemed, and representing a face value of over a billion and a quarter dollars. One particular dollar bill submitted to the Department of Agriculture for examination showed over 92,000,000 germs, among which were over 13,000,000 living bacteria, with a life varying from hours to days;

including germs of smallpox, yellow fever, tuberculosis and diphtheria. With the natural love of the American people for cleanliness, it should not be long before Mr. Morrison realizes an abundant success in his stirring campaign for clean money and wholesome bills.

* * *

IN the prime of life, at the age of forty-eight, and with twenty-two years of solid usefulness before him on the Supreme Court bench, should he retire at the age of seventy, Charles E. Hughes is regarded as being especially fitted to the post assigned to him. He has decided not to qualify until October, at the fall term of the Supreme Court. The influence which Governor Hughes has exerted on state and national affairs, and on public life in general, must be great and lasting. Who would have thought that the hard-working, painstaking attorney of a few years ago, conducting the insurance investigation in New York City Hall, and keeping his head cool amid the storms, always pushing forward relentlessly but forcefully for the truth—and nothing but the truth—without a trace of personal feeling or malice, would soon be called to represent the championship of public righteousness by the nation?

His success has been achieved without partisan machinery, wholly depending on the plain integrity of his purposes and the co-operation of the people. Studious and simple in all that he does, a page of Euclid or other abstruse subject by way of diversion is enjoyed with his regular daily luncheon of lamb chops. It is no surprise to learn that in vacation time he prefers climbing a Swiss mountain to lounging in a piazza chair.

Photo by Clinedinst

MISS EDNA ELLERBE

Daughter of Congressman Ellerbe of South Carolina, and one of the leaders of the Southern Congressional set at the National Capital

EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN

On the railway platform during the trip through Europe. Mr. O'Laughlin was formerly assistant secretary of state and the author of the popular "Through Europe and from the Jungle with Roosevelt"

His speeches are rare contributions to political literature—clear, concise and so easily understood, and yet having all the dignity of an opinion delivered from the bench. Impervious to flattery and the ordinary allurements of public life, he is guided by principle rather than by policy, and finds pleasure in grappling with great problems which must eventually reach him. The unanimity of his selection by every member of the Cabinet, and its hearty endorsement by the whole people, is an universal approbation of the American people of his elevation to the supreme tribunal of the United States; and in his choice President Taft has shown that, despite criticisms, he is truly a nation-serving President.

While in Albany, it is believed, President Taft, in a long talk with Governor Hughes, decided to offer him the justiceship of the Supreme Court. Probably this decision was arrived at in view of the fact that Governor Hughes was firm in his determination not to run again for his present office. He never has any hesitation in explaining his views, be it on the Anti-Trust Act or any other matter, and his language on the questions of the day is plain and unmistakable.

Photo by Clinedinst

AN INTERESTING SNAP SHOT OF CARDINAL GIBBONS

"We do not want anything which will interfere with business enterprise. We don't want anything which will interfere with investments to give opportunities for labor. We do not want to return to soup houses. We don't want to make it difficult for men to find employment. But, on the other hand, we do want to make it difficult for anybody or for any set to unite together and prevent other people from having perfectly fair and just treatment. We want to end discrimination in business.

"I am for the Anti-Trust Act. I am against the unfair combinations by which people are deprived of their chance to get to markets and by which independents have a hard time getting along. I believe in the policy that has been adopted of making it absolutely impossible for secret agreements; for those measures which are taken to put down the independent competitor in this country."

Those who know Governor Hughes, and have made a study of his policies in connection with his public career, understand that his opinions are not formed on the fleeting impulse of the moment, but are the voicing of settled convictions.

* * *

IN these days of history-making, when history is being made so rapidly that even the historian is swept out of his accustomed judicial attitude, it is refreshing to take down a volume of John Fiske's ethical, historical and literary essays. As time recedes, the lengthening perspective heightens the genial philosophy which Fiske embodied in classical English, and the spirit of his works is worthy of general acceptation for, although at times ready with a rapier thrust, he never forgot that his first duty to the reader was to give facts, and state them as justly and entertainingly as possible.

At the latest meeting of the Educational Association, many speakers paid deserved tribute to the memory of John Fiske, whose work as an historian has had a wide and lasting influence upon the school teachers and the children of the country.

JOHN FISKE

ON the same day that he was at the White House, Governor Walter E. Clark of Alaska was hung in effigy in Juneau because of the removal of a United States marshal. He is planning for extensive improvements in Alaska this year.

"For the first time in Alaskan history," he said, "an appropriation has been made for lighthouses, and a line of acetylene lamps will stretch along the southeastern coast. They will be provided with the Swedish prism so that the lights will burn for six months at a time."

Lamps of this kind are apparently extinguished the moment the sun comes up, and the light turns on again as soon as the sun sets.

"The government does well," remarked a facetious young Washingtonian, "to illuminate Alaska's $50,000,000 worth of commerce."

An Alaskan gentleman standing by remarked that more than the commerce needed illumination, adding:

"The whole status of Alaska has been much interfered with by this scare raised over the Pinchot-Ballinger inquiry. Great fields of coal lie undeveloped and may do so for years. Meanwhile people are buying British Columbian coal and lugging it across the border. Supplies of fuel could be obtained near at hand if the Alaskan situation could be speedily adjusted."

* * *

SINCE his visit to Europe Senator Tillman has a fund of new stories, which sound properly filtered and possess the true continental flavor. In London he enjoyed a real "pea soup" fog; to get a good view of it he took a ride on top of a 'bus, which passed slowly along the streets, as though feeling its way. The wintry chill pinched his nose and ears, the fog dripped Niobe-like around him; everything was moist and sticky; sound was deadened; cabs and foot passengers loomed up for a moment, like phantoms, and disappeared as suddenly.

"If I was a scholard," said the 'bus driver, emphasizing his final "d," "I'd always talk Latin on this sort of a day."

The Senator asked why.

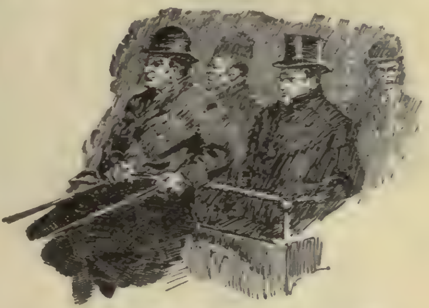
"You know, these folks all look like ghosts and ghostesses to me—and Latin's the proper language to talk to spirits in. It's well known they won't answer if they're spoke to in English."

Beside the Senator was a Parsee, wearing a red fez. The driver cast sundry curious glances at him, during the frequent pauses necessitated by the fog. When the man got off, he said:

"You're an American, I know, sir, but would you mind telling me where that chap hails from who's wearing that monkey cap?"

"He is a sun-worshipper, they are called Parsees."

"Well, well—worships the sun, does he? I suppose he's come 'ere to 'ave a little rest from his prayers," and he glanced expressively at the wet, shivering passengers, and the gloomy, cheerless slice of street faintly visible through the fog.

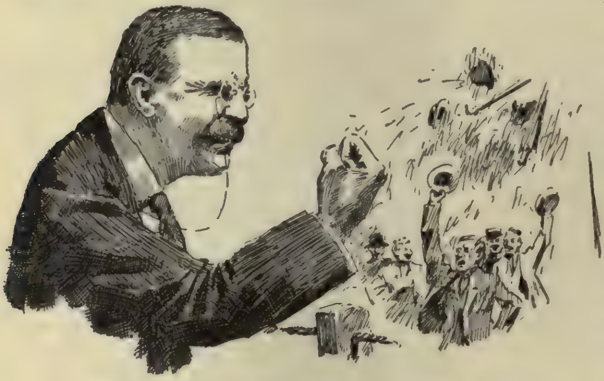

"Beside the Senator was a Parsee wearing a red fez"

* * *

A PROBLEM that was wrinkling the overhanging brows of the political prophets, prior to the return of the famous traveler, was "What will Roosevelt do when he reaches the United States?" They had picked out all sorts of places for him to fill, ranging from the New York Senatorship to the Presidential chair of the United States. Some Congressmen have felt that he would add weight and dignity to their councils, as a member of the lower House.

Meantime the ex-President has been having "the time of his life" mingling with his relatives of Dutch blood. One word expresses his opinion of the trip, "Bully." He will probably find enjoyment on his return, whether he proceeds to take part in the destinies of his native land, to mix with the insurgents, to hold public office or to settle down at Oyster Bay and write things for other folks to read. No one dreams of having a dull campaign this fall, with the slayer of African wild beasts well to the front. If he is not "all over bluggy" like the five-year-old hero of fiction, he is undoubtedly ready to take an active part in anything that may be a-doing when he comes home.

If an inquiry should be made as to the most impressive feature in the Roosevelt visit to Europe, the consensus of opinion would probably light upon his stay in France. That must indeed have been an impressive moment when he gazed upon the red marble of the tomb of Napoleon. Looking over the railing, as thousands of other men, both small and great, have done, he may have mused—in the midst of his own popularity—upon the fleeting character of human greatness:



"Roosevelt won't carry out any plans suggested to him"

> "False the light on glory's plume,
> As fading hues of even."

* * *

IN a certain high school in Washington the following test is applied in order to separate the "cranks" from the "jolly good fellows."

"Nail a square piece of water against the side of a house, and when the water has dried up, move the house away, and what remains is a miffle."

Only a "jolly good fellow" will listen a second time to this mysterious announcement. The others will all turn up their noses, even if nature has persistently turned them down. This method has proved so successful that the high school boys succeeded in getting the formula printed in one of the Washington newspapers, where "it may be seen unto this day."

* * *

AN expert investigator declares that the simple fact of having gone through the marriage ceremony does not require a woman to change her name—it is merely a complimentary concession to her husband's dignity, and is not legally necessary either in the United States or abroad. In many cases, when titled women have married, they have retained their own name, and the plebeian husband has reversed the usual process and tacked his wife's name onto his own. A notable instance of this was when the Baroness Burdette Coutts married her secretary, and he was thereafter known as Mr. Burdette Coutts. This revelation was made at a recent woman's convention. There were many speeches on the streets and in the historic avenues of Washington. The suffragettes were there in full force, and began a militant campaign, but it did not meet with the measure of success attained in England.

President Taft was invited to address the convention, though he explained that he was not in sympathy with the movement. He finally accepted, and it was during his speech that he was "hissed"; furnishing much copy for the newspapers—a hissing audience of women being a decided anomaly. The convention promptly disavowed the action, and the public have concluded that women are no more strong-minded than men, and that their feelings also occasionally run away with them. It has been stated that such a thing could not occur in a gathering of men, and that even a labor organization would not be guilty of so flagrant a breach of hospitality. On the other hand, a speaker addressing an assembly of men, by special invitation, is almost sure to say only what will be agreeable for them to hear. Incidentally the surprise expressed conveys a delicate compliment to the good behavior of women, which they probably will not be slow to see.

* * *

AT the Agricultural Department is encouraging proof of continued prosperity. It is generally conceded now on every side that the flood time of fortune for the farmer has arrived. The great increase in population will insure the farmer a good market for his product. The situation has evoked from Arthur Brisbane a summary that is full of interest:

> "The farmer is twice as rich today as he ever was in the history of America.
>
> "The farmer, though you may not know it, buys half of all the automobiles made in America now, or more than half!
>
> "The farmer now gets for his hogs, alive and squealing on the hoof, just double the amount that he was very glad to get a few years ago.
>
> "He gets more for his wheat, for his corn, his eggs, his butter and milk.
>
> "And besides getting bigger prices, the farmer, thanks to scientific agriculture, gets more out of each acre.
>
> "You understand, of course, that every dollar added to the price the farmer receives for food produced means a dollar added to the cost of living.
>
> "The middleman simply adds to the price he charges you every increase in the price paid the farmer.
>
> "It would be impossible to say just how much the income of the farmers has increased during the past years, but the sum is enormous, running into thousands of millions."

* * *

MANY a full-grown man has lively memories of the hickory which was used upon him in youth, upon the principle quoted by a small Sunday-school scholar: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he's old he'll go it."

However, hickory has been put to other uses than the training of youthful Americans, and it seems the supply, according to the Agricultural Department, is rapidly failing. The value of hickory lumber at this time is thirty dollars per thousand, and the high grades are selling at fifty dollars. The total value of hickory production is not less than $12,000,000 annually. At the present time it constitutes not more than five per cent of the standing timber of the United States. The supply in Indiana and Ohio, where the best wood formerly grew, has been almost exhausted. At present Arkansas is in the lead, followed by Tennessee, Indiana, Kentucky and Ohio.

* * *

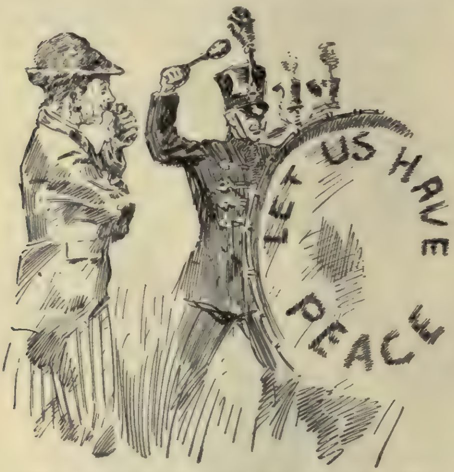
A DAINTY little lady, who is still full of lively interest in all that she sees, is Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, wife of the famous Confederate leader. She visited at the home of Mrs. Leiter and was given a warm reception by many old Northern and Confederate soldiers, and received marked attention from the President and other prominent officials. Mrs. Jackson now lives at Charlotte, North Carolina, and her recent visit to Washington was quite an event in her usually domestic life.

"Many a full-grown man has lively memories of the hickory"

"Had I not come," she said, "I never could have imagined just what this visit would mean to me; it has been such a pleasure to meet so many people whose names are connecting links between the present and the past, and recall those memories that grow both sadder and sweeter with the passing of time.

"It has meant so much to me to feel that my beloved husband's memory is embalmed in the hearts of his countrymen, and that as a martial commander he is still loved and admired."

Her comment on the differences between the past and present called attention to the fact that there is much less dancing at social gatherings than when she was a girl. Miss Fillmore was the hostess at the White House when she first visited Washington, and Mrs. Jackson recalled one evening in particular when a number of young girls were invited to the executive mansion.



"There'll never be any peace with that drum going"

"My sister and I were among the guests, and I shall never forget how one of the young ladies played on the harp and sang 'Auld Robin Gray.' I never enjoyed anything more. We visited for four months at one time at the White House."

Mrs. Leiter insists that Mrs. Jackson shall return to Washington next winter and continue to enjoy life at the capital.

* * *

DURING the great Peace Jubilee in Boston, when Gilmore's band made its notable appearance, one of the big drums was decorated with the motto, "Let us have peace." As the drummer marched along the street, he batted his instrument with all his might, and the band kept up a lively quick step. An Irishman who did not especially love drum music stood beside the drummer when the band paused.

"What's that motto around the drum?" he asked.

"Can't you read?" said the drummer with asperity. "That is 'Let us have peace.'"

"Who's the peace for?" persisted the inquirer.

"Peace for everyone," was the impatient reply.

"Well, I want to tell you that there'll never be any peace for me, or anyone else who's not stone deaf, with that drum going."

* * *

AN old story is going the rounds in Washington, concerning Joaquin Miller, the poet who has recently been discussing the advisability of establishing a new colony of poets—"real poets, who dwell in the nebulae of thought and ideals." It is conceded by the Good Gray Poet of the Sierras that such an aggregation of the poetic element would argue and debate all day long, possibly from dark to dawn.

"That would be delightful," said he. "The arguments would be on the verses of Swinburne, Tennyson, Keats and kindred pleasant and sensible subjects in which there would be no trace of rancor or malice."

A lawyer who was listening to the plans remarked that he hoped the colony would have at least one peacemaker.

"Absurd," said a poet present. "The soul capable of creating real poetry is incapable of quarrelling."

"Never saw a man yet who could not quarrel. Ministers are supposed to be exponents of peace and yet I heard a story the other day which goes to prove the contrary."

"Merely a friendly argument," replied the man of verse.

"Well, you listen to this: Three ministers were dining together, and were talking of the death of King Edward. Two were Englishmen and it happened that the conversation later turned upon the merits of William III and James II. They could not agree as to the characters of the two kings, and excitement rose to fever heat.

" 'William III was a rascal—I spit upon his memory,' cried one minister.

" 'Not so, not so,' exclaimed the other Englishman, 'James II was the rascal. I spit upon his memory.'

"Both appealed to the third minister, who made no answer but arose and rang the bell. On the appearance of the waiter, he said gravely:

" 'Spittoons for two, if you please.' "

* * *

THE records prove it. Even so mighty a man as Theodore Roosevelt cannot resist the fascination of mailing souvenir post cards during his trips abroad. Thirteen cards bearing his signature were received by as many school children in an East Side industrial school, which is maintained by the Children's Aid Society, in New York City, in which ex-President Roosevelt has always been interested. The reception of the thirteen post cards so delighted the pupils that school was dismissed early, to enable the happy little ones to carry home the news of their collection trophies to rejoice the hearts of their parents.

* * *

IT is odd how stories seem to go in cycles. Of late I have heard several that have had to do with tobacco or the habit of spitting—expectorating, to be polite. While rings of blue smoke floated around the cloak room, the tale of Lord Shaftesbury and a brusque miner from the West was told. Having "made his pile" and desiring to see life, he appealed to an influential acquaintance, who gave him a note of introduction to his lordship, with the remark: "He's a fine man—the best of all the London bigwigs."

In the early part of the century the genus miner was comparatively rare, and his lordship was much interested in the rough American with the immense gold watch chain. He invited him to dine and after the Westerner had sat patiently an hour at the table, he remarked:

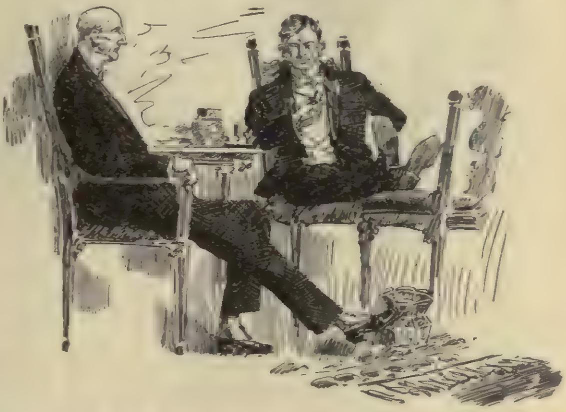
"Takes a sight of time for you English to get yer vittles down, don't it?"

He felt more at home in the smoking room and conceived a great admiration for the rich Turkish rug. He spat often—but was careful to land the tobacco juice upon the polished floor beyond the edge of the rug. Lord Shaftesbury gently pushed a beautiful china cuspidor toward him each time that the offence was repeated. When the oaken floor beyond one edge of the rug showed a most unusual line of moisture his lordship's aristocratic foot pushed the cuspidor with more energy; this time the miner responded:

"I've been watchin' you pokin' that handsome green and yaller box at me—now, I tell you I don't know what you use it for, but if you keep on shoving it this way, blessed if I don't spit in it."

* * *

A RETURN to the pranks of childhood never loses interest for some "grown-ups," no matter how stately and dignified they may be at times. During the session of the investigation of the Committee of the High Cost of Living, it was felt that something must be done to bring the accumulation of food out of cold storage.

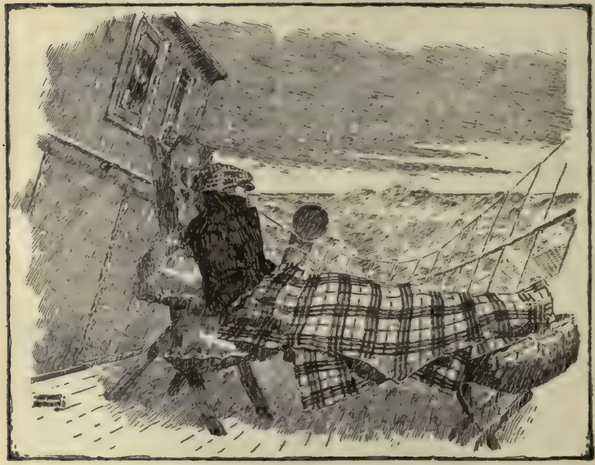


"He felt more at home in the smoking room"

A bill was introduced by Senator Lodge, making it illegal to keep certain lines of goods in cold storage for more than one year, awaiting an increase in price, while the food deteriorates in quality and weight. Representative J. Hampton Moore, of Pennsylvania, had a similar bill in the House. When he went into the cloak room to pick up his distinguished "tile," he found within it a single, solitary egg, with an intimation that the person presenting him with this gift was aware that he was interested in the high cost of living. There was a hint about that egg that the cold storage bill had already been enacted and that some of the warehouses had generously parted with their heirlooms, retained for many generations.

* * *

A GROUP of Senators were looking over the National for May. They were studying the map with all the intense interest of a boy preparing a difficult geography lesson. Uncle Shelby Cullom treated himself to a hearty laugh when he heard Senator Penrose describe his voyage to Panama:



"Senator Heyburn was dead to to the world"

"We were in a sea running forty feet high, and the wind blew eighty miles an hour."

Senator Heyburn had also been with him and he could not deny the statement, having been most of the time "dead to the world," a victim of *mal de mer*. The Senator from Idaho is said to be the only poor sailor of the senatorial party. Like all other visitors to the Canal, the members of Congress who have been to the Isthmus are always eager to hear what is being done there, and no detail is too trifling to escape their attention. The world-map printed in the July issue tells a story of the Canal in one graphic glance.

REPORTS from the census enumerators are pouring in at the Census Department, which looks more like a gigantic mail order house than a government bureau, and the particulars concerning Uncle Sam's family are providing work for large numbers of citizens.

"How strange it seems," said the beautiful young lady, pausing to gaze at the unpretentious red building which is the home of the Census Department, "how very strange it seems that the whole truth about every resident in the United States may be discovered within those walls."

Clasping a handful of material at the back of her long, slim gown, to lift it "a la mode Paris," she cast upon her sturdy companion the appealing glance which is "all the style" for 1910, because it goes so well with a clinging gown.

"Bless your heart," he said cheerfully, "do you really imagine that all the millions of United States citizens and aliens have opened their little hearts, without reserve, for the inspection of Uncle Sam?"

"But, Senator, you know they *must* tell the enumerator the truth."

From the mass of census figures gathered this year will be collated the important particulars concerning ninety millions or more of people, which, by an almost flawless system, were recorded within the space of fifteen days. The enumerators started on April 15, just before the chronic moving day, as it was felt that there would be a better chance of getting information. No threshold escaped the long, printed list of questions, and if anyone is not correctly recorded it is certainly not the fault of the Census Bureau. Many remarks have been passed on the civility of the enumerators.

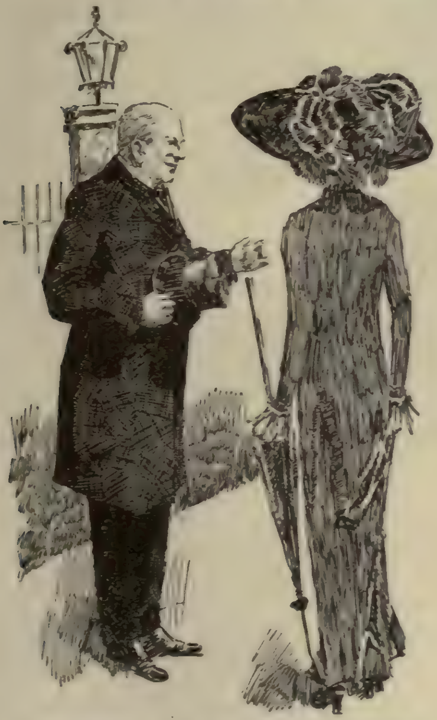
The census is "no regarder of persons," and the tabulation was made at the White House by one lone supervisor, who in a few minutes, without even interviewing the President or any of his family, put everyone down on the list.

WHILE waiting for a car in the Capitol grounds the other day, conversation among the senators and congressmen turned upon boyhood's ambitions. Senator William Alden Smith spoke of his first search for a job. On applying he was looked over carefully, and then asked:

"So you think you would like to be a railroad man?"

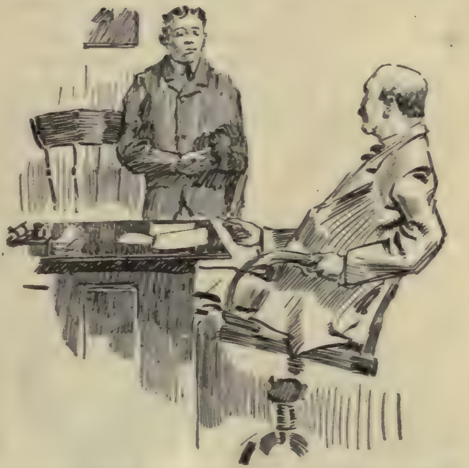
It developed later that the lad would have to place a deposit of ten dollars on his first lot of goods before embarking as a train newsboy.

"I went home in the depths of despair. It was impossible for me to raise that amount; I knew that, however willing, my mother could not supply me because we never had anything to spare at home. It was a bitter disappointment, and I felt as though my whole life was about to be wrecked for the lack of ten dollars.



"But, Senator, they must tell the enumerator the truth"

"Mother comforted me and gave me a quarter. While I was on the street, with the money in my pocket, an inspiration came to me. I invested my twenty-five cents in corn and set up a popcorn stand that afternoon. I sold it all and by the time my stand was empty I had one dollar and a quarter. Then I invested fifty cents and that day I sold three dollars' worth of corn. I felt that I was now launched on a wave of prosperity and went into business in earnest with my brother as partner.



"So you think you would like to be a railroad man"

"I well remember how excited we were fixing up a sign, and today I have in my possession one of our business cards, which I would not think of parting with. It reads:

WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH GEORGE ABRAM SMITH
WILL AND GEORGE
DEALER IN POPCORN
210 SOUTH DIVISION STREET
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
DAILY CALLS FROM 9 TO 11

"The old popper which had been borrowed from a kindly neighbor was replaced by the best kind we could get and it was no time before we had accumulated fifty dollars, and we soon became the sole support of our parents. Business increased and we took on helpers, and some of our aides are very prosperous today."

One of the Senator's confreres said: "I know now why William Alden carries popcorn in his pocket to the Senate, when he has a perplexity to settle."

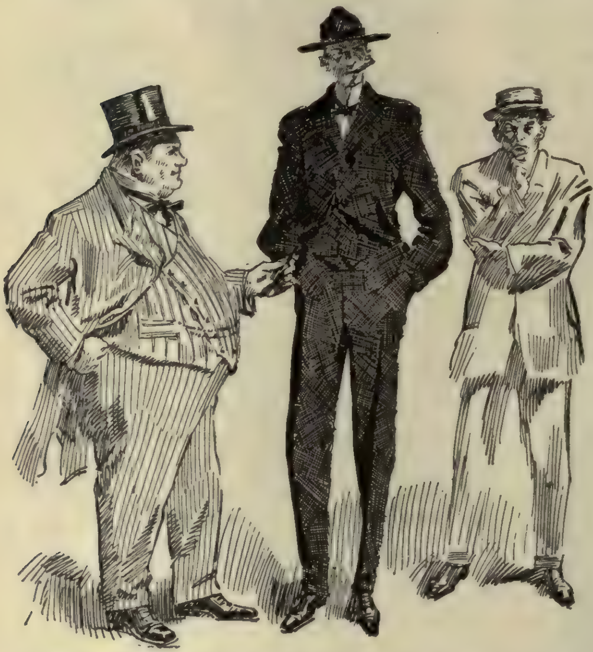
AN artist in Washington was lamenting over the decadence of the male form: "So far as beauty goes, we men are 'all to the bad,'" he said mournfully, "although the female form is every decade coming nearer to the symmetry and contour of the old Grecian statues."

He told a tale of woe about a wealthy man who went to a friend of his and insisted on having his portrait painted full length and in profile.

"Poor Adolphe is in despair. The old chap won't consent to wear Greek drapery or a Roman toga, and what to do with that portentous abdomen my friend does not know. When I saw him last he was trying to persuade his sitter to be painted holding a sheet of music or a big book before him, but the old fellow wanted to show off his thick gold watch-chain and held the music too high.

"Tell Adolphe," suggested a friend, "to throw up the commission."

"He can't afford to do that," replied the artist gloomily. "Meantime I am spending my time looking for a man over forty who has retained any pretensions at all to symmetrical proportions—either they are hopelessly skinny or they are propelling a fearful rotundity along life's pathway. Oh, those fleshy outlines! What would not I give for such a sitter as Webster or Calhoun."



"Meantime I am spending my time looking for a man over forty who has retained any pretentions at all to symmetrical proportions"

* * *

SURELY one would think once and for all time the superstitious belief that a train of calamities follows the appearance of a comet has been dissipated. For centuries the appearance of such fiery apparitions in the midnight sky has been connected in the minds of the people with floods, pestilence, war, commotion and accidents by land and sea. Now all is changed, and the steady gaze of the world was fixed upon a streaming tail of fire with no more than a lively curiosity. Even the most superstitious of Congressmen—and who would dare to name them?—admit that the appearance of the comet had nothing to do with the vote on a final amendment in the House.

Observations were taken constantly and systematically by experts, who gazed cheerfully and unafraid upon the immense tail and upon the comet itself. A young student of the heavens, who had spent many hours gazing at the comet through a powerful telescope in Washington, remarked: "If I'd done this a couple of hundred years ago I should have been considered as courageous as Mars himself—always provided I was not burned at the stake under the suspicion of being in league with the 'Old Harry' and his demons."

After some more conversation regarding the comet and its tail, he added:

"That fiery old chap, with his ribbon of blazes attached, might have suggested to mortal mind the myth of Phoebus Apollo and Phaeton when that festive young offspring of the sun god borrowed his father's horses, and running off the right course came near setting the earth on fire—the comet may be responsible for that old myth."

ALL sorts of ingenious devices have been arranged to "discharge the callers" as the secretaries say, who gain audiences with the senators and congressmen in Washington. One senator has just beneath his desk a push button for the secretary to come in on signal with announcement of a telephone call or some important and pressing engagement, which dismisses the caller in a polite way. To another secretary is delegated the special occupation of arranging appointment hours, and discharging callers in regular order so as to keep the procession moving steadily. If there are an available ten or fifteen minutes, he fills this in with what are called "diplomacy" calls. These "professional" callers are soon enrolled on a list which is passed from room to room by the clever secretary of the "Congressional Order vs. Time Killers."

There is more sincerity and real enjoyment than the people realize when the senator finds on his list a visitor "from home," who can give correct information as to how affairs are going among his constituents.

* * *

IT is quite true that the habit of smoking often grows upon a man as his work increases, but the hard smokers claim that it does not deaden the intellect as doctors say—that is, non-smoking doctors—but rather exhilarates every faculty. Even in the Senate tobacco abounds. Senator Root and Senator Carter were in the Senate chamber, after adjournment, when members are wont to gather in little moving eddies to talk over the business of the day; sentences are uttered amid puffs from big black cigars, smoked by Senator Root, and airy whiffs of such small cigarettes as are used by Senator Crane.

At one of these "extra sessions" Senator Root told the story of a friend of his whose wife did not love "My Lady Nicotine," and was wont to preach to her husband the desirability of smoking less.

"'In these days of activity, when the mind is surcharged with work each day, the tendency is to smoke, and keep on smoking, without regard to expense or evil effect on the health,' she said, and then the fond husband knew what was coming.

"She pointed out persistently how much better he would be 'physically, mentally and morally' if he gave up the use of 'those horrid, black cigars, which make the house smell like a bar room and create an odor which never leaves the curtains and carpets.'

"'What you say may all be true, my dear,' said the husband in that subdued way engendered by many years of wedded happiness, 'but only think how many great men have been incessant smokers—go back to Sir Walter Raleigh; consider Thackeray, the great writer, or even recollect General Grant—never forget that great men must smoke to calm their minds.'

"The lady's eye flashed with the gleam of a victory:

"'I will remember all that you say about great men, Horatio, if you will promise me one thing.'

"Horatio, who had not closely observed his wife's countenance, gave his 'sacred word of honor.'

"'Promise me, then, that you will smoke no more until you are really great—no more tobacco until you are a great man like Thackeray or Grant.'"

The narrator paused and then added sadly that the husband's response had not been recorded.

* * *

OCCASIONALLY a scholar comes to the front insisting that the world is growing worse, but it is a delightful change to find one who says, "The whole world is growing better and better." He points out that gentlemen no longer drink intoxicating liquors to excess, regarding it today as a disgrace to be drunk. Money is no longer raised for building colleges by means of lotteries, as it was when Harvard was erected and the Capitol built at Washington. Criticism of present conditions, and even muck-raking, is encouraging, he states, because it shows that the moral sense of the people is awakening. In economic transactions, as in old business customs, there is a general forsaking of old fashions for something which indicates growth and greater skill. Education is more generally disseminated; the average man and woman of today know more than members of so-called "learned professions" in past centuries. Cleanliness is being insisted upon in public affairs, as upon the public streets. When the United States troops took possession of Manila it was a pest hole; they introduced sewers and a good sanitary system, and now it is a thriving and healthful city. Like Panama, it is today a sanitary example for the world. The water systems alone are a model and worth millions of dollars in producing healthfulness. Sweeping the streets, gathering the garbage, putting in sewers, may not be very romantic, but it is what adds to the happiness and welfare of the people, and it is doubtful whether the most ardent lover of "the good old times," would be anxious to go back to a condition of affairs when it was necessary to wade in mud and filth ankle deep, lantern in hand, in order to get to an evening party. Let's know what is being done today before we wail any more about "good old times."

Our national hysteria, inflamed by muck-rakers, is subsiding. People are beginning to realize that the nation has many patriotic men, who are doing great work, outside of self-appointed country saviors seeking higher office. Look no further than the work on the Panama Canal for men of sterling and unimpeachable integrity and purest motives. The digging on the Isthmus is accomplishing something never expected—it is convincing people that real patriotism is something more than pointing the finger of scorn, or invoking the bitter remedy of moral lynch law.

Muck-raking and partisanship are nothing new. Jealousy, prejudice and misunderstanding have produced more social upheavals, brought on more wars between nations, than have ever been caused by a desire to protect the innocent, relieve the oppressed or attain liberty. True, these commotions often leave the atmosphere clearer. The best remedy in the world for jealousy and misunderstanding is to come face to face with the aggressor—to look straight into the eyes of our fellow-man, and see in him the same inherent purposes and convictions and impulses, the identical affections that animate us.

There was Solomon, the champion wailer, pessimist and poet of all history. It is argued from study of that wise man's writings that pessimism has always existed, and probably will, and doubtless there is no more today than there was two thousand years ago.

* * *

A NEW bust of ex-President Roosevelt has arrived at the Capitol, and has been on inspection in the room of Senator Wetmore. It is pronounced a work of art, and while it certainly reflects the strenuosity usually associated with the ex-President, the grin to which everyone is so accustomed is not portrayed, nor do the spectacles appear, and the eyes look out from the face with a slight, but natural squint. The bust is of Italian marble and is the work of James S. Fraser, a New York sculptor. There are twenty niches in the Capitol for vice-presidents; not only are they all filled, but at the present time there are twenty-seven busts in all and only twenty niches. It is proposed to remove the busts of some of the vice-presidents of long ago, and to replace them with more popular or distinguished statesmen.

"You can bet some of them will have to move over for Teddy," was the grim comment of a secretary trying to figure out how twenty goes into twenty-seven once.

* * *

THE auction sale of the art collection of Charles T. Yerkes affords another proof of the prosperity of the nation, in the price paid for Turner's "Rockets and Blue Lights," which brought under the hammer $120,000. It looks like a lot of money for a picture to hang on the wall of a man's home, or in an art gallery, but it certainly indicates a revival of art interest. Other famous paintings brought upwards of $80,000 to $100,000, prices which ought to encourage American artists, although the figures seemed to be gauged by the age of the picture and the proof that it was painted by the hand of one of "the old masters," rather than as representing modern ideas of the beautiful. Thousands of persons who fall into raptures over one of those ancient canvases would, if perfectly candid, admit that in their hearts they saw more beauty in a

"1910 colored photograph." As a matter of fact, most Americans, while they enjoy the glory and honor of owning one of these "gems," really find more satisfaction in looking at portrayals of American scenes, reproductions of things which are familiar to them, than they do at a picture of some old Flemish burgher buying a goose for his Sunday dinner, or a stolid, stuffy Dutchman and his wife, standing with "eyes right" to have their pictures "took."

The old-world ideals of art have been carefully grafted upon American society trees, and it remains to see whether they will flourish and bear fruit. It is only fair to say, however, that some of the "old masters" used colors and applied them in a way which retain, after centuries, a brilliancy and effect that many modern canvases will never equal.

* * *

AN English magazine recently employed both English and American cartoonists to illustrate the same joke. Accompanying each design submitted, the artist was required to state in writing just how the ludicrous or witty side of the subject had impressed him, and why he had decided to illustrate it as he did.

The contest revived an old contention as to whether Englishmen or Americans have the truest sense of humor. London *Punch*, famous throughout the world as the oldest and most widely read of comic papers, is conceded to have established and maintained for generations a keen and delicate sense of humor, and to have given the world a series of cartoons that are, and will be for all time, English classics. The Parisian cartoons are artistic in design and verbiage, but too often the sentiment is objectionable, and they seldom display that *soupcon* of tenderness and purity of heart with which John Leech so genially imbued even his most ridiculous character.

Du Maurier's beautiful faces and subtle combinations of heartsomeness and wit; Thackeray's inartistic but effective illustrations of his own writings; Nast's powerful satires of the Civil War period, and savage and effective attacks on the infamous Tweed and his "respectable" apologists; Hogarth, crass and broad in the spirit of his time but immortal in his early courage and power; Opper, the modern Cruikshank, who perhaps sacrificed art too recklessly to effect, but is to be reckoned with none the less—these are all well known. Beard's animal pictures are certainly genuinely artistic and masterly.

An American cartoonist, Mr. Arthur Young, now coming to the front and best known to Chicago and Milwaukee *illuminati*, insists that Americans have the keenest and most original sense of humor because they assimilate so easily the best of all that comes to them from all parts of the world. As every picture must first exist in the heart and brain of its delineator, so must he be the most versatile and exquisite portrayer with pen and pencil who draws nearest and most lovingly to the hearts of all sentient beings, and to the great heart of the life and love of the world.

* * *

FOR the first time in its history, the Senate recently adjourned for lunch. There was a red-hot political discussion going on, and yet it had an undercurrent of genial jollity. It was described as a political "love scene." Senator Rayner and some of his Democratic colleagues were twitting Senator Dolliver for not coming over bag and baggage to the Democratic party, comparing themselves to a young man whose feelings are wounded by heartless flirtation, when he has "serious intentions."

The proposition of the Senator from Maryland, that there should be a permanent alliance, described as "holy political wedlock," and the appeal for information as to future "intentions" proved very amusing to those who were listening to the by-play between the Democrats and insurgents. The regulars doubtless felt disposed to spur on the insurgents to display the ardor which ought to have characterized young John Alden, just before he was routed by the inquiry:

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

The advances of Senator Rayner were repelled by Senator Dolliver, and he declared his intention of fighting with the

Republican party, even though he had to combat when he believed it to be wrong, adding:

"It is a large party, and it has within the past fifteen years converted very large numbers of good people to its faith. It is large enough and good enough to carry on the fight for good government."

Senator Bailey cheerfully pointed out: "You cannot fight the Democrats and each other at the same time. If you insurgents co-operate with the Democrats there is not a state or district in the Union where you could not prove successful."

Senator Rayner, with mock seriousness, went on to allude touchingly to "the radiant smiles" cast upon his party, and expressed grave doubts as to whether they might be construed as "the tokens of permanent affection."

It was finally concluded that there were Republicans in the Democratic ranks and vice versa, and that it was time for both parties to call a truce, and under the white flag arrange for an exchange of prisoners.

Like sensible men, the Senators adjourned and dispersed to take crackers and milk and some of "the custard that mother made."

* * *

THE good old custom of "indignation meetings" has gone out of fashion. Today, they are supplanted by indignation articles which appear in magazines and newspapers. Americans were wont to assemble periodically in city halls and other public places and definitely voice their indignation concerning any public movement which did not meet with their approval.

What, in former years, was merely the spoken declaration of indignation, the expression of a popular sentiment which perhaps had radically changed within a few hours, now finds vent in cold print in the pages of newspaper or magazine, perused by thousands. It is not surprising that at times it seems almost impossible for the earnest seeker after truth to find her lineaments in such guise—

> "Thy face is far from this our war,
> Our charge and counter-cry."

Today, only one side of the debate is presented in any publication, and there is no opportunity to talk it over, and hear the views of others on the matter, as in indignation meetings. It is to be hoped that there may be a revival of the old-fashioned gatherings for the expression of feeling on important questions and that generous impulse as well as cold discussion may bring good men closer together, and encourage united action for the common good.

* * *

HE was one of the grim and glum men in Washington whom it is said that no applicant for a position has ever approached. It was not that he was so stern in appearance, but he had a voice which fairly bristled with irony and sarcasm, before which even the stoutest heart might quail. His favorite remark, when speaking to some new employe, who had been engaged by some other member of the firm, was:

"Our first requirement is absolute *correctness in figures*," the last three words always in italics.

One day two young ladies ventured into the privacy of his office; they wore an imperious and somewhat saucy smile. Bedecked with beautiful complexions, empire gowns and picture hats, they were beyond the pale of criticism.

"What we first insist upon is correctness in figures," said the G. G. man, not looking up.

Civil and unabashed they shook their sunny curls, and smoothing their hipless skirts, remarked, in perfect unison: "We are told that our figures are absolutely correct. We were once in a Florodora sextet."

They got the job.

However, there is a sequel: One of the attractive young women worked in the office of the ogre; she was expected to keep his desk in order. She had strict orders never "to touch anything," while on the other hand she must on no account allow dust or waste papers to accumulate on the desk.

"And for heaven's sake, when I get stamps for a special purpose, don't go and send them all out on letters."

Twenty-five stamps had lain on the desk for three days; the young woman knew they belonged in a certain drawer, but thought it wiser to adhere to the order, "touch nothing." This particular morning the ogre arrived in an especially exasperated frame of mind—the breakfast coffee had not been quite right.

"Here," he roared. The young woman briskly came forward. "How many times have I told you never to leave stamps lying around? Take these and put them where I can't see them."

With surprising speed she whipped the stamps from his hand, drew them across her tongue and with a deft movement plastered them upon the shiny bald pate of the irate gentleman. With a low bow and a polite "good-morning" the lovely young lady in the hipless gown left that office forever and forever.

* * *

DENY it as they may, men incessantly comment upon the variations in feminine raiment. A Congressman frankly admits that the hats this year are an entertaining puzzle. He was watching a procession of young girls coming from matinees and other afternoon functions. "Their hats are tipped upward," he said, "and downward, hind-side afore—in fact every way." He turned to his companion:

"Was there a fashion in the days of our youth—or is it merely a tradition handed down from a mysterious past—that a woman's hat should be put on straight?"

His elderly friend smiled a cheerful assent to the first part of the question.

"If you can point out one of these girls, Jim," continued the Congressman, "whose hat is on straight, I will admit that I am a goat. Some hats list to starboard, some to larboard, and some are down by the stern, while others have the fo'c'sle level with the lady's chin."

"Well," said his friend cautiously, "if there is a hat on the street straight, with the exception of yours, I cannot see it. But there is one thing I do notice, and that is that a girl with a turned-up nose pretty nearly always gets a hat with exactly the same tilt."

Passersby little thought that the two grave-faced men were absorbed in watching the "angles" of ladies' hats. Then they began to "swop" experiences in summer bonnets:

"Would you believe," said the Congressman, "that I was entrusted with the selection of a new hat for my wife and the wife of a friend? The other husband and I had gone to the milliner's with the two ladies, because we had an appointment to take them somewhere and knew they would spend the entire afternoon choosing hats if they went alone. My friend's wife could not decide what to buy.

"'Let me choose for you,' I said, jokingly.

"I was rather surprised when the two ladies left the selection in my hands. I picked out a handsome looking hat, with a lot of flowers on it, for my wife, and a small, simple one for my friend's wife, who was a small woman. When we two men went to pay the bills I almost fainted with astonishment." He shook his head sadly.

"What was wrong?"

"My bill was eighteen dollars and my friend's sixty—he's never felt quite the same toward me since."

* * *

IN an interesting interview Congressman Weeks related his experience on first entering Congress. He said he soon realized that a member who was thoroughly familiar with even one subject could maintain the attention of his audience better than a Congressman who could talk fairly well on almost any subject.

A measure came up involving the custom of "hazing" at Annapolis, and as he was a graduate he was urged to say something on behalf of the bill.

"You may not have as good a chance for five years to speak on a subject which you so thoroughly understand," said his colleague.

He asked the speaker for an opportunity to state his views in five minutes.

"When I rose to make my little speech," said Mr. Weeks, "the members were in the usual state of disorder, talking, writing, lounging or coming in or going out. 'Mr. Speaker,' I said as loudly as I could, with the idea of making my voice heard above the din, 'I am a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis'—before I got any farther, to my surprise, the noise ceased. Men stopped and looked at me with attention, as though saying to themselves, 'Here is a man who knows whereof he speaks. We will listen to what information he may be able to give.' Since then," continued Mr. Weeks, "I have found that exact knowledge on any subject under discussion will always gain the attention of the House of Representatives."

Representative Weeks still retains the square shoulders and military bearing and aspect of a naval officer. He stands six feet high and weighs two hundred and thirty pounds but walks as briskly as if pacing the quarter deck. Born in New Hampshire, he is accounted one of the strong men in the New England delegation of hard workers, and knows how to make barren soil yield crops.

An ardent friend of Speaker Cannon, he insists on carrying forward, in a conservative and logical way, the work of the party by which he was elected. No man has a keener sense of responsibility. He made a startling assertion in reference to the sums of money that would be required if each man were able to carry out his pet plans without any restraining influences from a centralized authority. One congressman alone had a scheme for expending a hundred millions annually. With such a terrific drain upon the public funds from all sources, poor Uncle Sam would in a short time be bankrupt. When the truth and meaning of the many schemes to secure the expenditure of public moneys is fully realized, the value of a restraining influence, as indicated by Congressman Weeks, will be fully appreciated.

* * *

TARIFF negotiations today rather suggest the story of the Illinois school ma'am. She inquired of a little boy—the bright boy, of course:—

"You see, Johnny, with monetary and tariff questions before the country, and so much talk about revenues, it is very necessary for you boys to know something about finance."

"Ye'ap," said Johnny with flattering attention.

"If I gave you a cent, and Mr. Rockefeller gave you two cents—how much money would you have in your pocket?"

"Five cents," shouted Johnny without a moment's pause.

"Now, Johnny, listen again. If I gave you one cent and Mr. Rockefeller gave you two cents—one and two, remember—how much money would be in your pocket?"

"Five cents," persisted the pupil.

"You know better than that, Johnny. How could one and two make five? Don't be stubborn, Johnny."

"I ain't stubborn," replied the boy reproachfully. "If you gave me one cent and Mr. Rockefeller gave me two I would have five in my pocket, 'cause there's two there now." He grinned triumphantly, and the embarrassed school ma'am forgot to rebuke him, because she recognized in him the budding promise for future high finance.

* * *

AS the completion of the Panama Canal approaches, candidates for "Canal Expositions" develop; among them are New Orleans, Washington, San Francisco and San Diego, California. Representative Moore introduced a resolution for the appointment of a joint committee to consider the advisability of holding an exposition of all the American republics in 1915, to celebrate in Washington the Panama Canal opening. Like all resolutions, this was introduced to sense the drift of public opinion, and it is believed that it will develop into arrangements for an exposition that will become a world celebration in the broadest sense, for, as one of the congressmen remarked:

"Not only the American republics, but the whole world is vitally interested in the Panama Canal's completion."

Such an exposition would afford a splendid opportunity for the production of a series of historical pictures, from the landing of Balboa on the Isthmus down to the present day. Every event of any importance in the history of the United States might appropriately be illustrated.

* * *

THE blow has fallen! The "crepuscles and penumbras"—as the modern novelist hath it—have laid hold of President Taft. Amid all his trials as chief executive of the nation, he is now confronted with the anguish of losing his good cook.

Martha Peterson is her name, and Sweden is her native land. She took delight in the preparation of "vittles" for the presidential board until that fatal day when a pair of blue eyes, set in a smiling Hibernian face, gazed admiringly at her. Then Cupid skipped up and shot his deadly arrow; so the President's good cook is to become Mrs. James Mulvy. 'Tis said that the Taft family, like Dickens' "John Chivery" have "come forth magnanimous," and congratulated the big policeman who, while protecting the White House, discovered a jewel in the kitchen.

* * *

WHEN it comes to "doing things," Senator Gallinger is always in evidence; his exhaustive committee work requires his attention at three various offices, and he is never known to have a leisure hour. The handling of the District of Columbia Committee affairs is an immense task, but add to this the hearings which the Senator must attend, his work on the Committees on Naval Affairs, Commerce and Appropriations, and we have the schedule of a very busy man.

In his office in the Senate building is a painting of the historic naval engagement between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac"—a suggestion of activity and a reminder that the timbers of the "Merrimac" came from the mountains in New Hampshire where he lives.

* * *

A NEW conundrum is going the rounds in Washington:—"American tourists are importing into the United States in large quantities something which no custom house officer can discover and on which no duty can possibly be charged—what is it?"

The answer is, "English jokes on the American visitor."

Congressman Fassett, of New York, relates a story which a friend assures him is "absolutely true." Reaching London, the Congressman's acquaintance decided to visit Parliament and see the two houses in session. He was not aware that no stranger is allowed on the floor of the House of Lords while session is being held. Unaware that he was committing a gross breach of law and etiquette, the American tourist, who is described as "a nervy chap," tried to make his way in and showed much surprise on being stopped. There is a rule that the servants of the various lords may be admitted, provided they wish to speak to their masters, whether it be regarding a necktie set awry or a dinner engagement. The American's accent for once was not recognized; his persistence was remarkable, but his progress was stopped with the question:

"Sir, what lord do you serve?"

"What lord—do you take me for a minister?" exclaimed the astonished visitor.

"I merely ask what lord you serve that you may be admitted to the floor."

"Oh, I see. Well, I serve the Lord Jehovah."

He passed in, while the keeper of the door remarked to someone who stood near:

"He must mean one of those poor Scotch lairds—their names always sound queer."

* * *

AS I stood looking at a Congressman's mail the other day, I wondered if he ever felt like the colored lady who hated to write letters:

"Never ask me to put pen to paper—which is my pet 'diversion,'" she said, when bidding farewell to friends.

The mail bag emptied, several score were added to hundreds of letters received on one particular subject. Each letter asked the support of the Congressman, and all were written in the same decisive way. Evidently the constituents of this Congressman had no "diversion" to writing on this particular subject. It was entertaining to watch the division of the mail into its various heads—many letters on specific subjects—a great many circular requests—and a very tiny bunch of "personals." One wonders how on earth correspondence was attended to before the advent of the clicking typewriter.

* * *

INDUSTRIAL development in the United States is strikingly indicated by the increase of importations of raw silk, which in 1909 surpassed the highest record of all previous years, reaching a total value of over $78,000,000 and is in marked contrast to the almost stationary importation of manufactured silk goods, proving that we now make for ourselves rather than buy at a high price what has been made for us. While the importations of raw silk have increased to seventy odd millions, or sixteen-fold, the importations of manufactured silk in many years have increased only $5,000,000.

Such results as these ought to give great impetus to the culture of the silk worm and the production of American raw silk. Our climate and soil are certainly adapted to produce silk cheaply, but at present our chief sources of supply are Japan, Italy and China.

* * *

THE introduction of aerial navigation is playing havoc with the meaning of words. Take that phrase of the ardent Romeo, whose suit is trampled upon by the stern parent:

"Fly with me."

How much that meant long ago—what filing and oiling of bolts and bars—what vials of poison—what rapier thrusts and ebbing life blood—what balcony scenes—what lambent moonlight upon the greensward, while the devoted pair quietly dodged around in the shadows. Now, when a young man says to a lovely lady, "Won't you fly with me?" she merely smiles and says:

"With pleasure—I simply adore flying."

No coyness, no downward glances, no blushes are seen. There is merely a matter-of-fact question as to the kind of airship to be used in the "flight." The aviational conversation that follows would in the days of Cotton Mather have been sufficient to land both young people in a lunatic asylum—the witch's broomstick was a joke to the aerial flights of today.

* * *

WITH a hand on his bright auburn locks, his mother tried to find out what little Bobby would like best for his birthday. She was an ardent student of the new science of teaching by suggestion, and she proceeded to drop hints that he should choose a book.

"What would you like, Bobby—a new game?—but then little brother is not big enough yet to play with you. Then if you had a cart you could use it only out-of-doors, and it would be of no use on wet days."

Bobby looked up with a gleam in his eye which she feared meant a request to be taken to the circus.

"If I should take you to the circus, you would be so dreadfully tired and sleepy—what you need is something to carry with you, indoors and out—something to tell you pretty stories—now what would you like, dear?"

"What I really *would* like—that's what you mean, ain't it, mamma?"

Mamma nodded.

"You see, I get such awful spankin's all the time—I'm kind o' tired of it. I'd like to see you give the baby a real good spankin' on my birthday—so he'd holler real loud," said Bobby, in gleeful anticipation of coming joy.

* * *

THE Third Hague peace conference is to convene in 1915, a date which it is hoped will be marked not only by the impetus given to commerce and peaceful intercourse by the completed Panama Canal, but by a general representation of the great powers of the world on the question of international disarmament and the proposition to establish a world-naval police force for the prevention of outrage and the preservation of world peace.

* * *

IN the long hot days when we boys spent many hours, sorely against our will, picking peas for "Sunday dinner," we never thought that pea vines could be useful; it has been left for the twentieth century to evolve from them a product that is almost equal to clover hay. The vines are cured by spreading over sod-land and recent experiments at the Agricultural Department prove pea vines to be excellent for ensilage, even superior to corn silage. They are preserved in silos, and if closely stacked and well tramped, decay affects the surface only to a depth of a few inches. Hay from waste pea vines is already a valuable asset for the canning factories, and is now selling at from three to five dollars per ton.

A SHATTERED DREAM

By MORGAN ROBERTS

ELIZABETH PATTERSON, for her father had slightly changed the family name, was born February 6, 1785, two years after the close of the Revolutionary War, and nineteen years after her father had left the Irish home-farm to seek his fortune. From her earliest childhood she was singularly intelligent, self-possessed and determined, and these qualities probably grew unchecked by the parents of the beautiful child, whose masterful character grew with her growth, and with her beauty and prestige made her, at the early age of eighteen, the reigning belle of Baltimore.

She was, if contemporary testimony may be trusted, extremely beautiful, an almost perfect type of virginal womanhood. The youth of Baltimore fairly raved over her beauty, and indeed many of the ladies, too, albeit indisposed to rave over a woman's charms, granted her the palm of surpassing loveliness. Perfect Grecian features, an exquisitely shaped neck and daintily erect head, a wealth of silken hair, large and dark eyes, in which pride was softened into tenderness; a complexion in which the bloom of the peach blent with the purity of the lily; teeth of pearl revealed by parting lips of coral, added to the magical charm of snowy shoulders, tapering arms and a form, which, from queenly neck to tiny feet, suggested the melting lines of Venus, dignified by the stateliness of Juno.

"*Incedit regina.*" As a queen she trod the *salons* and ballrooms of Baltimore, charming to all, but tender to none, until in the very first year of her social preeminence, Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of the Man of Destiny, then First Consul of France, came to America and visited Baltimore.

Honors of every kind, entertainments of all descriptions, public and private diversions, were all lavished upon so eminent a guest. And at the fall races, at which all the aristocracy plus the whole sporting gentility of Maryland were gathered, the gallant, handsome and famous young Corsican was introduced to Miss Elizabeth Patterson, "the belle of Baltimore," the daughter of the richest merchant of the Bay Shore, and the granddaughter of the Irish yeoman, and great-grand-daughter of "Old Mortality," who, having spent his life and humble earnings in making and renewing the epitaphs of others, lay without memorial in an already forgotten grave.

Tradition says that, like Josephine, the wife of Napoleon, one of the fortune-telling dames of that simple age had told her fortune as a child, and predicted that she "should become a great lady in France," which the over-wise little maiden had brooded and wondered over many times, until,

> Standing with reluctant feet
> Where the brook and river meet,

she had half dismissed it as a childish fancy—half determined with an energetic toss of her dainty head that thus it should certainly be realized.

On the other hand, it is told that some of his gay entertainers had warned the young Frenchman that "to see Elizabeth Patterson was to long to marry her," and that, while vowing that nothing would ever induce him to marry an American lady, he had facetiously nicknamed Miss Patterson "*Ma belle femme*" (my beautiful wife) before he had ever seen her.

Now at their first meeting, the gay French lieutenant, black-haired, dark-eyed, graceful, slender, and with delicate "hands and feet like a woman's," irreproachably correct in garb, chaussure and manners, approached the girl of whose transcendent beauty "the half had not been told him." She wore, in the fashion of the day, a chamois-colored silk gown, whose close-fitting corsage and scant drapery revealed rather than concealed the contours of her perfect form. A kerchief of priceless lace, covered, yet revealed, the ivory tower of her neck and sloping shoulders. From beneath a huge hat, a bewildering cloud of silk-gauze and ostrich plumes, her faultless face and glorious eyes, indomitably fascinating as those of the storied "Serpent of Old Nile," enthralled at sight the susceptible young Frenchman.

At that meeting, men say, the ancient soothsayer's prophecy flushed the cheeks and thrilled the pulses of Elizabeth; all the more weirdly that Jerome, inadvertently, drew so close to the queenly maiden that a golden aiguillette of his splendid uniform became entangled in the filmy laces of her corsage. For an instant the woman whose splendid self-possession no attention or devotion had ever for a moment stirred from its utter calm felt that a new and almost painful interest had awakened hopes and ambitions which were no longer the dream-life of a child. But she would not confess by word or look her own prepossession, and Jerome Bonaparte, for the first time perhaps in his life, realized that an American beauty showered him with no sugared compliments or affected confusion, but looked straight through him with great, calm eyes, in which perfect good-breeding seemed allied with consummate personal indifference.

He then realized, too late, that he had mocked at the Fates, and despised the power of Venus, who, as in the ancient Grecian epics, now taught him that to see this woman was to admire; to admire was to love irremediably, and that love could only find content in marriage. His prompt decision did honor to the heart of the young officer. He would renounce France, meet the ire of Napoleon, sacrifice certain riches, world-wide glory, and even the almost certain attainment of royalty for the sake of the woman he loved.

Elizabeth was scarcely less enamored, when after brief delays the proposal was made with all the tender, amorous, chivalrous fire of the Gallic temperament, and, if the dazzling prospect held out before her filled her heart with something of gratified ambition, who can blame a woman who gives up everything to the man of her choice, when she can realize that the bonds of marriage not only enlarge the scope of her influence and happiness, but bear the stamp of dignities which the whole world recognizes?

In vain her father's Scotch prudence and worldly wisdom pointed out the probable resentment of Napoleon, and sought to end the infatuation of a love which he felt could only end unhappily for his only daughter. An enforced separation only ended when Elizabeth declared, in passionless but intense determination, that she "would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for a single hour than of any other man living, for a lifetime."

Bowing to the inevitable, William Patterson determined that no pains or costs should be spared to make the marriage tie indissoluble. Pinning his faith to that dogma of the Roman Catholic church that makes marriage a holy sacrament, the grandson of the Presbyterian mason, who had devoted his life-work to preserving the memories of the Protestant martyrs of "Kirk and Covenant," determined that the highest prelate of the Roman Catholic faith should perform the marriage ceremony.

Just two and a half years after the death and burial of "Old Mortality" on Christmas Eve, 1803, all Baltimore rang with the greatest social event that the city of beautiful women had ever witnessed—the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson.

The groom was resplendent in a purple-satin coat, heavy with costly embroideries and gold lace, whose skirt, lined with white satin, in the latest fashion of the Directory beau monde, fell over his satin knee-breeches and silk hose, to the very tops of the diamond-buckles, that clasped his low-cut shoes. His long, fine hair was powdered snowy white, contrasting well with his dark eyes and rich complexion.

The bride wore a white muslin dress, of diaphanous texture, such as the famous Indian looms have made famous for centuries, which, despite rich embroidery and costly lace, revealed the beauty of arms and neck, and fitted in the extreme of a fashion that emphasized the outlines of her faultless limbs and perfect form.

"All the clothes worn by her might have been put in my pocket," wrote a lively correspondent of that letter-writing era. "Her dress was of muslin of an extremely fine texture. Beneath her dress, she wore but one garment."

Congratulations and good wishes were showered upon her, and the weeks of the honeymoon were a dream of sweet madness and gratified ambition.

All the Bonapartes but one sent congratulations, and Lucien openly counselled perfect independence of action.

"The Consul," said he, "is to be considered as isolated from the family. All his ideas and aims are actuated by a policy with which we have nothing to do. We still remain plain citizens, and as such feel highly gratified with the connection. Our earnest wish is that Jerome may remain where he now is and become a citizen of the United States."

But this sensible advice was by no means palatable to Jerome Bonaparte or his ambitious wife. On May 18, 1804, Napoleon proclaimed himself Emperor of the French, and on December 2 was crowned amid magnificent ceremonies with the Empress Josephine at Notre Dame. Lucien and Jerome, who had dared to question his authority, were expressly excluded from the Napoleonic dynasty.

But early in March the First Consul had expressed to the American Ambassador his anger at Jerome, and his inexorable denial of the legality of his marriage. In his eyes Jerome had committed an almost unpardonable crime, which only the most abject submission could efface. Otherwise Jerome must expect no countenance from him.

"Sole creator of my own destiny," Napoleon said vehemently, "I owe nothing to my brother. If Jerome does nothing for me, I will see to it that I do nothing for him," and he ordered that no money be sent to the Citizen Jerome, and that he be summoned to return to his duty on the first French frigate homeward bound. The young American with whom he had connected himself, and who was not his wife, was never to be allowed to set her foot on French soil.

These evil tidings reached Baltimore at the same time with the account of Napoleon's *coup-d'etat* of May 18, so that during the same week Jerome knew that he was the brother of an Emperor of France and commanded to renounce the woman he loved, or be expatriated forever.

This cruel decree fell like a bolt out of a clear sky into the Eden of the happy lovers. At the height of social prestige, and in the midst of festivals and honors unprecedented in American social life, and happy beyond her wildest dreams, Elizabeth Bonaparte saw across her rosy path of pleasure and fame the adamantine wall of an inflexible human will.

Yet there was too much at stake to think of yielding, and we may well doubt that the girl bride's slender form held a spirit less fearless and indomitable than that which burned within the meagre frame of the great Corsican, to whom a woman's happiness and honor was of less moment than the life of the veriest *gamin* of his rawest levies.

Something of this the young bride realized, yet she did not despair. If Josephine, the Creole of Martinique, poor, endowed of little culture, could assume royalty, and retain the love of Napoleon, could she not reconcile the Emperor with his brother, and prove her fitness to share and even aid in his career?

She would meet him with humility, but without fear; charm him by her beauty, her wit, and her sympathies, and, above all, by a courage and ambition which should never fail to follow and second the mighty aims of her husband's brother. Surely, the fates that had united them so strangely would not separate them until both had attained a common and splendid destiny.

The dangers of chase and capture by British cruisers and other causes delayed the return to Europe until 1805, but on April 21 of that year the young couple entered Lisbon in safety, only to find that Napoleon had given strict orders that the young American should not be allowed to land, while a French ambassador came on board, and in bland accents asked what service he could render to "Miss Patterson."

"Tell your master," said the proud beauty, "that Madame Bonaparte is ambitious, and demands her rights as a member of the Bonaparte family," an answer which pleased the fancy of the Emperor and excited his admiration, but did not alter his determination.

There was no alternative. Jerome must proceed to Paris and meet his brother alone, and Elizabeth must seek refuge in some friendly European city until her husband should rejoin her. This was not easily done, for all the ports of France, Holland, Spain, Italy and Portugal were closed against her, and it was intimated to her that people far less dangerous to the projects of Napoleon had been removed by mysterious "accident" from his path forever.

For the first time the fair American knew what it was to fear, and in May she sailed for Dover, where the Prime Minister, Sir William Pitt, had detailed a military escort to restrain within bounds an immense concourse that gathered to see her.

The *London Times* of May 19, 1805, thus chronicled her arrival:

"The beautiful wife of Jerome Bonaparte, after being refused admittance into every port in Europe where the French influence degrades and dishonors humanity, has landed at Dover, under the protection of a great and generous people. This interesting lady, who has been the victim of imposture and ambition, will here receive all the rights of hospitality, which, whatever may be the conduct of America, Great Britain will never forget nor omit to exercise toward her with a parental hand. The contemptible Jerome was for form's sake made a prisoner at Lisbon. His treachery toward this lovely unfortunate will procure him an early pardon, and a 'Highness-ship' from the Imperial swindler, his brother."

Naturally, such a reception and such comments by the English press were not relished by Napoleon. "Miss Patterson," he wrote to Jerome, "has been in London, and caused great excitement among the English. *This has only increased her guilt.*"

For some three months Elizabeth Bonaparte remained in London, awaiting a certain event with feelings far different from the once bright hopes of giving an heir to the Bonaparte family honors. Her son, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, was born at Camberwell, June 7, 1805, and a few months later mother and babe returned to Baltimore.

At first Jerome Bonaparte wrote passionately loving letters to his wife, and tried vainly to induce his brother to countenance his marriage.

Napoleon was obdurate. "Your marriage is null. I will never acknowledge it," he declared, and having ordered his mother to revoke the approval which she had given the union, added: "Speak to his sisters that they may write to him also, for when I have pronounced his sentence, I shall be inflexible, and his life will be blasted forever."

He was less fortunate when he ordered Pope Pius VII to publish a bull annulling the marriage, for the head of the Roman Catholic Church would not annul the solemn sacrament which alone stood between a tyrant and the dishonor of an innocent woman, and when Jerome at last yielded to the threats and promises of his brother, a civil divorce was the only recourse. This accomplished, Jerome was created a prince of the Empire, an admiral of the French navy and finally King of Westphalia. On August 12, 1807, he was again married, this time to Princess Frederika Catherina of Wurtemburg.

Later, Jerome sent to America for his son, and offered the mother the Duchy of Smalkalden, and an income of two hundred thousand francs ($40,000) per annum, but she refused to give up her son or accept his gifts, saying: "Westphalia is indeed a large kingdom, but not large enough to hold two queens."

She, however, accepted an annuity of sixty thousand francs ($12,000) from Napoleon, giving up her husband and resuming her maiden name, and when Jerome expressed his indignation at her choice, she replied: "I prefer to be sheltered under the wings of an eagle rather than to be suspended to the bill of a goose."

Napoleon is said to have been so pleased with the spirit of her replies that he conveyed to her his willingness to favor her in any way not unfavorable to his own policies. "Tell him I am ambitious," she replied. "I desire to be a Duchess";

but his promise, although made, was never fulfilled.

Her son, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, was graduated at Harvard College in 1826, and studied law, but never practiced. His legitimacy was acknowledged by Napoleon III, but in opposition to the wishes of his mother he refused to marry a daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-King of Spain, and espoused a Baltimore heiress, Miss Susan May Williams, and found contentment in a society and conditions which his mother found intolerable.

"All my desires must be disappointed," she said in one of her letters, "and I am condemned to vegetate forever in a country where I am not happy. You can have no idea of the mode of existence here inflicted upon us. Commerce, although it may fill the purse, clogs the brain. I am condemned to solitude."

To her father she wrote in the same strain, and at last so alienated his affection that out of his fortune, immense for those unsophisticated days, she was left only a small part of his real estate, which, however, eventually became of great value.

Only European travel and society seemed to reclaim for Madame Bonaparte some of the lost joys and enthusiasms of her lost elysium. Between 1815 and 1834 much of her life was spent in continental Europe, where, as a gallant writer said of her, "if she is not Queen of Westphalia, she is at least Queen of Hearts."

For in the European courts to which she had access, the deserted wife of Jerome Bonaparte was still a queen, discrowned and sceptreless, it is true; but thus dethroned by a brutal and merciless ambition, a very queen of men through her beauty, dignity and charm of manner. Envy was silent because of her misfortunes; scandal never tarnished her womanly career; her exquisite costumes and jewelry were only foils to her splendid beauty and graceful carriage, and if her wit was keen she seldom used it as a weapon, or earned a reputation as a critic of men and manners.

"If I saw a woman enter a room on her head, or in the costume of the Venus de Medici," she once said, "I should never remark upon it, being certain that she must have some excellent reason for conduct so eccentric."

As for Jerome Bonaparte, his career of magnificent extravagance, extortionate exactions in taxes and benevolences, his idlesse, luxury, libertinage and empty vanity and ridiculous display, are they not written in the annals that portray the futile efforts of Napoleon the Great, to make a royal galaxy out of the family list of Napoleons the Little, and how a few years after her desertion, Jerome was driven from his kingdom, and an exile from France?

In beautiful Florence, in the year 1822, Madame Bonaparte was looking at the art treasures of the great Pitti palace, when she suddenly met the eyes of Jerome who, with his wife, was also visiting the gallery. He whispered to the Princess, "That is my American wife"; but the woman he had deserted passed him by as if he had never existed, but she left Florence at once.

"I could not return to Florence," she afterward declared, "because Prince Jerome went to live there, having no desire ever to meet him again."

As to Napoleon, whose relentless ambition had thus ruined her life, he also came, in time, to regret that he had failed to recognize in her the talents and capacity which, to do him justice, the great Corsican was first among continental tyrants to recognize and reward. At St. Helena he spoke to Bertrand of her talents, and his own regrets; and of the magnanimity of a woman who, although so deeply wronged, could still enthusiastically admire his genius and sympathize in his fall.

"Those whom I loaded with kindness have forsaken me; those whom I have wronged have forgiven me," said wearily the Man of Destiny, whose radiant star shot like a comet across the sky of European polity, dictating war and peace, only to fade into space above the isolated rock where a dying man recalled past victories and defeats, and awaited the inevitable end.

On her return to America in 1834, she brought with her an immense outfit of European clothing, etc., declaring that she had bought enough to last the remainder of her life; but in spite of some eccentricities and changes of fashion, her remarkable beauty, brilliancy and dignity made her attractive to the end of life.

Born while Louis and Marie Antoinette were at the height of their power; conversant while a child of their terrible fate, and the bloody Reign of Terror; closely interested in the career of Napoleon the Great, the Bourbons who succeeded him, the remarkable rise and fall of Napoleon III, the terrors of the Commune, and the renaissance of the French Republic, one would think that a granddaughter of "Old Mortality" and an American girl who had known the terror of the British attack on Washington and Baltimore would have lost her admiration of the princely splendors and ambitions which had so cruelly wrecked her own life.

Her only son died June 17, 1870, leaving a son also named Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, born in 1832. He was appointed a cadet at West Point, was graduated in 1852, and for two years served in the mounted rifles on the Western frontier. In 1854 he entered the French service as sous-lieutenant in the Seventh Regiment of Imperial Cavalry; took part as engineer in the Crimean War at Balaklava, Inkerman, Tchernaya and Sebastopol, and was promoted colonel, and decorated by the Sultan with the Medjidie Order, by the French Emperor with the medal and ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and received the Crimean medal from Queen Victoria. Later, he served in Algiers and Tunis, was in the Imperial Guards in 1867–71, and scarcely escaped with his life from the Communists in Paris. He returned to America, and in 1871 married Mrs. Caroline (Appleton) Edgar, a granddaughter of Daniel Webster.

Eight years later Elizabeth Bonaparte passed away, dying in Baltimore, April 4, 1879, over ninety-four years old.

To the last she retained a formal adherence to the Presbyterian church in which she was baptized, although she declared in favor of the Roman Catholic "because that is the religion of Kings." When asked if she would give up Presbyterianism, she answered: "The only reason I would not is that I should not like to give up the stool my ancestors sat upon."

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," saith the preacher. Was the woman really great, believing in her destiny, and that of her children, and holding in sight that *ignis fatuus* of kingly power and influence to the very end of a loveless and wearisome life?

Or was she only a spoiled child, beautiful and talented, yet obstinately determined to secure a bauble, which, having once held within her grasp, she could never cease to seek for, or replace with the nobler jewels of a true womanly life? Who shall say?

CHILD LABOR

"Them which have reaped."—*James v:4*

God counts the tears of women; but the tears
That fall from toiling childhood's tired eyes
Are garnered in the darkest deeps of Hell
To nurse the roots of evil; from them spring,
Vice, crime, contagion, sickness, sorrow, sin
And pestilence, that stalking through the world,
In fetid foulness levies toll on all;
For every tear, full many lives must pay,
For every wrong that childhood's shoulders bear
An hundred generations show the mark,
Ten thousand fold the debt must be repaid!

—*Joseph Bondy.*

The Nobility of the Trades

BARBERS AND HAIRDRESSERS

By CHARLES WINSLOW HALL

THIS ancient and honorable profession takes its popular English name from the medieval French *barbear* and the old English *barbour*, both of them derived, of course, from the Latin *barba*, the beard. The trade has, however, so far as its history can be traced, never confined itself to shaving or caring for the beard or even the head.

But the art itself is as old as human history. Flakes of obsidian and flints, sharp sea-shells, and rude tweezers of bone and wood were used to remove superfluous hair before the artisans of the bronze age first poured their alloys of copper and tin into rude moulds and formed the curious razors of Norseland, with their ringed handles and heavy blades, in shape strangely like the crude and ponderous Sheffield razors of the Eighteenth Century.

In the realm of mythology the ingenious, if not ingenuous, Hermes (or Mercury) is said to have been the first to practice the barber's art even on high Olympus, where Zeus, "father of gods and men," reclined at ease, yet deemed that hair and beard required some little trimming and arranging. Whether ox-eyed Juno had reflected on the personal appearance of her majestic spouse and made him anxious to purchase that peace which is supposed to accompany the connubial existence of gods and men, or whether he was about to leave the serenity of Olympus and the charms of home on one of those amatory pursuits of earthly beauties which seem to have been his chief and most lamentable shortcoming, history does not state; but it seems that then and there Mercury evolved and used razors, soapball and face powder, and bidding Jupiter view his renovated beauty in a crystal stream, received the gracious acknowledgments of the god.

In the Book of Ezekiel, chapter v, 1, (B.C. 594) is the only reference to the barber to be found in the Bible; but that is sufficient to establish the fact that barbers plied their calling among the Jews, and used a special cutting instrument:

"And thou, son of man, take a sharp knife, take thee a barber's razor and cause it to pass upon thy head and upon thy beard," etc.

But long before this time the Egyptian barbers, as they do to this day, plied their calling in the streets and public places or visited the houses and shops of their patrons, shaving both beard and head as is largely the practice among most Eastern people under the tropics today.

The reader of the "Arabian Nights" will read that when Haroun-al-Raschid, the Great Caliph, roamed in disguise through his palm-encircled city of Bagdad, among those whose stories especially pleased the Commander of the Faithful was a barber misnamed Silence, whose loquacity has amused millions of readers to this day, and has been characteristic of many unregenerate members of his calling in all ages and countries ever since.

Not that this tendency to gossip freely is to be ascribed to any barber as an inexcusable weakness, for since the days of the Caliph, on whom be peace, men have expected a certain amount of small talk from the tonsorial operator although it is written that the Grecian king, Archelaus, stipulated with his barber that he should shave him and hold his peace. So probably did King Midas when, having been indued by the vengeful Apollo with great hairy asses' ears, he perforce admitted his barber to a knowledge of his strange misfortune, while the barber, aching to impart this great secret to someone, dug a hole in the meadow and whispered it to the roots of the flowers and grasses, which forthwith began to sway and swing in the mischievous zephyrs, murmuring and whispering "King Midas has asses' ears."

Even in the most remote times the use of false hair was known, and a frontlet of curls, over thirty centuries old, is on exhibition in the Egyptian Department of the British Museum. As a rule, the mummies of the princesses and queens of the Pharaonic period have long and beautiful hair while those of their lords and masters always reveal how closely and tenderly their bereaved attendants performed "The Last Shave."

That Egyptian barbers did not always shave too closely appears from an anecdote told of Mark Antony, who, when about to feast with Cleopatra, had his face shaved ten times before he was satisfied with his personal appearance. The toilet appliances of the Egyptians were numerous and included hair-dyes, washes, lotions, unguents, *fixatifs* and perfumes, among the latter some so lasting that an Egyptian vase long shown at Alnwick Castle contained a mixture of gums, resins and other ingredients which after the lapse of twenty centuries still gave forth an agreeable perfume. Mirrors of metal and combs of boxwood, horn and even gold and silver were toilet accessories in Thebes three thousand years ago, and the luxury of the Egyptian toilet of those days was renowned throughout the earth. But Moses, in his desire to make the Jews indeed "a peculiar people," commanded that they should wear the beard and hair naturally as decreed in Leviticus, chapter xix, 27: "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard."

But Joseph, when he was honored by Pharaoh, shaved himself after the manner of the Egyptians, and it is probable that the Jews did likewise while they dwelt in Egypt.

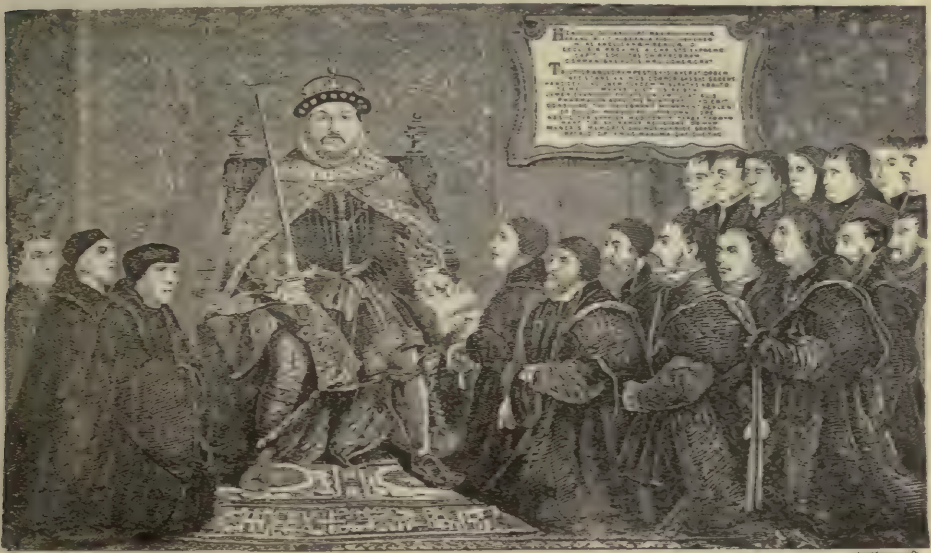
Otherwise, the Biblical references to shaving are allied with directions for the cure of disease or accounts of disfigurements offered to heralds and embassadors by shaving one-half the head or beard and sending them back thus dishonored.

Athens, in the days when "Greece nurtured in her glory's prime" every art and luxury, possessed barbers' shops which were not only the resorts of the coxcombs and dandies of Attica but were favorite centres of resort for the many who desired "to hear and to tell some new thing."

In warlike Macedonia, the practice of shaving the face is said to have been introduced about B.C. 350 by King Philip, whose son, Alexander the Great, commanded that his soldiers should adopt and maintain the practice so that the enemy could not grasp a Macedonian spearman by the beard with one hand while he decapitated or stabbed him with the other.

The Athenians were by no means lacking in the adoption of the perfumes, pomades and dyes of the Egyptians, but attributed the invention of hair-dye to Medea, the witch maiden, daughter of the King of Colchis, whose passion for Jason secured her magical aid in carrying off the Golden Fleece and whose fierce love, impelling her even to crime to secure his safety, was repaid by aversion and neglect. Alexander's great foes, the Persian kings, were full bearded and are said to have had their beards interwoven with golden thread besides being carefully curled and oiled as were those of the fiercer Assyrians.

Professional barbers are said to have been introduced into Rome by Menas from Sicily of which island he was praetor in the days of Cicero. Under the empire their shops, in some instances, be fashionable resorts at which every luxury of the toilet was enjoyed, and the gossip and news of Rome and the empire were discussed. The means, luxury and weaknesses of personal adornment therein carried to excess is amply immortalized in the pages of Terence, Plautus, Horace, Juvenal and Martial. Other barber shops were more retired, as we learn from the annals of the Emperor Commodus, who, having wearied at times of the wholesale tragedies of the Coliseum, wherein armies and fleets engaged in murder at his savage behest, and being desirous of a little humorous diversion used, like the Caliph of Bagdad in the Arabian Nights, to disguise himself and sally forth accompanied by two or more of his favorites, and having hired a barber's shop suitable for his purpose would place one of his men at the door to solicit custom. Having secured a customer, the emperor-barber would politely affix the towel and apply the lather, all the time keeping up a running fire of the latest jests and little pleasantries until the customer and himself were almost overcome with laughter. Then the keen-edged razor would slip and among regrets and proffers of assistance the noseless victim would be assisted to the rear of the shop, where between threats and bribes he was kept from making a riot until one or two more victims were added to the number and Commodus, tired of his demoniac pleasantry, was ready to return to the palace or the arena.

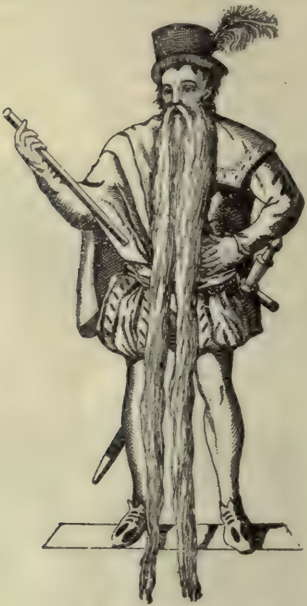


HENRY VIII OF ENGLAND AND THE GUILD OF BARBER-SURGEONS OF LONDON
(Chartered 1541)

Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Carthage, is said to have been the first Roman who shaved his face daily, but the habit soon became general and the first shave, which in the great Roman families was considered a festal ceremony and an induction into the honors and responsibilities of manhood, usually took place in public on the twenty-second birthday of the young patrician, and was the occasion of a great gathering of the members of the family, their friends and clientage and enlivened by feast, song and dance.

In the days of Hadrian, the beard again became fashionable and continued to be worn until the reign of Constantine. The Germans and Goths, who were the most formidable enemies of Rome, and in due time her conquerors, despised a shaven face as a badge of servitude and when worn by a free man as a sign of effeminacy. So did the Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Danes of England, when confronted by the armies of William the Norman, but who found that his closely shaven "monks" were stalwart and skilful men-at-arms and gallant knights.

The Lombards also wore long beards from which indeed the names of their land and people are derived (Longobard, "The Long Beards"). Most of the Celtic and Slavic peoples were also long bearded as are the Arabs of today, often staining their beards orange-yellow with a paste of henna leaves in honor of Mahomet, the Prophet, who abhorred a black beard because it was the color of those of the Persian Magi and Fire worshippers.



HERR HANS STEININGER
Burgomaster of Brunau, whose beard caused his death September, 1567

It is said that the really devout Mussulman of today always combs his hair and beard after prayers and carefully saves the combings in order that they may be buried with him and have a part in the resurrection. A single hair of the beard of Mahomet, kept at an Indian shrine erected at great expense by a pious Mahometan in 1135, is contained in a box of crystal and gold which once a year is filled with clear water to float and exhibit the sacred relic. At this festival, thousands of pilgrims gather from all parts of India, and the porch of the Shrine at night is ablaze with the gleam of 3,138 lamps.

The longest beard on record was that of a carpenter of Eidam, Holland, which was nine feet in length. When at work, he was obliged to gather its two exuberant coils into a bag. Scarcely less remarkable was the beard of Herr Hans Steininger, Burgomaster of Brun or Brunau, who, while ascending the steps of the council chamber in September, 1567, uncautiously trod upon it, was thrown down and killed.

While the Roman Catholic clergy are generally required to shave closely, they are sometimes given a dispensation to wear a full beard, either because of throat troubles or exposure to very low temperatures in performing their duties, as missionaries or residents in very severe climates. The priests and dignitaries of the Greek Church, on the contrary, have, since A.D. 850, almost universally cultivated patriarchal beards.

In the British navy, the beard is not only tolerated but advised; while in the British army the rank and file must go cleanly shaven, although in the Crimean winters the men were directed to let their beards grow. Leading throat and lung specialists generally recommend allowing the beard to cover the region of the larynx and bronchial tubes, because close shaving removes a part of the scarf-skin and leaves the throat very susceptible to cold and fog.

But in England for many centuries, and in every other European country, the barber has been a recognized adjunct of civilization. Generally in the large cities and towns, a barber's shop was the centre of fashionable hair cutting and beard removing as well as of gossip. Yet in most lands, the peripatetic, or as the Scotch called him, "the flying barber," went his daily round with the necessary implements of his calling.

So today, amid the carved and gilded bazaars of a hundred Chinese cities, the Chinese barber perambulates shopless, bearing on one end of his carrying stick a portable seat with drawers in which are brushes, razors, strops and towels, and balanced by a portable charcoal furnace with a basin to heat and hold water.

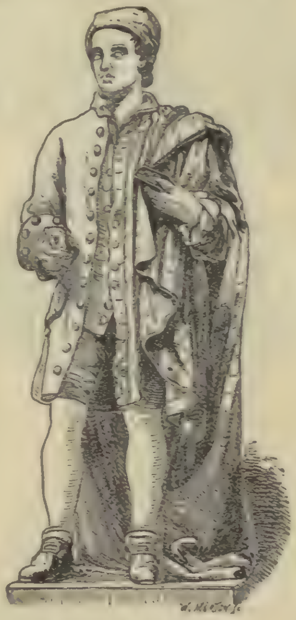
He calls attention to his readiness to serve you by ringing a small bell or snapping sharply the metallic tweezers with which he extirpates superfluous hairs. If one desires his services, he finds a convenient corner and seats him under the open sky in the public street. His countrymen generally have the head and face shaved, the eyebrows put in order and the ears cleaned for about an English half-penny or American cent. In Madras and Japan, the native barber differs little except that in Japan a whistle is sounded to invite custom.

In Germany, in the Nineteenth Century, in many villages the barber still went from house to house with the hot water jug, soapball, the basin to fit the neck below the chin and the other implements of his calling. At their homes there was no special chair or foot rest, and the "good old way" is probably still followed in many provincial districts. In Spain, the glittering brass basin, "the helmet of Mambrino" of Cervantes' incomparable Don Quixote, still jauntily crowns the filleted pole at every barber's door, or is carried along the country roads by the journeyman or itinerant barber, who with his guitar slung at his back and his razors conveniently secured in his strong girdle, goes cheerily on his way, finding a customer here and there, or repaying a night's lodging and a simple meal of country bread and wine with old songs or such serenades and carols as one associates with "Figaro" and "The Barber of Seville."

In England, the last peripatetic barber is said to have been John Knubley of Masham, Yorkshire, who was still carrying basin, razors, and hot water carrier from customer to customer in 1802. In Scotland, the "flying barber" survived the changes of time and effete over-civilization until later in the century, as did the "flying tailor" immortalized in the "Noctes Ambrosianae" of Christopher North.

How far back they were a feature of English, Danish or Norman life, it is impossible to say, but in the middle ages they became a very important part of the community. Naturally, they early learned the best way of staunching minor hemorrhages due to dull razors, nervous customers or their own carelessness, and as they attended on the sick and heard all the gossip of the "medicine," and the knights and priests who practiced the healing art, they soon became expert in the care of wounds, the art of bleeding, then universally deemed a most necessary and beneficent evacuation, in the extraction of teeth, removing corns and bunions and the like.

In 1163, the Council of Tours forbade the practice of surgery or any shedding of blood by the clergy, and the study of surgical science was banished from the clerical universities. In the lamentable lack of skilled chirurgeons, the barber came to the front as a healer of wounds and phlebotomist. To the razor, strop, towel, soapball and napkin, he added the lancet, fillet, blood bowl and chafing-dish with its cauterizing iron and a variety of salves, embrocations, plasters, cere cloth, etc., for sword-stroke and arrow wound and the numerous hurts received in hunting.



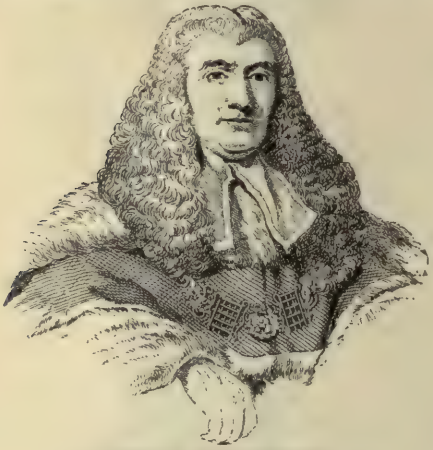
ALLAN RAMSAY
The Scotch barber poet

"If thou be hurte with harte (deer)
It brings thee to thy bier,
But barbour's hande will boar's hurte heal,
Therefore, thou need'st not fear."

was a comforting quatrain of that ancient day of hard riding, eager hunting, and almost constant private and public war.

In France, the barbers had been incorporated as early as 1096, about which time William, Archbishop of Rouen, had prohibited the clergy from wearing beards. Both the clergy and the barbers then claimed medical practice, which was largely confined to the use of medical baths, the exhibition of laxatives of awful taste and power, and copious bleeding. The Barbers' Company of France existed nearly two centuries until wigs became fashionable and then the Barber-Perruquiers or hair-dressers and wigmakers withdrew from the Barber-Chirurgeons.

In 1461–62, King Edward IV of England incorporated the London barbers, giving them great privileges and especially the superintending of all persons practicing surgery in London. The King and his brother, Richard, Duke of Gloster, were the founders. Their hall was built shortly after on Monkwell Street, near the present General Post Office. A Coat of Arms was granted them "The yere of Our Lord Mcccc Lxxxxii at the goyng ovyr the see of our Sovryn Lord, King Henry the VII into Frannsse. These armies were geven on to the crafte of Surgeons of Londod the VII yere of his reyng, in the time of Hewe Clapton, Mayr."



BARON TEUTERDON
A barber's boy of Canterbury, England

In 1541, the lay-surgeons had increased in number and skill and the two companies were united by a charter from Henry VIII, the master being chosen one year by the barbers and the next year by the surgeons, all diplomas being issued in the name of the Barber Surgeons. The King gave them a silver-gilt-grace-cup, ornamented with the Tudor rose, fleur-de-lis and scroll-work with sundry pendent bells, which, when a man had finished the contents, he was expected to ring by reversing and shaking the cup.

Queen Elizabeth conformed to her royal father's charter and granted a coat-of-arms with crest and supporters, June 2, 1569, the Latin motto "*De Prescientia Dei*," and some most remarkable razors in the blazonry. It may be said *en passant*, that three fine-toothed combs figure in the coat-of-arms of the Bessboroughs, whose founder was the barber of William the Conqueror.

James I, Charles I and Charles II added their favors and the Merry Monarch gave the guild a great "loving-cup" styled "the Royal Oak Cup," richly enchased with acorn leaves and boughs in memory of the friendly refuge afforded him by Boscobel Oak, and surmounted by a crown. Queen Anne presented them in the early part of the Eighteenth Century with a great flowered punch-bowl. All of these royal gifts are still preserved in London.

Under George II the fraternities were divorced in 1745, and the barbers lost their special privileges and most of their medical practices. They long retained, however, the pole representing the staff grasped by the patient while being bled, the red bands emblematic of the bloody bandages and the brass basin or gilded "dummy" of one which surmounted it, all of which are perpetuated in the conventional barber's pole of our time.

Gradually ousted from medical and surgical practice, the barbers still let blood, pulled teeth, removed corns and bunions, manicured nails, opened bath rooms and sold perfumes, toilet articles, canes, etc. The last of the ancient barber surgeons of London died about the early part of the last century.

During Queen Elizabeth's reign, the beard became the principal care of men of fashion, being cut in many different designs, and even colored of the gayest tints as well as of "sad colors." The general tendency seems to have been to trim the chin beard to a somewhat long and smooth point, making the English faces of that date much less bluff and robustious than in previous or later days.

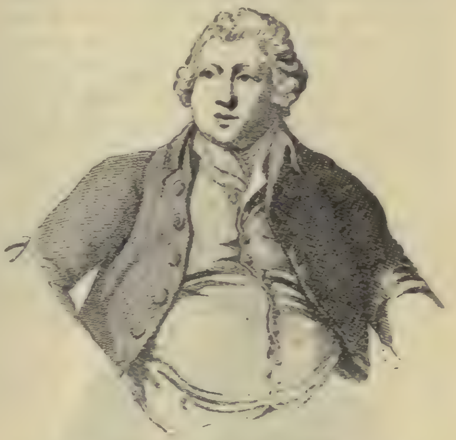
It seemed to give a melancholy reflective cast to the portraits of the worthies of that memorable reign, few of whom indeed died in their beds at home, but fell in battle, were lost at seas or died in prison or on the scaffold. King Charles followed the fashion. but Cromwell's Puritans favored the "spade beard" and other fuller and more natural shapes. The long "love-locks" of the Cavaliers were abominations in the sight of the Roundhead troopers, who put a bowl over their heads and trimmed their hair short off by its rim, and met the handsome long-ringletted cavaliers in action, with a stern, enduring, yet fiery courage.

At the Restoration wigs began to be more generally worn and in Queen Anne's reign they became the most costly item of gentlemen's wardrobe. Sir Richard Steele's "full-bottomed, black wig" cost fifty guineas (about $255) and the fashion became so cumbrous that Colley Cibber, when playing "The Fool of Fashion," to satirize the styles introduced a wig of flax so large that it was brought on the stage in a Sedan chair. As a matter of fact, the stage-coach lines were compelled to restrict the length of wig-boxes to three feet.

John Taylor, one of the English minor poets, thus depicts the beards of his day:

"Some seem as they were starched and fine
Like to the bristles of an angry swine;
And some, to set their love's desire on edge,
Are cut and pruned like a quick-set hedge;
Some like a spade, some like a fork, some
square,
Some round, some mowed like stubble, some
quite bare;
Some sharp stiletto-fashioned, dagger-like
That may, in whispering, a man's eye out-
pyke;
Some like a hammer cut, or Roman T,
These beards extravagant reformed must be;
Some with the quadrate, some triangle
fashion,
Some circular, some oval in translation;
Some perpendicular in longitude,
Some like a thicket for their crossitude;
Thus height, depth, breadth, triform, square,
oval, round,
And rules geometrical in beards abound."

It reflects great credit on the barber's profession in general, that handling so dangerous a weapon as the razor in close proximity to the human throat and having innumerable opportunities for the homicide of wealthy strangers, that very few such crimes have ever been traced to the barber's chair.

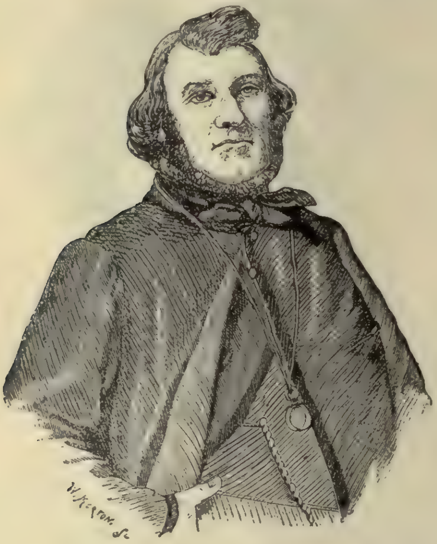


RICHARD ARKWRIGHT
Chief promotor of England's cotton manufactures

"Sweeny Todd, the Russian barber," of a singularly blood-curdling romance of the last century, was a Fleet Street barber who by a sudden nick of the great arteries murdered several victims, and hid the bodies by means of a subterranean passage he had discovered under his shop.

A French barber of Paris, who made a practice of dispatching well-dressed and well-fed victims, had a confederate whose bake-shop in the Rue de la Harpe turned out the most savory meat pies in the French capital. Determined not to be a party to the meat monopolies of that day, the confederates did a lucrative business, until after having disposed of his last victims, the murderer was annoyed by a faithful dog whom he could not induce to come indoors, and be killed, and would not leave the street without its master. The arrest and execution of barber and bakeress and the demolition of their respective shops followed close on the suspicions thus awakened.

Another Parisian hair-dresser named Joseph Orcher, of the Faubourg St. Antoine, called one day as usual to attend the toilet of the Marquis de Courzi, who had just received a thousand louis d'ors which were lying on the table. Tempted by opportunity, he slew the unfortunate Marquis, and taking the gold, fled to Calais and under the name of Lestangr, sailed for Martinique. Here, as a merchant, in ten years he amassed a fortune, became the husband of a beautiful heiress, and at the close of twenty-nine years from the commission of the crime, was a very wealthy and influential citizen. He sailed with his wife for Paris and while attending mass at St. Roche in the Rue St. Honore, attracted the notice of many by his evident wealth and luxury. Among others, a retired officer of the Paris police noticed him and felt certain that he had known Lestangr in the past. Looking over his old records, he found a description which seemed to him to fit the stranger as he had looked a generation previous. Taking it with him to church, the next sabbath, he compared it item by item with the person of the wealthy West Indian. Going out instantly to the police headquarters, he returned with some officers and arrested Lestangr just as he was about to enter his carriage. Six weeks later he died by the guillotine. Had he waited until the close of the year, human justice could not have claimed him.



JACQUES JASMIN
The Gascon barber poet

During the last half century, many changes have taken place in the methods of the profession. The day of the penny and even half-penny shave must have passed away even in the most primitive villages of England; and American and Canadian tourists have demanded the luxury and comfort that is found in most barbers' shops in America. But, whereas the dyeing of hair and whiskers was once a lucrative part of city business, it is almost obsolete as a part of the average practice. Large quantities of white, black and brown pomade were made, sold and used in the seventies but these are rarely seen and seldom used today. The imposing array of bears' grease, rose hair oil, and barbers' washes, fixatives, etc., once everywhere sold, are about as rare in barbers' shops as Egyptian papyri.

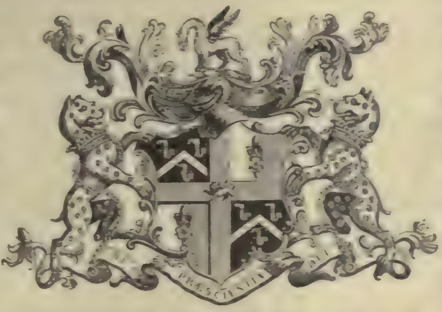
Today, after the shave and the application of a hot water compress, a little witch hazel or bay rum is the usual application and a simple hair wash and a little vaseline, if desired, follow a haircut.

Here and there, some new device, or old one revived, is offered to the public, some of them of real value. The revolving brushes, the singeing of the hair, instead of cutting it when given to splitting at the ends, and some of the unguents and mixtures offered are old or modifications of old receipts. But the electric massage and like appliances have an absolute value when properly used. The cigar case, the manicure annex, and very rarely the bathroom, are a part of the recognized trade today. Wigs and false hair, perfumery, canes, ties, collars, etc., are very rarely carried or manufactured by barbers.

In America, the barber's shop or saloon has never taken the same place as that assigned to it in the Old World. In Athens it was the arena of debate and gossip; in Rome, the favorite resort of men about town; in France, the favorite retreat of such men as Moliere, and in Great Britain, the local centre for the collection and dissemination of news and gossiping.

In America, there are papers to read and your barber will "discourse you" as Pat would say, while it is safe for you to answer him; but as a rule little enough is said between waiting customers or habitual loungers, which are not numerous. Prices, all things considered, are about as low as are secured by any other class of workmen and the service is of the best.

The great men who have risen from service with razor and comb are perhaps less numerous than in other lines. The calling is one which encourages a pleasant affability toward all classes of men, and it is the man who takes the world by the throat who obtains recognition.



THE COAT OF ARMS OF THE GUILD OF BARBERS OF LONDON, GRANTED BY KING HENRY VII, 1492

But among the *illustrissimi* we note Dominico Burchiello, who died at Rome in 1448. The son of a Florentine barber, he followed the higher branches of his profession, established a successful business as a perruquier and at the Old Market Place established a shop where he dealt in wigs and witticisms, perukes and poetry until his shop was the salon of the wisest and wittiest of the brilliant and jovial dwellers beside the Arno, and as such, was immortalized by being given a place in the frescoes of the great Medicean Gallery. There the tourist of today will see the portrait of the great barber whom Florence loved and princes honored, and below it his shop in two divisions, in one of which the workmen are weaving hair and in the other, music and poetry are entertaining a gallant company.

Another and later poet was Allan Ramsay, who was apprenticed to an Edinburg wigmaker in 1701 and followed the business until 1716, but became a poet and bookseller with a circulating library. Not as famous as Burns, the sweetness of his verse has long been recognized.

A third barber poet was William Falconer, whose best-known creation, "The Shipwreck," has long held a high place in English literature. Born at Edinburg in 1730, he was twice wrecked escaping with life only to be drowned in the third disaster, the wreck of the frigate "Aurora" in 1770. The fourth, whose saddest, sweetest song, "The Blind Girl of Chastel Cuille," has been finely translated by our own Longfellow. Jacques Jasmin was born in 1798, and grew up in extreme poverty, but turned himself sturdily to his calling and in due time earned a little home and humble shop of his own. Gascon to the heart, he bore all his early struggles cheerily and in his later years was loved, honored and above want. A laurel crown of gold was given him from the city of Toulouse, a gold cup from the citizens of Auch, and in 1846, when forty-eight years old, Louis Philippe, then King of France, gave him a private audience and clasped to his breast the cross of the Legion of Honor. He refused all payments for his inimitable readings, and lived and died a working barber, holding his power of song as a sacred gift. He died in 1864, when sixty-six years old, and in 1870 his townsmen erected a marble statue to his memory.

Sir Richard Arkwright, born at Preston, December 3, 1732, although not the inventor of the Spinning Jenny and other cotton machinery which made him famous, rose from the barber's chair to wealth and fame and largely gave to England the cotton machinery which has added so greatly to her commerce and prestige.

Every Englishman and many Americans will recognize the English popularity of "Day & Martin's Blacking" which conferred wealth on Mr. Charles Day, whilom hairdresser, and Martin, his assistant.

Jeremy Taylor, born at Cambridge, 1613, died Bishop of Down and Connor in 1667, one of the most lovable and honored divines of the English Church, began life in his father's barber shop as did Dr. John Kitto, the biblical explorer, William Winstanley, author of "Lives of the English Poets," and Giovanrie Battista Belzoni, the son and assistant of an humble hairdresser in Padua, Italy. A giant in body, of perfect symmetry and titanic strength, Belzoni was known to carry a group of seven men on the stage at Sadler's Wells and elsewhere. Accumulating some money, he visited Egypt and his discoveries and researches in the Egyptian tombs made him famous and above want. Revisiting Padua, his fellow-townsmen received him with public rejoicing, and struck a medal in his honor. But the spell of African discovery drew him into an attempt to reach Timbuctoo and he died in Benin, December, 1823, when only forty-five.

Baron Tenterden of Canterbury, and Lord St. Leonard, Chancellor of England and Ireland, both sons of barbers, were accounted among the wisest and most humane judges of their time, and among English painters, few have attained the prominence of Joseph Mallord William Turner (born 1775—died 1851) whose "Slave Ship," "Fighting Temeraire," and other creations have made him immortal in the annals of English art.

Lovers of history will readily recall the influence possessed by the barber-valet and confidant of Louis XI of France, Olivier le Dain, and perhaps less easily the name of Nicholas Stagebeck who gained a like influence with Christian II of Denmark; while there is no doubt that many other men in the calling have been on the most friendly terms with their famous customers who enjoyed their discourse and did not disdain their advice, like the barber of Montbard in Burgundy who, to the end of his days, boasted that on one memorable morning he had shaved before breakfast "three men capable of ruling a world": Messrs. Buffon, Rousseau and Voltaire.

A LONGING

By HENRY DUMONT

I STAND as often, on a height
  That overlooks the sea,—
The western sea,—before the night
  Has fallen over me.

And to my mind the splash of gold
  Enriching seaward skies
Is lovelier than all we hold
  Of day within our eyes.

However oft from waning night
  We lift appealing eyes,
The crimson wing of morning's light
  Shall never thence arise.

The western sea, in rose and gold,
  Is very dear to me,
But how my eyes long to behold
  The dawn rise from the sea!

—From "A Golden Fancy."

Curtiss' Flight for the World Prize

By SANFORD E. STANTON

THE interesting history of the first successful navigation of the air flues above the course of the Hudson River will endure as long as man.

Aviation in America and in the entire world, for that matter, was still in an experimental state at the beginning of 1910. Motor-driven aeroplanes were at that stage where each success was won at the sacrifice of innumerable failures. Concerted thought and action by the great inventors of the world was lacking.

On Sunday morning, May 29, Glenn Hammond Curtiss flew from Albany, New York, to New York City, in an aeroplane, winning a prize of $10,000 offered by the *New York World*, and writing his name in indelible letters beside those of Hendrik Hudson and Robert Fulton. The news of his stupendous feat has penetrated to the farthermost corners of the globe, placing American invention, energy and daring before that of any other nation.

On the last day of the year 1909 the *New York World* offered a prize of $10,000 to the first man who would navigate the air between New York City and Albany. This was the renewal of an offer made ten months previously. The purpose of the offer was to arouse those who were seeking a solution of the problem of the navigation of the air to renewed interest and to arouse new men and awaken new thought in this field for progress.

The result of the offer of the *New York World* was the successful flight of Mr. Curtiss.

In light of the magnificent achievement of American brain and American daring, a history of the prize to which that achievement is directly traceable is of interest, second only to the history of the feat itself.

The committee in charge of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration had met several times to discuss plans for fittingly celebrating the discovery of the Hudson River by Hendrik Hudson in 1609 and the navigation of the river by Robert Fulton's "Clermont," the first steam vessel, in 1807. Historical pageants, military parades on land and naval parades on water, all had in turn been suggested and accepted when the *New York World* proposed as the most poetic manner in which the great historical events could be fittingly celebrated, a third passage over the historic course, a flight through the air.

The Aero Club of America, at that time the governing body of aeronautics in this country, officially accepted the suggestion and accompanying offer of the *World* on January 26, 1909, and the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Committee formally approved of the suggestion and made it a part of the official celebration on February 24 of the same year.

Within a month after the first announcement of the offer of a prize of $10,000, thirty aviators in the United States and abroad declared their intention of competing for the prize, provided they were able to complete the experiments they were then conducting with airships.

To the Aero Club of America was delegated the duty of naming the conditions under which the flights for the prize should take place. The Hudson-Fulton Commission named two weeks of the official celebration between September 25 and October 9 as the time when the flight should be made.

On September 25 three entrants announced themselves as ready to make the attempt to win the *World's* prize. They were Captain Thomas S. Baldwin, inventor of the Government Army Dirigible No. 1, and the hero of hundreds of trips into the air; George L. Tomlinson, of Syracuse, New York, and John Roeder of White Plains. The first two, however, alone made an attempt to win the prize.

The *New York World* secured a large vacant plot at One Hundred and Twentieth Street and Riverside Drive, overlooking the Hudson River and there Captain Baldwin and Mr. Tomlinson prepared their huge dirigible airships for the attempt to fly to Albany.

Wednesday morning, September 29, 1909, saw the first attempt ever made to duplicate the trip of the "Half Moon" and the "Clermont" through the air. Unfavorable weather conditions held back the daring sky flyers until Wednesday. On that morning a gentle breeze swept across the Hudson River to the airship park. Special reports secured by the Weather Bureau at New York showed the entire valley of the Hudson River to be one long quiet peaceful air-lane. The day of the start of the Hudson-Fulton airship race had arrived.

From the breaking of day until eleven o'clock in the morning Captain Baldwin and Mr. Tomlinson worked without cessation, preparing their huge fliers for the task. Ten minutes later a cheer that could be heard for miles rose from the throats of one hundred thousand people who had gathered to see the flight. Tomlinson was off on his journey.

The huge yellow gas bag from which was suspended the framework carrying the motor and the pilot rose like a bird above the fence surrounding the park and heading straight out over the Hudson River, began the flight toward Albany. Five minutes later and another roar split the air as the enormous crowd caught sight of Captain Baldwin's ship.

The first attempt to win the *World's* prize was a failure.

While still over the middle of the Hudson River and just opposite Spuyten Duyvil a part of the gearing of the engine in Captain Baldwin's dirigible broke. Unmanageable, the airship settled rapidly toward the water. Almost directly beneath the airship lay the English cruiser "Drake," sent to New York as one of a fleet of vessels to participate in the Hudson-Fulton celebration. Before Captain Baldwin with his airship struck the water a launch had darted from the side of the war vessel and a moment later Captain Baldwin had been lifted from the framework of his ship and was on his way to the British cruiser.

A little better success attended the efforts of Tomlinson, though he, too, failed. When opposite White Plains he discovered his gasolene was leaking. To continue would have been certain disaster, so he was forced to bring his craft to the ground.

While the great dirigibles were preparing for the flight and for a week after their failure both Curtiss and Wilbur Wright were giving almost daily flights from Governor's Island. Wright even sailed his aeroplane around the Statue of Liberty, up the Hudson to Grant's Tomb and back again to Governor's Island, but neither would make the attempt to fly to Albany.

Less than eight months afterwards Glenn H. Curtiss flew at express train speed from Albany to New York with but one short stop. Such has been the development of the aeroplane.

On October 10, 1909, positive refusal was made by every aeroplanist to make an attempt to capture the *World's* prize at that time. Give us a little longer for experiments, was the demand of all. And to meet the new condition, the *World* formally extended the time for competition for its prize for one year.

From time to time Curtiss, the Wrights, Paulhan, Farman and Bleriot, either personally or through representatives, investigated the course and conditions in contemplation of making an attempt to win the prize. Each time the verdict was that the task was still too difficult for the aeroplane in its present state of development.

On the first day of May, this year, at the suggestion of representatives of the Aero Club and many of the prominent aviators, the *World* altered the conditions governing the flight. Under the original conditions as provided by the Aero Club it was necessarry for the winner to make a continuous flight. Under the new conditions as announced by the *World* two stops were permitted those making an attempt for the prize and twenty-four hours' time was allowed.

Courtesy of the New York World

CURTISS STARTING AT ALBANY FOR THE WORLD PRIZE

The new conditions immediately attracted aviators in all parts of the world. The Wright brothers announced that either one of them or a representative would make the flight. A day later Charles K. Hamilton, who was in the South giving exhibitions in a Curtiss machine, forwarded his entry and two days later Glenn Hammond Curtiss signified his intention of competing for the prize himself. Mr. Curtiss immediately followed his entry by sending his aeroplane to Albany and began making active preparations for the flight.

While to all appearances the entry of Mr. Curtiss had been made hurriedly and on the impulse, as a matter of fact it was made only after months of consideration and thought. Not once but a number of times had this cool, far-sighted man gone up and down the course of the Hudson, gathering information from river men as to air currents and observing the conditions for every mile of the course. He had noted the cliffs and mountains in one spot, the lowlands in another, the Palisades in another and the excellent conditions at still other points.

On his trips up and down he found that at Storm King, the huge, grim old mountain just above West Point, provided the greatest obstacle to the aviator planning to fly along the river. Storm King and the mountain on the opposite shore seemed to break the air currents into bits. Kites flown high in the air there whirled and swirled after a manner to warn the man who was going to attempt the flight to be careful.

Other spots, too, looked bad and were bad, but greater than all other dangers to the aviator was the fact that for not a single mile along the river course from Albany to New York was there a single really good place for the man in his aeroplane to land. That was the greatest problem for those who were going to attempt the flight for the prize of the *World* to solve. It was this one obstacle that had prevented the sailors of aeroplanes for more than a year from even considering the flight. And it was the successful solution of that problem that led directly to the winning of the *World's* prize.

Six months before he made his now memorable flight Mr. Curtiss made one more trip up and down the Hudson, walking much of the distance. Not a spot to land met his eye. Then he went back to Hammondsport and began to experiment with devices to permit him to land on the water. Not a word did Mr. Curtiss breathe to the outside world of what was in his mind. Not even when he had perfected a model that worked to perfection did he announce his discovery. Instead, he kept right on at his work, building a larger machine and eventually making a flight and actually landing on the surface of Lake Keuka.

Then was Mr. Curtiss ready to try the flight from Albany to New York.

As the result of his painstaking study of conditions, Mr. Curtiss learned that during the month of May the prevailing winds were from the north and northwest. While it would have been possible to make the flight in the face of a wind, it was better to have it at the back of his machine. Instead, then, of making his start from New York he elected to fly down the river from Albany.

Rensselaer Island, a little low marshy stretch of land on the Hudson River right opposite Albany, looked to be the most advantageous spot for a start. Albany, itself, built on hills, was far inferior for the purposes of the aviator. To Rensselaer Island then did Mr. Curtiss send his flier. A shed was built to house the plane and the motor and three mechanics were placed in charge of the work of assembling the machine. Mr. Curtiss, himself, watched every wire tied in place and saw every bolt fastened and bound. Not a quarter of an inch of space on the machine but felt the touch of the master's hand. Not a flaw, had there been one, could have escaped the eye of the man who intended a little later to trust his very life to this fragile-looking bit of wood and canvas. Precaution and eternal vigilance are part of the price an aviator must pay for success in his conquest of the air.

And then the machine was ready. But one thing remained before the flight could begin. One more trip up and down the river was necessary to find a spot at which a landing could be made if necessary.

Along either side of the river not a spot presented itself to the searching eye of the aviator, but four miles below Poughkeepsie and three miles back from the river he found a place that would do.

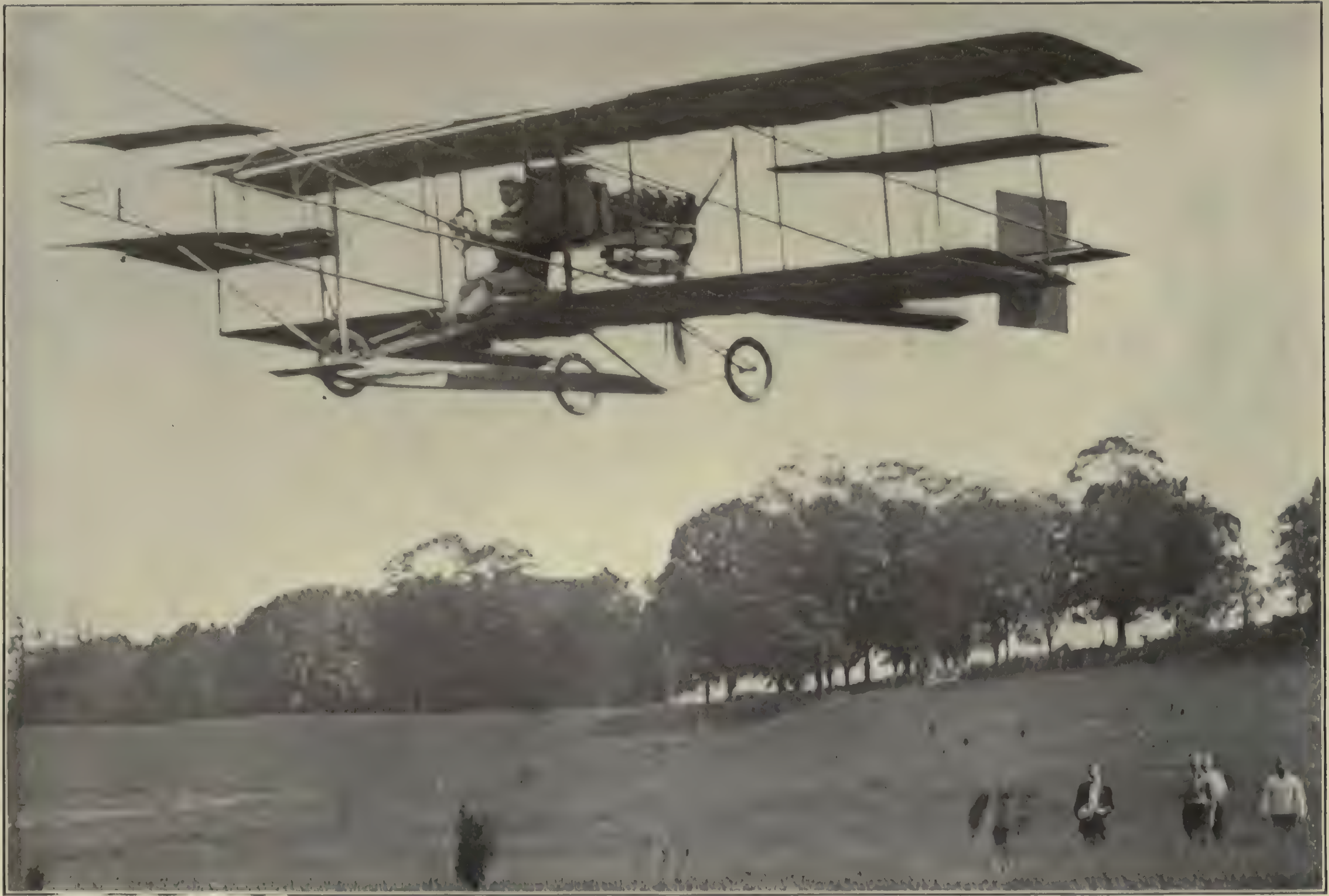
In the history of aviation as it will be read years hence when the student comes to the chapter that tells of the Curtiss flight from Albany to New York he will find one of the most interesting points on the whole flight was the landing made at the Gill farm. Trees had been cut down that there might be a level, clear space for the great machine to land and start. Hollows were filled and hummocks were lowered. Then a huge red flag was tied to the top of a tall tree, a signal for the flier as he came skimming through the air.

On Friday, May 27, everything that human thought and ingenuity could do had been done to make the flight a success. The machine was ready, supplies of gasolene and oil had been left at various spots along the river, a train had been engaged to follow the aviator down the river and naught remained but for the wind to die down low enough to permit a flight.

At three o'clock in the morning (Friday), Rensselaer Island was awake. Mechanics were rubbing their eyes with one hand and oiling the motor with the other. By ones and twos and threes people began to come over from Albany to witness a start, for the evening before Mr. Curtiss had announced his readiness. Curtiss, himself, clad in a rubber coat, beneath which he wore a sweater, his trouser legs tied with cord and rubber shoes on his feet, walked round and round his machine. A start seemed assured, and then word was received from points along the river that the weather was bad, a storm was likely and the wind was high. The conditions were too threatening to make it advisable to risk a flight and the huge plane which two hours before had been rolled out to the ground was sent back into the shed.

Saturday morning saw the same thing repeated. Conditions, however, seemed better. At half past five Mrs. Curtiss, who had never left her husband's side during all the days of preparation, started for the railroad track where the special train stood. Mr. Curtiss took her as far as the train and then returned and five minutes later was sitting in the seat of his machine waiting only to give the word for a start. But the word was not given.

In the early morning light the sky, which a short time before had shone clear



Courtesy of the New York World

CURTISS LEAVING POUGHKEEPSIE

and bright, betrayed a cloud or two off toward the south. With surprising rapidity the clouds gathered, the sky became dark and fifteen minutes after Curtiss had taken his seat in the machine the wind was blowing twenty miles an hour and steadily increasing.

Again was the machine rolled back to its shed. The crowd, which was larger than ever before, began to murmur. They were plainly disappointed and some even went so far as to say they did not believe Mr. Curtiss intended to fly at all. Some even were so outspoken in their doubt of the aviator's intentions that they took no pains to conceal from him their thoughts.

But it was going to require more than idle criticism to upset the plans of months, and Mr. Curtiss was unheeding. He had studied his problem. He knew the dangers that confronted him and he had no intention of risking failure or perhaps even the loss of his life when a little patience would reward him with success.

At four o'clock Sunday morning, May 29, Curtiss rose at his hotel and taking one look at the sky hurriedly dressed. Never before had it looked so favorable. Accompanied by Mrs. Curtiss he hurried to a small all-night lunch room and hastily ate a scanty breakfast of eggs and coffee. Then he hastened to Rensselaer Island.

Disappointed as they had been the morning before, still the word passed hurriedly about the city that Curtiss was to fly brought hundreds of people. Every moment saw the crowd on the little island grow larger.

Daylight brought ideal weather conditions. Not a breath of air was stirring. The sun rose out of the east clear and bright. From the smokestacks wreaths of smoke rose straight into the air.

A final inspection of the motor, one more tightening of the bolts and nuts, one more look at the wires and at two minutes past seven, Jacob L. Ten Eyck of Albany, official starter for the Aero Club, gave the word and to the accompanying cheers of the crowd and the whirr of the motor the huge plane scurried across the field and a hundred feet from the start rose in the air.

The flight was on.

One of the conditions of the flight called for an actual start from over some part of the city limits of Albany. To meet that condition Mr. Curtiss pointed his aeroplane straight over the river toward the city, then when above the heart of Albany he turned toward the south and started for New York.

Like some frightened bird did the huge plane shoot through the air. Up, up, straight up in the air it rose until it was seven or eight hundred feet high. Then, straightening out its planes like a bird smoothing down its feathers, it shot off in a straight line and five minutes after it had left the ground the group of spectators could see it only as a fast disappearing speck in the sky.

From Albany to Poughkeepsie the flight, magnificent in itself, was at the same time uneventful. To the eyes of those on the special train that tried in vain to keep pace with the fast flying man and machine, it looked as though it never quavered for an instant. Sitting quietly in his seat, Mr. Curtiss could be seen from time to time working a foot pump and sending more oil into the motor. Once or twice he even waved a hand at a passing train. Past Hudson, Catskill and Kingston the aeroplane flew like the wind.

At fifteen minutes past eight a man standing on the great bridge at Poughkeepsie suddenly became converted into a howling, dancing, animated bit of humanity. Far to the north he had spied a speck in the air. He looked closer. The speck was surely growing larger. Another instant and he knew it was Curtiss. A huge bell on the top of the courthouse was rung and rung until it seemed as though the clapper would break the gong into bits. It was the signal the people of Poughkeepsie had arranged to let the town know when Curtiss appeared.

Before the sleepers were half awake, before those who were at their breakfast had time to do more than run to the door of their homes, the aeroplane was flying above the bridge. Three hundred feet in the air, it dashed over the bridge and an instant later wheeled sharply and headed off toward the Gill farm.

At 8.26 A. M., the wheels of the aeroplane gently touched the turf on the Gill farm and the first half of the flight was over. Mr. Curtiss had been flying eighty-four minutes and in that time had covered close to seventy miles.

The quiet farm that a moment before had presented a peaceful, rural appearance was converted in an instant to the busiest spot in all the state. In a twinkling Mr. Curtiss had jumped from his seat and without stopping for congratulations began a hurried inspection of his machine. His chief mechanic, Henry Kleckler, who had come from Albany on the special train, dashed up to the farm in an automobile, ten minutes after his chief arrived. With Mr. Curtiss he went over every inch of the plane. But the inspection revealed nothing discouraging.

All that required doing was the tightening of one wire that during the flight Mr. Curtiss had observed vibrating slightly. Otherwise the airship was in the same condition as it had been a moment before the start. At 9.26 A. M., one hour to the minute after he landed, Mr. Curtiss resumed his flight.

From twenty-six minutes past nine until thirty-five minutes past ten, when he landed on the upper end of Manhattan Island, Mr. Curtiss flew through the worst air lane that an aeroplane has ever before navigated. He encountered cross winds, rising and falling winds, blasts of hot air one second and cold air the next. He ran from one swirling eddy of wind to another.

For sixty-nine minutes he never let his gaze wander from the task before him. Like a hawk he watched every line of his plane. As it skidded over one spot and fell into another hole in the air, he met every new emergency with an answering move.

Never but once did he let his ship falter. And that once all but ended the flight.

Just opposite Storm King, while he was traveling more than fifty miles an hour and five hundred feet in the air, the airship suddenly fell from beneath him. Down straight for forty feet did the thing drop. Then the aviator caught his balance.

He had run straight into a great hole in the air and a drop of another twenty feet would in all probability have so destroyed the equilibrium of the machine that it would have fallen to the water.

Instantly after gaining control of his ship, Mr. Curtiss brought it down toward the surface of the water where the air currents were steadier, and for the next twenty miles he flew little more than fifty feet above the surface of the river.

That was the only time the airship and its driver were in danger.

Thirty miles above New York the Metropolitan Life Tower poked its head above the horizon. From then on the plane made its final dash for New York without incident. All along the river towns had been warned of the coming of the aeroplane, and from Yonkers to New York the ship and its driver met a continuous ovation.

When he landed at 214th Street on Manhattan Island, Mr. Curtiss won the prize of $10,000 offered by the *New York World*. He had discharged his obligation so far as all conditions were concerned. He had landed without mishap and to secure oil.

There still remained unaccomplished that which Mr. Curtiss had set for himself to do when he left Albany. He wished to reach Governor's Island. Most men would have been content to rest on the laurels they had earned by his flight, but he was not satisfied and without notifying anyone he again took to the air at 11.42 A. M. and eighteen minutes later, or exactly at noon, he brought his machine down like a bird on the level plain at Governor's Island.

The flight had broken all records for time, for weight carried and for difficulties surmounted. It had demonstrated that the age of the airship had arrived, and Mr. Curtiss in his aeroplane had accomplished the feat that eight months before the most daring aviators had pronounced impossible.

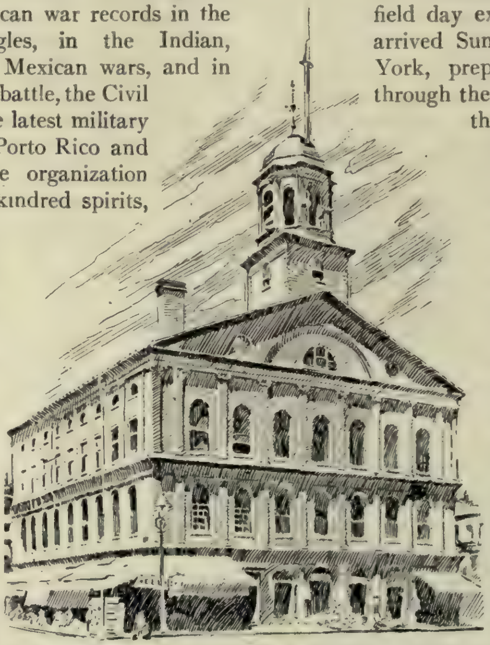
FIELD DAY OF THE ANCIENTS

By CHARLES GORDON

THE annual Field Day of the Boston Ancient and Honorable Artillery for 1909 was celebrated by a visit to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and although this ancient corps was organized in 1638, and has already enjoyed two hundred and seventy-two annual field days, this was the first in which the corps had penetrated so far West into the immense empire which their own charter members had helped to found and foster.

* * *

The drum-head election, held every year on Boston Common in the leafy month of June, and the field day excursion, taken when the leaves begin to turn from green to autumn gold and red, are two events which all through the two hundred and seventy years of its existence have been religiously observed by this oldest military organization of the United States. On the ancient muster rolls of the corps appear names which have figured prominently in American war records in the early colonial struggles, in the Indian, French, English and Mexican wars, and in the supreme wager-of-battle, the Civil War, as well as in the latest military operations in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. The organization is notably a band of kindred spirits, patriotic, hospitable, generous and jovial in their chivalric good fellowship, and it has retained these characteristics ever since in ancient days in London Henry the Eighth established the parent guild. The Boston society is a branch of that Honorable Artillery Company of London, of which the Prince of Wales is always hereditary captain and commander.



FANEUIL HALL, THE HOME OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

Despite all the vicissitudes of war and international complications there has never been a break in the cordial relations of the Boston and London organization; possibly because there are no hard and fast rules to "bind too tight and snap." Even in the matter of uniform there is the widest latitude, each member wearing the uniform of any military company in which he has seen service.

The streets of Boston are always enlivened at sight of the varied and multi-colored uniforms of the veterans of many battles and their associates as they march by with their old flags, ancient halberds and other insignia, recalling the traditions and striking features of military life during three centuries of martial experience.

To the exquisite music of the Salem Cadet Band which accompanied the corps to Europe, the Ancients left Boston for the field day excursion of 1909, and arrived Sunday morning in New York, prepared for a march through the city, then *en fete* with the decorations for the Hudson and Fulton Anniversary Celebration, just completed. New York was asleep after its festal week, and even the famous *Sun* reporters were caught napping for once; the Ancients crossed the river in a special ferry somewhat more elaborate than Washington used in crossing the Delaware river, and escaped the vigilant scouts of the New York papers. Great liners were coming up the river from the other side of the Atlantic, as though to do honor to the memory of Hudson and Fulton, whose achievements had just been accorded ample if somewhat tardy recognition. Especially exhilarant was the ride over the Pennsylvania road, shooting around the Horseshoe Curve and enjoying the day "in camp" on the train, while old acquaintances were renewed! In full field uniform, with white gloves, and with helmets bestrapped under the firm-set chins, the Ancients awakened the enthusiasm of the people of Pittsburg on Sunday evening as they marched through the streets of the Smoky City to the gay music of the band.

* * *

Upon their arrival at Milwaukee, they were met by Mayor Rose and a stalwart delegation of Milwaukee citizens. Headed by their famous band playing a splendid potpourri of patriotic and stirring operatic selections from Trovatore, Carmen and Faust, the Ancients marched and countermarched through the broad Milwaukee avenues, and with their escort, a detachment of state militia, were reviewed by Governor Davidson and Brigadier-General Charles A. King, United States Army. The first gala day was only the overture of one of the most hospitable receptions ever accorded the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Corps. They were at once luxuriously quartered under the genial and tireless attendance of Admiral Charles Pfister and Major Severance at the magnificent Pfister Hotel, everywhere conceded to be one of the most popular and handsome hostels in the country. Its beautiful onyx and marble lobby and foyer and the collection of rare paintings in its corridors remind one of the splendid chateaus of the ancient regime. It is, in fact, the home of its owner, Charles Pfister, as well as one of the magnets which draws travelers Milwaukeeward. Soon after the arrival of the company, the lobby was filled with gayly uniformed men who enjoyed themselves as genuinely as schoolboys out for a holiday. From the moment of arrival to the departure of the corps, there was always something to do. The citizens of Milwaukee, including the indomitable Mayor Rose and his civil associates, not only contributed freely to do honor to the guests of the city, but made up a vigilant reception committee, determined to make every moment one of interest and pleasure. On the first day, the company enjoyed an excursion on the lake under the management of Commodore Crosby. At the theatre in the evening the Ancients took their turn as entertainers, bringing forth the Salem Cadet Band to win new laurels.

The famous German lunch given at the Schlitz Palm Garden, where the visitor seems suddenly transported into the German fatherland, was a notable experience. Every kind of German dainty was on the tables.

CHARLES S. DAMRELL
Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Boston

A memorable visit to the Deutcher Club was enjoyed. At the reception given by Golonel Gustave Pabst at White Fish Bay, where the citizens of Milwaukee turned out in full force to meet their guests, there were songs and good cheer and good-fellowship in abundance, and a delightful day was spent by the beautiful lake shore. Everything was there to "make glad the heart of man," and after the jollity was over, the assembly gathered for inspiring patriotic exercises. Patriotic songs were sung, and patriotic

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN CHICAGO

When the ancient corps swung in a right wheel on Chicago's billowy pavements not one man stumbled. The old corps flag floated proudly in the Windy City

speeches rang out with soldierly enthusiasm. Representatives from the South, North, East and West were present, and made a patriotic demonstration that was impressive in these piping days of peace. The flags that decorated the hall were torn from their standards, and amid a splendid demonstration the Ancients left, marching back with flags unfurled, and taking with them memories of an occasion both inspiring and memorable. On this occasion one of the members, the son of a Confederate soldier, placed a wreath upon the graves of Union soldiers at the Soldiers' Home with impressive ceremonies, evidencing the unity and patriotism that knows neither North nor South, East nor West, but the American Union, "one and inseparable" revealed in the roster roll of the Ancients.

The banquet at the Hotel Pfister was a brilliant affair. The eloquent tributes paid by General Arthur MacArthur to the President of the United States, to the residents of the old commonwealth of Massachusetts and the state of Wisconsin, together with General Charles A. King's tribute to the Army and Navy, were full of the beauty, enthusiasm and lofty feeling that characterized all the other speeches.

The following morning, many citizens marched with the corps to the station, where the corps formed in line and presented arms, and with hearty cheers and the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," the Ancients set out on their return, feeling that many years of friendship would date from the field day of 1909, whose record of the noble hospitality of Milwaukee will fill some of the brightest pages in the annals of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Massachusetts.

Boston's Latin Quarter

By MITCHELL MANNERING

[Illustrations by W. H. Upham]

LIKE stars within the clouded skies, poorly clad but with a beauty all its own, the Latin Quarter of Boston has a charm like that of King Cophetua's "beggar maid." An old college song, telling of Solomon Levi, who "lived down on Salem Street," suggests that this charm was discovered before the new generation of artists arose to make it famous. No American painter need go abroad for a glimpse of foreign life and "things as they are," while Boston retains her truly cosmopolitan, old thoroughfare. During the hot summer the people live all day and late into the night upon the pavement. Mothers are there with babes in their arms; older children play cheerfully in the gutter; men sit smoking, or lounge against the walls; cats and dogs thread their way in and out upon the crowded sidewalk, in search of something more enticing than banana peelings. The Latin and Jewish races have practically made their own of Salem Street, although here and there a group of Armenians or Greeks may be quite easily distinguished.

On the pavement, too, is the merchant, his wares outspread in amazing variety, from a collar button to a pair of suspenders. Like the houses of that quarter, the trio of gilt balls have fallen from their high estate; they no longer indicate the sign of the apothecary as when originated in the time of the de Medici. On Salem Street the pawn broker's gilt balls are easy to find. Many of the possessions of the inhabitants are in a perennial state of migration to and from "mine uncle." Salem Street is never more interesting than when a national holiday is being celebrated down by the Old North Church. Street and sidewalk are blocked with children—all either foreign born or of foreign parentage—all daily speaking some other language than English. At a signal from the teacher they sing, "Lan' fare mine faders died." Despite the lisping foreign accent of their quickly acquired English, that volume of melodious childish voices tells of freedom and opportunity which these little ones are finding in the land of their adoption.

Speaking recently of the remarkable career of a foreign-born American citizen, a noted diplomat from the Old World summed up the story in a few words:

"It is indeed a great country that can take the son of a European peasant and make of him such a man."

He added that a trip through Salem Street was almost equivalent to a visit to Europe, so far as "atmosphere" was concerned, and that no one coming to Boston ought to miss taking it.

THE APPLE WOMAN OF SALEM STREET

A historic landmark where an umbrella has been in use for a half century

Near the Old North Church is a typical Old World applewoman, plying her wares under the same umbrella that has served her for years, on this same spot, as a shelter from both sun and rain. Attired in the lively colors beloved of the Latin races, with her suggestion of the Parisian Latin Quarter, she is a favorite subject for the pencil of the artist.

Equally artistic is the view of old St.

Mary's, on Endicott Street. The teams pass, the quaintly clad people come and go; the gray old walls call up pictures of such haunts as American artists rush off abroad to gaze upon, to secure "local color," which, if they but knew it, could be found in Boston.

NORTH CHURCH

In bleak New England winter time, showing the historic belfry from which the lanterns were hung by Paul Revere

Then comes the old, green gateway; around it drying clothes float aloft, like a veritable "army with banners," prepared to defend the old walls which wind in curves that appeal to the imagination far more than the sharp corners and angles of modern architecture. On the doorsteps about the church people are a-visiting, happy and carefree. The gay Latin temperament is everywhere evident—no nerve tension or brain fag on Salem Street.

And here is the Old North Church, on a cold, bleak winter's day; you remember that these chilling breezes cut to the very marrow of the bones of our forefathers, who had neither furnaces nor steam heat to warm them when Boston's cutting east wind blew.

In strong contrast to this scene is the lazy noon hour on historic old Tea Wharf; the flap of an occasional furled sail, the scream of a steam whistle, the wheezy puff of a ferry boat, mingle with the sound of the wash of waves and the rattle of pulleys, as of yore. Even the moss on the stones appears to have remained unchanged in its everlasting mossy growing for centuries.

A vista between two old buildings again shows the graceful, curving walls of foreign architecture. The frequent recurrence of gabled roofs and tall, plump chimneys almost compels the visitor to believe himself in some part of old London's East End, where mansions that once echoed to the click of silver-buckled shoes, and the swish of brocaded silks, mourn their

A PICTURESQUE ALLEY

Where the soft colors shoot about the angles fallen fortunes, as "London's submerged tenth" surges within their walls.

It seems paradoxical, that with all the struggle for culture, the subjects which appeal most to the heart of the artist are those that bring them close to the life of the people — not the wealthy, whose lives are artificial, whose emotions are cloaked by a "society smile," but the poor, who dwell in residences that were once the handsomest in Boston, and that, amid decay, tell of bygone greatness and are the silent witnesses of a promising era of new life.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH

In Endicott street. Does not this suggest a bit of old London's East End?

In connection with the visit of school teachers to Boston, a New York and a Boston merchant became involved in an animated discussion of the charms and advantages of their home cities. As the discussion waxed warm, a third party suggested that whichever of the two men could write in ten minutes some good reasons for his championship should be pronounced victor. While the New York merchant chewed his pencil and made strokes on the paper, the Boston man wrote as follows:

THE OLD GATEWAY

With green posts, where the washing hangs aloft and the "visitin'" continues to late hours

> Boston has more wealth per capita than any other city in the world, and its investment has built up civilization and prosperity in every state of the Union, and almost every land on the globe.
>
> Boston and her suburbs present more localities rich in historical and biographical associations, more beautiful scenes, interesting museums and charming summer resorts than any other city in America.
>
> Boston was the birthplace or scene of action of the majority of the artists, authors, educators, philanthropists and divines whose lives and works first gave the United States a place in art and literature among the nations.

Boston led all America in the art of ship-building and the development of commerce in the past, when the flag of the Republic was seen on every sea and in every haven.

Boston is the Queen of Convention cities.

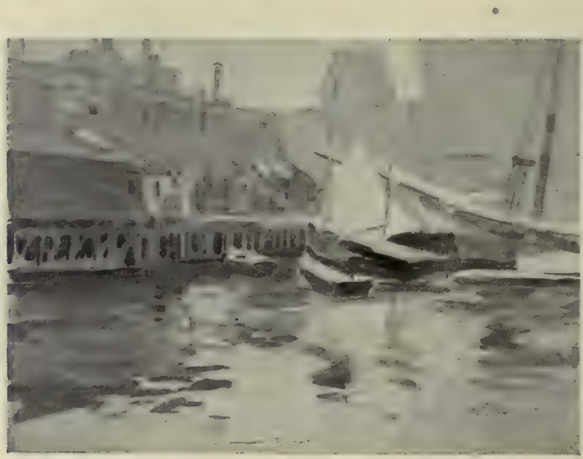
Boston is the coolest and most charming of urban summer resorts.

Boston always gives a hearty welcome to a worthy guest and is willing to entertain and look into every new idea.

Boston is rich in colonial and provincial literature and antiquities.

Boston was the cradle and centre of the Revolutionary movements, and can show the localities and mementoes of the earlier struggles for American independence.

Boston's citizens know why they admire and love their home city.



Drawn by W. H. Upham

CORNER LONG WHARF
Where the furled sails flap over historic waters

THE LIGHT BEARERS

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

I SAW within a shadowed realm of dream
Swift shapes unnumbered passing in the dark,
Each holding high aloft a lovely spark.
Some like a candle with dim fluttering gleam;
Still others like Sirius with a beam,
That all the boundless universe might mark.
And as they hurried onward wild and stark,
Like waves phantasmal of a ghostly stream
Some stumbled and fell headlong down to doom;
Some burned themselves with their own quenchless flame.
And I who watched them sinking, sage and youth,
Wept for the dreamers dead. Then in the gloom,
I heard the voice of mine own soul: "For shame—
Hail souls that live; hail bearers of the Truth!"

"SEEING BOSTON"

With the Rubbernecks

A RECORD MADE BY VISITORS FROM THE WEST THAT GIVES PERTINENT AND TIMELY HINTS TO THE TOURISTS

WHEN we first arrived we felt everyone knew it. We expected even the hack driver to speak more correctly than 'bus drivers at the county seat. We were raised on Northwestern farms, half cattle-ranch and not without a mining annex or two, and Pensel and I were playmates in boyhood and real "partners" later on. We passed through about all the trials and joys, dangers and successes of "frontier life" at a time when an Indian outbreak was still a menace, and highwaymen and "cattle rustlers," "bad men" and "vigilantes" still extemporized grim tragedies, and died by bullet or cord "with their boots on."

"Townsite booms," and the coming of projected and often mythical railways; fierce blizzards that descended out of a clear sky and shrouded whole counties in smothering "pouderie" and paralyzing cold; cyclones and tornadoes equally capricious, tremendous and destructive; prairie fires that swept down from "the back of beyond" and devoured holocausts of beasts and men, as well as property; cloudbursts that almost in a moment choked, dried-up water courses and cultivated valleys; all these and more had made us "men of the Northwest," surprised at little, afraid of nothing, self-reliant, possibly a little boastful, and not over-burdened perhaps with reverence for the conventionalities of society.

And yet we had always "laid out" to visit Boston, "Bean Town," we called it at times; but at heart we reverenced the staid, old, stubborn city which father and mother and dear old grandfather had loved to tell of in the long, cold, stormy days and evenings when no one could be abroad.

What we heard then we learned more about at school and later at the Agricultural College, where my partner got the nickname of "Lead Pensel," and the highest marks in drawing; I first honors in American history; and both of us fell in love with Kate and Lizzie, whom we finally induced to go "on a honeymoon *pasear* to Bosting," as grim old Antonio, our Mexican herdsman, expressed it.

* * *

"Shall we take that big choo choo wagon with the high seats and the feller with the megaphone?" asked Pensel at breakfast, the morning after our arrival.

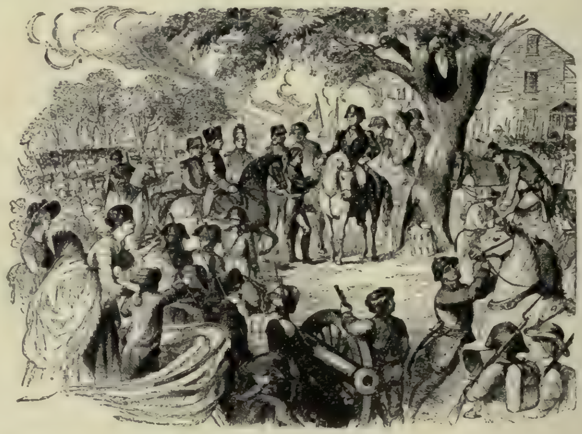
"I should say not," said Kate — his Kate — decisively. "Let's walk and take in the places as we go along. I don't want a lot of other people listening to all that we say, do you?"

"I'd rather go by ourselves," said my Lizzie placidly, "but what do the boys want?"

"Just as you say, ladies," was the answer, and off we started, up from the Quincy House through the queerest narrow alleyways to Court Street, where the grim old Court House stands on what is said to be the site of the first "gaol" of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

"It makes one think," said Kate, "of some old Grecian temple, built not in Parian marble but Puritan granite. How many men have gone in here, hoping against hope for life and freedom, and left here for the prison and the scaffold!"

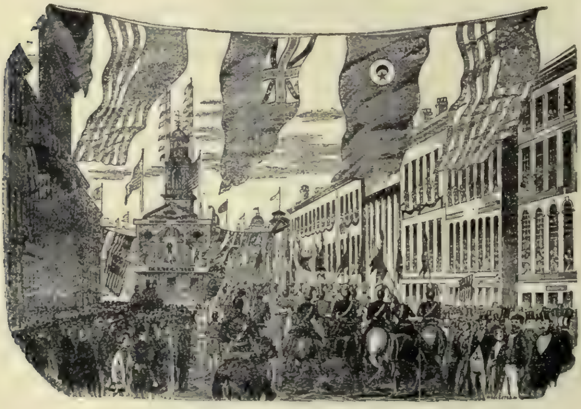
"My father," said I, "often told me how Anthony Burns was captured and held for his master; and how under the Fugitive Slave Law, he could not have a jury trial, but must trust for escape from slavery to a Federal Commissioner, who was ordered by the administration to execute the law at all costs. He told how indignant men met at the Tremont Temple building—Dr. Howe, the gallant husband of Julia Ward Howe, who had given six years of his young manhood to the Grecian patriots, and who urged an immediate assault on the Court House; Wendell Phillips, who supported his fiery zeal; Henry Wilson, later senator, who counselled moderation, and others who only wanted a leader to follow to death or victory. Then, just as it seemed that the attacking party would go forth, a messenger rushed in crying: 'They are attacking the Court House now,' and all rushed out to find that the assault had been made and had failed, and that the bayonets of the Columbia Guards were interposed between the man-hunters and their furious but helpless assailants."



Washington taking command of the American Army under the old elm at Cambridge, July 2, 1775

"What became of Anthony Burns after that?" asked Kate.

"They marched him down State Street between cordons of armed militia, guarded by scores of specials, and escorted by United States marines and artillery amid the bitter curses and helpless indignation of thousands of men, many of them armed, and anxious to avenge this last worst insult to liberty-loving Massachusetts. Dr. Howe decorated his walls with the emblems of death and mourning; flags were flown Union-down and at half mast; but the shameful cortege moved on, past the old State House, where Otis Adams, Warren and Hancock had spoken so often for freedom; over the ground once hallowed by the blood of the victims of the Boston Massacre; where Lafayette and Kossuth had been hailed as the chanpions of human equality and liberty, down to the Long Wharf whence a federal cutter bore the slave back to his master. 'I never see it, but I think of that time,' said my father, 'when chains encircled the walls and cannon stood ready to sweep the streets with grape, to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law."



The Old State House and State street in gala dress during the railroad jubilee of 1851

"But yonder is the old State House," said Lizzie, "and they say that the museum is full of the dearest old china, and dresses, uniforms and pictures till you can't rest."

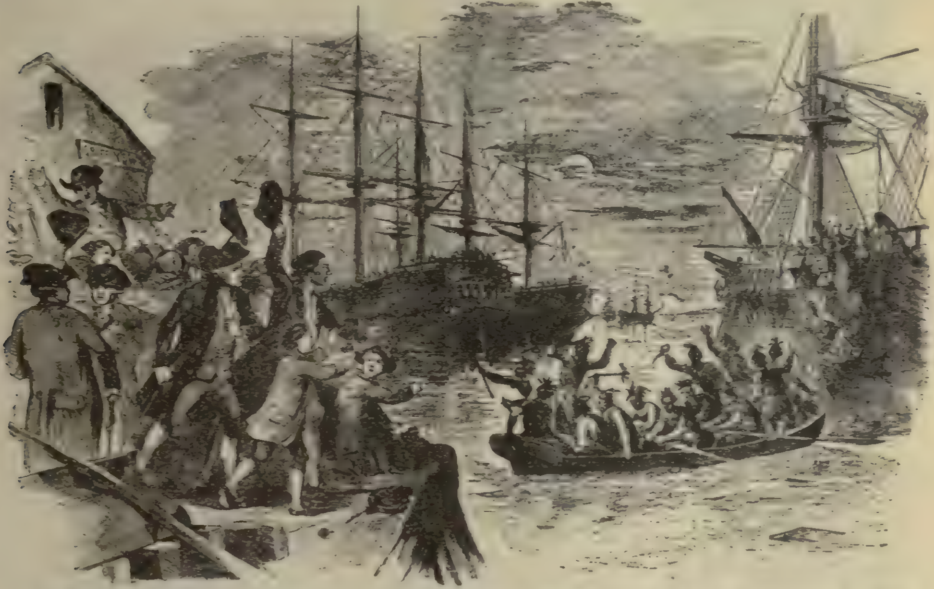
"Indeed?" said Lead Pensel, "then I want to see it before we go anywhere else, for I think we want to get an idea of life in those old days before we visit the scenes of famous events."

So we visited the old State House and its many curious maps and places of Boston Town; its pictures of royal governors and views of forts, mansions, harbor scenes, street panoramas, old worthies, and lovely women of long ago, with an immense variety of other relics, including a long ducking-gun that with its powder-horn, bullet-bag and even a little unused powder and ball had been carried at Bunker Hill; a surgeon's amputating instrument that had done grim but humane work back of the American redoubt; costly yet quaint uniforms and weapons; a carpenter's square inscribed "1636" and found in the walls of the Deane Winthrop homestead. Why, we could have spent a week there and found something new every day.

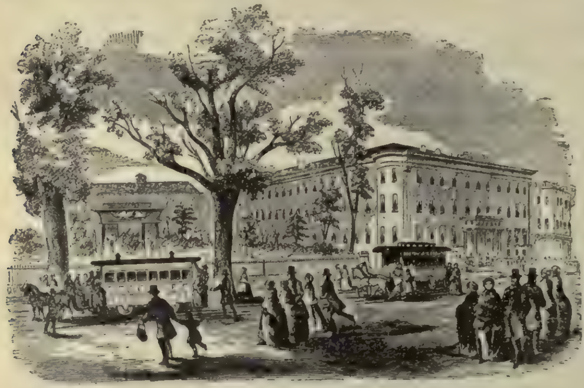
But at last we went out, and almost right in front of the facade where still "the Lion and the Unicorn are fighting for the crown," we found the circle of paving stones that tell where the British redcoats fired the first fatal volley of the Revolution. Afterwards we saw in the old Granary Burying Ground the stone above where the victims are buried, and on the Tremont Street mall of the Common the bronze and marble monument erected to their memory.

Turning down Exchange Street, we saw the Adams statue and then in Dock Square "the old Cradle of Liberty," Faneuil Hall. The market was bright and bustling, as usual, but we hastened to get into the great hall where so many eloquent and great men have spoken in days gone by, and Webster seems still from the canvas to close his classic "Reply to Hayne" with his splendid apostrophe: "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

Over the main hall we found access to the armory and museum of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, a great assembly room lined with historical pictures and hung with silken banners representing every standard under which the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, the later Royal Province and present state, and the grand old company (itself founded in 1638) have mustered their soldiers and sailors in war and peace, since the earliest settlement. When we got through, "just tasting the feast," as Lizzie said plaintively, it was dinner time, and we went back to the hotel.


The Boston Tea Party. Destruction of three cargoes of tea at Griffin's wharf, December 16, 1773. From Griffin's wharf you look upon the site of this dramatic historic episode

Then in the afternoon to Copp's Hill Burying Ground, where, on the only one of the famous "three hills" not levelled away, lie the dead of many generations; some of them famous in song and history, and others, alas, once wealthy and locally great, of whom now it must be said that "no man hath them in remembrance." Just across the narrow mouth of the Charles River lies Charlestown, once utterly consumed by inextinguishable "carcasses" of pitch and sulphur discharged from a British battery on the graves of the dead. Bunker Hill Monument, a moderate rifle shot away, called upon us to visit the famous battlefield, and the trim spars and delicate rigging-tracery of the brave old Constitution invited us from amid a ruck of skeleton military masts, big cranes and tower-like battleships to come over to the Charlestown Navy Yard.



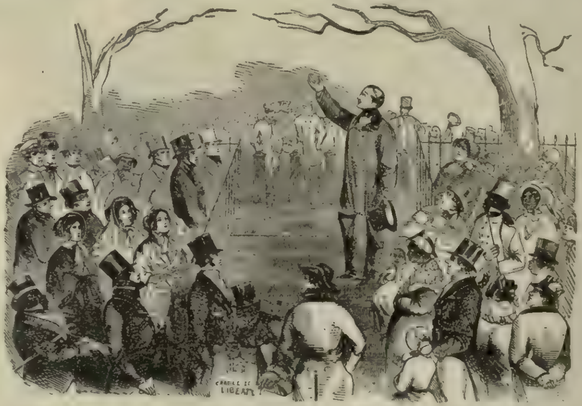
The Granary Burial Ground, showing the old Tremont House and horse car service, 1856

But it took us a couple of hours to visit the graves of the sturdy pioneers, divines, merchants, and captains who sleep so peacefully amid the roar and rattle of the modern city. There was a stone that had been used as a target by the British infantry during the siege of Boston, and another that recorded the untimely decease of a Boston merchant slain by the Indians while on a business trip to Maine, the story of whose slaying was further accentuated by melting the fatal bullets and pouring the lead into a cavity made in his monument, and several others whose armorial bearings or quaint grim symbols of death and bereavement were especially curious to a Western eye.

We were shown a little cottage which General Gage is said to have made his headquarters on the day of Bunker Hill, but he is also said to have left this place of vantage, and to have gone into the steeple of Christ Church not far away. After a while we followed his example and found a most intelligent guide in the sexton who showed us over what is now the oldest chuch edifice in Boston.

"Built in 1723," he said, "and finished in 1746." Its tall spire, 191 feet high, overtopped everything else at the then aristocratic North End. From its windows we enjoyed a splendid view of Charlestown, Chelsea, East Boston, and other suburbs; the same windows from which Paul Revere's friends hung out the signal lanterns on the night before the Lexington and Concord fight, and rejoicing patriots sent rockets heavenward when the news of the surrender of Cornwallis roused Boston to a very Saturnalia of celebration.

Four statuettes representing cherubim ornament the parapet of the organ loft—relics of the old French War when Louisburg was taken by Colonial militiamen, and the privateer, "Queen of Hungary," brought in a French prize with these as a part of the lading.



Wendell Phillips denouncing the Fugitive Slave Law on Boston Common, April, 1851

A silver communion service and a folio "Vinegar Bible" (edition of 1717), the gift of George II, through Governor Jonathan Belcher, in 1733; the altar piece, ten Commandments, the marble bust of Washington, and the sweet chime of bells also interested us. We didn't care to visit the tombs, thirty-three in number, under the church, but learned that No. 20 for some months held the body of Major Pitcairn, whose detachment massacred the Minute Men at Lexington.

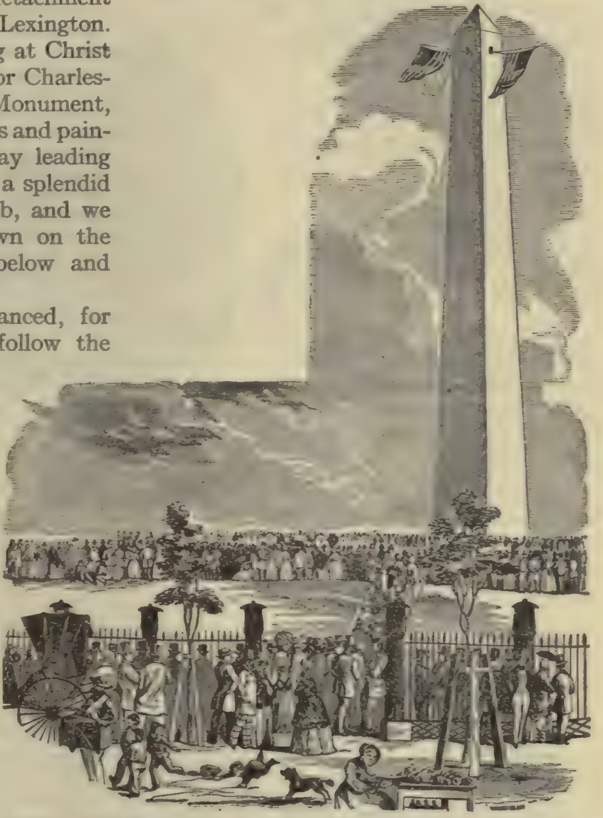
When we got through looking at Christ Church, we took the elevated for Charlestown, first to Bunker Hill Monument, where we inspected the curiosities and painfully climbed the spiral stairway leading to the top of the tower. Here a splendid view repaid us for a long climb, and we were well content to look down on the great panorama spread out below and around us.

Kate and Lizzie were entranced, for looking eastward they could follow the quietly curving ship channel of Boston Harbor out from between the opposing wharves, and the dismantled fortresses of Governor's Island and Fort Independence; by rotund tree-hung Apple Island, Thompson's and Spectacle, to the wider roadstead, and again through narrowing, battery-defended channels to the boundless sea. A great liner, with sixty-foot sides and much longer than the monument came up with the tide, her and half a dozen toy-like tugs darted out to meet her, to fasten to her leviathan-like sides, and push and hustle her into her allotted berth.

"I don't care to go anywhere else today," said Katie, "look at the dear little sailing vessels, and, yes, there is one of our Duluth whalebacks, loaded down with coal, I suppose, like those Pennsylvania barges that are being towed up the harbor."

"Yes, it's too nice here, and we're too tired to go anywhere else today," laughed Lizzie. "I want to rest and to look over staid, old, beautiful Boston."

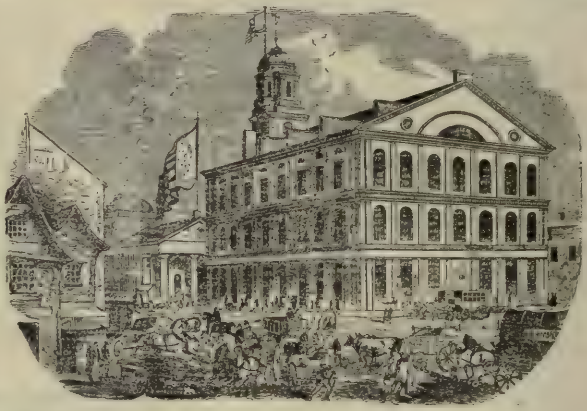
So we took another day for the Navy Yard, going first to the State House on Beacon Hill, admiring the splendid rotunda with its allegorical paintings and innumerable battle-flags, and St. Gaudens' splendid bronze of Shaw and his negro regiment opposite at the head of the Beacon Street mall. Of course, we visited the Frog Pond on the Common, Milmore's stately soldiers' monument, and the Public Garden, green with rare foliage and gorgeous with myriads of flowers.


Bunker Hill Monument at time of its completion. Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775

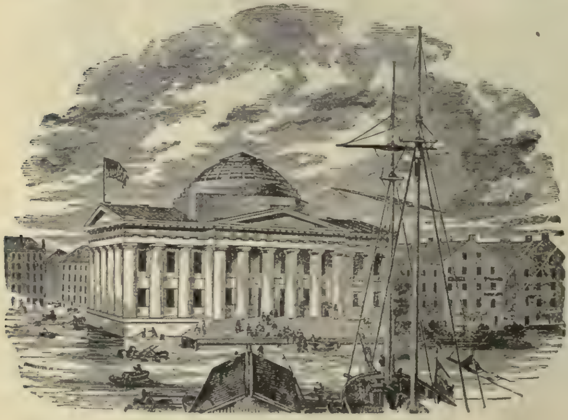
I think we all felt the stately charm of the Washington equestrian statue. No one ever thinks of making fun of Washington as a man, although the cherry tree incident has pointed many a joke at Washington as a boy. "He has a good, kindly face though," said Lizzie timidly. "I know I would just love him."

"I'm getting jealous," said I, "I'm going right away to make love to that water-nymph amid the yellow and blue lilies, or down to the Morton memorial, and take an anaesthetic."

"No, let's go down to Essex Street and see where the Liberty Tree used to blossom out with rebellious fulminations, and take a look at Chinatown," said Pensel. So we walked leisurely up Boylston Street, and read the Liberty Tree tablet, and also that on the corner of Harrison Avenue indicating the site of the house of Wendell Phillips, the silver-tongued orator to whom in life the city had refused a hearing on the State House steps, when in his young manhood he appealed to the Freemen of Massachusetts. It rather detracts from the beauty of this post-mortem civic appreciation, to know that the lonely old hero, widowed and childless, was not allowed to live out the few years left him in his dear old home, which the city cruelly swept away in an era of "improvement."



Faneuil Hall, Quincy Market and the old feather store in 1851



The Boston Custom House in the great April storm of 1851

We visited some Chinese variety stores in Boston's Chinatown, and had lunch in a Chinese restaurant which we all enjoyed "for a change," as Kate remarked, although "Lead Pensel" said "that he thought it was for all his spare change," when he paid the bill. I always think that a jaunt in a Chinese quarter is something like living near a volcano—you may have no trouble in a lifetime, but you can't tell at what time the lava may make a display of devastating fireworks, or a hatchet man or two may come in to resent the sentiments of his "tong" by a more or less general massacre. However, as they had recently electrocuted three Chinamen over in Charlestown for a racial demonstration of this kind, on this very street, I considered the conditions favorable for "settled weather" for a time.

Then we took in Atlantic Avenue whereon near Congress Street, we found a tablet marking the site of Griffin's Wharf and the docks in which several dozens of counterfeit Indians brewed several hundred chests of Oolong and Bohea tea for the "Boston Tea Party." I think that the young men of Boston in those days must have been more like our Western cowboys than they are today.

Then we went to the Navy Yard and, say, it was just like a dream to stand on the quarter deck of the old "Constitution" and under the American flag, and look at high, thick bulwarks and the double row of ports with their old-fashioned, heavy cannon curving in forward toward her top-gallant forecastle and rakish bows. Of course, she has been repaired and rebuilt until she is a good deal like Daddy Old's jackknife that had two new handles and three new blades but was "the same old knife yet."

For the model and the rig, the armament, and above all the fame and the soul of "Old Ironsides" is still here. Useless for cruising, helpless in war against the smallest cruiser of the poorest nation on earth, she is still a memory and an inspiration, worth more to the nation than our biggest ironclad.

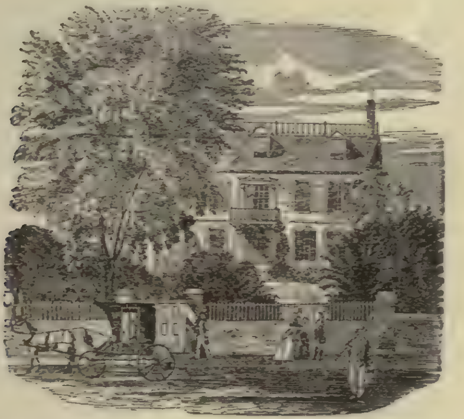
When we left her the girls kept looking back at her, and although we had our fill of seeing battleships, cruisers, torpedo boats, dry docks, and immense cranes, I noticed that when we came back to leave the yard we all wanted one more look at the brave old Constitution.

Of course, we went out to Lexington Green by way of Arlington (Menotomy) and saw where the devoted Minutemen under Captain Parker stood in line to vindicate their legal rights to bear arms and to drill under their legally chosen officers. The British leader didn't understand this, and a massacre, not a fight followed. Some of the houses stand to this day to whose porches dying men crawled for shelter. We followed the route of the British to Concord, and to the North Bridge where the militia, after being fired upon, forced their way across and drove the detachment sent to hold it back into the town. We had supper at the little tavern which Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn made their headquarters on that memorable day; visited the graves of Emerson, Wolcott, and Thoreau in quaint old Sleepy Hollow, and came back to Boston quite ready for a day of rest from sight-seeing.

Thereafter we visited the Natural History Rooms on Boylston Street and the Public Library in Copley Square, went on to the splendid new Art Museum, and looked at the beautiful floral displays at Horticultural Hall.

A day at Harvard satisfied us that one needed a month to do justice to the great New England college, its splendid buildings and equipment, and especially its numerous and wonderful museums of every description. "There's no end to it," said Lead Pensel, as we gave up sight-seeing for a trip to Newport. "I've seen enough now to keep the boys guessing for the next five years as to whether I've been locoed by too much Boston, or have only joined the Ananias Club to save time and money, but we've had a good time seeing Boston, haven't we, Kate?"

"You bet," said Kate.



Governor Hancock's mansion in 1857. Site just west of the State House, Boston

Gustave's Gardenia

by Isabel Anderson

GUSTAVE NIELSEN was a Norwegian, and some said an artist of considerable ability. His face was pale and his hair was blond and his manners were eccentric. He was commonly known by his nickname, Gardenia Gustave, because for some time past he had worn, pinned in his buttonhole, a pearly gardenia blossom. His brother artists joked him about it, his models tried to steal it, but they never found out where it came from. Gustave guarded his little secret well, and answered all inquiries with that smile of his which brought forth another smile, and there the matter stopped.

His wife, however, no longer considered it a joke. It had gone on too long. The time had come to do something. She sat dejectedly in an armchair in their little topsy-turvy New York flat. There were dark circles under her eyes, and her black hair, done low on her neck, looked as though its one pin might at any moment drop and let the waves of hair slide down over her shoulders upon her Greek robe. The baby howled in the next room, but Sylvia paid no attention. She did not even move when her friend Sophia Trent, a trained nurse who lived across the hall, came in without knocking, as was her custom.

"My brain feels like a dried-up apple, all wrinkled with worrying," complained Sylvia.

"Baby Gustave ill?" inquired Sophia sympathetically.

"No, it's big Gustave."

"Surely he's well enough!"

"Oh, yes. It isn't that—it's his gardenia."

"Why, Gustave wouldn't be Gustave, without his gardenia! What is wrong with that?"

"I don't know, and that's the trouble. Every morning he has a fresh gardenia, and I can't imagine where he gets it." Sylvia was staring moodily at the floor. "I've got to find out, or I shall go mad. Will you help me?"

"I'll do the best I can," replied Sophia in her matter-of-fact way; "Are you sure it isn't a model?"

"I don't believe so. Most of them are poor as church mice. Gardenias come high at this season."

"Don't you suspect any one in particular? Any old flame, for instance?"

"There's a girl he used to go about with, before we met. I've been to see her. She has a turned-up nose, and an impudent air. I think she is quite capable of flirting with him, though she is married and says she has absolutely no use for Gustave. I don't know."

"Yes, you do, too! No girl with a turned-up nose would do a romantic thing like this. It wouldn't be appropriate."

"I can't think of anyone else. That's why I wanted you to help me, Sophia."

"Couldn't it be that rich Mrs. Bell whose portrait Gustave has just finished?"

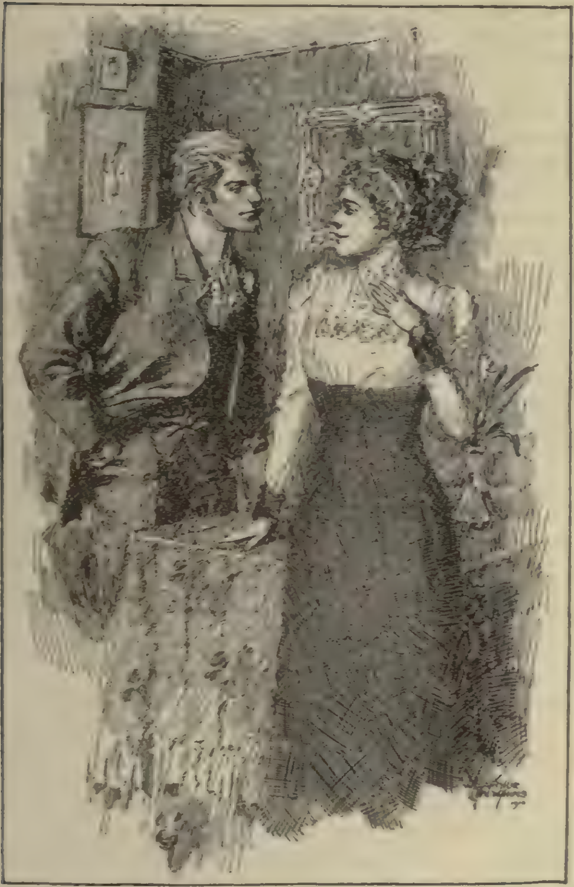
"No, because he had the flowers before he ever knew her."

"Why haven't you ever minded before?"

"I have, in a way. Only now it gets worse and worse. I have worried so that when I go to bed and try to sleep my thoughts seem to change to little red devils, torturing me."

Sophia looked her over with a professional air and made up her mind.

"Look here, Sylvia, you are going to turn this matter over to me," she said with authority, "and forget all about it yourself. Is it a bargain?" Sylvia assented. A load seemed to slip from her soul. She and Gustave had always considered dear Sophia so capable.



"I think you might tell me who gave you that gardenia you're wearing, Gustave," she said coquettishly.

A trained nurse is called upon to fill many needs, and is of necessity versatile. But Sophia Trent felt herself for a moment at a loss. She had never before done detective work. The sleuth instinct, however, which is dormant in most of us, was beginning to awake in her. This, added to a natural enough desire to help her friend, impelled her to find a way out, if one existed. She considered several plans, and discarded them all. Then just as she was going, a new notion came to her.

"I've got it, Sylvia," she cried in a voice that the other hardly recognized, and darted from the room. Sophia knew her man, and she also knew herself. The others knew her as the staid and kindly nurse, always ready for an emergency, and quite lacking in the lighter feminine graces. That Sophia had ever been younger or different would not have occurred to them. Sophia herself had tried to forget the time when she had been the village belle, and had had dreams like other girls. There had been an awakening, and Miss Trent had come to the city to study nursing. Now she deliberately set about recalling her old self, with results which we shall see.

Hardly had Sophia left her neighbor's flat when Gustave himself appeared jauntily in the doorway, with a fresh gardenia in his buttonhole, and ushered in a pretty and rather foreign-looking woman whom he introduced as Madame Carlson. Sylvia received her guest without a trace of embarrassment, in spite of the fact that her eyes were red and that there were only kitchen chairs to sit on.

Gustave had gone out ostensibly to buy a handsome dining-room set which he had seen, with the money just received from Mrs. Bell's portrait. The only furnishings which never felt the frequent changes of fortune in this haphazard household were Sylvia's books, Gustave's pictures, and the afore-mentioned kitchen chairs. It was thoroughly characteristic of him now that when his wife inquired about his purchase he should reply carelessly:

"Oh, I bought some curtains instead; they're so beautiful in color and texture that I couldn't resist them."

"But, dear, we have charming ones now—you know we managed to keep them," protested Sylvia. Her husband waved his hand.

"That's all right. Sell them next time. I spent the rest of the money on a rare print." He drew it carefully from its wrappings and held it up for admiration—an old Japanese print, depicting a horse with one leg, and only one, in evidence. Utterly oblivious of Sylvia's disappointment, he was explaining it to Madame Carlson when Sophia entered. When he turned and saw her he could only gasp.

The transformation was complete. Her hair, usually parted and drawn back tightly into a knot at the back of her head, was piled up loosely on top, and caught the light like burnished bronze, making a crown of glory above her rather pale face. In place of the usual severity of stock and tie which she affected, she wore a soft lacy affair which just revealed a delicious little unsuspected curve of throat. Even her expression was changed from its former thoughtful calm to one almost roguish.

Sylvia, in spite of her astonishment, recovered herself and introduced her friend to Madame Carlson. Gustave, still staring at her, got out beer, cheese and cigarettes. Mechanically he offered a cigarette to Sophia, then smiling, said:

"Oh, I forgot, you're a Puritan about smoking."

"Puritan nothing," laughed Sophia, perched on the table and swinging her feet. "Porto Ricans, aren't they? Thanks." One would not have guessed from her manner that this was her first smoke. Gustave could not keep his eyes from her. As usual he monopolized the conversation, and talked rather better than usual. Madame Carlson drank in his words, but she no longer held his undivided attention.

Holding forth on art, as it was, and is, Gustave told how in the old days pictures would be left in the sun for weeks and months after being finished, so that the oil would dry, and that was the reason why the colors, though softened, yet held their tone through the ages. He spoke of his own work, how he preferred to do frescoes and big things, but was obliged to paint portraits in order to earn his living. When he mentioned Ethel Farley, the prettiest model in New York, who had bowed to him from the stage the night before, all three women pricked up their ears. But nothing came of it, and he was presently talking about his soul to Madame Carlson, whom the subject seemed to bore less than it did Sophia.

Sylvia and her friend were both occupied with the same question—was it Madame Carlson (just then they heard him call her Elin) who gave Gustave his gardenias? When Sylvia could stand the strain no longer she suggested that Madame Carlson, who she knew was on the stage, should sing to them. The little lady rose and sang a lullaby, soft and sad but very sweet and tender. Her voice was exquisite. When she had finished, Sylvia, quite touched, asked her impulsively if she wouldn't like to go into the next room with her and see little Gustave asleep in his crib.

"Tell me about her—who is she?" Sophia demanded, when she was alone with the artist.

"We were children together, in the little village on a fiord in Norway. I had not seen her for years till I ran across her a month or so ago, at the theatre. But tell me about yourself; what on earth has happened to you?"

"That puts Madame Elin out of the question," soliloquized Sophy, "for he's been wearing gardenias to my certain knowledge since last spring." "Happened to me?" she repeated aloud. "Nothing but a little matter of double personality. I carry this around with me all the time, you know, only submerged. We all do that sort of thing, more or less, I fancy." Gustave was looking at her intently. He could not make her out. She was positively stunning. Something alluring about her, too. What was she saying?

"I think you might tell me who gave you that gardenia you're wearing, Gustave," she said coquettishly. "What woman is there who cares for you more than I do? Take care, or you'll have me jealous of you." At that she looked sideways at him through her darkened lashes. Oh, the vanity of men! Gustave succumbed to his.

"Do you really want to know, Sophia?"

"Of course I do—just pining to. Don't I look it?"

"You look adorable. You must let me put you in my new picture. I want a woman just your type. Your hair is superb. I never dreamed you had so much of it."

"But you haven't told me where you got your gardenia?"

"Just let your hair down once, will you? Oh, the gardenia? I'll tell you—no, I can't, though. That's impossible—impossible."

"Then I won't take my hair down, and I certainly won't pose for you," asserted Sophia, with her head in the air. Gustave heaved a long sigh.

"All right; but let your hair down first."

"Honor bright, you'll tell me?"

"Honor bright. . . Oh, you little villain!"—for after a flourish of hairpins Sophia had extracted from her coils a long and gleaming "switch" which she tauntingly waved before him.

"I'm not allowed to wear false hair on duty," she explained demurely; "I got it to wear to a masquerade once. It's just as pretty, even if it *isn't* mine." Gustave groaned.

"Take it away. The illusion's vanished."

"But the gardenia—you haven't told me about that?"

"That's an illusion, too. I buy them myself, of an old man around the corner."

"But why—why not tell Sylvia, then?"

"Because Sylvia ought to remember. She was wearing them in her hair the first time I met her. I want to cure her of being jealous."

"This will cure her, if you tell her now. And if I were you—" this with a sudden return of the trained-nurse manner—"I'd buy some decent dining-room furniture!"

"That's the first characteristic thing you've said this evening," laughed Gustave. "Shall I sell the print, or give up the gardenias?"

"Leave it to Sylvia," suggested Sophia. Just then the two women returned from admiring Baby Gustave, so she said good-night and went back to her lonely room. Somehow she realized, in spite of her triumph, that it *was* a lonely room.

THE HAPPY LAND

By GEORGE GODOY

There is a land where love does reign supreme,
A land of beauty and a land of mirth,
A land so fair that people on this earth
Have ne'er beheld but in a joyous dream.
The brooklet, fountain and the murm'ring stream
Do beautify that land; there is no dearth
Of water, food; and men of humble birth
There mingle with the great, and happy seem.
Eternally the wondrous sun does shine
On angels with alluring wings of gold,
And maidens playing on their harps divine
Are clad in diamonds, while not far, behold!
Sits the Messiah on his sacred shrine
And heaven itself before us does unfold!

Old Narrow Gauge

by Arthur Hawkes

IT was on this wise. Bain and I went to Port Mouton Bay to look at some fine sand beaches, which will sometime create on the bay a new Atlantic City of the North. Port Mouton is so named because three hundred years ago a sheep jumped off a French ship in the bay. It is pronounced Matoon, why, nobody knows. It is like the other Nova Scotia ocean shore places now of secondary importance—a straggling village fringing the tide, with a couple of churches, a school house, an octagonal Odd Fellows' Hall, a wharf and a lobster factory, for noticeable features, and everything else suggesting a prosperous indifference to such worlds as Bain and I, and you and most of us, are familiar with.

We found the Scotia House hard by the station; the hostess, comely, capable, agreeable, endowed with the blessed spirit of hospitality and the accomplishments of a real cook; the host big, ruddy, honest, ready for a joke with every sojourner who wants to see the neighborhood. Could we get a horse to drive to the beaches? "Sure," said Mr. Wagner, we could have "this one," just come from the station, and we could have the new buggy. "This one" was an aged steed, with what the host called a shoe ball on each locomotive member, and a near foreleg that had lost the line of its mature strength. Obviously, he was a "has been." Bain, who never likes working his passage, suggested I should drive.

Host Wagner changed the bridle, as well as the buggy, and we ascended the vehicle behind what was clearly a model of patience. A whip lay on the ground. Bain suggested that I acquire it. Wagner answered that he thought we would get along without a whip, as we were going only a short distance.

Bain named the horse "Shoeball" as soon as we left Wagner. Shoeball walked awhile. As we passed the first house I observed a freckled boy grinning as though he felt sorry for us, and amused for himself. Descending a gentle hill to the lobster factory I urged Shoeball to quicken speed. He was indifferent to my views, and sauntered down the hill with drooping head.

We crossed a bridge and began to climb a short rise to the first church. Shoeball increased his speed as we climbed, and lo, at the top I was holding him in.

Past the church was a store where Shoeball much desired to stop, and Bain lamented the absence of a whip. Ahead of the store was a longer hill, with a smooth piece of road for the approach, on which I induced Shoeball to trot, supposing he would want to walk slowly upward. But as soon as we struck the grade he accelerated his progress. To be kind to an old fellow I pulled on the lines. So did he, and put on more speed. I pulled harder. So did he. I pulled harder still. So did he.

I stuck my feet against the dashboard and pressed him to halt. He responded by opening his mouth, laying back his ears, and breaking from a flying trot into a dissatisfied gallop. I pulled with all my might, and as I weigh 270 pounds and am in pretty good condition, I thought that, with the hill helping me, I should stop Shoeball. I might as well have tried to check the wind. Bain laughed. I said it looked as if Shoeball would run away.

"Let him go," roared Bain, "and if we are pitched out, the Lord help me to fall on you."

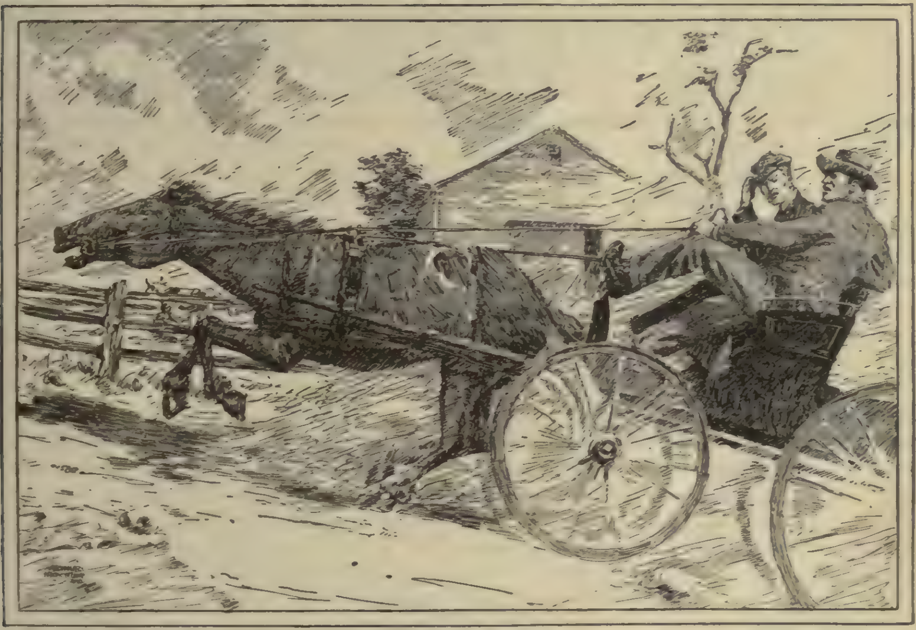
"I wonder what's over this hill?" said I.

"I don't know and I don't care, if only you are beneath me when I fall," answered Bain, and Shoeball's speed made a gale around my ears.

"Take off my hat," I begged Bain. "If he goes down the hill like this we'll hit destruction for sure, and maybe I shall fall on you."

"Then for heaven's sake stop the crazy loot." called Bain.

And so I pulled once more. Shoeball moved his jaw sideways a little, so I could see his teeth better, and took about as much notice of me as a locomotive takes of a mosquito. The most I could do was to hope for a clear road over the summit, and I saw a descent ahead which, in normal times, would be welcomed equally by driver and driven. But what could I expect with this mad Shoeball hitting the pike at thirty miles an hour? Shoeball did not leave me in doubt. He saw the declivity, shut off steam, composed himself to a walk, dropped his head and sauntered down this hill as if he had never done anything else. I gave him a loose rein—it made no difference to his gait. He would do as he pleased, so long as I didn't ask him to do anything at all. And when I asked him to hurry up, he put on every ounce of his power, with about as much discretion as if he were trying to convince you that two and two are five.



"'*Let him go,' roared Bain, 'and if we are pitched out, the Lord help me to fall on you*'"

Nova Scotia is all ups and downs. Our next up was accomplished like the last, I hauling at the horse, Bain laughing at me, and Shoeball disdainful of both of us. At the top he did not let up, for a big, vicious black dog bounded out of a yard and made the worst of himself for Shoeball and us. Bristles up, barking with a murderous note in his tone, he tried to leap into the buggy. Shoeball raced along, careless of the dog, but terribly ambitious for speed. It was here I noticed that the traces were doing nothing. Bain had seen it from the first.

Shoeball's open mouth and my straining arms were connected by lines that had become traces. After three hundred yards of this quite uncalled-for labor, I defeated Shoeball, and Bain got out to pelt the dog with stones which drove him away.

We resumed locomotion with the same mad rushes and tranquil saunters till, seeing abundant sand and hearing the swish of the tide, we turned to the beach and reached a floor of sand that made ideal foundation for a fleet animal.

"Let him go now," laughed Bain, and I did. How he flew. He was old, but game. In a 150 yards I was helpless, except to guide him off the hard sand to where it was dry. I was never so thankful for friction. It impeded our lunatic, but did not assuage his lust for pace. We crossed a shallow creek, and struck another lovely floor, where two rigs had been since the last tide. We followed their tracks up a great sandhill; where even Shoeball was not too proud to slacken his speed. Bain walked in mercy, and made game of me as he walked.

Well, we got to a settlement among the rocks, and returned by another road to the village. The lobster factory was inviting. Outside a man was bucksawing wood, near a hitching post.

"Can you tell me anything about this horse?" I asked, seeing a friendly glance in his eye.

"Sure," said he. "That's Reece Wagner's horse, ain't it?"

I said it was.

"Well," observed the sawyer, "we call him the 'Wild Horse' about here. Everybody knows him. Did you enjoy yourselves?"

I answered that we did enjoy ourselves, and inquired if he could give us the Wild Horse's history.

"No," was the reply. "Reece hasn't had him very long. I believe he used to belong to old Pervey of Shelburne—the man that was going to build the little railway years ago. He's got lots of ambition, ain't he?"

I admitted that he had, and wanted to know if it would be safe to leave him, tied to the wagon.

"Safe? Why, yes. He's like a house, safe as long as it don't move. He'll stand all day without being tied."

So we tied the Wild Horse that was perfectly tame, and went into the lobster factory.

The factory was an abode of industrious cleanliness, with machinery that was almost as primitive as the Garden of Eden, in comparison with what I have seen in salmon canneries on the Pacific coast. Lobster—fresh lobster—is abundant here for the first half of the year. The farmers fertilize the meadows with the husks—that may not be the right word, but it will do—that are left after the creature is boiled.

The factory owner left with us. As the Wild Horse came into view I asked this man if he knew anything about him.

"Oh, yes," said he. "That's Old Narrow Gauge. Crazy son-of-a-gun, ain't he? But there's lots of horse left in him yet."

"Why is he called Narrow Gauge?" I asked.

"Don't know, unless it's because of Pervey. He's as crazy as Pervey was. Had a great time with Narrow Gauge, I guess?"

Bain told him what had happened. He was entertained, but not surprised.

Again we started, and this time Narrow Gauge—we had got his real given name at last—would only walk down hill. On the level he set his jaw and I perforce kept the traces slack. We flew into the courtyard of the Scotia House. The genial Wagner came out, and offered a solemn remark before being invited to say anything.

"I forgot to give you the whip."

"Whip?" said I. "Whip, indeed? I wish you could feel my arms."

Bain, between outbreaks of laughter, told the story of the drive, and in return received further light on Narrow Gauge's character. He was said to be twenty-two years old. He was bought at auction in Liverpool, his hair being so long that nobody but Wagner would look at him. Those who derided him at the sale had since offered Wagner fifty dollars on his bargain. They had heard how transient drivers of Narrow Gauge, getting scared of his enthusiasm on the homeward trip, had preferred leading to hanging on to that long-toothed, implacable jaw—not having, as Bain compassionately said, 260 pounds behind the driving hands.

Narrow Gauge, then, we found, has a great reputation in the market—sane tribute to enthusiasm without vice. He fascinated us. Next morning we had him for a trip up the Broad River, where Bain, being to the manner born, lifted uncounted trout from sundry perfect pools. We skirted the rock-girt coast to White Point—a delight in scenery for Bain, and for me a study in equine navigation. Narrow Gauge was incomparable. There were stones in the road and ruts here and there. He was willing to avoid them both, but begrudged me time in which to select the nicest methods of avoidance.

Before noon we were back at Wagner's, ready for the train that was to bear me toward Yarmouth and Boston. Of Narrow Gauge and the buggy he bounces around like a teddy bear, I have a satisfactory photograph. He is a part of Port Mouton for me, as much as its sands, its tides, its clams, its lobsters, its outlook, its trout, its incomparable charm. With this aid to endurance and even to ambition, may I if I reach old age, as he has done, be only half as strenuous as he is in surmounting difficult places.

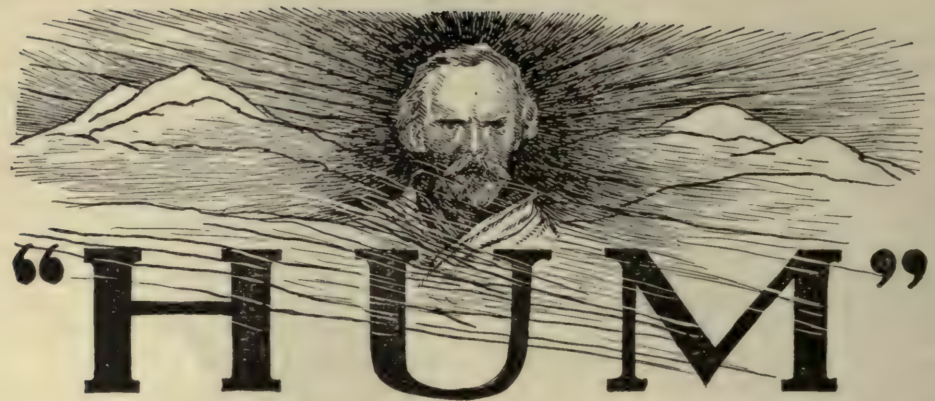
Here's to you, Narrow Gauge!

"HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT"

By EFFIE McDOWELL DAVIES

THE yellow ox-eyed daisies blend
  Their sunshine by the garden wall,
A message sweet I bid them send
  As one by one the petals fall.
My idle hands tear wantonly
  Their golden hearts of mystery.

He loves me not, he loves me true
  This secret sweet the petals told.
I wonder if the daisies knew
  The magic in their words of gold.
He loves me not, he loves me true
  Love, pure as daisies washed with dew.



"HUM"

A SERIAL

By FRANK HATFIELD

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Chapter XXII

"BEN ALI, will you recommend a suitable hotel?" I asked.

"With pleasure," he said, "I will conduct you thither."

He raised his hand. A tall Arab, in gorgeous livery, approached.

"The carriages, Nourmal," ordered Ben Ali.

Thereupon, two barouches, each drawn by four white mares, superbly caparisoned, swept round the warehouse where Soud ben Sayd had halted the small portion of the caravan that crossed the strait with his master—Soud ben Sayd, the stern, warlike Bedouin, who, through dangers and difficulties, had brought across the desert the fair women to whom he paid homage. "They are Genii, who bring blessings from Allah," he said.

My face expressed surprise.

"I understood you correctly, I think, Mr. Hatfield. A suitable hotel, was it not?"

"Quite right, Ben Ali, but—"

"Pardon my little pleasantry," he laughed. "You are to be my guests. Nay, do not protest. It is my father's wish and my own. We hold in high esteem the nation you and Mr. Selby represent, and I have even higher regard (he raised his fez), for the people who gave to you your fair wives. All is arranged in obedience to my order from Bagamoyo. Let us away."

Through the refreshing coolness of a courtyard where fountains were playing, our host led us, beneath carved portals, to a spacious hall filled with Eastern luxuries, where white-robed servants greeted their master's son and bowed low to us.

"Rest here," he said, "while I acquaint my father. Nourmal, let fruit, ices and sherbet be served."

"Ben Ali is lovely," exclaimed Zenia.

"Zoesy, please remember that you are not in Zoeia," admonished Tom.

"What difference does that make, Tooma?"

"Lots, my dear. Ask Fulma."

Noureddin Ali, a handsome man of sixty years, tall, dark, imposing, with keen, restless eyes and captivating smile, greeted us warmly.

"Allah has cared for his chosen ones," he said, "and brought them within my gates. Your coming is like the breath of flowers. Abide with us and rest until your star guides you westward. Meanwhile, enjoy what we can give. All that I have is yours."

After conversation with the girls, he rose. "Nourmal, show our guests to their apartments," he directed; then turned to Termal: "I have much to ask concerning the strange country, and the wonderful people with whom you tarried so long," he said. "*Salaam aleikum*" (peace be with you).

Before I slept, this message went under the sea to my mother:

"Tom and I coming home. Will write from London.
FRANK."

When our remarkable history became known in Noureddin Ali's household, we were much sought after. Our hosts would listen, for hours, to our account of the wonder land. By their request, I showed their people our instruments. They regarded them as supernatural things. Fulma and Zenia made frequent visits to the women of the harem. The Oriental houris gathered about them with childlike eagerness to hear, over and over again, what, to them, seemed beautiful fairy tales. Our host acted as interpreter.

The *syunas* still glowed, but the *kanjoots* failed to respond with clearness. We did get one loving message from Oron. Our girls stood by when it came, but their joy was tinged with sadness when I said: "It is the last."

* * *

After a month's rest we prepared to leave, though strongly opposed by Noureddin Ali and his son, who had bestowed upon us a lavish hospitality. Among our last purchases were complete European outfits, for which we laid aside our comfortable Zoeian and Arab garments. Moto's debut in English clothes was but a shade less comical than Termal's. Both seemed to be undergoing a mild martyrdom. "They remind me of the wax figures in the Eden Musee," said Tom, "but the girls are just stunning! One thing is certain, Frank, they will never be straight laced."

"I cannot quite grasp that last remark, Mr. Selby."

"No? Well, it is one of those intangible, never was, never to be things that require deep metaphysical thought."

The last evening in Zanzibar, I asked Ben Ali to our apartments and showed him our gems.

"Why, man, do you know their value?" he exclaimed, with flashing eyes.

"I do not. Where they came from they have no commercial value."

"Is it possible? Why, in those two cases is an immense fortune. You must have a strong box. I will provide one."

He picked up a fine diamond and looked at it with the eye of a connoisseur. "Superb! A perfect stone!" he said, laying it down.

Fulma took it in her fingers. "Ben Ali," she said, "for all you have done for us, will you accept and wear this jewel?"

"Ah! fair lady, I cannot. It would ill become me to take such a gem for my poor services."

"Then, will you wear it in token of our esteem for you as a man? In recognition of those who will hold you in grateful and loving remembrance?"

"That request, dear lady, may not be denied," he said, with graceful gesture, "but it is too munificent."

"No, no!" we all exclaimed. "It is our common wish."

"Be it so," he said, taking the jewel. "May Allah hold you in his bosom. And now, with your husbands' permission, may I ask a favor? (He opened a morocco case.) It is my earnest wish that you and Mrs. Selby wear these diamond crescents in your beautiful hair. A trifling gift from me."

* * *

The next day we left on a German steamer for Port Said, via Suez.

Here commenced my people's first experience with ocean travel and cosmopolitan life. The "floating house," where one could sleep, eat, and go about, made to go through the great waves of an immense ocean, was to them more wonderful than the Zoeian marvels with which they were familiar. Yet it astonished Selby and me that they could so easily grasp the explanations we daily had to make, and so quickly adapt themselves to their strange surroundings. Fortunately, we were to be delayed but a day at Suez before encountering the dull monotony of the Isthmian canal.

"Frank," said Tom, the morning after our arrival. "I am going to find that ferry where Moses and his large family crossed over to Shur. It ought to be somewhere hereabouts. You know that Red Sea episode."

"I have read about it, Thomas."

"Hello! Better take a seidlitz, Fean. Your tongue isn't just right! Bad symptom for you. Good-bye."

Later in the day he returned somewhat crestfallen.

"Not a howling success, my Antiquary?" I asked.

"Not a show, Fean. I believe the whole

thing was like Mather's dream islands."

"You lack the Egyptian eyes, my boy."

"I don't want them. Too many cataracts. There was an element of queerness about that transaction, and the little bulrush-ark story was rather fine spun. It would be interesting to know the true inwardness of both. Far more so than will be our trip through the isthmus."

He was right. The sole incident during the voyage that aroused any enthusiasm was the swirl of the lines as they went ashore at Port Said.

"Now for a turn round this old ant hill," advised Tom, the following morning; "and drop in the P. & O. office for particulars. Jove! there is a big steamer!" he exclaimed as we neared the wharf. "It must have followed us through the canal. The 'Ceylon,' just in, I guess, as the captain is doing some lively hustling. Come on, we must overhaul her."

Abreast of the ship Tom stopped short. "Great Caesar!" he cried. "Take a good look on that bridge! As sure as taxes—it's Sam Mathers! The one and only Mathers! Scott! Here, this way, keep dark."

We hurried forward until opposite the well-known face. "Now, both together," said Tom, "Ship ahoy! Hooray for the Mohegan!"

The captain stared at us a moment, then, seizing his glass, took one look. He disappeared instantly, but as quickly reappeared at the gangway. "Am I looking at live men or ghosts?" he cried, rushing to us.

"The original article, Cap'n, and no delusion," asserted Tom.

"Why—I can't for the life of me! Why, bless my soul! Here, 'long side this old ditch at Port Said! The last place under God's heavens! Why, men—where have you been all these years? Of course, you gave up that wild-cat hunt, but where—where—did you come from?"

"But we never gave up that hunt, Captain," declared Tom; "and what's more—we brought back trophies of the chase."

The captain appealed to me.

"Selby is right," I confirmed, "we have the evidence."

"Well, well, men—there are certain marines who swallow things readily—but it's devilish hard for an old sea-dog to get that down. However, seeing's believing. Let's visit the steward."

As we gained the ship's deck, the skipper called excitedly to his first officer: "Mr. Remsen, have an eye to everything! I have a special consignment to look after."

When the steward's stimulating thoughts had materialized and the captain had charged his pet pipe, he leaned back in his chair and asked for the evidence.

"I have it up at the hotel," I said.

"In your trunk, eh?"

"No, in a room. It is living evidence."

"Oh, yes—I see. Lots of folks have those for pets. I wouldn't like one. Awful mischievous. Going to take it home?"

"I think I shall."

"Well, I wish you luck. Say, I wouldn't let it run round loose. They're up to all sorts of high jinks. That sort of evidence isn't conclusive, though—they are common in Africa."

"Captain," I said, "you labor under a slight mistake. My proof is of another sort. It was born at sea; the mother died; the sailors were kind to it—particularly the first mate, I think—but they lost it. Some man stole it, and—"

"How's that, Mr. Hatfield?" the captain broke in, removing his pipe and bending forward in an interrogative attitude.

My summary suddenly ceased. The captain jumped up—the ashes flying from his pipe. "Haul taut, shipmate," he gasped, "I've just got aboard. Good Lord—I'm worse than a landlubber! What! My little girl—here, on this old sand heap?"

"Yes, Captain—and my little wife, now."

"God bless me!" he exclaimed, pulling the bell cord vigorously. "Here, boy, tell Mr. Taylor I want him. Mr. Taylor, do the honors of the Ceylon for these dear old friends of mine. Egad! I thought they were dead. I must dress for the shore. One question—where are you bound for?"

"London," I replied, "upon arrival of the P. & O. steamer."

"P. & O. be d—d! You'll go with me. The Ceylon, just from Hong Kong, is bound for London. We aren't quite as smart as the P. & O., but I'll make it solid for you all, or my name isn't Sam Mathers. Now, a shave and a bit of a fix up—then I am with you. Egad, but this is a great day!"

The jolly tar soon returned—well groomed, smiling and dapper in his suit of white duck, light manilla hat and patent pumps.

"Now, let's cast off. By the way, how many are there of you?"

"Six, in all—including the colored man."

"Servant?"

"No—companion, and important member of our party."

"Beg pardon—a word with Taylor. . . Now we are off. Jove! I feel like a boy. Why, men, you've grown younger. Good people you were with, eh?"

"Yes, old friend," said Tom, "they set things up well for us."

"I can believe that, sir. You look hearty." . . :

"Fulma, my dear, there is some one below who wishes to see you."

"To see me, Feanka? What do you mean?"

"Just what I said, darling—an old friend of yours. Come down with me." . . .

"Here she is, Captain; somewhat changed, I fancy. Fulma, this is Captain Mathers. You have heard of him."

The navigator had risen as we entered. "Why—er—Mrs. Hatfield," he stammered. "Beg pardon—but I'm an old salt who has lost his bearings; sort of knocked off his pins suddenly, you know—"

"I have heard all about it, my dear Captain," said Fulma, in delicious broken English, putting both hands in his. "I am your little girl—Josephine Jerome."

"Ah! my dear child—to be sure—to be sure! But I can't for the life of me realize it. No, I can't re—al—ize it. I've sailed the seas for many a year, but I never picked up anything so strange—never ran 'long side of so fair a craft."

"And here comes Termal," I said; "a Zoeian, and his daughter, Zenia—Mr. Selby's wife—and this is our good friend Moto, one of the Masgninas. They all know about you."

"Well, well—I have been on the bridge many a time when a man couldn't breathe—and I feel as though I was there now. But I'm jolly glad to see you. I —"

"Captain Mathers," said a sailor at the door, "the quartermaster wants to speak with you."

"Wilson or Snyder, Bob?"

"Mr. Wilson, Captain."

"Good," cried the skipper, rubbing his hands. "Now, my lads are here, and they're to move all your traps down to the ship This is no place for you. I can't for the life of me see how you stayed here over night."

"But, Captain," I interposed.

"No buts, Mr. Hatfield—nor butter either, that's fit to eat, I dare say. Now, just point out your luggage, and the lads—"

"But, Captain," I again interrupted, "I must arrange—"

"Arrange nothing! Wilson will 'tend to all that."

"It will be fine," said Zenia.

"Hey! That has the true ring—good coin that, Mr. Selby!"

"Ninety-nine fine, Captain."

"Undoubtedly, sir."

"We shall be rather troublesome boarders," I said. "We don't eat meat."

"Don't eat meat? Why, man—what do you eat when you're hungry?"

"Oh, there are plenty of other things."

"To be sure—so there are—true enough! I have been thinking of giving up the stuff; it sort of goes against me."

"The meat, Captain?"

"Oh, no—I am an ostrich, in that way—but it's the manner of getting it, you know."

Fulma and Zenia each laid a hand on the captain's arm.

"Well, 'pon my word, my dear ladies." He beamed and nodded right and left—"so you approve? Gad—if we had you two along, the steward wouldn't earn his keep, so far as this old tar is concerned. Well—Taylor is equal to all that. We have lots of other good things, and—something in my private stock. You don't draw the line there?"

"No, Captain," I laughed, "we don't draw the line there."

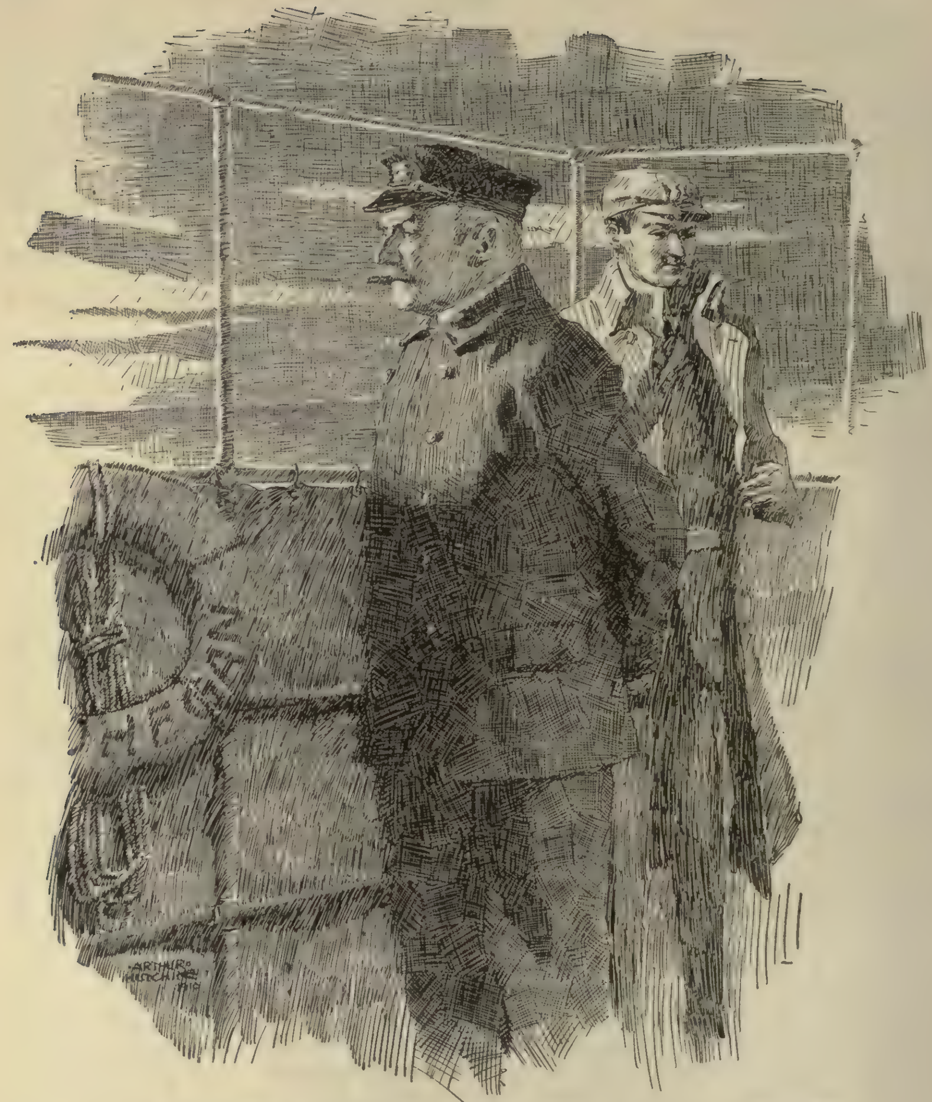
"That's jolly! I've some fit for the queen's table. All aboard!"

He caught the girls by the hand and danced to the door.

"Gad! I'll lay a sovereign that's the first time you've danced with an old sailor, eh?"

And thus we entered upon the hospitality of one of the most hospitable of men. At dinner that night, everyone was in grand form, Tom brilliant—the captain exuberant. At the close he said:

"We'll up anchor to-morrow, and then I'll have you for two weeks. We'll need all that time to spin yarns." Raising his glass of fine Tokay, he looked lovingly at us:



"One morning the captain invited me to 'take a turn on the bridge'"

"Here's hoping you will find everything to your liking!" . . .

An hour later, as I went down from a turn on deck, I met him on the stairs. He stopped me. "Mr. Hatfield, I think you said that Tur— Turmoil was a Zoo-er. One of those high people."

"Yes, Captain—and he is something more. Are you ever troubled with insomnia, and need restful subjects to think about?"

"Occasionally I am that way, I'm sorry to say."

"Well, then I will give you one for to night. Termal is the man who took the child."

"What? Well, may I be— Good-night!"

CHAPTER XXIII

Cloudless skies, a staunch, well-ordered ship, a skilful navigator who loved his work—his fellowmen as well—contributed to make our voyage to London one of our brightest experiences. Delightful were the days we passed on that dream sea, the Mediterranean.

I recall, with keenest pleasure, the days and nights we were on deck with our captain; the eagerness with which he listened to our tale; his look of affection as he sat and gazed upon my little wife; the gentle and paternal way he approached her. I hear again the thrilling music Termal played for us by moonlight on the dark blue sea, and see vividly our peerless girls in their rose-flecked, white gowns, as they sang songs with Tom and me under moonbeams, while Termal played his wondrous obligatos, and sweet perfumes, from somewhere, came entreatingly over the water.

The day we left the isthmus, the captain asked me to his cabin.

"Mr. Hatfield," he said, "since I caught sight of you, I've been so dazed I have not asked about our old friend, Hum. What of him?"

"The Hungarian? Oh, he has become a prince in his own kingdom."

"Went back to Hungary, and was found to be a noble?"

I shook my head.

"Ah, I see," he murmured, closing his eyes and raising his hand. "Gone up higher."

"Yes, but not as you mean, Captain. He was found to be a Zoeian, and was raised to the peerage."

"Heigh, ho! Well—he deserved it. I'll wager a sovereign he's happy. Had no wish to come back with you?"

"None whatever."

The captain bent forward, his right arm on his leg, his left akimbo. He pondered a moment. "Wise man!" he said.

"And I, too, have failed to inquire about our fair shipmate."

"Ah, yes—I know, Mrs. Durand. Well—she left for the mines before I sailed from the Cape. Singular woman, that—handsome and gifted—I say, Hatfield," (he glanced from the corners of his eyes), "didn't she lean a bit toward—one of the passengers?"

"Oh! I don't know. It might be."

"Gad! I could read it without glasses. What do you suppose she said to me, the last time I saw her? You can't imagine, eh? Well—it was enough for an old sailor to lay a course by—but I won't give her away. I'll tell you one thing, it was something like this, 'If I ever see Mr. Hatfield again, I will tell him what will astonish him.' Strange person—had a remarkable history, I fancy. By the way, that queer, skate-faced doctor—Brindle or Brindley—waited round the Cape 'til I went down again. Been bug hunting, he said. Not much luck, I fancy from what I saw—"

"He should have gone with us," I remarked reminiscently.

"Just so—for, as I was going to say, he looked sort of knocked up. The wind was all out of his sails. Jove! that's about the way it's been with me for more than seven years. The fact is, my son, we had too fine weather and—and other things, when you and Selby and the widow went down. Too fine to last. However, my sails are going to fill now. I'll brace the main sheet. Lend a hand, shipmate."

The captain's violin—of no mean quality—became a bond of union between him and the tall Zoeian. I remember the glow of enthusiasm on the skipper's ruddy face when Termal created enchanting settings for the sailor's favorite airs.

But the fairest scenes fade, the happiest hours end.

One morning the captain invited me to "take a turn on the bridge."

"Mr. Hatfield," he said, "I once told you something on the old Mohegan that made my heart ache. The same thing befalls me again. Oh, if we could only belay old Father Time—but we can't. Tomorrow, before sundown, we'll be docked in London. Where are you going to put up? Had so much to talk about, I haven't asked you. Better go to the Bedford, my hotel, and a good one. We must keep together as long as we can; besides, I must help you about your wife's affairs. I am the only witness, but I fancy they'll take me. So you are going home—then back and on the Continent. Jove! I've a mind to go with you."

"You don't know what pleasure it would give us all," I said.

"Yes, I do," he asserted bluntly. "One man can read another sometimes—

that is, if the other's true. I don't know—I might get a leave and go with you to Switzerland. I'll try for it."

"That will be good news for the girls," I said.

"Humph! What do they want of an old salt fish like me?"

"It is your quality, Captain."

"Thank'ee!"

His clearsightedness had not waned. At five o'clock the next evening we were warping in at the East India docks.

Two important matters engaged my attention. To locate the relatives of my wife's father—if there were any—and the purchase of chronometers for the preservation of the Zoeian time. In both, the captain gave me signal assistance.

"We will take a cab," he said, "and go to No.—, Chesterfield Street. There's where I found your wife's two maiden aunts. . . . . This is the house," he said, when the cab stopped after a devious course. "I know it well—things don't change much here."

In answer to our inquiry for the Misses Jerome, we learned that one of the two spinsters who lived there previous to the present occupant, had died, and the other, the younger, had, Mrs. Gaskin thought, moved to Norwood.

"Not much with those soundings," said the captain. "We shall have to heave again."

At Norwood, a gray-headed apothecary told us where a very old woman, by the name of Jerome, lived with one servant. "Feeble and queer," said the man of pills and plasters. The elderly and deaf servant was not disposed to admit us, but the captain's well-rounded argument—not heavy, but glittering—overcame her prejudice, and we were ushered into the presence of an old dame who soon confirmed the pharmacist's terse description.

"Lawk, yes," said the spinster, after I had given her an elaborate reason for disturbing her peace, "my sister and I—she's dead now—heard something like that, more than twenty years ago, from a seafaring man who came to see us when we lived in—in—"

"Chesterfield Street, madam?" asked the captain.

"True as gospel, but how did you know it?"

"I am the man, good lady."

The old lady stared at the smiling skipper.

"You?" She re-arranged her spectacles. "May be—may be—but I should say, if that's so, you ought to look a deal older than you do."

The skipper chuckled mildly. The charm of youth never fades.

"Well," she went on, "my brother's dead, and the girl—if there was one—is dead; and nobody knows anything about them any more. You might—find out something from the—solicitors. Let me see—Jane!" she called, her voice shrill and parrot-like, "bring me the book that lies on the shelf next the window, under Pilgrim's Progress."

The dame rubbed her glasses with the end of her neckerchief, coughed slightly, then leisurely perused the book. "Penfold and Pennington, Temple Bar," she at last said.

I nodded to the mariner. "Madam," he said, rising, "I seem not to have made that indelible impression on your mind and heart, so prized by my sex. We must apologize for entering your quiet haven, and put to sea once more." . . . .

"Thank God," he exclaimed, as we entered the cab, "the old soul preserved that book. Now, for the Temple!"

"Yes—this is the office of Penfold and Pennington," said a middle-aged man, the typical head clerk to respectable solicitors. "Mr. Penfold is at Brighton. Mr. Pennington will see you."

An elderly, quiet, keen-eyed man—a fair representative of the London barrister—received us cordially, and listened attentively to my tale. "A romance of thrilling interest," he remarked urbanely. "Were we publishers, I should incline to make you a worthy offer for the copyright. But we have to deal with hard facts."

"These are hard facts, sir," I assented.

"Very like, ve-ry like," he said, inclining his head, "but the proofs—the proofs! We must have them, you know. There certainly is an inheritance of twenty-five thousand pounds for the lawful survivor of Professor Jerome. We know of his and his wife's tragic death, and his sister—unfortunately not now as clear as she might be—told us about a little child—the only child, who survived them; about a locket—her mother's—and about the seaman who came to her many years ago."

"I am that man, sir," asserted the captain, rubbing his hands.

"And the girl—now my wife—has the locket on her neck at this moment," I added. "The man who took her from the boat and became her foster-father is with us."

The barrister rested his elbow on his hand, his chin on his thumb.

"Those are important links in the chain of evidence," he said. "Captain, you would be required to produce credentials and establish records."

"An easy enough bit of water for me to navigate, sir."

"Oh, unquestionably, Captain. I only mentioned—"

"I'm well enough known in maritime circles, sir."

The commander's tone faintly recalled the coming storm—just faintly.

"Undoubtedly, Captain," assured Mr. Pennington blandly. "The testimony of the—the foster-parent must needs be obtained, and we must see the locket. How long shall you remain here, Mr. Hatfield?"

I told him of our intentions.

"I see," he said thoughtfully. "Well—we might get the preliminaries in order within, well, say a fortnight, and be ready to make the transfer when you return. After the evidence is in, we could—should your wife so desire—advance a thousand pounds or so. We will move in the matter within a week. Meantime, I will call at the Bedford."

"Looked a trifle like reefing the main sheet, once," I said, when we were again under way.

"Yes, true enough; but 'twas only a puff from the starboard. I came near making a—an old fool of myself. Of course, Pennington is right. He'll bring you through straight. Now, about those clocks."

At the sign, Chively & Co., Strand, the captain called a halt. "No better chronometers to be found," he said. The instruments were selected. When I showed them the Zoeian timepieces, they were dumbfounded, and asked for an explanation.

"Oh, bring the things down to the Bedford," the skipper said, laughing, "and I'll tell you all about this Zoo—Zoological specimen. Besides, I brought in some of the best you ever tasted. We'll make an evening of it. Now, Mr. Hatfield, 'bout ship, and get back to the fair haven."

* * *

A few days later, Fulma came into our parlor while I was reading. She was robed in white. She stopped just within the heavy purple curtain, and looked at me wistfully.

"Dear heart," I said, "the roses in your cheeks are paler than they are wont to be. Where is your heart today?"

"In the safe keeping of one I love better than my life, dearest, but I am distracted by the ceaseless noise and confusion which surrounds us. Is it so everywhere in the lower world?"

"Mostly so, my love, wherever men congregate."

"Not on the ocean. There is peace."

"Not always, little girl, as you know."

"Yes, the peace I mean, is there. The ocean's great convulsions are silent and grand in their mute strength."

"But dangerous, fair one."

"My beloved, that thought comes to you too often," she said. "We are in the Father's keeping. If He bids us come to Him through the whirlwind or the wave, it matters not. We are safe in our Master's arms. Our frail bodies not always apparently—but the real you and I, my darling."

"My precious treasure," I cried, springing up, "stand where you are, while I kneel at your blessed feet."

"Oh, no," she protested. "There is but one who is worthy of that homage. Now, I am going. It is the hour Zenia and I spend alone."

"Fulma!" . . . . And the golden hair lay on my arm while the dark blue eyes were close to mine.

I told Tom. "It is the same way with Zoesy," he said. "The sooner we get off, the better. We might take a trip up the Thames, or a run to Lake Windermere, or something of the sort—but it is useless to trot our girls through this bedlam, to see things of no interest to them. My words may sound strange to you, dear boy, but I have learned something the past five years, I never knew before. But for your parents and our mission, I wouldn't mind if we had only time to get back before the next recession."

"And what do you think about it, old friend?" I asked Termal.

"Feanka," he said, "It is a feverish unrest, that undermines one's higher nature; but we can't escape it for a time. I have a mind, after we reach your native shores, to take Motoo, be he willing, and travel about somewhat. I should like to become personally acquainted with persons and things new to me."

I explained matters to Captain Mathers.

"Um—yes, I see," he said. "Well, I'll pilot you through some quiet excursions hereabouts. By the way, the captain of the Umbria is a personal friend. I'm going to say a word for you. Shall I tell him what kind of cargo he will have? Perhaps, though, 'twould be better I didn't, you might be pestered by curiomongers."

* * *

Mr. Pennington called often. There appeared to be something special that drew him to us; we became warm friends. True to his word, he had taken the preliminary steps, and he regretted he could not close the business before we left. On the occasion of his last visit, he handed Fulma a neatly superscribed envelope. "It may be convenient," he remarked, when leaving. I advised her to open the letter.

"Why, how curious!" she exclaimed. "They are pieces of paper with printing on them."

"Great Scott!" exploded Tom. "They are Bank of England notes for fifteen hundred pounds!"

* * *

It was a bright morning when our gallant captain took us to the Umbria.

"I'm going to stand by 'til you cast off," he said with forced cheeriness. A moment later, his face, which had been tortured into an expression of joy, became grave. "My dear lady," he appealed to Fulma, "may a forgetful old sailor apologize for his shortcoming? I, too, have a little financial matter to arrange with you. It has just struck my foretop. I'll have it all ready when you return."

"My dear Captain," she said, "I wish you to keep that money in memory of our first acquaintance."

"Bless my soul! No—bless her soul, dear Lord!" cried the captain, nervously seeking his bandanna. "H-m, I fancy a cinder anchored in my eye. How can I thank you, my dear little girl? Oh, there goes the whistle! Good-bye! Good-bye! God be with you!"

He disappeared in the throng, but ran forward on the dock and shouted to me: "I'll try to lie off the next trip but one. Write or cable, if it will suit. Good-bye."

* * *

Termal was the central figure on the ship. His six feet eight of stature, athletic form, smooth, ruddy face, dark, restless, laughing eyes, thick auburn hair and genial smile, made him conspicuously attractive. Added to this, his peculiar cordiality of manner, expressed in unfamiliar English, made him sought for by all. Apparently, speculation was rife concerning him. But he kept his secret.

Moto, too, received not a little interrogative attention. His fine figure and face, so unlike his supposed race, aroused much curiosity as to his origin, and his relations to us.

Our girls became great favorites with Captain Watkins. He often had them on the bridge when, as he said, "other women would be in their staterooms, making trouble for the stewardess." Much interest centered in our group. In Termal and Moto, for reasons stated; in Tom and me, because, aside from our English tongue, there was but little to denote our nationality—Zoeian influences had materially changed us; in Fulma and Zenia, an indefinable something that made them so different from other women.

A blithe little maid of four summers formed a lasting friendship for Zenia, who entertained the child with stories woven from fabrics wholly new. When the light blue eyes and curly head of the rapt listener were lovingly close to the beautiful Zoeian, a picture formed worthy of Raphael. But in their gayest moments, I sometimes saw tears gather in the fond mother's eyes. I well knew why. The child resembled Buela.

* * *

Upon our arrival at New York, we took rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. When we registered, the clerk handed me a letter. My hand trembled as I took it.

"Thank God!" I said, showing it to Tom. "Do you know that handwriting?"

"Don't I? God bless her!"

I broke the seal to release a mass of love and welcome from my mother, bright sunlight, across which a dark cloud passed when I read that my father had gone. . . . . I gazed long at the signature while the moisture gathered in my eyes.

"Well, it reminds one of old times to see a *New York Herald*," said Tom, at breakfast the following morning. "It looks natural. Same old financial column and Stock Exchange report. The boys are still taking 'flyers' and—thunder! Hat, what did we pay for that Deepdown oil stock?"

"I don't remember. Somewhere round par. Why?"

"It sold yesterday at three hundred and fifty. Whew!"

"Well, at those figures it doesn't bear the impress of poverty. I think I know what you will do with yours. It is my opinion, Tom, that our best plan will be to select a safe deposit company for our gems; realize on a proper amount, and open bank accounts. This will be our financial headquarters. Regarding the oil stock, we can determine whether to hold or sell. We have another matter, of immediate importance, to discuss."

This was whether we should spend a week in New York, sightseeing, or go at once to Elgrane, where we knew a dear woman was impatiently waiting our coming. Of course, my opinion was fixed, but I wished to hear from the others. I stated the case.

"Oh, we have stacks of time to see everything worth looking at here and elsewhere," said Tom, "and not much else to do. Your turn, Zene."

"I am content anywhere," she said. "Fulma is the one to decide."

"Well, sweetheart, it rests with you," I said.

"My dearest, it is not a matter for discussion. Your duty to your mother is above everything else."

"Well spoken, my daughter," approved Termal.

"All right, Tom. Engage three sections in a Pullman on the Chicago Limited. We will be off tomorrow."

"What is a Pullman?" asked Zenia.

"A Pullman, Zoesy? Oh, it's a contrivance where you can sleep while you fly. It is an American time-saving device for my fast people who would, if they could, reach their destination before leaving home."

"Why, Tooma, how far shall we go?"

"Oh, a thousand miles or so."

"Why, what a long country!"

"Yes, long and broad, Zene. It must be broad for us broad people."

"You are not very broad, my husband."

"No? Thanks! I am sorry I seem narrow."

"I don't understand a word you are saying, Tooma."

"No, you blessed little Zoeian, I know you don't. It is some of my nonsense. I forget your nationality once in a while."

* * *

So it came about that in due time, two hearts beat quicker when the guard announced, "Elgrane," a cry we had not heard for years.

"I wish we could enter the old town as we did at Unyanyembe," said Tom, "with the one-time drummer on the back seat. All the merchants would recognize me."

A sweet-faced woman, with anxious expectant eyes, pressed through the crowd at the station, and folded me to a heart that had ached for many years. Then, she turned to those dear to me, and her welcome was no less warm. The throng gathered about us with glad shouts. To them it was like the return of the dead from the grave.

As we left the platform I heard a child say: "Golly, Joe! See the big man and the beautiful ladies. There's goin' to be a show."

I could not resist the impulse to enter my old store, while the rest went on. A middle-aged man, with thin gray hair and a decided limp came forward. "I regret, sir, that I was not able to welcome you earlier," he said. "My name is James Whalen. I have occupied your store for some years. I fear that things do not present as stirring an appearance as during your time. I am somewhat handicapped by my infirmity—the result of an accident, years ago—and for other reasons. I have lately added a small real estate business."

"Then you can aid me," I said. "I want a house as near as may be to my mother's."

He informed me that one had recently been built, and furnished for summer occupancy, on the lot adjoining my old home. "I will come tonight," he said, "and show you through the premises."

Almost the first question I asked at supper was, "What has become of Dick Watson?"

My mother laughed, as she glanced at my comrade.

"Oh, he went to Chicago," she said, "and is now manager for a large house. Dick married Laura Bascom. What's the matter, Thomas?"

My mother informed me that Whalen came from Chicago; that he once told her he feared he had been the indirect cause of my going to Africa, as he once sent a man to me for information concerning the continent.

"Frank," said Tom, "I will bet a new hat he is the man Hum told us about. Why, his is the name Mrs. Durand spoke that night on the 'Mohegan.'"

* * *

Termal became very popular at the homestead, and Moto was everybody's friend. When Mr. Whalen learned our history, and the circumstances of my wife's birth, he astonished me by declaring that his father and Professor Jerome were cousins. I then asked him if he knew Mrs. Durand.

"Well, indeed," he said brightening, "particularly, as a girl, and after her strange marriage in India. During her school days, she was an intimate friend of Josie Wallace, your wife's mother. Mrs. Durand was a beautiful, strangely endowed, fascinating woman; of wonderful attainments and wide experience."

When I spoke of Major Durand, his evasive remarks warned me against prolonging the subject. When I reflected that I really owed all I possessed to this man's act, I resolved to reward him accordingly. I said to him one day: "Mr. Whalen, your business only needs more capital to make it a success. Through your instrumentality I am able to put you on a sound basis. Probably you know the value of Deepdown oil stock. I have fifty shares, which I will assign to you."

"Your generosity is beyond my ability to acknowledge," he said. "I can accept it only as a loan."

"Be it so," I said, appreciating his feelings. "You cannot repay me, but, if you are so disposed, let it go to one or more charitable institutions that need aid."

In a few weeks, Termal and Moto left for an extended tour. As I conjectured, Tom gave Moto his oil stock, with the advice that should he decide to return with us, he apply the principal for the benefit of his race. Our changed plans necessitated writing to Captain Mathers to postpone our visit to Switzerland.

In time we traveled extensively throughout the United States. Every spot was, to our girls, a revelation; every incident, to my mother, a pleasing change from her years of domestic life. But I knew whence came her supreme happiness; the source of her complacent smile; the fading of the anxious lines in her face. Her oft repeated words explained all:

"Oh, my dear boy, you don't know how good it seems to have you again."

When on the coast of Maine, we visited my old friend Dr. Stevens, a busy, bustling practitioner, with a heart as great as the hospitality he extended to us. Among numerous plans for our entertainment he suggested a trip to Nova Scotia. I favored the idea, but one evening in the seclusion of our room my little wife put her arm about my neck and whispered:

"Dearest, I think we would better return to our quiet home."

(*To be continued*)

Following the Way Bills

INSIDE FACTS OF THE EXPRESS BUSINESS IN AMERICA

By W. C. JENKINS

IN the early days, thoughts were flashed from hill to hill by signal fires; burdens were carried by the camel and other dumb animals. But it was not until the nineteenth century—the era of convenience—that the business of carrying parcels and money as an industry was introduced. Transmission of thought and transportation of merchandise with celerity represent gigantic problems of civilization which have confronted man for ages. The modern express business seems so indispensable to our every-day business and social life that we seldom reflect that at one time no rapid delivery system, no ever-ready, ever-capable medium for rendering services of this nature existed.

The record of this distinctly American service dates back to 1838, when the first expressman, a small, delicately built, sanguine-looking young man named William F. Harnden, was first seen aboard the Providence and New York steamers with a carpet-bag in his hand. Harnden was the pioneer of the thousands of messengers and railway cars, the tens of thousands of horses and motor wagons and the thirty-five thousand express offices in the United States.

When the carpet-bag became too small, the young man added a valise, later a trunk and eventually a large crate to hold his parcels. A profit of twenty dollars a day made Harnden the happiest man in America; but consumption had entered his system, and he died six years after launching the venture, never realizing the magnitude which the industry he had established would eventually reach.

From Harnden's simple carpet bag has risen a system of intercommunication between persons and places until the number of stations and the length of its routes are surpassed only by the post-office department. The all-embracing express reached across the ocean as early as 1855, and now this peculiarly American enterprise covers every part of the globe that civilization has reached.

When the iron horses of the railroads began to snort in the peaceful villages of the eastern states they destroyed the methods of conveying passengers and express which had hitherto been in vogue. Their advent caused the grass to grow on paths that led to many a wayside inn remote among the wooded hills where the creaking stage-coach had been wont to stop. They ousted from a seat of honor the big-hatted, tobacco-chewing driver, whose words were oracles and prophecies and whose exploits were epics. The train of cars was heralded with small welcome from the drivers and inn-keepers or their gossiping friends.

When we consider the vast extensions of the express service during the past seventy years we cannot but wonder that so gigantic a growth should have sprung from a beginning so devoid of precedent or capital. The men who have brought success to the industry started with nothing but honest determination and a firm belief that such an utility was a necessary adjunct to America's development. Today the express wagon is seen everywhere.

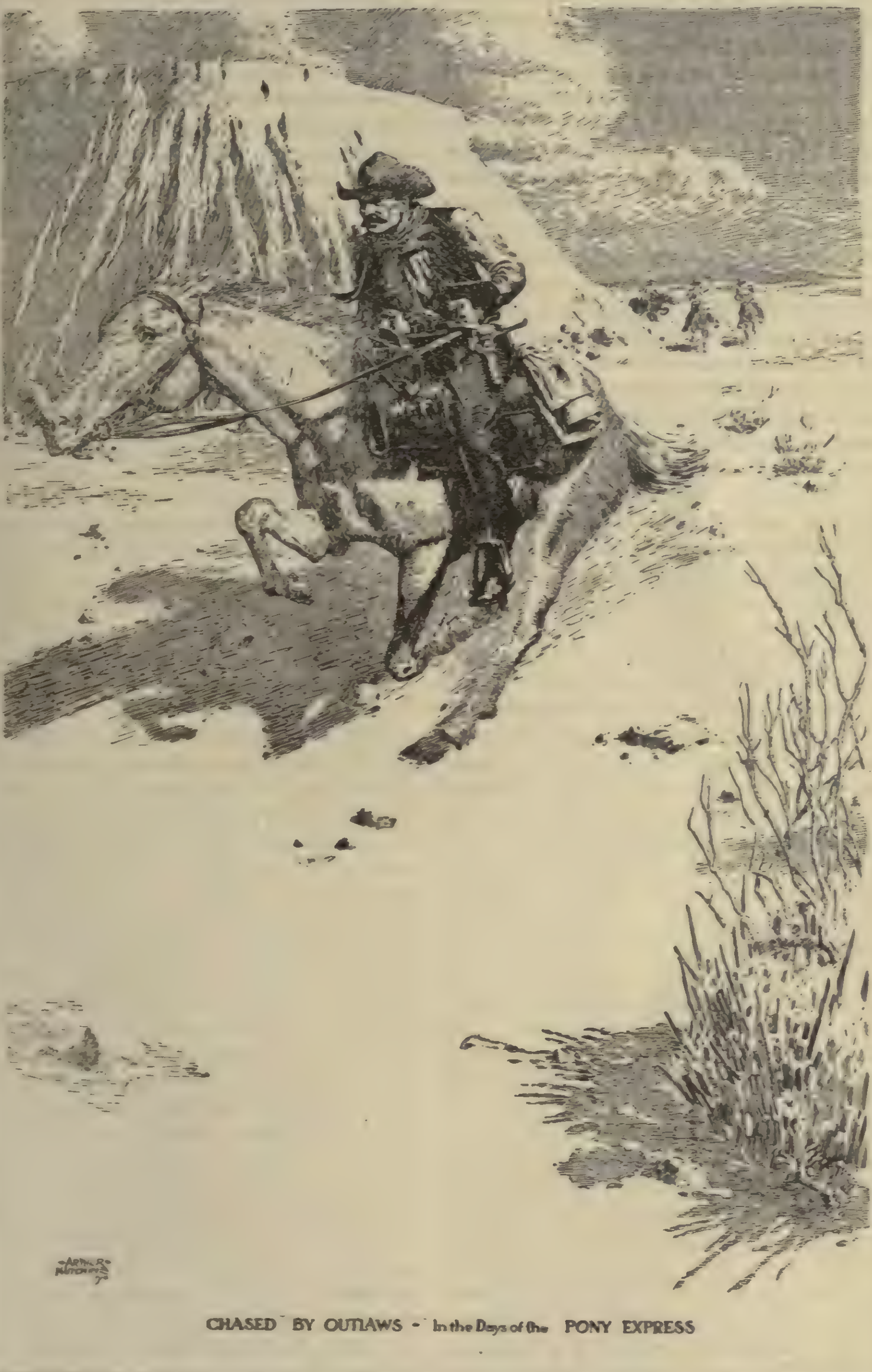
With this wonderful growth has come a feeling on the part of the general public that the express companies constitute a gigantic monopoly which enables them to charge exorbitant rates and make excessive profits. This feeling is to some extent resultant from a general lack of reliable information as to the manner in which an express company conducts its business. The relations of an express corporation with the railroad companies over whose lines it operates, the expense of its terminal facilities and accessorial services, and its methods of fixing express rates are not as a rule matters on which the public has distinct and positive knowledge.

From the very beginning the function of an express company has remained the same. It had its inception when a solitary individual carried a carpet bag in which he conveyed packages and other requirements for those who employed him. While the service has been extended enormously and the facilities employed have correspondingly increased, the duties undertaken in the beginning are the same as those executed today, and the express company is as much a personal messenger as was the single carpet-bag expressman, when the business was first launched in 1838.

It should be understood that the function of an express company is not, as is generally supposed, the simple conveyance of merchandise on passenger trains; it includes the accessorial service necessary for a personal delivery to the consignee at his residence or place of business and a great many details absolutely foreign to mere transportation, such as the securing of signatures to papers, the filing and recording and service of legal documents, the redemption of articles in pawn, the collection of debts, the purchase and return of particular articles desired, and the delivery, exchange and placing for sale of articles for market. In performing these various functions, the express company can in no sense be looked upon as a combination of individuals demoralizing commerce; on the other hand, it stimulates industry and acts as a convenient medium for the accommodation of all classes.

There are in all thirty-four express companies in the United States. Each company operates on its own respective lines—that is, railroads with which it has contracts. These contracts are on a percentage basis, usually from forty to fifty-five per cent. of the gross earnings according to the existing traffic conditions. That is to say, out of every dollar the express company receives, it must pay for railroad service from forty to fifty-five cents. The terminal service costs from twenty to thirty cents, messenger service and care in transit, eight and one-half cents, and supervision and auditing about fourteen cents. It will be seen from these general averages that the profit earned by an express company on any one transaction is nominal. It is when these transactions run up into millions that the net earnings of express companies amount in the aggregate to the figures shown as profit in their reports to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The average profit of express companies per package, taking the larger companies as an index, is from two to three cents per package, carried during the last twleve months, while the average weight of such packages is thirty-one pounds. The average rate per one hundred pounds for business carried by express is $1.50 or one and one-half cents per pound. The alleged high profits made by the express company are on this basis, notwithstanding the claimof the Post Office Department that any business handled at less than eight cents per pound must be transacted at a loss.

Exorbitant express charges are prevented since at practically every point where the express service is found at the present day it is in competition with the United States mail in carrying small packages, and with the freight on large packages. The rates are automatic and self-regulating. If they are too high, small packages would be sent by United States mail; larger shipments would go



CHASED BY OUTLAWS – In the Days of the PONY EXPRESS by freight. On the other hand, if fixed on too low a basis, the limited space at the disposal of express companies on trains would be over-taxed and the rapid movement of passenger trains would be seriously interfered with. The final result would be an intermediate service, neither express nor freight, which would deprive shippers of traffic for which the fastest time in transportation is essential of what is now to them a valuable service.

The charge has been made that express rates are too high because the amounts paid the various railroad companies under the percentage contracts are extravagant. Light was thrown on this question by testimony, before the Interstate Commerce Commission, of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company, which insisted by its evidence that the express business was the very poorest which it handled. This conclusion was the result of a careful computation. Express matter, as the company asserted, is carried upon passenger trains. The Santa Fe Company knows the total mileage of its passenger trains and the total receipt from those trains from all sources. The company has ascertained the amount of space upon its trains which is devoted to express matter, and, therefore, can compute the amount of operating expense which should be charged against this amount of passenger train mileage. The figures, the company claims, show that the express business produces the lowest percentage of profit of any branch of the service.

A precedent of vast importance to express companies was established in 1885 when Wells, Fargo & Company was ousted from the Northern Pacific Railway, the Southern Express from the Memphis & Little Rock Railway, and the Adams Express Company from the M. K. & T. These companies had been operating on the roads above-mentioned under federal injunctions which forbade the railroad companies a right to deny the service. In 1885 there were a number of similar cases on the way to the Supreme Court of the United States, 'and the decisions in the above cases settled the question for all. The court stated that railroads were not common carriers of other common carriers, and that the only way an express company could obtain privileges on railroads was by contract, upon such terms as the railroad company saw fit to impose. In this connection it is interesting to note that express companies are denied privileges which are extended to the general public, any member of which may command the services of a railroad company and compel it to carry his personal property at reasonable rates and without discrimination.

Under the Interstate Commerce Law every express company must file with the commission schedules showing all its routes and charges. In order to destroy the iniquities of "midnight schedules," no change may be made except on thirty days' notice to the commissioners. The information becomes at once public property. No change is allowed without the permission of the commissioners, and the published rates are the only ones that may be charged to anybody.

One of the principal charges against express companies, an accusation that has been and is being daily made, is that the total value of their property as related to business transacted and profits acquired is comparatively small; the real part of the transportation is performed by the railway. It is asserted that the total value of the property employed by express companies in carrying on their business is but a fraction of their capital stock, and apparently there is nothing involved in the transaction of the business of any of these companies which requires back of that business a capitalization such as exists in all the big companies.

On this point it is well to remember that three of the leading express companies have been in existence for more than a half century, and naturally during that period their accumulations are considerable. Their assets cannot be considered in fixing a reasonable express rate; and though the companies may in years past have collected a surplus by the imposition of charges which were too high, the public is only concerned with the rates that prevail at the present time. It is possible and very probable that all the principal express companies possess assets which are neither devoted nor necessary to the operation of the express business, although a safeguard to those having contracts with the express companies.

It may be that the express companies' schedules of rates, their scales of graduate charges and various rules and regulations are not perfect; but the construction of a tariff that would respond to all the tests imposed by a critical public represents a difficult undertaking.

As a matter of fact, the express business, according to the testimony of leading officials, is not as profitable now as in former years; the high cost of living, the causes of which Congress is now investigating, is reflected in the cost of conducting the express business. Wages have been increased and all supplies and incidentals have to be purchased at a much higher price than was paid some years ago. Take for instance the expense of keeping the horses; the tremendous advance in the price of feed has materially increased the expense of wagon service. The express companies have not increased their charges, but on the contrary there has been a continuous reduction in the rates on all classes of commodities carried by express, so that while the value of the commodity carried has appreciated, and the cost of carrying it has greatly increased, the price paid for the transportation is less now than it has ever been.

Express companies are, in a sense, the "errand boys" of the people. They come in contact with the public generally as individuals more than any other carrier of goods. With the arteries of the great system running into practically every business and manufacturing establishment, as well as to the majority of homes, if the service were not of a high character and generally satisfactory to the public, this fact would speedily be brought to the attention of the Interstate Commerce Commission through thousands of complaints, while facts show that during the first eighteen months the express companies were under the jurisdiction of the commission, not a dozen formal complaints were filed, and the same condition has since prevailed; and the fact that accusations of excessive charges, monopolistic features, over-capitalization and discrimination that have been considered by any tribunal have been shown to be purely hypothetical wrongs, is one of the highest endorsements of this exclusively American industry that could be imagined.

There have, it is true, been complaints made in certain sections of the country, and particularly by fruit jobbers' associations, against the methods of express companies in handling perishable food products; and it is charged that the conduct of local agents in respect to this class of shipments is a serious injury to those dealers.

It is asserted that when express companies engage in soliciting business from the buyer and seller of food products, thus affording facilities for the conduct of a large business between them, they have entered the field as competitors, and such competition is unfair because the companies do not have money invested in the business. It is claimed that shipment to express agents for disposition to the best advantage results in a glutted market one day and a barren one the next, to the net loss of consumption and business.

However, growers and producers express another side to the question. They are deeply concerned over the possibility that express companies be prohibited from receiving consignments of products or from rendering assistance to find market for them when jobbers are stocked and there is no other outlet for over-ripe and perishable fruit. They have shown on several occasions in recent years when crops of berries and fruits were heavy that jobbers and wholesale houses did not buy all that was offered for sale, and that express companies afforded a means by which distant markets were reached, and products that otherwise would have been a total loss were disposed of to advantage. It should be stated in favor of the express companies that their instructions to agents are imperative that all commodities for sale are to be first offered to wholesale dealers and that the retailers should only be solicited as a last resort.

Irrespective of the legality of such work on the part of express companies, it is difficult to perceive any moral obligation which restrains any citizen from engaging in a business profitable to himself and beneficial to the community as a whole, even though he be in competition to some extent with other interests.

Not long ago the express companies were subjected to an attack from an unexpected source. The American Bankers' Association complained to the Interstate Commerce Commission that express companies, active as common carriers, were usurping the prerogatives of banking associations and at the same time were employing the capital of banks of the country in the conduct of their business. An interesting treatise might be written as to how the big express companies came to occupy the field that they now hold so securely as to cause concern among bankers. How was it possible for companies whose primary business was that of carrying goods to adopt the functions of banking and bring them through to success? How did it come about that some express companies have fiscal agents all over the world and issue money orders good anywhere?

The public will go where it is best served; that axiom is as good in finance as in merchandise. There was no accident in the steady growth of the express companies' money order and check business, and the result has been an interesting revelation to a class of financiers who looked upon the scheme in its early stage with considerable amusement.

While express companies are generally classed as public service corporations, the title of the state to regulate them cannot be said to be founded upon the same grounds as railroads, telephone and telegraph companies, or gas, electric light and water companies. All these corporations receive at the hands of the state or municipality extraordinary privileges. In the case of the railroads and telegraph companies the right of eminent domain permitting them to condemn private property for public use; in the case of water, electric light and gas companies, the municipality grants exclusive use of a part of the public highways for laying mains and conduits; but express companies receive at the hands of the state or municipality no privilege whatever. At the same time express companies, like other public service corporations, must recognize the public demand in these days for regulation by commissions appointed for that purpose. They have a right, however, to expect that any attack upon their rates, rules or charges should be made the subject of impartial investigation and the case should not be prejudged until the express companies have had their day in court. Great industries and corporate investments are continually the object of unwarranted attacks for political purposes, but the sober business man realizes that nothing would be more harmful to American enterprise and commerce than radical changes of an experimental nature for political effect.

As a vote-getting feature there is loud talk among certain politicians regarding the establishment of a parcel post, auxiliary to the United States mails. It is apparent, upon reflection, however, that a parcel post would not prove successful when conducted under governmental methods unless the government possessed an exclusive monopoly of the business, which cannot be obtained unless the Constitution is amended. Congress is authorized by the Constitution to grant to the Post Office Department an exclusive monopoly of the transmission of intelligence, which, of course, does not mean merchandise—but, rather, letters and literature, and possibly the service performed by telegraph and telephone companies. It does not mean anything else.

In competition with private enterprise the parcel post would cause a serious loss to the government each year, and the only strenuous advocates of such an innovation are certain politicians and the mail order houses. It is opposed by the smaller merchants in general and also by that large class of people who would check any further increase in the annual postal deficit. Merchants' associations in many places energetically protest against this scheme; they demonstrate that the system would permit mail order houses in large cities to ultimately control the retail business of the entire country, while the expense of carrying merchandise for these establishments would be at a cost considerable of which would be paid by public taxation on account of the large postal deficit which would result.

By a comparison of the present postal and express rates it is shown that with the existing postal rates the express companies offer cheaper and safer service. On a package weighing one pound, for instance, the post office charge is sixteen cents without insurance; by express, when prepaid, the cost is sixteen cents with full insurance up to ten dollars. When sent with charges to be collected at destination and with insurance up to fifty dollars, the cost by express is twenty-five cents. With registration fee added to the postal rate the charge would be twenty-four cents with twenty-five dollars insurance, or just half that given by express companies. On packages weighing two pounds the mail rate is thirty-two cents with no insurance; if registered, forty cents and twenty-five dollars insurance. A package weighing three pounds costs forty-five cents by express; by rail forty-eight cents with no insurance. A four-pound package costs sixty-four cents by mail and sixty cents by express. On printed matter, such as books, magazines, newspapers and catalogs; also on samples of seeds and grain, the express rate is one-half cent per ounce, the minimum charge to be ten cents. Merchandise not exceeding a value of ten dollars may be sent for one cent per ounce with minimum charge of fifteen cents. All charges under these rates must be prepaid.

The express companies state that their rates on small packages were made to compete with the mail, and that since distance was disregarded in postage rates they were obliged to abandon former plans in establishing their own charges for the handling of business in competition with the post office. The mail rate is available only up to four pounds in weight, but the express companies, as a matter of policy, extend their competition rates to packages of seven pounds. For a fifty mile haul the express charges would not exceed thirty-five cents on a package weighing twenty pounds, and sixty cents on a package weighing one hundred pounds. On short hauls there is little if any profit in the small package, the profits to the companies being mainly derived from the long hauls on the larger packages.

The most important advantage in express service is expedition, and this often absolutely determines whether freight or express shall be selected. If a merchant can effect a sale by having a particular article at his store at a certain time, he can better afford to pay a slight additional charge for the speedy transportation of that article than lose the sale. When a whole factory stands idle awaiting a pulley or a shaft, the expense of carrying the required article to and from the repair shop is inconsequential in comparison with the time saved. The very word "express" stands for expedition. This is largely the excuse for the existence of companies organized to furnish such service, and whatever obstructs the effectiveness and promptitude of delivery interferes with the business of the general public.

Express companies do not flourish in England, France and Germany, because of the fact that speed in delivery is not so essential as in the United States. All the larger packages are sent by freight, while the smaller ones go by parcel post. Compared with conditions in the United States every shipment in these countries involves only a short haul. The rate on packages sent by parcel post in England is higher than the express rates in the United States, especially when the length of the haul is considered.

To illustrate the popularity of the express service in the United States it may be mentioned that the freight rate between New York and Chicago is seventy-five cents per hundred pounds, while for the same weight the express companies charge is two dollars and a half. The Red Ball freights cover the distance in forty-eight hours; the express companies' trains make the trip in less than twenty-five hours. Evidence that shippers are willing to pay the difference between the express and freight rates is shown by the fact that the demand upon the express companies is such that eight solid trains, carrying nothing but express shipments, leave New York every day for Chicago.

It is not essential to the welfare of the government that a package of merchandise shall be carried with regularity and certainty to the individual; nor is it the government's function to carry a piece of merchandise for the benefit of the individual any more than it is to convey a carload of merchandise. The obligation of the government in the matter of transporting commodities has been turned over to common carriers, which are acting as public servants and subject to government control—in case of abuse the American people have all neccessary remedies.

The parcel post idea contemplates a reduction from sixteen cents to twelve cents per pound in rates upon merchandise destined to points in the United States, the limit of weight to be increased from four to eleven pounds. Parcel post advocates point to foreign countries for proof of the wonderful advantages of such an innovation; but invariably they neglect to state that in the United States the average haul of a letter or parcel is 442 miles; in England forty miles. The population of the United States is approximately twenty-five to the square mile; in England about five hundred. In England there are less than five thousand miles of mail routes; in the United States there are over five hundred thousand miles. Hence the comparison of foreign countries to our own in parcel post matters is like comparing the utility of electric traction with that of horse railways.

THE GREATER WORK

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

FOR art's dear sake! In age and youth
  One toiled beneath the sun and moon
And saw within the wells of truth
  The midnight stars at noon.

And one for joy of labor bent
  Above his tasks with soul of fire;
Ere long he saw a continent
  Girdled with steel and wire.

For wealth and lure thereof each hour
  One slaved nor thought of else beside.
He knew the circumstance of power—
  The vanity of pride.

Yet still another toiled with heart
  That to its childhood ideals clung.
For duty's sake he did his part
  And lived his life unsung!

How Agnes Threw Herself Away

by E. Swanton-Carrig

I AM neither a philosopher nor a cynic; until five years ago I waged no feud with life. I am a successful author; money flows to me from the dash of my pen or the rattle of my typewriter—though I have ample means without effort on my part, and economy need never be the chief of my virtues. Struggling authors envy my downy lot—they see not the fly in the ointment, the sorrow that haunts the luxurious couch. Which is merely another way of saying that no story that I write, no garment that I wear (and I wear many), no action, no word of mine can win approval from the Titian-haired Agnes. She is a woman publisher, and sits enthroned upon an unreachable pinnacle of superiority and “business.” I persistently seek her, although she invariably ruffles my every feather. I call and call again—no, I won’t mention anything so outworn as the moth and the candle, but the simile would be apt.

Today I sought her presence with a more assured tread; a smile was upon my lips and secure in my pocket was a short story on which I had expended infinite pains. I had even declaimed it aloud at night before a full length mirror. The clearness of Agnes’ complexion, the redness of her lips, the Titian-ness of her hair, were set off by a trailing black gown, for it was Saturday afternoon and she was “at home.” I read my neatly typed “carbon copy”—type trickling smoothly between wide, white banks of paper—and, arriving at “the end,” I folded my manuscript with what in my stories I call “careless grace.” With a bow and smile I queried, “Your opinion?”

“My dear boy”—I am always her “dear boy” when something unpleasant is afoot—“the female mind moves in circles; it is so circumscribed; is a woman’s opinion worth having?”

Quotation marks were in her voice. I knew the “female mind” was some fool thing that I had said when she had aggravated me so that I longed to be disagreeable and hurt her. I insisted on having her opinion and, with an exaggerated air of reluctance, she criticised. The story had no plot worthy of the name—the language was so highly polished that it had become stilted—was not this the fifth tale I had written of late in which the principal situation turned upon a flower in the coat of a workingman?—had I ever seen a workingman in the city indulging in such a luxury?—if he had five cents to spare would not he expend it for a cigar?—the trifling matter of a young woman of birth and breeding permitting said workingman to address her, to walk beside her through several streets, to pay her train fare home—Agnes would pass over that part of my story, because it was so highly improbable that it did not merit criticism. Had I thought the tale unique, highly original—it could not be that I had fancied it “true to life”?

All these remarks were poured out evenly, in what Baron Macaulay has described as “a voice thrilling sweetness.” The annoying thing is that, while I am with her, Agnes almost shakes my faith in my own ability as a short story writer.

But today I had convincing proof of the story's worth in my pocket; in the moment of time I whirled before her eyes a check from the S. S. magazine, which had accepted and paid in advance for the manuscript she scorned. I expected to see her crestfallen; she sat back in her chair, on her lips that little, superior smile which indicates "something up her sleeve." Yea, verily, and she had something.

"The unanswerable American proof of goodness—it *will sell*," she scoffed. (Agnes was not born in the States and keeps that fact forever flaunting before my eyes.)

"It's a pretty good proof," I said, with some heat. "What's the use of a thing that *won't* sell?"

"What, indeed?" she mocked. "Love, hope, joy, the air, the sky, the reds of autumn, the greens of spring—of what value are they? *They will not sell.*"

"Comparisons," I spoke with great dignity, "are odious, and prove nothing to the reasoning mind."

"Since you object so much to comparison with things that don't sell"—her voice was suspiciously meek—"shall we compare your little story with the things that *do* sell—sell abundantly—bad whiskey, adulterated foods, morphine, all kinds of 'dope,' tickets to low theatres, to abominable dance halls? They sell freely—ah "—she clasped her hands and turned her eyes ecstatically upward—"how exquisite a thing is morphine! how ennobling is whiskey!"

We quarreled politely for ten minutes. The thickest of the fight raged about the flower in the coat of the workingman and the conduct of the gentlewoman in my story. Agnes stuck to it that a man of his class would not wear a flower and that even if he did it would not occur to him to present it to a woman, much less propose to a stranger on a train, or waste his hard earnings paying her fare. Even if such a thing could happen, Agnes said, "a well-brought-up woman would be indignant at such impertinence."

"I am an American," I cried. "In this country one man is as good as another. I am for the masses every time."

As I walked down the street away from her house, I fancied that I could still hear the echo of the savage bang I had inflicted on her hall door, and her little, provoking laugh followed me all day.

* * *

In less than a week I called again. The days were long and it was near the sunset hour. I was ashamed to go back so soon, but Titian hair, blue eyes and red lips, when owned by a woman who is never a bore, cannot be forsaken. I had believed myself familiar with the moods and tenses of Agnes, but tonight I found her in a frame of mind quite new. Had I not known her utter scorn of what she calls "pensing," I would have said, as I do of my heroines, "she is in a pensive mood." Her voice had no trace of its usual ripple of gaiety; her manner was grave.

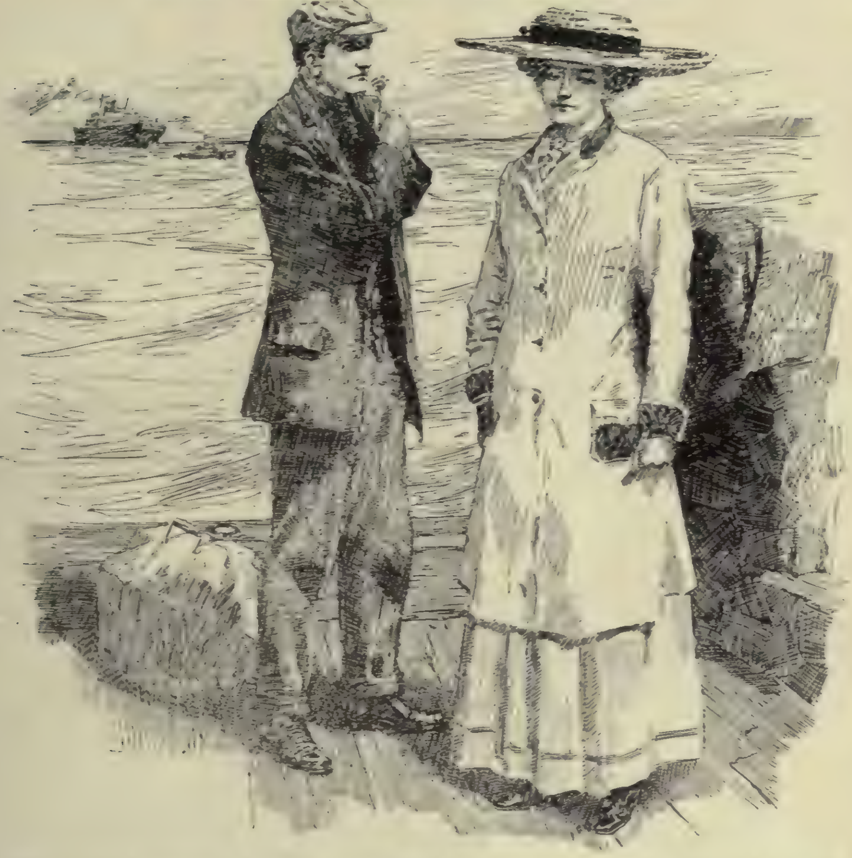
"Jimmy, I owe you an apology; your knowledge of character is superior to mine. O lord of the Truthful Pen, I bow before you." Clasping a handful of her long, black gown, she swept me a charming courtesy.

"Whence this change?" I queried, sinking bewildered into a chair—"pray, break it gently to me."

" 'Twill make you abominably conceited, I fear," she sighed, "but common justice compels me to tell the tale. Jimmy, my son, attention—it was but yestermorn——see how your absurd language clings to one's memory—that I set forth to embrace my relatives ere they set sail for Europe. I had expected that Bob would escort me to the boat; he was delayed, and I set out alone. I have been two or three times to the wharves but never unattended. Uncertain of my way I questioned a workingman who had walked near me since I had left the street car. As he turned to reply I saw that he wore in his buttonhole a white carnation."

I laughed maliciously, but she did not remind me, as usual, that she "loathed a crowing man." She waved aside the interruption, and went on:

"At that moment an official called to me that the boat had just left the pier, but I could see my friends if I hurried. I dashed toward the nearest place where water was visible." (She disregarded my hint as to "sprinting in high-heeled pumps.") "It did not seem at all strange at the moment to find the carnation-decked man running beside me, nor was



"He suddenly removed from his buttonhole the white carnation and proffered it to me"

I surprised when, with a word of apology, he grabbed my arm and tugged me along at high speed. So 'linked,' as my little niece calls it, we fled down the wharves, pausing at three or four different spots where a view of the ship could be had. I did not see my people. I have wondered since what they would have thought had they seen me.

"Before we started on our wild career my escort had relieved me of a parcel of gifts I carried, which I was to have left on board; I had not hesitated to make it heavy, expecting that Bob would carry it for me. Now, I was under the hideous necessity of lugging it back myself. I have an economical turn of mind and thought the things would come in useful at Christmas, since I had missed the opportunity to send them now. What with heat, disappointment, weariness and my hatred to carrying parcels, I could have sat upon the wharf and cried; I had no more thought of the man beside me than I had of the planks on which I stood, until he suddenly removed from his buttonhole the white carnation and maidenhair and proffered them to me, as one gives a child some trifle to assuage its grief over a broken toy."

"You surely did not take the flower," I reproached.

"Certainly I did. I would not have hurt his feelings for worlds." ("Oh, rare consideration," I mocked.) "And then I thanked him for carrying my parcel and helping me to see the ship, but to dismiss him I said, 'I won't occupy any more of your time.'

" 'I've plenty of time, miss. I'm off duty until four. I'm so sorry you're disappointed. I think you're not very sure of your way and I'd like well to see you to your car.' He spoke with a strong burr and rolled his r's in gallant style. I suspected that he was a Scot, which proved to be the case—'Have you the Gaelic?' I said. 'Better than I have the English,' he replied."

"A penniless Scotch laird out of work—you should have dismissed him at once—what did he look like?" I asked severely.

"This is real life," she said seriously. "This is not one of your stories, Jimmy. He was a genuine workingman; wore a rough tweed suit and one of those black outing shirts which engineers affect; he had a black silk scarf knotted under the collar."

I inquired minutely as to his looks, his eyes, his hair, and learned with relief that he was "without personal attraction," although Agnes said that his eyes were "a good honest blue." What a deceitful blue may be I know not. She showed no desire to finish her story, but a steady fire of questions elicited the facts that the stranger had boarded the car with her, had insisted on paying her fare despite her remonstrance (I nobly refrained from any exhibition of triumph), and all the time he was "opening his heart" to her. It seemed that the "opening" process revealed that he was a chauffeur, earning thirty-two dollars a week, had two men working under his instructions, and the touching fact that he was alone in a strange country and an orphan. He gave the name and address of his employer, and I knew him for a millionaire.

"We crossed through the tunnel and entered an elevated train," said Agnes. "When we were seated my Scotchman told me how he had a large sum of money saved—'I'd like well to share it with you; I'd take ye home to yer own country; there's nothing I wouldn't do for ye,' he said."

I felt annoyed at such impertinence—"unwarrantably," Agnes said. She reminded me that I was a "man of the people," that there could be no difference in this free land between the chauffeur and myself—"I always suspected that your adoration of the masses was only skin deep, Jimmy," and she dexterously turned me aside from the points of the flower in the coat and the paid train fare.

Said I scornfully, "I suppose you brought him home here to drink afternoon tea with you."

"Speaking of drinking," she replied, quite unruffled, "you remind me that I gathered from his conversation that he mingled with persons who imbibed strong waters. It seemed to me that I should help him in some way, so, after we left the elevated train, as we crossed that long gallery, I said there was something he could do for me—'Anything, anything, in all the world,' and he was very eager. I requested his promise to abstain from all alcoholic beverages—I didn't put it just that way, you know."

"Perhaps you put it in Gaelic," I said snappishly.

All this time she had never once caught my eye; she perseveringly watched the top of a waving elm outside her study window, which is on the second floor.

"I put it well," she addressed a bough of the elm, "for I was understood. He had my parcel in his right hand, but he laid his left on mine—I was holding that lovely, long-handled sunshade which you gave me, Jimmy—'there's my hand on it,' he said, 'and when I will be putting you on the surface car, it is my right hand I will be giving you, and it is keeping my promise that I will always be'—and I believe him, Jimmy."

"Seems to be a lot of wills and futurity about it," I said crossly.

"That was merely his Gaelic way of expressing himself. To prevent his coming home with me, I had to explain that I was shortly leaving the city and could not receive callers. After I had boarded the car and he had given me my parcel, he took both my hands and shook them. In fact, he kept on shaking until the conductor rattled that long bar which he puts down to protect passengers at the off side of the car, and shouted, 'You'll get this on your head, sir, if you don't stand back.' So that is the last that I saw of him, but—we may meet again."

"You surely don't expect to keep up such an acquaintance."

"Oh, I don't know," she replied, airily, "he might take me out in his master's machine—he says that he has 'a good master'."

"Good heavens," I exclaimed angrily, "I can take you motoring every day in the year if you will come."

"But you don't talk Gaelic," mournfully, with an eye on the waving boughs of the elm.

I hinted that I had already learned Spanish to please her, and that I supposed a Gaelic teacher might be secured, if acquisition of the language were essential to happiness in automobiling.

"Ah, yes," she sighed, "a rich man can have anything he desires, but I think it would be wonderful to me to feel that I had brought happiness into a life that was barren before my coming. Think how horribly lonely and homesick a man must be when common civility from a strange woman could lead him to offer her all he had—you know how the Scotch adore their savings—yet he offered me all."

When I begged her not to see the man again, she answered that she "desired to continue an interesting character study," adding that she had met no one like him and he had said that he had "never seen anyone who took his heart" as she had done.

"Agnes," I said, desperately, "it's not three weeks since you told me that you were wedded to your work and that you had not the slightest wish to marry, Now, a man of that stamp would not understand your yearning for platonics. He would expect you to be on hand to cook his dinner, to darn his socks (Agnes loathes sewing), to sew on his buttons and by way of relaxation he would, in the evening, take you to the corner drug store and give you an ice cream." (Agnes steadily refuses to imbibe at a drug store counter.)

"He loves me so well," she replied, cheerfully, "I think I could persuade him to buy the ice cream and let us eat it in the house. We could use that pretty ice cream set that I have. Truly, Jimmy, I think I shall send him a line—I do feel so sorry for him."

That was the last straw. I demanded if her heart had feeling only for illiterate chauffeurs—men who could not appreciate her. She submitted he had proved his appreciation abundantly.

"He said to me, 'It is not only the way you speak to me, nor your voice, though I never heard the like—and it isn't how you look, but it is every inch of ye that draws my heart from me.'"

Then Agnes explained with care that a woman is not "thrown away" if she makes a man happy—that women differ from men in that they are happy in self-sacrifice. Gazing out at the elm branches, her head thrown back, her hands clasped behind her, she looked like a bird poised for flight. Before my mental vision yawned a fearful void—a life without Agnes—no Agnes to quarrel with—to take out—to talk things over with—no Agnes to rip my stories to pieces, to make fun of my neckties, and my hair-cut—in short, a perfectly unbearable and Agnesless future. In a chokey, croaky voice, which I should, in my stories, describe as "hoarse with emotion," I said:

"If you must throw yourself away, Agnes, let it be upon a man who has waited five years for you—who has sought to make himself worthy of you—who is waiting to receive you." (The American eagle himself might have envied the spread of my outstretched arms at that moment.) "Don't throw yourself away upon a fool chauffeur who has known you but a single hour. He cannot be more lonely or need you more than I do. Throw yourself away upon me, Agnes."

As I approached, she turned her head away; I came very close.

"Consider me thrown," she whispered, and high in the elm top a robin burst into rapturous song, while a red bar of light from the setting sun glanced on downcast eyelids and lost itself in waving Titian locks.

TO THE PESSIMIST

You are the most *utterly* useless of *all* humans. The space which *you* occupy upon the surface of the earth is a *wasted* spot. Without the *ability* to *create*, you aim to kill the *spirit* of *creation;* without the *skill* to *produce*, you seek to *check* the advance of *progress.*

¶You are a *poison oak* in the forest—a *creeper* without the *strength* to climb on your *own* stem. You not only are *fruitless*, but one degree *worse* than *sterile*—you absorb *vitality* to *no* purpose and hurt everything with which you come in *contact.*

¶Despite the *evidence* of all the *ages*, you *still* refuse to recognize that *nothing* can be *achieved* without *trial*—that *nothing* can be *accomplished* unless it is attempted with *courage* and *enthusiasm*—and *still* you make of yourself a *check-rein* wherever there is call for a *spur*—you *persist* in *kicking* with *discouragement* every *striver* who needs the *helping hand* of *confidence.*

¶When all the machinery of civilization is doing its *best* to speed *faster* you turn in *reverse*, and exert your *utmost* to force every wheel down to your *slower* ratio.

¶You have no *imagination* and yet you try to *discount* all *new thought.* Without the *courage* of a *single conviction*, you wish to *reduce* the *zeal* of strong, sane and *far-seeing* intellects. Without a *constructive* idea, you continually hurl the battering ram of *incredulity* at every *rising wall.*

¶Had the world relied upon *your* tribe for its *progress*, this earth would *still* be a raw expanse of *rock* and *dirt*—a chaos in chaos.

¶Your *grandsires* in the *darker* centuries *burned* a thousand *great-souled* men because they *dared* to do things *better*—*enlightenment* has uprooted the *Stake* so that the most *you* can do *to-day* is to consume the *ambitions* of your *contemporaries* in the flame of *discouragement.*

¶Four hundred years ago *you* would have stood in the ranks of the hooting mobs that *stoned* and *reviled* the *chain-laden* Columbus. As a Puritan bigot, *yours* would have been the *hand* that fired the *fagots* at *Salem.*

¶Had wills of *your* calibre *prevailed* in America, Bell, Morse, Edison, McCormick, Wright and Fulton would have died *unknown.*

¶Were *all* men cast in *your* narrow measure, there would be no *trans-continental rails;* no *eighteen-hour* trains from Chicago to New York; no *tunnels* beneath the Hudson—the barber would *continue* to wield the *surgeon's knife* upon patients *tortured* for the *lack* of *anesthetic mercy.*

¶You're just an **ignoramus**—you won't learn the *indisputable* truths. Education is *wasted* upon you—you don't *use* it when you *possess* it.

¶Opportunity is *squandered* every time *you* are given a *chance.*

¶You bestow *nothing* upon *humanity* except *harm;* you are a greater *enemy* to society than the *thief*—for *you* would steal the *very seed* of *inspiration* from which *betterment* takes *root.*

¶To be pessimistic in this hour of illustrious deeds—to proselyte despair in a century which has disproven the impossibility of impossibilities, is to insult society and wear the livid brand of confessed incompetence.

—*Herbert Kaufman*

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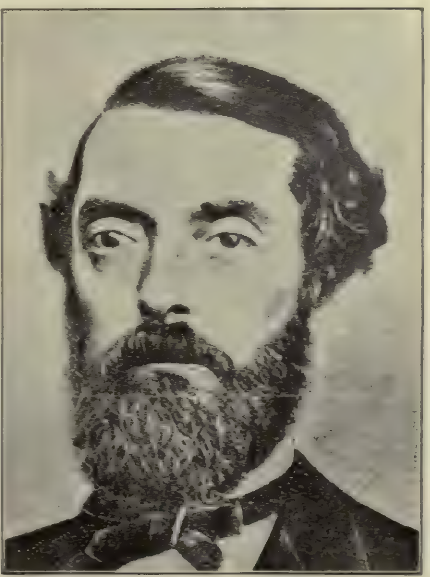
The Turbulent Romance of Oil

by W. C. Jenkins

THE romance of the oil industry in the United States has been so obscured by sensational tirades that the true story of its discovery and the intimate history of the development is practically unknown to the great mass of people, to whom crude oil and its by-products have become indispensable.

It is but half a century since the world saw the beginning of this industry—in 1859 Edwin Laurentine Drake struck oil in a well he had drilled at Titusville, Pennsylvania. As a pathfinder, Drake knew not where the road would lead, nor could he possibly have realized the ultimate necessity of the discovery to modern civilization, whereby oil has not only replaced the tallow dip, but has widened its horizon to include the most intimate service to mankind in a hundred different ways.

The exact date of the discovery of oil in the Drake well is disputed. The "Oil City Derrick," which has sought to settle the question, finds that the pipe was driven August 12, 1859, and drilling was resumed the following day. With the crude appliances employed, the "Derrick" estimates that it would take two weeks to drill to the depth of sixty-nine and one-half feet, at which oil was found. This would place the date of oil discovery at August 27, 1859.



COL. E. L. DRAKE

Discovered petroleum in his well at Titusville, Pennsylvania, on Saturday afternoon, August 27th, 1859. Born at Greenville, New York, March 27th, 1829. Died November 9th, 1881, at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. In 1873 Pennsylvania granted him an annual pension of $1,500 in recognition of his discovery

Following the success of the Drake well, operations very soon extended through adjacent territory, and before the end of the historic year, oil was found fifteen miles distant. The total production of oil for the first year was 2,000 barrels, and probably ten times this amount was wasted because of the inadequacy of facilities for storing the product.

Men soon began to realize the possibilities of the new industry. They rushed to the oil region fired with the same excitement that impelled their dash to the California gold fields a decade before.

The field of operation extended as new recruits to the army of oil enthusiasts pierced the surface in the hope of reaching the imprisoned rivers of oil. From an insignificant beginning in that quiet Pennsylvania town, operations have been extended to field after field until today oil is produced in sixteen states and territories, and in most of the leading countries of the world. Over three billion dollars have been brought to this country from oil and its by-products exported to foreign lands, representing about one-half the value of the entire production.

During the early years of the industry hundreds of wells were driven by poor men who, in search of immense wealth, banded themselves together in small associations. Enormous prices were paid for land, and leases were made wherein exorbitant royalties were agreed upon. The "get-rich-quick" mania became epidemic. It was the same story as that of the great mining booms in the West, with perhaps the merciful omission of frozen trails and sun-parched deserts.

A "GUSHER"
IN CUMBERLAND COUNTY, ILLINOIS

The "kick down" was the universal method of drilling in the early stages. This crude method was slow and laborious, and in striking contrast to the machine drills of today. A strong limb not unlike a small telegraph pole furnished a primitive "walking beam." The pole was supported at about the middle by a post set in the ground, the large end made fast, leaving the small end to spring up and down. To this small end the drill was attached, also looped ropes into which drillers stepped, throwing their weight against the spring of the long pole to release the drill. The spring of the pole raised the drill for each successive "kick." This plan, however, could only be used in shallow workings, and many a poor prospector became impoverished vainly trying to reach the oil with his primitive outfit. The early drillers as a class were adventurers—men of a roving disposition, and few names are left to identify these hardy gamblers with fate.

When the importance of the industry became known to men of capital, the whole scene was changed. Derricks and engine houses took the place of the old-fashioned "kick down" outfits. Within two years there was a continuous line of derricks for miles up and down Oil Creek and an insatiable greed for oil had fastened itself upon rich and poor alike.

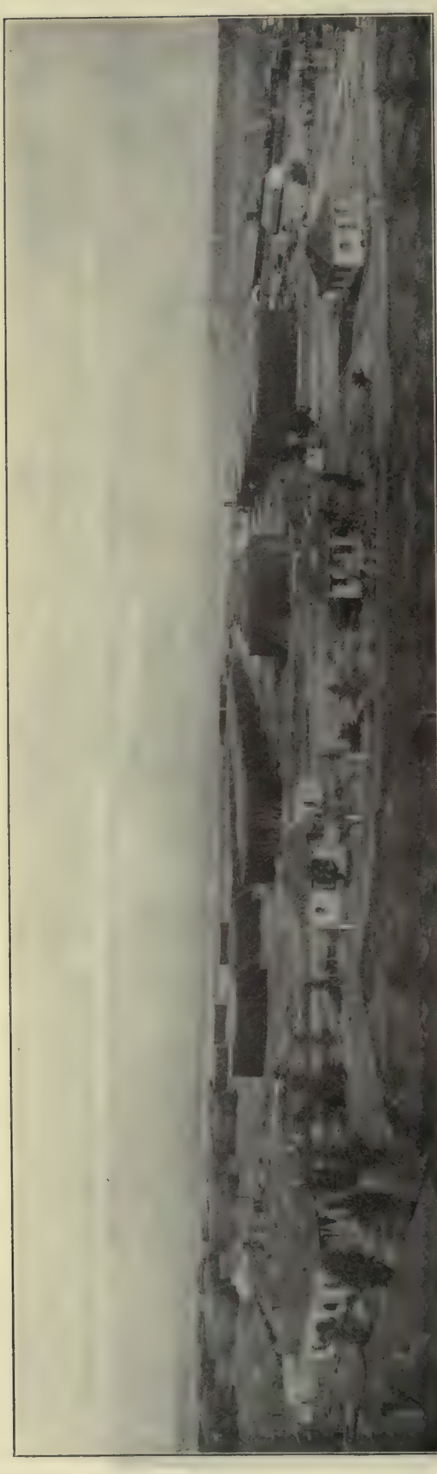
The first producers believed that oil existed in reservoirs and that the accumulations of petroleum coincided with surface depressions or valleys. Hence, all the early operations were confined to the lower lands. Later a few venturesome operators began drilling on the hillsides. They were characterized as "wildcatters," but their operations speedily upset all existing theories regarding the location of petroleum in the earth.

Like in all periods of commercial excitement in consequence of new discoveries, the promoters were reaping a harvest by extensive organization of so-called stock companies. People in all parts of the

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER
Founder of the Standard Oil Company

country and in every walk of life bought stock in corporations with varying degrees of success. There have been many subsequent oil booms in the different producing regions, and much money has been lost in speculation. Many sharp practices have been played by disreputable oil promoters, the mystifying of oil wells being one of the most prominent. Many men of generally accepted probity have engaged in the nefarious work of making a "mystery" of an important test well. This was a common practice in 1884. The "mystery" oil-well man and the

THE ABOVE TWO PICTURES, IF PLACED END TO END, GIVE A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY PUMPING WELLS AT WILEY CANYON, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA



STANDARD OIL COMPANY TANKAGE, RESERVOIR AND CAMP, KERN RIVER FIELD, KERN COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

gambler with loaded dice were twin brothers—the seller of stock in a wildcat oil well was animated by the same crafty desires as the bunco steerer and confidence man. It was a "skin game," in the end, yet it caught the unwary and enriched the pockets of oil scouts, brokers and "mystery" men by many thousand dollars.

Early oil speculation had reached its limit in 1865, when the bubble burst. While the period of excitement was practically over, its end was hastened by the great Pithole wells falling almost to nothing. The Pithole fire, which practically destroyed the town, contributed to the general financial alarm, and hundreds gave vent to their feelings by cursing the man who discovered oil. A few bolder operators, however, were daunted, but not defeated. They had lost a battle, but not the war, and they moved on to explore other fields. It was at this time that John D. Rockefeller entered the oil business with a single partner. With a union of the battling forces and a spirit of amity and harmony between the men who believed that they had found a field for immense development, the Standard Oil Company was given birth in 1870. To this company may the credit be given for the remarkable strides which the industry has witnessed during the past forty years, in which time it has been placed upon a pedestal of permanence—where it is destined to remain until the various fields are exhausted.

There is a vast difference in the character of petroleum produced in the different fields of the United States as well as those of foreign countries. In some fields the petroleum has a paraffine base, while others furnish an oil with an asphalt base. Crude petroleum with a paraffine base is generally lighter and is more valuable owing to the greater quantity and superior quality of the naphthas and illuminating derivatives. On the other hand, petroleum with an asphalt base yields only a comparatively insignificant quantity of naphtha and a much smaller proportion of illuminating and lubricating products.

Crude petroleum is an indefinite number of compounds of hydrogen and carbon, varying in character from the lightest of the naphthas at the top to the heavy coke at the bottom. The process of refining the oils is of no significance to the layman—one refinery is like another, differing only in detail of arrangement. Crude oil from separate fields possesses a marked difference and each requires its own method of refining. The Ohio crude is heavily charged with sulphur. Previous to a discovery by chemists of a method of removing the sulphur, Ohio crude was practically worthless; the discovery, however, gave it a value equal to the crude oil from other fields. The same difficulties were experienced in part of the Mid-Continent and the California fields, but problems of refining were solved by the competent force of Standard Oil Company's chemists.

In the early days of petroleum production, it was clearly seen that other means than wagon-conveyed barrels must be provided for transporting the crude oil to the railroads and navigable streams. In those days the oil teamster was a conspicuous character in the field. He was skilled in profanity, and his savage and habitual use of the whip gave him a pedestal of peculiar prominence in the oil regions. He received for his services twenty and sometimes thirty dollars a day, and at the week's end spent his earnings in reckless revelry. He took life as it came, careless of today and heedless of tomorrow. While fears of consequences never entered his mind, the pioneer oil producers were ever at his mercy. The difficulty in providing barrels of sufficient strength to carry the oil was another source of annoyance and uncertainty to the producer. Bad roads and stormy weather restricted the shipments and a new and better means of transporting the oil from the wells became imperative. The introduction of pipe lines solved the problem.

OIL PUMPING WELLS IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN, AT SUMMERLAND, SANTA BARBARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

The first pipe line built in the United States—in fact, in the world—was constructed in 1865 from Pithole, Pennsylvania, to the railroad, a distance of four miles. Later a second was built, and the two were consolidated under the name Allegheny Transportation Company. Both lines were successful from the start, and the producers saw in the new system not only an effectual means of conveying their product, but the overthrow of the team-

PANORAMIC VIEW OF STANDARD OIL COMPANY PUMPING OIL

sters' arrogant rule. The dethroned drivers retaliated by tearing up the pipes, and several arrests were made before these attacks upon the pipe lines could be suppressed.

The innovation was an unqualified success, and a new era in oil production was inaugurated. The early pipe lines, however, covered comparatively short distances; it was not believed that oil could be conveyed to distant seaports by this means, and it was several years before it was practically demonstrated that long lines could be operated. The tanks at the wells are connected by a system of small lines or veins, which feed the main lines or arteries. The main pumping plants are placed from thirty to fifty miles apart, according to the elevation of summits that must be overcome.

The main trunk line consists of nearly 8,000 miles of pipe from four to eight inches in diameter in the Appalachian and Lima-Indiana fields, reaching from Northern Tennessee to Parkersburg, Cleveland, Buffalo, Franklin, Orlean and the seaport cities of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. From the Lima-Indiana field the main lines reach westward to Chicago, Montpelier, Toledo and Lima, and eastward connect with the Appalachian system.

The Mid-Continent and California fields have extensive systems of main and local lines reaching in several directions. The Standard Oil Company pumps oil from the Mid-Continent field to Kansas City and Whiting, Indiana, refineries, and may even pump it to the Eastern seaboard, a distance of 2,000 miles. At the present time, the company operates 80,000 miles of pipe lines in the United States, and oil is being transported from different fields to New York City, at a cost of seventy cents a barrel, while in the early sixties it cost double this amount to convey it a mile.

The life of the average oil well varies in the different fields. Some of the wells in the Appalachian field have been producing for nearly half a century, while many in the Illinois field have been exhausted in five years. There are many wells in the Mid-Continent field that have been constant producers since operations first began in that section. In California the life of a well has been estimated to be from twenty to twenty-five years.

In 1908 the National Conservation Commission made an exhaustive study of the stock of petroleum in the known fields of the United States, and from the figures secured the probable duration of the oil fields was calculated. From this investigation it was ascertained that in each nine years as much petroleum had been produced as in all the preceding years. The remarkable output of 1907-8

WELLS, AT PICO CANYON, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

would make the ratio of increase still higher. In fifty years about 2,000,000,000 barrels had been produced, worth $1,785,000,000. The production in the various fields for the past two years was as follows:

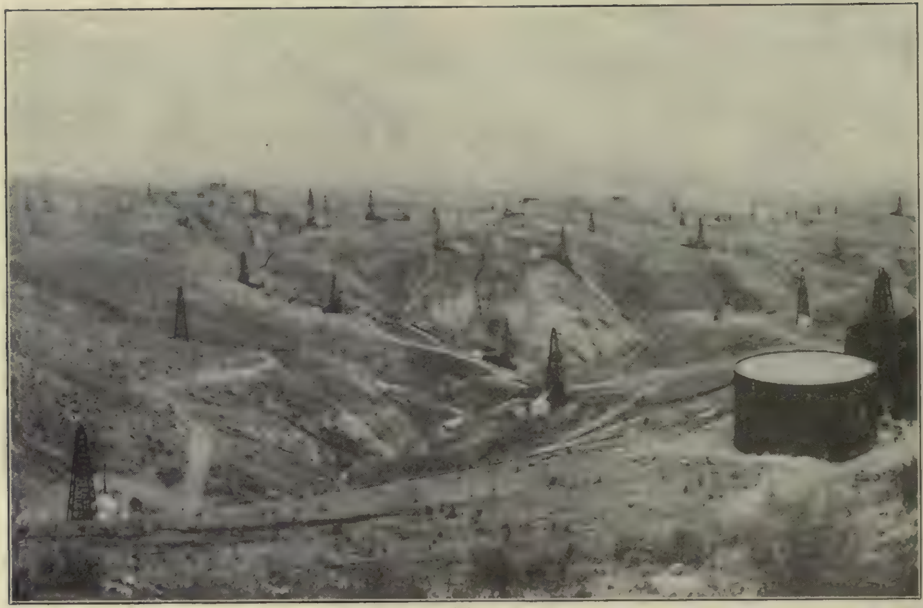
Field	1908	1909
California	45,000,000 bbls.	58,250,300 bbls.
Colorado	411,836 bbls.	500,000 bbls.
Gulf, Texas	11,206,464 bbls.	9,593,000 bbls.
Louisiana	6,835,130 bbls.	3,192,000 bbls.
Illinois	38,844,899 bbls.	29,500,000 bbls.
Lima, Indiana	7,287,000 bbls.	6,192,000 bbls.
Ohio	....	....
Mid-Continent	50,741,678 bbls.	46,826,196 bbls.
Kentucky-Tennessee	1,250,000 bbls.	1,250,000 bbls.
Appalachian	24,240,000 bbls.	25,394,200 bbls.
Wyoming	13,000 bbls.	15,000 bbls.
Others	3,000 bbls.	5,000 bbls.
Total	184,711,413 bbls.	180,717,696 bbls.

California has shown the greatest gain in production. The Mid-Continent field shows a loss of nearly four million barrels in 1909, as compared with 1908. This shortage in the Mid-Continent field was largely because of a reduction in price, which, however, has been recently advanced. The remarkable increase in the rate of production in 1908 was checked in 1909, but the decrease was less than was expected in view of the great accumulation of stocks during the preceding year. The gains made in California place that state first in oil production, producing fully 10,000,000 barrels more than Oklahoma. In California the strenuous efforts of the Producers' Association to suspend drilling operations were successful to the point of reducing productions and even stocks. The oil fields of Texas and Louisiana showed a greatly decreased production in 1909. Every large pool, except Caddo, recorded a smaller output than in 1908. The Caddo pool has proved a veritable bonanza and the production shows no signs of diminution.

Geographic location and different qualities of oil divide the petroleum area of the United States into five great fields, in addition to which are a few scattering districts. These fields have been designated as the Appalachian, the Lima-Indiana-Illinois, the Mid-Continent, the Gulf and the California.

The Appalachian field follows the northwestern flank of the Appalachian mountains in a generally southwestern direction from New York to Alabama, a distance of 650 miles. It embraces all the producing regions of New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee and a southern portion of Ohio, and is the oldest producing field in the United States.

Up to 1902 the Appalachian field produced seventy-two per cent of the entire output of the United States; in that year it produced 36.1 per cent of the entire production. From 1900 to 1910 there has been a gradual decrease in the output, with the exception of 1909, when the production was increased by over a million barrels.



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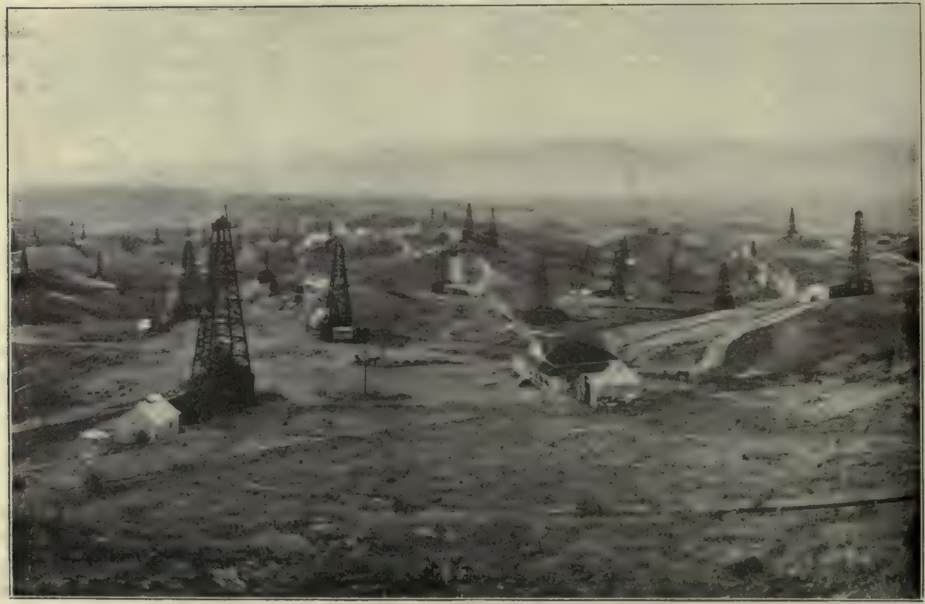

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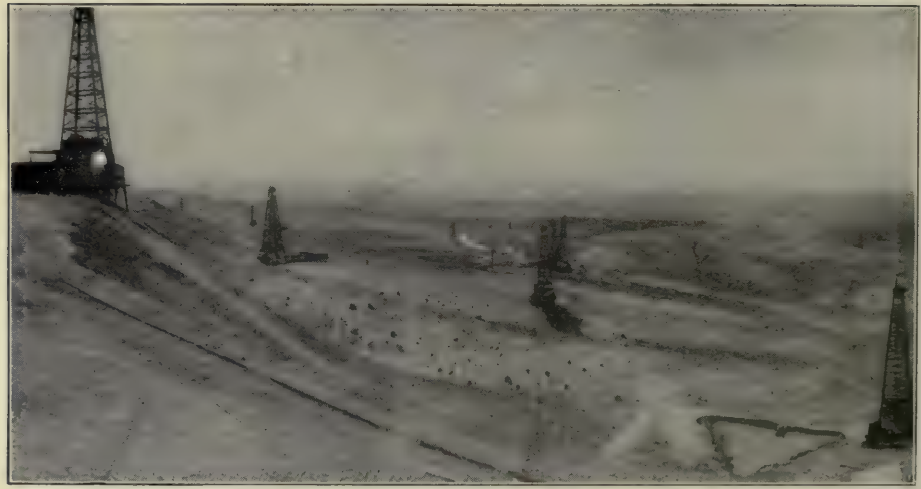
PANORAMIC VIEW OF STANDARD OIL COMPANY, SECTION TWENTY-EIGHT, AND
FORNIA. THESE REMARKABLE VIEWS, NUMBERED (1) TO (4), IF
WONDERFUL DEVELOPMENT

(2)

BRADBURY PICTURE CO

(4)

OTHER PROPERTIES, EAST SIDE COALINGA FIELD, FRESNO COUNTY, CALI-
PLACED END TO END, SHOW A CONSECUTIVE PICTURE OF THE
OF THIS PROPERTY



PANORAMIC VIEW OF MASCOT, CARBO AND WILBERT OIL COMPANIES

The Indiana field shows a constant decrease. In 1904 there were 3,366 productive wells in the state. In five years the number had fallen to 320. The total production in 1909 in the Lima-Indiana field was 6,192,000 barrels against 7,287,000 in 1908.

The production of petroleum constituted the most remarkable development of mineral production in the state of Illinois during the last few years. The product of 1908 showed an increase over that of 1907 by nearly ten million barrels, but a considerable decrease was shown in the production of 1909. Few new pools of importance were opened during the past year, the production being chiefly in the pools that had been previously fairly well defined in Clark, Crawford and Laurence counties. Illinois ranks third in the oil-producing states.

The building of sufficient pipe lines to handle the Mid-Continent product has been greatly retarded in the past in consequence of difficulties that arose between the pipe line companies and the states of Oklahoma and Texas. Also drastic rulings by the Interior Department completely suspended further attempt on the part of the companies to extend their lines. These rulings, in effect, meant confiscation of the property of the pipe line companies in case of violation. At the same time the legislature of Oklahoma was apparently hostile to the pipe line corporations, and particularly to the Prairie Oil & Gas Company, a Standard Oil Company subsidiary.

The production in the Mid-Continent field far exceeded the pipe line capacity. At one time the production amounted to 170,000 barrels a day, while the pipe lines could not handle more than 80,000 or 90,000 barrels. Notwithstanding this situation, the production of oil in the fields kept increasing, and efforts were made to stop drilling operations in vain. In view of the contention of the state of Oklahoma that no pipe lines could be built in that state without exercising the right of eminent domain, which could be granted only to a domestic corporation, the Prairie Oil & Gas Company refused to relieve the producers by building additional lines. As a consequence oil fell to thirty-five cents a barrel in 1909, which to some extent decreased the production for the year.

The oil men of the Mid-Continent fields kept their committees before Congress, before the Department of the Interior and at the State Capital of Oklahoma, praying, pleading and entreating for relief, asking only that their field be placed on the same footing as other fields that produce crude petroleum. It was apparent to these committees, however, that the politicians always had the specter of the Standard Oil Company looming

OIL PUMPING WELLS, MIDWAY DISTRICT, KERN COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

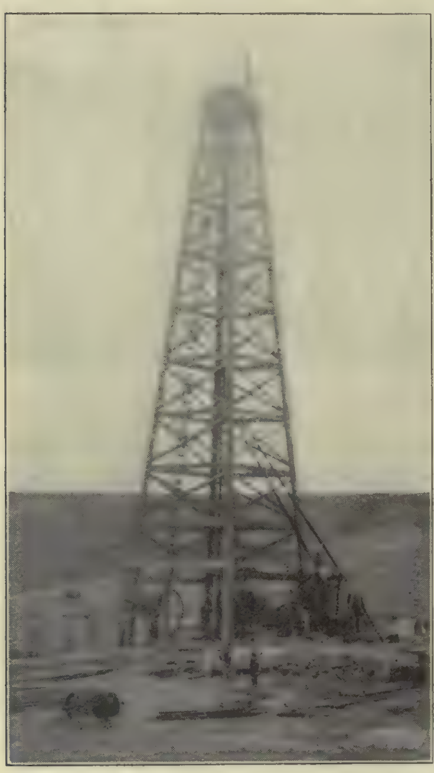
large before them, and it prevented just action. The impartial student of oil history cannot fail to observe that the production of oil in the Mid-Continent field has ever been attended with political bickerings and prejudice. Large capital, which is always essential to the purchase, transportation and marketing of oil, has been almost constantly antagonized by rules, laws, regulations, interferences, supervisions, control and public inquisitions of state and national officers.

During the past year, however, this mistaken policy has been modified, and additional pipe lines from the Mid-Continent field to the Gulf have been built, and an era of unprecedented activity has set in. The price of oil has been advanced, and this year's production will be far in excess of that of 1909.

Probably the most conspicuous achievement on the part of the oil men of the Mid-Continent field during the past two years was by securing the passage of a bill by Congress removing the restrictions on the lands of all Indians of less than half blood. By this act, more than 9,000,000 acres of land were returned to the public domain and rendered subject to taxation. The Interior Department still has jurisdiction over the lands of the half bloods, the three-quarter bloods and the full bloods, and these amount to some 10,000,000 acres. Restrictions on these lands can only be removed by personal application to the Department. It is shown that the oil-producers pay the Indians in the Mid-Continent field over two million dollars annually as royalties collected from leases. It is believed that the amount paid for bonus exceeds another million dollars each year—this in the territory of the five civilized tribes alone, being almost entirely in the Creek and Cherokee nations. Royalties in the Osage Reservation amount to a quarter of a million dollars annually, so that the Indian wards of the government receive fron the oil men nearly four million dollars a year. This sum is sufficient to support every Indian in the oil-producing regions of Oklahoma in considerable comfort and comparative luxury.

There are about 15,000 producing oil and gas wells in the Mid-Continent field, most of them in Oklahoma. Upwards of 20,000 men are engaged in the production of oil in that territory, and the total investment in the Mid-Continent field up to this time is estimated at $135,000,000. The annual production of oil in the field is valued at $18,000,000. According to the figures furnished by the State Geologist of Oklahoma, not more than ten per cent of known oil-producing land in the state has been drilled.

During the past two years the California Oil Fields have received a great deal of substantial development. New territory has been opened, with a consequent advance in the price of lands and stocks. The center of attraction at the present time is the Midway field, forty miles southwest of Bakersfield, where several gushers have recently been brought in. Some of these gushers flow as high as 5,000 barrels a day. The record breaker, however, is the Lakeview gusher, which started March 15, 1910, and for three months averaged 35,000 barrels a day. Another well, known as the Mays gusher, flowed 100,000 barrels a day for a few days, when the well was clogged up by the owners. Small wonder that such remarkable results should create interest and excitement! Stock in one of these gusher companies suddenly leaped from 25 cents to $20 a share, and fortunes were made in a night.



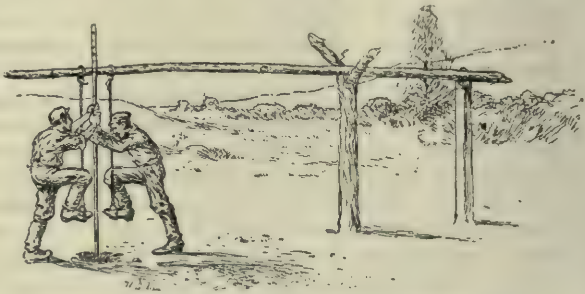
INSTALLING DRILLING EQUIPMENT

The gusher territory in the Midway district runs parallel with the coast range. Gushers that have become famous for the amount of daily flows are the Lakeview, the Standard Oil, the St. Laurence, the Santa Fe, the United, the Mays and the Pioneer Midway.

To the east of the Midway field there is evidence of another gusher district. The Coalinga field is one of the most substantial in California, and is the most extensive. It has been absolutely proven for a length of twelve miles and a width of two to three miles, and the field is regarded as one of the best in the United States. Adjacent to it are thousands of acres of prospective oil-bearing lands, and it is stated that not a single dry hole has been drilled in the proven Coalinga territory.

The Kern River field near Bakersfield is one of the oldest and most substantial in the state. This field has an advantage, in that oil is found at from 900 to 1,000 feet. Much new development is going on in the Kern River field, and the district is one of considerable promise. Several large oil fields on the Pacific Ocean side of the coast range have hundreds of producing wells. Recently a $25,000,000 company has been incorporated to build a pipe line from the California oil fields to Arizona, where the oil will be used by railroads, mines and smelting companies.

The oil industry of California has passed through many vicissitudes, but today there is no greater wealth-producing factor in the state. Last year the state produced 52,000,000 barrels of oil valued at $33,000,000. This was the largest production of any year in the history of the state, and California is now the leading oil-producing state in the Union. A comparison of the value of the leading



KICKING DOWN A WELL

TRAIN OF TANK CARS FROM THE POINT BREEZE (PENNSYLVANIA) WORKS

products of California for the year 1909 shows approximately as follows:

Gold	$20,000,000
Lumber	25,000,000
Citrus Fruits	31,000,000
Oil	33,000,000

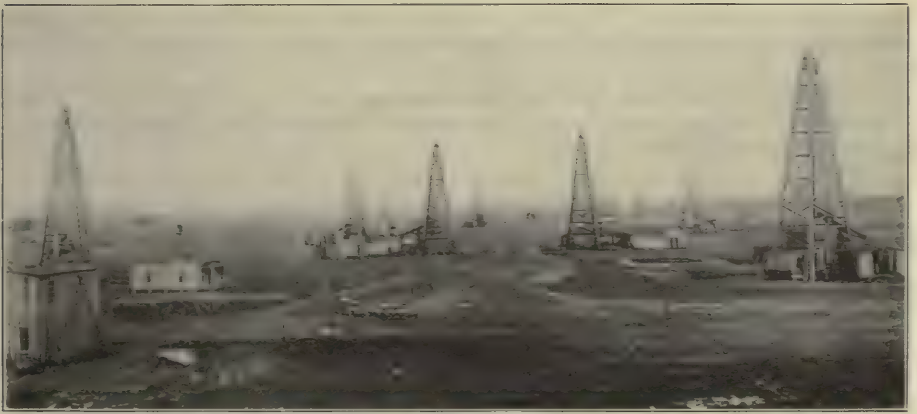
During the past ten years the production has increased tenfold, and only a small fraction of the oil lands has been developed. The report of the United States Geological Survey estimates the available oil reserve under the present proven fields of California at 8,500,000,000 barrels. This gives an assurance that the oil industry of the state is to be permanent at least for more than half a century. In California oil is king.

Utah has never been regarded as an oil-producing state, but the past year's indications point to a remarkable boom in the San Juan fields. Many California and Pennsylvania oil men have begun drilling operations in the district, and it is stated that of the first thirty wells drilled not a dry hole has been struck.

The San Juan fields cover an area of territory approximately fifty miles wide by ninety miles in length, about 45,000 square miles, or nearly as large as the Appalachian field. Innumerable and exhaustive tests made by Standard Oil experts for a year establish the quality as being of very high grade.

In the fields known as the Carlsbad, New Mexico and Toyah, Texas, belt recent oil discoveries are furnishing excitement. The oil is of excellent quality, and prospecting is being carried on over a territory 150 miles in length from northeast to southwest.

This remarkable development of the



OKLAHOMA OIL COMPANY, MUSKOGEE FIELD, OKLAHOMA oil industry during the past fifty years constitutes one of the greatest achievements in the annals of American industrial effort. It has continually been attended by problems which have been solved without the aid of precedent or experience. From the very beginning, ferment and chaos reigned supreme, but fortunately for the producers and the human race in general, a strong hand not only brought order from confusion, but eventually carried the tidings of oil and its many blessings to mankind into every corner of the civilized globe.

The many difficulties conquered at home and abroad were not heralded from housetops. No plaudits were sought, and none were given, but without noise the invasion of oil was being carried to success in country after country, while the people of the United States were unaware of the great industrial campaign.

When time in its gentle manner placed the facts regarding this remarkable development of the oil industry before the public, the agitator seized the opportunity to hoist the red flag of danger. Those who were too indolent to seek the truth accepted the opinions of prejudiced minds, and "predatory wealth," "swollen fortunes," "tainted money" and "the Octopus" were terms applied without rhyme or reason.

There has been more misunderstanding of the oil problem than any other great industrial undertaking, but its magnitude is a light that no longer can be hid under a bushel.

(*To be continued*)

HIS OLD FATHER SATISFIED

TWENTY years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited once by his old father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to this task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient, when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me that you were not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm, and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."—*Chicago Advance.*

WHERE IS THE PENSION FOUNDATION HEADED?

By A. E. WINSHIP

Editor Journal of Education, Boston

WHEN the provisions of the Pension Foundation were announced there was universal rejoicing. It was accepted as a noble, patriotic humanitarian use of a portion of one of the world's largest fortunes. It was recognized that college professors are underpaid, and that none of the gifts, bequests or state appropriations are intended to increase salaries materially, but rather to provide new buildings or new chairs for more underpaid professors.

Not since the days of the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes has there been anything to compare with the professional appreciation when the Pension Foundation was announced. Now a scholarly professor, however small his salary, could devote his energies to scholastic duties, and when he could teach no longer, could live in quiet and die in peace. This was the spirit of Andrew Carnegie, who reverently said to college professors, "Come unto me all ye who have labored, and become heavy laden, and I will provide you rest." Not for centuries has there been such a beautiful spirit displayed by any friend of man.

But others have ministered the Pension Foundation and they have said to the retiring professors: "Let us understand one another; Mr. Carnegie means well, but he is sentimental, we are practical. This provision is not because of the glorious service that you have rendered, but because you are worn out." The heavenly vision was no more. The "Well done, good and faithful servant," and the "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these," were displaced by these other words: "Because there are younger men who can do better work than you."

Sagacity and strategy, supplanted sentiment and sympathy, and the anticipated comfort, peace and joy disappeared, since the gift without the giver is bare.

The wise men said: "Isn't it true that experience, learning and wisdom become obstacles to scholastic progress by the time a man is sixty years old? Isn't frankness a virtue? Should not a college molt its faculty for the good of the young?" There were those to whom these statements seemed heartless, but as the same end was, materially, attained, it was decided that, as a rose by any other name is just as sweet, a pension tossed in scorn is the same as though given with loving care.

By the time the professors had adjusted their conscience to this conscienceless attitude, word was given out that the pensions are to be not even a means of removing aged obstacles, but are to be used for purposes of scholastic discipline in commercialism and aristocracy by the payment of premiums to those institutions most liberally patronized by wealthy benefactors. "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath, and faithfulness in the use of talent will have nothing to do with the verdict."

The worst charge ever made of crushing out small business houses, in the interest of large concerns, is not a circumstance to this new and not altogether saintly way of killing off educational institutions that lack wealth and aristocratic conditions. This presumed noble benefaction is to be used for crushing scholastic aspirations in all lads who have not inherited the regulation twelve years' culture scheme, and whose code of etiquette is so crude that they do not know that it is an unpardonable offence to ring the college door bell on any but the conventional day of the year.

The one redeeming feature of this is that it was not put in force earlier. Today a large number of the best students in Harvard and Yale, Columbia and Princeton, Cornell and Stanford, are those who did not enter college in the lock-step fashion, who are not primarily students of these institutions, but are merely completing there the work nobly begun at Antioch, Athens or Crete. The college in which they were born, in which they were fathered and mothered, can have no recognition in the new order of things. Poverty and neglect are to be the reward for discovering scholarly taste by the wayside, while luxurious pensions await those who are too aristocratic to go into the highways and hedges after hitherto undiscovered scholastic taste and talents.

J. Y. JOYNER
State Superintendent of Public Instruction of North Carolina, President National Education Association

How fortunate that this glorious reform did not come earlier! New England has recently elected eight college and university presidents, seven of whom are out of the West; men who were not born in standardized colleges! Where would Smith, Williams, Dartmouth, Wesleyan, Boston University, the Massachusetts Agricultural College, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology have gotten presidents if there had been no colleges to find such lads and help them to find themselves scholastically?

What evidence is there that these are famous wise men who are administering this pension foundation on commercial and aristocratic lines? Why has their dictum been so promptly accepted by various college presidents? Why have so many college professors begged the trustees to do everything suggested by the Pension Foundation? Does not their attitude suggest the frame of mind of the man who turns his pockets inside out while looking into the muzzle of a highwayman's rifle? We do not say that they were bribed to vote suddenly for conditions for which they had never voted until they saw a pension in the hand of the men who suggested that they could have it if they voted right, not otherwise. There is no proof that Democrats in the Illinois Legislature would not have changed their vote to a Republican for United States Senator if they had not received a thousand-dollar call, but it is a trifle suspicious that they did not change their votes until they saw a thousand dollars in sight and that they did change it as soon as they saw it.

Of course there is no proof that fifteen hundred to three thousand dollars life pension dangling before college presidents and professors has anything to do with the marvelous similarity between the present judgment of the college men and the edict of the Pension Foundation. It may be that Quakers, Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists and others would all at the same time have renounced their college denominational allegiance had there been no pension tickling their fancy, just as Democrats might have changed their votes for Senator without the thousand-dollar suggestion.

Anyone has as good a right as the Pension Foundation to go among medical schools and express opinions regarding them, but no publisher in the world would have printed such a thing, but for the fact that every professor's possible pension depends upon each of these medical schools doing everything that the Pension Foundation suggests.

Is it possible that the Pension Foundation resorts to publicity because private advice has failed to accomplish its purpose? To some people it is amusing to see how anxious some men are to have the Pension Foundation understand that the faintest hint is as good as a command. Great is the magic of a bunch of pensions on the opinion of a body of instructors. They remind one of the devotion of street boys to the Sunday school just before the Christmas tree, or the June picnic.

As a layman, I have no opinion as to the wisdom of the suggestion to medical schools. But of late the Pension Foundation has entered a field with which I am familiar. It says that "as a whole Pennsylvania has never come into a conception of education from the standpoint of the whole people. As a consequence its Public School system is still in a rudimentary state."

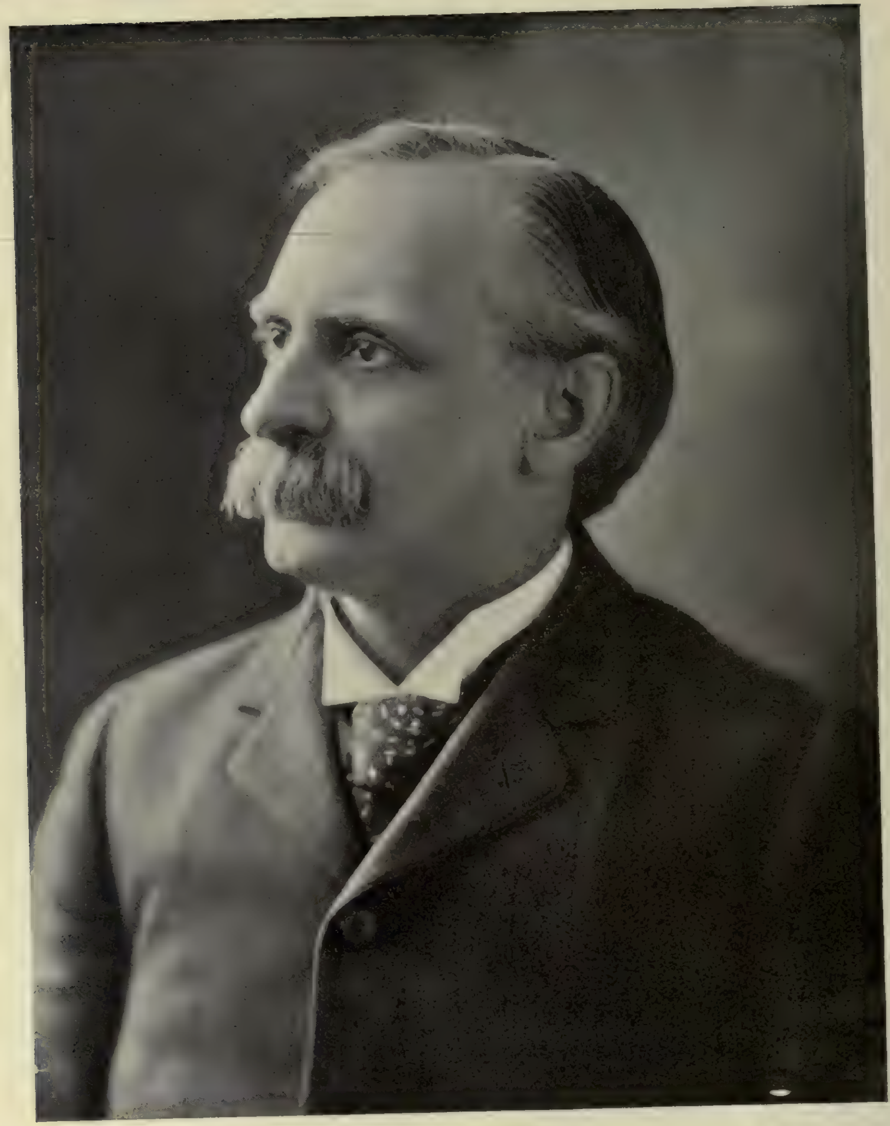
Evidently the Pension Foundation does not know that Pennsylvania led the world, led Massachusetts even, in the great public school awakening of the thirties; that before Horace Mann gave Massachusetts its great public school leadership, Governor Wolfe of Pennsylvania wrote the greatest of educational messages and Thaddeus Stevens at Harrisburg made a greater educational speech for the public schools than ever was made, even by Horace Mann. This Pension Foundation seems not to know that Pennsylvania's poorest paid country school teachers get much better salaries than thousands of teachers in New England; that the scholarship standards and professional training in several of the State Normal Schools of Pennsylvania are fully equal to the best in Massachusetts, and that in the poorest they are higher than in any one of eight normal schools in New England; that normal school principals in Pennsylvania get sixty per cent higher salaries than in Massachusetts; that the state of Pennsylvania gives more money to her common schools than all of the New England states combined; that politics has played no part in state school administration for sixteen years. But why emphasize further this stupendous ignorance of the Pension Foundation regarding the public schools of Pennsylvania, when the ignorance is not confined to that state.

We quote from the Pension Foundation again. "It is not to be wondered at that the public school system of Ohio is inferior to that of nearby states." Again the Pension Foundation seems not to know that Ohio leads forty-five states in the Union in the consolidation of rural schools, which is one of the notable marks of efficiency in a public school system; that Ohio has done more than any state in the Union, with one exception, in providing free high school privileges for all children in school; that Ohio has, with one exception, the best minimum salary law; that Ohio leads all the states in the Union in protecting the teachers' contract; that the scholarship of the teachers as a whole is broader and higher than in nine-tenths of the states; that one of her cities has been for twenty years pointed to with pride by all other cities of the country; that another Ohio city has led every New England City in educational progress in the last five years.

"Inferior to nearby states!" To which states? Kentucky? West Virginia? Pennsylvania?—not if its own opinion of Pennsylvania schools is accepted—Michigan? It would be well for the Pension Foundation to specify in what respects inferior. To Indiana? Again the Pension Foundation should specify.

What possible excuse is there for the Pension Foundation to thus falsify regarding the public schools of two noble states? The same excuse that "Ole Black Mammy" had when she scared the Little picaninnies by saying "The Bogey Man will get you if you don't watch out."

It is devoutly to be hoped that the Pension Foundation knows more of colleges and medical schools than it knows of public schools. In view of its



DR. A. E. WINSHIP

stupendous ignorance of public schools thus demonstrated, it can hardly claim to be an expert in anything educational.

The sweet dream of the weary professor of the struggling college has turned to a nightmare. Psychologists tell us that a nightmare is the precursor of an awakening. Would we could believe that the name of Carnegie is to be restored to a desirable place in public opinion by his taking charge of affairs long enough to say that his sentiment and sympathy are once more to prevail and that the attitude of those who minister in his name shall be expressed in these words: "Well done, good and faithful professors, who have been faithful in ministering to those who are needy, come to my Foundation and ye shall have rest. For inasmuch as ye have labored for the least of the aspiring youth, ye shall be crowned with honor and abide in peace. With long life may you be blessed. Freely I have received, freely do I give."

Roosevelt's Return from the Jungle

By JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN

THE following graphic account of the meeting of ex-President Theodore Roosevelt in the Sudan by an American journalist is taken from the book, "Through Europe with Roosevelt," just issued by the publishers of the "National." This remarkable book, of which this extract comprises Chapter II, was written by John Callan O'Laughlin, who in eighteen days completed a journey of eight thousand miles over sea and land from the modern capital of a modern nation to the farthest outpost of British civilization in the Dark Continent. In the pages of "Through Europe with Roosevelt," he presents a notable human document, and at the same time a story as entertainingly told as the theme of the latest "best seller."

I LOOKED deep into the eyes of this man, whose disappearance in the jungle had intensified the interest of the American people in his personality. He was in the high spirits of perfect health. He had lost the careworn look which the closing days in the White House had produced. His face was brown, and his moustache, lightened by the sun, showed a few more gray hairs. His jaws were clean of fat, and his well-worn khaki hung loosely on his muscular frame. His head was covered by an olive green helmet, from which dangled a neck cloth whose colored stripes represented the hues of the flag under which his Rough Riders swept to the top of San Juan Hill. He told us that he was glad to see us, that he welcomed us as the vanguard of the civilization he had left a year before. He listened to the news from home as interpreted by each correspondent, and then took us one by one into his stateroom where views were exchanged which necessarily were regarded as confidential. For publication, Colonel Roosevelt authorized the statement that he had nothing to say on American politics or any phase or incident thereof, that he would give no interviews, and anything purporting to be in the nature of an interview with him could be accepted as false as soon as it appeared.

Here was a tremendous reward for the long and expensive journey we had undertaken. The American people were palpitating with eagerness to be informed of the Colonel's views on the rise of Insurgency in the Republican party, the dismissal of Gifford Pinchot from the office of Chief Forester of the United States, the conservation scandal and whether or not the distinguished hunter-naturalist believed that William Howard Taft was carrying out the Roosevelt policies in the way they were interpreted by their author. Mr. Roosevelt was perfectly willing to talk about his hunting experiences, to take us aboard the barge and show us the skulls and bones of the rare animals he and his son Kermit and other members of the party had killed, to line up the blacks who were his attendants, and to tell of the peculiarities and faithful devotion of these barbarians. But politics, no, not a word. That was forbidden ground, and when the Colonel snapped his teeth over a question which trended in the direction of such matters, the interrogator deemed it wise to hasten back to the safe haven of African hunting experiences. During the entire time I was with the Colonel, he was extremely careful to avoid discussing politics for publication; and the reports which from time to time were printed about his attitude, had no more foundation than the mental activity of the men who created them.

But, realizing that the American people were interested in knowing every detail of the experiences of their former President, the four correspondents (for our rival, too, had come aboard the "Dal") were

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MR. ROOSEVELT AND GENERAL SLATIN ON CAMELS AT KERRERI

anxious to reach the telegraph station at Renk at the earliest possible moment. My problem—and this, of course, was the key to the whole struggle—was to get to the wire first so that my matter could not be detained until too late for publication the next morning. Unluckily the "Abbas Pasha" broke down completely the moment we reached the "Dal." The "Cairo" apparently was in excellent steaming condition and it was perfectly evident if she were used as a dispatch boat, we would be lost. It proved fortunate that there were many things Mr. Roosevelt wanted to talk about. It was not until some hours had elapsed that he was willing for any of us to leave, and then we were so close to Renk that it was deemed inadvisable for the "Dal" to stop to make the transfer of our friend, the enemy, to his own boat. When we reached Renk, the entire population, wearing smiles to cover their nakedness, were assembled on the bank. I thought the gathering had occurred to greet the Colonel, but it subsequently appeared the natives were holding a market and knew nothing of the coming of the foremost American. When Mr. Roosevelt first arrived at Mombasa, an enterprising correspondent, in order to put a touch of color in his dispatch, cabled that the visitor had been named Bwana Tumbo, which translated means "The Master with the Stomach." As a matter of fact, the Colonel always was addressed by his men as Bwana Makuba, which signifies "The Big Master."

The correspondents jumped ashore and raced to the telegraph office. Our rival was hopelessly beaten on land. We laid down dispatches on the telegraph desk and demanded that they be sent immediately. If the records of the cable office in New York and Chicago be examined, it will be found that the dispatches of the correspondents aboard the "Abbas Pasha" arrived prior to that sent by the charterer of the "Cairo."

Colonel Roosevelt landed at Renk and walked among the natives, who soon learned he was a mighty hunter and gave him the respect which such a reputation commands in Africa. In an hour, he was ready to resume his journey down the stream. Before leaving, he invited the correspondents to dinner aboard his boat and told us where we should meet him at the hour fixed.

That dinner is one which will live in the memory of every man who partook of it. Night had fallen, when we boarded the "Dal." The blacks in attendance upon the Roosevelt party were crooning a native song. The current of the Nile lapped the side of the "Dal," singing mournfully the story of Africa's savagery. The table was set upon the deck of the barge. Colonel Roosevelt sat at the head of the table, his face silhouetted against the lurid light of the flaming papyrus swamps. Kermit, a young man of twenty-one, lean and vigorous, occupied a seat next to my place, and at different points along the board were Cunninghame, who knows Africa better than any other man, Doctor Mearns, who was the surgeon and naturalist of the expedition, and the four correspondents. We talked of the past and present—of Africa and America, of savagery and civilization. We learned of hair-breadth escapes during the hunt, listened to the Colonel correcting himself for using the word "bully," an exclamation, he said which should be used only by children and ex-presidents. He described a station which he visited near Gondokoro, as a transplanted Emporia, Kansas, done in ebony. He told of a letter he had received condemning him for killing the harmless, inoffensive rhinoceros. "I wish the author of that letter could be in the thick grass in front of a charging rhinoceros," he remarked, "and like then to have his judgment as to whether the beast were harmless and inoffensive." He spoke of the various missions he had visited, of the white souls and dauntless courage of these agents of Christianity who are martyrs to the call of duty. He declared with pride the expedition had been a huge scientific success; that thirteen thousand faunal specimens and more than thirty thousand floral specimens had been secured, the collection constituting the finest that ever had gone out of Africa.

It will gratify the critics of the Colonel to know that not a shot was fired wantonly; that game was killed only for the table and for specimen purposes.

With cordial good-nights, the correspondents returned to their boats, and at the request of Colonel Roosevelt proceeded directly to Khartoum. He did not desire to reach that point too long in advance of Mrs. Roosevelt, who was due on March 14. Mr. Roosevelt proposed to

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BEFORE THE PALACE AT KHARTOUM

use the intervening time in finishing his book on his hunting experiences so that he might devote himself whole-heartedly to the thousand and one things which would require his attention when he arrived at Khartoum.

The "Abbas Pasha" and the "Cairo," their mission done, left the "Dal," which had been their quarry, and, aided by the swift current of the Nile, speeded back toward the British city. The lights on the Roosevelt steamer went out one by one, until only its side lamps were showing. The huge bulk seemed to be set in the midst of flame, for the papyrus grass conninued to burn fiercely. A bend of the river shut the conflagration from our view and only the reflection in the sky appeared. That, too, began to dim, and stronger and stronger became the light of the moon and the brilliant stars. It was a night

Where poetry rode the heavens
And all the world was bright.

The return trip was a romance. There were hippopotami and birds at which to shoot, the thanksgiving service of prayer, (the last day was Sunday), when I read the Bible which Flett had treasured for itself as well as because it was his mother's gift; the beautiful sunset, which burnished Khartoum in gold, and finally the arrival, with whistles blowing and our flag (do you remember the 1–46 stars?) flying triumphantly at the masthead. As soon as we landed, I mounted a donkey, the vehicle of northern Africa, and with vociferous "arrhs" galloped along the dark road to the house of Slatin Pasha, Inspector General of the Sudan, who had been designated by the British government to receive Colonel Roosevelt. I had been requested by the latter to explain to Slatin Pasha that while he appreciated the hospitality of the Gordon Palace, he knew the Sirdar and Lady Wingate were absent and therefore did not care to put the authorities to the trouble of opening the

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EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT NAPLES
The first European town he visited after his return from hunting in Africa. Mr. Roosevelt and his suite visiting the Aquarium at Naples

house for him and his family. Slatin Pasha, the man who for thirteen long years had been the prisoner of the Khalifa, who suffered untold agony in the filthy and crowded enclosure in which for years he had been confined, who for a year and a half was compelled to undergo the indignity and physical torture of running barefoot at the heels of the Khalifa's arab, and whose escape is still a marvel to those who are familiar with his description—this man whom I expected to find a physical wreck proved to be a splendid specimen of the Caucasian race. Short and stocky, muscular, without doubt a mine of action, he excused himself from his dinner guests and escorted me to his library. His speech showed a trace of foreign accent, revealing that he was not British born, and as he talked I recalled that he was an Austrian subject, a member of the nobility of the aristocratic Hapsburg Empire, whom troubles at home had forced to seek a congenial life of adventure in the Sudan. Slatin Pasha's experience had not taught him to place trust in his fellow-man, and it was only after detailed explanation that I was able to make him believe I really brought a message from Colonel Roosevelt. I informed him I was to meet the Colonel the next morning at Gordon's tree and that I would be glad to assure him of the acquiescence of the acting Sirdar in the change of plans. Slatin Pasha, however, insisted that the Palace was fully prepared to receive the Roosevelt party, and requested me to say to the former President that he would be deeply disappointed if for any reason it was not used.

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MR. ROOSEVELT SALUTING THE FRENCH COLORS AT MILITARY REVIEW

Gordon's tree is seven miles from Khartoum. Early the next morning, mounted upon a spirited arab and accompanied by the proprietor of the hotel jogging on a camel, and a donkey carrying a huge sack of mail, I rode through the sunlit streets out into the boundless desert. The air was exhilarating, and my steed literally pranced over the sand. Mirages inverted the huts of a distant village and made the landscape a sea of glassy, running water. Far away, we could discern

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ARRIVAL AT IMPERIAL PALACE, VIENNA

the green bank of the Nile, and occasionally the flash of the sun upon the surface of the stream recalled to mind the African father of life. An hour's hard riding brought us to a ridge from the height of which we looked down upon the river. Swinging in toward Gordon's tree was the "Dal." We galloped to the meeting place, arriving just as a small boat was putting off, carrying Kermit, armed with a shot gun, and Dr. Mearns, provided with a small hamper, both bent upon a last expedition in Africa. Colonel Roosevelt shouted "good-morning," and grimaced at the mail bag. In a few minutes we were aboard. I recited the conversation with Slatin Pasha and introduced the hotel man. Then the mail was dumped upon the table, and the Colonel and I began to dispose of the several hundred odd letters which it contained.

These letters were odd not only in number but in character. They related to everything under the sun. They included disquisitions on the political situation in the United States, requests for the Colonel to write short articles on his hunting experiences, demands for tiger skins and tiger claws, "when there are no tigers in Africa," as the Colonel remarked, and for other mementoes of his stay in the dark continent; invitations to palaces of Emperors and Kings and the houses of the great in Europe; and inquiries as to his plans upon his return home, particularly whether he would not speak in certain cities on the issues concerning the people. There was one correspondent, living in the Azore Islands, who enclosed post cards with his letter, showing the American fleet making its tour of the world. "A most persistent person," observed the Colonel. "Every post has brought me the same kind of letter and the same picture cards."

The mail was disposed of in the course of an hour. Kermit and Dr. Mearns returned with a number of small birds, snails, branches from Gordon's tree and other samples of the vegetation of the neighborhood. Then the "Dal" got underway for Khartoum.

As we approached Omdurman, which

lies a few miles up the river from Gordon's capital, we sighted a small launch, flying the British and Egyptian flags at the stern. The commander of the "Dal" reported to Colonel Roosevelt that Slatin Pasha. Wilson Bey, Governor of Khartoum and Captain Clayton, aide-de-camp to the Sirdar, were aboard and had signalled to be received. The "Dal" slowed down and finally stopped. The launch came alongside. The three British officials jumped on the lower deck and then mounted the companion way where the former President was waiting to receive them.

"I am really delighted to meet you, General," he said to Slatin. He as cordially greeted his other hosts, and then returned to the Inspector General. He spoke with familiarity of the latter's experience among the dervishes, astonishing him with his reference to scenes which Slatin thought he alone remembered. "Do not forget that I have read your book," the Colonel explained to the British officer. The three men mounted to the upper deck of the "Dal." There were found the Roosevelt blacks, dressed in the cast-off clothes of the party, uncomfortable but happy in anticipation of the novel experiences awaiting them. Never before had they seen a city like Omdurman; never before had they seen anything approaching Khartoum. It was indeed great magic, the magic of the white man.

Flags dipped on boats and over the various houses along the river bank as the "Dal" moved toward the stucco building, painted yellow, which is known as Gordon's Palace. Colonel Roosevelt was less interested in the river scenes and the appearance of his temporary abiding place than in a matter nearer to his heart. "Where is the railroad staiton?" he asked Slatin Pasha. The latter pointed it out, adding tactfully that the train would arrive on time and that the Sirdar's yacht would convey him across the river to meet his wife and daughter.

I will not lift the veil of that meeting or attempt to describe the happiness that radiated from the Roosevelt family when they were once more united. Their separation had lasted for one long year. Husband and wife had not changed in each

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SEEING VENICE IN A GONDOLA

other's eyes, but the father saw a fresh, charming flower of womanhood in his daughter, and the mother a modest, manly young fellow, with a budding moustache, in her son. Picture to yourself reunion with your loved ones after a year's absence, and you will realize the deep joy the Roosevelts experienced when they met by the side of the puffing train in tropical Africa.

Those halcyon days in Khartoum. The precious hours of family companionship sandwiched in between the barbaric and civilized functions given in honor of the former President and Mrs. Roosevelt and the sight-seeing expeditions with their vivid contrasts of savagery and modernity, with their revelation of the hardship and strife the British underwent in order to give peace and prosperity to the several million blacks who survived the devastating rule of the Khalifa, and with their details of the diplomacy which was necessary to bring the maintenance of a government which the childlike temperament of the natives could understand and appreciate. Escorted by a squadron of black cavalry, officered by Egyptians, the Roosevelts, on camels, inspected the battlefield of Kerreri, where the power of the Khalifa was broken by the military genius of Kitchener. Through the eyes of Slatin Pasha they turned back the pages of Omdurman and saw that city of sixty thousand Sudanese under the merciless domination of the Khalifa, and with their own gained impressions of the barbaric splendor and in the civilized view the mean though sanitary mode of living. They witnessed a gymkhana, held in the midst of the desert, where the smart society of Khartoum engaged in horse races, and blindfolded drew strange and weird pictures supposed to resemble animals. They enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Asser, a delightful American woman, who as the wife of the Adjutant-General of the Sudan, was the ranking lady of the barbaric land. And the last night was made eventful by a dinner in honor of the former President, given at the Sudan Club. The tables were set under the stars, and the boys, in white robes and red sashes, served the guests with food which would have been approved by Epicurus. The hundred men present, civilians and officers of the army and navy, every one of whom is spending his life unselfishly in this distant region, listened with rapt attention to Colonel Roosevelt's enthusiastic portrayal of the work they had accomplished; his declaration of belief in British civilization and the character of the government the Sudan is enjoying, and finally his promise to tell the people of England of the debt they owe to their sons in this savage region.

Is it any wonder that Colonel Roosevelt left the Sudan carrying with him the regard and best wishes not only of the white men laboring therein but of the intelligent natives who have profited by the coming of British rule?

Just Back from Mars

by R·K·Carter

(ORR KENYON)

Author of "My Boy Charlie," "A Celestial Detective," etc

THIS remarkable up-to-date satire is pronounced one of the cleverest pieces of imaginative work that has appeared in print for some time past. In view of the advancement of aerial navigation and psychological research it is peculiarly appropriate at this time. No one who has studied the marvels of modern invention and advancement will say that such a journey as Dr. Carter describes may not sometime become fact, rather than fiction, as we now regard it.

The second part of the story, telling what Dr. Carter saw when he reached Mars, and how he returned to earth, will appear in our September issue.

MR. STEAD wrote me that Miss "Julia" has no time to spare from her "bureau of communications" for scientific "tests"; and Miss Katharine Bates, author of "Seen and Unseen," said she would have to touch "earth-bound" spirits altogether too closely if she attempted to read a certain sealed envelope locked up in my desk. From this I learned that "spirits" may find themselves overworked like poor, struggling mortals, and also that society has its "classes" and "masses" on the "other side" as well as with us. But that did not help me. I had enjoyed special seances with the most famous "psychics" that ever lived, and traced their somewhat devious ways as far as possible, arriving at the conclusion that the "manifestations" might be all fraud, or all spirits, or all telepathy, and I wanted desperately to know which. I will write of that another time, for it is a story by itself

But there lay my sealed envelope, containing a strictly original poem of some dozen lines, never read or communicated to any living mortal, and consequently in no one's mind but my own. I respectfully suggested to Mr. Stead, and later to Miss Bates, after reading some of their spooky narratives with great interest, that it would be a good test if some one, or some spirit, clear across the Atlantic, would kindly read my poem for me and demonstrate telepathy to a finality. But when both declined, as above recorded, I was at sea.

I did not know what to think or what to do, and lay back in my arm chair in the dim lamplight wondering why I could not have "communications" with the unseen just as well as Mr. Stead or Miss Bates. This special favor business on the part of the spooks always seemed objectionable to me; it certainly is bad taste and not at all polite.

While thus speculating my eyes began to notice a thin, vaporous something the other side of the lamp. By degrees my mind got around to it, too, and I began to question if it was beyond the table, or on top of it, if it was smoke, or dust, or what it was, anyhow. Gradually it waved and curled and enlarged and stretched and rounded out, until I recognized the semblance of a human form partly reclining in the big morris chair on the far side of my table.

Suddenly it occurred to me that Miss "Julia" says we may think and think and think of some friend, either alive, or "what you call dead," and mentally build said friend up before the mind's eye, while resting easily and lightly alone in the shadow, and, after a while, we may visualise the friend, touch his hand, and hear him speak, and all that. Instantly I saw that the conditions were pretty closely fulfilled. I was at ease, was resting quietly in the shadow, and was wishing with all my heart for some intelligent communication. It only remained for me to think definitely of a particular friend. But, lo, there in my big chair sat somebody, before I had concentrated my thinkery on any special one. Perhaps this was a freak of mental science. Who could it be?

The shadowy form leaned forward and I saw a shrewd, keen face, sharp glittering eyes, clear-cut features, and a great big diamond pin in a rather soiled shirt front. I remember that shirt; it was soiled. One has to be careful of the exact truth in such matters. Just then a name flashed into my mind. Perhaps it was telepathed from my shadowy visitor, but it came clear and distinct—Keely, the famous "motor" man of Philadelphia, lately deceased. As the words formed themselves in my mind the shape leaned toward me and put out a strongly made hand.

"John W. Keely," he said in a low voice.

Instantly I was at ease. There was not the slightest shade of fear. I had met Mr. Keely once in Queen's scientific instrument store on Chestnut Street, and had heard him talk with the clerk. There was no doubt of his identity. Then I remembered that Miss Bates believed in Keely, and other psychics had faith in him and his uncontrollable "force." I always wanted to know the truth about it ever since my old friend, Dr. Wilford Hall, the somewhat iconoclastic scientist, declared himself firmly convinced that Keely really had discovered a force new to man. So I blurted out, rather impolitely:—

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Keely; please tell me if Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, and the rest of your financial backers, still believe that you had the real goods, now that they have 'passed over'? "

"Sure," replied Keely. "But the best of it is I have the whole thing now. I was too previous, you know, for the wiseacres. My vibrodyne was crude; the force of the atomic disintegration was so awfully tremendous that it would have played the dickens with all Philadelphia if I had let it get loose. You hear me?"

I did not want to be left out when it came to polysyllables, so I ventured:

"I suppose the irruptibility of the congenital terriagenous masses evolve the rotational transmissions of interatomic energy of which you spoke and wrote so much."

Keely started and looked at me piercingly for a moment. Then he laughed heartily and held out his hand.

"Shake, my friend," he exclaimed. "You're a yellow kid,* all right, all right. Put it there. Now I'll let you into a tremendous scientific secret. What would you like most to do just now? Come, speak up."

"Oh, I don't know," I replied slowly. "I'd like to make a ten strike; discover something, don't you know; get into the limelight for a spell. It's kind of lonesome in the crowd. I'd like, well, I'd like to go to Mars, for instance, and find out all about those canals, and see if they want a canal zone, and a commission, and a congressional investigation, and all that."

Keely's eyes twinkled. "You're on it," he said, "and I'm your man. I'll send you; that is," he hesitated, "if you really want to go."

"Try me," I said confidently.

Then we got down to business. Keely informed me that the "control," which had bothered him so terribly in his Philadelphia workshop was all right now. What he had needed was something to create etheric repulsions. He had started plenty of etheric attractions, but the repulsions had always eluded him. When he made his spherical engine rotate in the old shop all the spectators thought of was how to get out of the room alive before the thing burst into a million fragments, and Keely admitted that he himself was often badly scared, especially after his fingers were blown off. He couldn't control the gigantic force, liberated by his vibrodyne from the disintegrated atoms. Now that is "dead easy," as he expressed it.

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*There is a slight discrepancy here. This phrase did not come into use till after Keely passed over. But I don't have to account for all the "discrepancies" of the psychics.

"You see," remarked Keely, "when I published my announcement in the *New York Times*, March 6, 1898, that I had succeeded in harnessing the ether, and that my work was complete, it turned out just as Madame Blavatsky and other high-power psychics predicted, I was not allowed to let the thing loose on the people. The 'controls' declared that it would play the old Harry with folks and things in general if all sorts of men got hold of this force. I was pig-headed about it, and kept on trying to show it up, so they pestered me till I had to give it up. I passed over to this side six months later. But I have always been looking for the man who could get a cinch on my discoveries and not be afraid to handle the force. You seem to be that man, so, if you are not afraid, I'll show you how to build an ethero-plane that will fly to Mars and back again."

Here was a "communication" with a vengeance. My ambition was fired. What was the north pole, the south pole, and all the other poles, great and small, to this? What is a game of mumbly peg to a ton of radium? I rose to the bait as gracefully and reluctantly as possible, and agreed to set out just as soon as the expedition could be equipped.

"It must be financed," said Keely, sententiously.

"Financed!" The word was a wet blanket; but Mr. Keely encouraged me with a rehearsal of his former difficulties in that line, and I set out to search for my "angel." I found him in the person of an obscure New York merchant, not a "captain of finance," only just an ordinary millionaire, who had amassed his snug little fortune in the manufacture and sale of soft soap. Mr. Fellowrox listened to my glowing portrayals of the name and fame to be attached to the floater of so wondrous an enterprise, until the "suggestion" took hold of his pocket nerve, and the great work began.

Under the instructions of my "control," Mr. Keely, the ethero-plane soon took on form and substance. It was entirely different from anything anybody on this earth ever dreamed of. To fly, and to fly in space, has always been associated in our mundane minds with extreme lightness of structure. Any heavy weight was forbidden, of course; but here all my ideas were scattered to the winds. Keely told me I was so "immersed in matter" that I simply couldn't think worth a cent. I must give up all such notions and step out in the realm of pure mind. Here I suggested calling in the co-operation of Mrs. Eddy.

"Wouldn't she be a valuable assistant?" I ventured to inquire of my "control." "She has always insisted that nothing matters but mind, and that is no matter."

Keely smiled grimly in the dim light allowed in the workshop. But he shook his head.

"When Mrs. Eddy comes over to our side," he said, "she will learn well a thing or two."

"How can she?" I persisted. "You know she talks about the 'third degree,' in which 'mortal mind disappears.' And of course she has taken all the degrees long ago. So, I don't exactly see how she can be taught anything. I suppose she actually knows it all now; learned it before mortal mind disappeared."

Whatever my "control" thought of this argument, he only smiled and worked away on the ethero-plane, instructing me meanwhile as to its principles. He told me that we had to strike out on an entirely new plane; that is, new to mankind. Flying, as Orville and Wilbur Wright understood it, had no bearing upon the problem.

"How are you going to fly, in the sense you understand, when there is no atmosphere to fly in?"

This query knocked my mental pins from under me. I gasped for breath.

"How are you going to breathe while passing through space?" This was another smasher. "How long will it take you to get to Mars, anyhow? How fast will you fly? How can you get up speed enough to take you there before you and your great-great-grandchildren are all dead?

What will you live on during the voyage? How can you manage to get loose from the earth's attraction? How will you withstand the attraction of Mars? In other words, how can you start, and how can you alight?"

I was dumb as one of Alice's oysters after the carpenter had eaten it. Finally I plucked up courage and gasped out:

"What's the use of a 'control,' anyway?"

Mr. Keely smiled approvingly, and nodded his head. He told me I was on the right track; new things had to be treated in new ways, he would direct me if I relied upon him and divested myself of the chains of matter, so far as possible. Then he proceeded to expound his methods.

Such primitive devices as those recorded in Mr. Poe's "Moon Hoax" were shown up in their true absurdity. No possible force, that would not kill the voyageur, could be imagined sufficient to expel an airship from the earth's atmosphere. But I will not weary with unnecessary details. Here is the gist of the matter:

"We must neutralize gravity," announced my "control," as calmly as if he were discussing a small electric circuit. "Neutralize gravity, and retain velocity. What do I mean? Just what I say. See here. This earth is travelling through space at a rate, roughly, of over sixty thousand miles an hour, or about a million and a half miles a day. That is going some, isn't it? Now Mars is approaching perigee, or nearest point to the earth. In September it will be some five million miles nearer than ever before in the memory of man. It will be something less than forty million miles from the earth. Now, if we can keep up a speed of a million and a half a day it will only take about four weeks to make the trip."

"That looks fine," I said, "but how can you neutralize gravity? That's beyond me."

"There's where my great discovery comes in," replied Keely enthusiastically. "I had it right in my hand in 1898, when I had to leave and come over. You see, my force was liberated from the atoms themselves. This whole universe is one vast storehouse of force, kept locked up, so to speak, in the ultimate atoms. Just think, you can't rupture an atom. You can't split it in such a way as to destroy what holds it together. Now it is plain that it takes some kind of force to hold an atom together, to keep the substance intact. And when you try to think how many atoms there are (I know it makes your head swim) the sum total makes up a force so great as to be practically infinite. Well, my discovery disintegrates the atomic substance and liberates this enormous force; and when I learned how to preserve it by rotation I had it under enough control to do something with it."

"But how does it neutralize gravity?" I inquired.

"It don't, but my supplementary discovery does. This force I'm talking about is really gravity itself. Gravity is everywhere, you know, and makes each atom in the universe attract every other atom directly as its mass, and inversely as the square of the distance—"

"Yes, I know all that," I broke in, not wishing to waste time on well-known points.

"Well," continued Keely, "gravity is attractive only. It deals with the etheric attractions. But I have discovered the opposite half of the scheme, etheric repulsions. I can use my Sympathetic Transmitter to start the force rotating, or I can employ another device which I call my Repulsion Transmitter to directly overcome the other; that is to neutralize gravity itself, if need be."

This seemed wonderful, but my "control" made it appear simple. He explained that the ethero-plane would be equipped with a repulsion transmitter which would enable us to overcome gravity at once and so rise in the air, and far beyond the atmosphere. Here another question occurred to me—how would we move at the enormous velocity he had calculated?

"We will start with that," answered Keely. "We are already moving that fast, aren't we? Well, as we rise above the atmosphere, pushed up by the repulsions of the ether, we will still have that velocity of progress through space. This velocity we can increase by turning on more repulsion waves or vibrations; and we can slow down as desired when we reach the Martian atmosphere, by directing the repulsions properly."

Working steadily under Keely's direction, the great work drew near completion. Of course skilled mechanics were employed at times, but none knew what they were constructing. They saw only part of the whole. In the same way the different portions of our equipment were prepared, and the day came when the final work of assembling the machine and its strange freight was carried to a conclusion by myself and my weird guide. September 1, 1909, found us ready to start from my secluded workshop in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Pennsylvania.

There was no resemblance to a flying machine in the great ethero-plane as it rested quietly upon substantial supports beneath the open sky. The roof of my shop had been removed in preparation for our flight. The strange craft was something like a fish with two narrow ribs or wings extending along the sides. It was constructed throughout of the toughest gun metal, internally arched with strong curved ribs, and bound together by powerful bands. It weighed something over one hundred tons as calculated. Keely had explained very early in the work that weight had nothing to do with this kind of flying.

"Look at the sky," he said. "Don't you see all those stars? Aren't they the biggest, heaviest, solidest things in the universe? And don't they all sail round at velocities beyond imagination? The biggest, heaviest things in the universe move the fastest and make the least noise. Isn't that so? You've got to reconstruct all your ideas when you try to step out of matter and navigate in the sphere of mind."

He also explained that the ethero-plane needed great strength to withstand the force of the ether vibrations, as well as the repulsion waves on which so much depended. Then the ship, if I may so call it, had to offer full protection to me while moving through the practical vacuum of space, to confine the air needed for my support, and to protect the food and instruments, and all that. When I asked about living through so long a time, Keely replied:

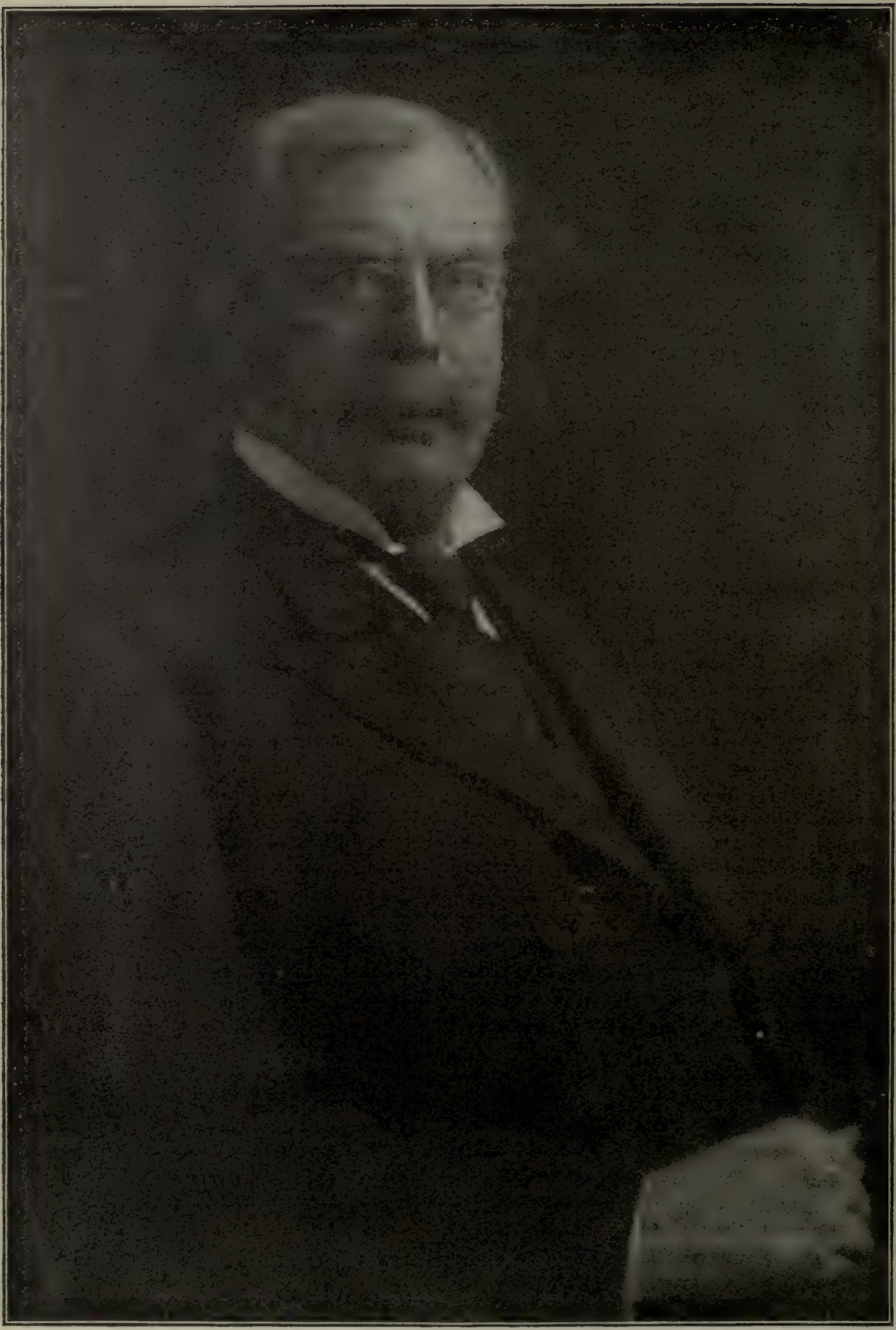
"That's got to be provided for. You want food enough for two months or more, and air enough to keep you going, except while you are on the planet Mars; there you can breathe as the Martians do; the atmosphere is not so dense as this, but you can manage to breathe it for a time without injury."

How to provide the necessary amount of air for the voyage seemed difficult. Here I was thrown on my own resources, for my "control" would not tell me everything. Many details were left to my own invention. In this matter I decided to carry out a number of cylinders of liquefied air. Jules Verne, Edgar Allan Poe, and all other premature explorers, resorted to chemicals for the production of oxygen, but they never saw liquefied air, nor thought of such a thing. Keely approved my idea at once, encouraging me when I spoke of the great weight of the confining cylinders, by declaring that such confinement, under tremendous pressure, had always been one of his best tricks, and reminding me that this expedition was not hampered in the least by weight.

"This thing of navigating the air is only limping a few baby steps," he declared. "Gee whillikins! Just wait till the time comes to publish what I left behind me, and the right man gets his hand on the vibrodyne. Then you'll see what atomic disintegration can do. Sailing round like a buzzard on those canvas wings is kindergarten work. If you want to really do something you've got to get round gravity altogether, and nothing will ever do that but my etheric repulsions."

As to provisions for the trip, I was determined to have no trouble, as so many explorers have experienced. I stored away in the hold two thousand pounds of pemmican, put up in Norway, and a hundred gross of canned vegetables of various kinds. I even threw in a variety of California fruits and some of Huyler's best candies, since it is a fact that sweetmeats are fine heat producers, and I might encounter pretty cold weather if I landed near the famous ice caps.

(*Continued in September number*)

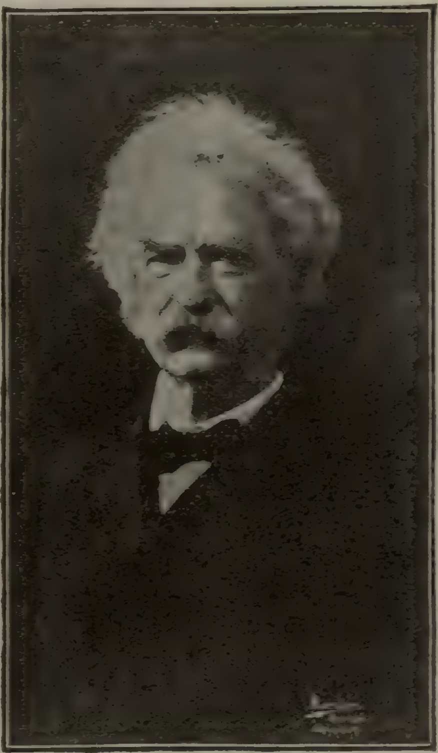


CONGRESSMAN HALVOR STEENERSON
of Minnesota

Flashlights of Public Men

By CLARENCE EDWARD CURTIS

ONCE upon a time William Howard Taft at Barnesville, Minnesota, told his audience that he "was glad to stand up by your tall Congressman and congratulate you on having such a representative. He does you honor in Washington, and looks after your interests, as I can assure you." He referred to Halvor Steenerson, and expressed a truth to the Congressman's constituency that is common knowledge throughout Washington.



THE LATE MARK TWAIN

Who sought the thanks of Congress after the age of seventy, that he might have the privilege of the floor of that body. He insisted that the House of Representatives was the greatest legislative body of the world

Mr. Steenerson has qualities that cannot fail to command success—he is first of all a tireless worker; but even more than this he is resourceful. When the War Department decided against establishing a reservoir at Red Lake in his district, after Mr. Steenerson had succeeded in incorporating a provision (subject to the approval of the Department), in the Rivers and Harbors Bill, the Congressman simply took another hitch on the proposition, lined up the Senators and Representatives from Minnesota and North Dakota, and marched his colleagues forward in solid array in support of a measure to embrace all the head-waters of the Red River of the North in a comprehensive general plan to establish a system of reservoirs that will regulate the streamflow in the interest of navigation and commerce, and prevent the disastrous floods that in recent years have destroyed millions of dollars in property. And the indications are that this latest move of Mr. Steenerson's in this direction is going to meet with success.

Mr. Steenerson was the pioneer in the advocacy of federal aid for the drainage of swamp lands. In January, 1906, he introduced bills; first, appropriating the proceeds of public land sales in the state of Minnesota, to form a permanent fund for the reclamation of swamp lands, and second, to provide for a drainage survey of all the ceded Indian lands in Minnesota. The last named bill became a part of the Indian appropriation law of 1906, and carried $10,000, and was continued in the two subsequent years, so that in 1909 the drainage survey was completed. This work was very thorough, costing about $30,000, and is the foundation upon which the present extensive drainage works are based. Although Congress might reasonably decline to appropriate money to reclaim lands already given away to the state it was urged by Mr. Steenerson that the swamp land grant did not apply to the ceded Indian lands in Minnesota, which were held in trust subject to entry at a price of four dollars, and some at $1.25 per acre, and as a result Congress, in 1908, passed the so-called Volstead bill which provides that unsold Indian lands and untaken public lands shall be subject to drainage assessment the same as if the property of a private person, with the proviso that purchasers at the tax sale of these lands must pay in addition to drainage assessment the amount due the Indians.

This has proven a very important law, for it enables the people themselves to reclaim all lands worth reclaiming. Over one thousand miles of drainage ditches under the new law are now in course of construction, and these will convert hundreds of thousands of acres of hitherto worthless and useless lands into cultivated farms and thousands of farm homes.

As Chairman of the Committee on the Militia, Congressman Steenerson has had charge of many matters of broad national legislation, and has been the author of a number of bills for the benefit of the militia. The Steenerson-Dick law was cited in the Republican national platform as one of the splendid accomplishments of the party. He favored the reform of the rules so as to take from the speaker the power to appoint the standing committees, and voted with the Insurgents in the late crisis in the House when the Speaker was removed from the powerful Committee on Rules, and in all important general legislation such as the tariff, and the regulation of railroads has been classed with progressive Republicans or Insurgents.

There are many reasons why men go to Congress—but the men who make their work a business after reaching Washington are the ones who ultimately succeed. In the case of the Minnesota Representative, he devotes 365 days a year to his district. He has been a powerful opponent of ship subsidies, not because of hostility to the upbuilding of the merchant marine, but because it was not the right way to accomplish that end, and because it involved the taking of millions out of the postal receipts at a time when the Department was trying in every way to economize to reduce the deficit, and because he wants every available dollar of postal receipts spent for extending and improving rural delivery service and better postal facilities to the people throughout the country. Although the older sections of the district are now pretty well covered by the rural service, it is his ambition to see the newer sections developed and occupied by settlers, so as to justify the extension of the rural service to every farm home.

Halvor Steenerson can certainly be counted as a successful Congressman, and whenever he wants anything in particular for his district he will get it sooner or later. If one plan doesn't work he invents a new system of approach, and with persistent determination keeps on the move until he lands what he goes after. His people at home have learned the force of such methods, and that is why they return him to Congress year after year.

* * *

AT the instant that I entered the Office of Ralph H. Cameron, Delegate to Congress from the Territory of Arizona, my gaze rested on a magnificent enlarged photograph of a mountain scene with a trail leading down its sides. The work was so clever that it might well have been claimed as the work of some famous artist who in the words of Kipling had been privileged to "splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair."

But it was not the clever photographer who did most of the "splashing," as I soon learned, but Ralph Cameron, builder of the Bright Angel Trail into the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. He then undertook a task that he had been told was impossible, but with axe, pick and shovel, and plenty of dynamite he metamorphosed a sheer descent down the mountain side into a very passable trail. It was originally a piece of mining enterprise, pure and simple, but annually for sixteen years it has been traveled by thousands of tourists, who thus secure one of the finest views obtainable anywhere, of the Grand Canyon and the Colorado River.

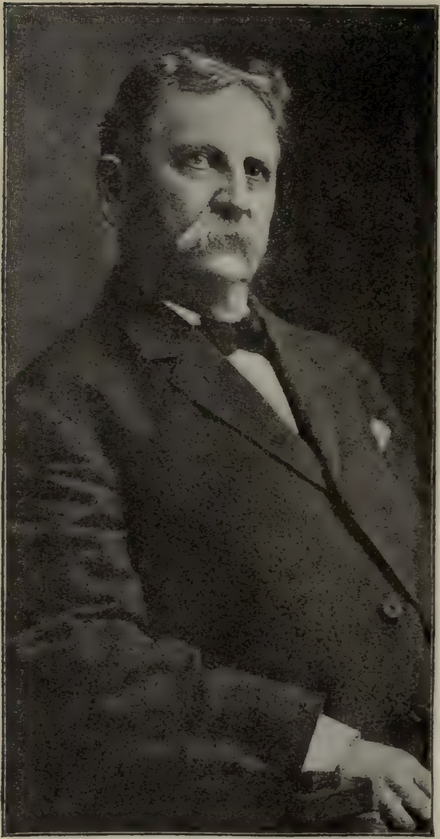
Later a railroad company claimed its "right of way" along this trail, and the matter dragged through the courts, the territorial legislature and the Interior Department, but Mr. Cameron won out all along the line.

While visiting with Mr. Cameron, he showed me a letter from Arizona appealing for his help in preventing the execution of an order establishing an Indian reservation in the very heart of a choice agricultural district of the territory, and as I read that letter my heart went out in sympathy to those brave pioneers who had gone into the far-away patches of arable land in that broken wilderness and established comfortable homes only to be threatened after years of industrious labor with the settlement among their holdings of bands of Indians. Uncle Sam, who usually looks so well after his children, had taken this action without consulting any of the white residents of the locality.

Arizona wants statehood, and some of the managers of the interests that have so long prevented the realization of this demand deserve to live forever without the ordinary privileges of full citizenship. Why, even the bond issue of a municipality for school houses or public buildings must be approved by Congress before it has any legal status; and the only representation of the Territory in the national legislature is a delegate who is without a vote. Arizona is as large as a half-dozen Eastern states—it has untold resources in agricultural lands that need only to be irrigated; its hills are pastured by thousands of cattle, and beneath its soil lie some of our country's richest mineral deposits. The things that the government can give to Arizona have been withheld for half a century, and the little aid granted the territory is obtainable only under the most cumbersome system imaginable. And yet while this condition exists in the national councils quite fortunately the people of Arizona have selected wisely, and Delegate Cameron continues his labors, cheerfully chasing around the numerous departments, appearing before committees, and shouldering all the burdens of his people in the national Capitol, in the same way as in those earlier days when he tracked train robbers and cattle thieves to earth as an Arizona sheriff, or at other periods of his life when he "kept store," or handled cattle or sheep. Delegate Cameron is largely interested in mining enterprises, and in the forty-six years of his life has had a variety of experiences in the West that would make a large and interesting volume. He will never cease working day and night for statehood, and when that is accomplished it is a safe guess to make that Ralph H. Cameron will remain at Washington and wear the "purple" in Uncle Sam's "House of Lords."

DELEGATE RALPH H. CAMERON
of Arizona

FROM the third Georgia district comes Hon. Dudley M. Hughes, a farmer by occupation, and one of his friends told me to add—also by nature, which was proven when the sturdy Congressman refused pointblank to doff his familiar felt hat on the occasion of attending the President's reception, declaring that his headwear was the badge of his occupation and therefore could not be cast aside even on momentous occasions of state.



CONGRESSMAN DUDLEY M. HUGHES
of Georgia

There are a good many people both in and out of Georgia that believe it to be the most progressive state of the South, but Congressman Hughes goes even farther than that and says that the claim is not even open to argument. He comes from the old district formerly represented by Speaker Crisp, and one of the fifteen counties he represents bears that name. It is distinctively an agricultural region and is rich in the production of cotton—and cotton, declares the Congressman, is the greatest crop grown on American soil. Mr. Hughes entered Congress on the fifteenth day of last March, and he had not taken his seat before the great fight to change the rules committee was precipitated. The delegation from his state was divided as to their course. "I went off to a place where I could not be disturbed, and thought it all out, and then I went back and cast my vote for a change in the procedure of the rules committee, and the policy indicated by this action has been my text ever since. And," he added, "it certainly was a warm initiation."

Congressman Hughes has made a speech on the tariff, and made a telling argument from the Democratic standpoint. As a member of the Public Lands Committee he takes a prominent part in matters of legislation that have attracted attention throughout the country. He is also a member of the Committee on Expenditures in the Interior Department where many items of national interest are disposed of. He has been identified with the great conservation legislation, and makes his influence felt in all measures affecting agriculture. He recently made a speech of great interest to the South, advocating the appropriation for the work of the agricultural department in stamping out the Mexican cotton boll weevil. The committee bill, which was passed, appropriates $255,000 for the work, but Mr. Hughes believes the appropriations for this purpose should be greatly increased, and he has suggested what seems to be the only practical solution yet advanced. The Agricultural Department and the experts admit that they have found no effective prevention for the onward march of the boll weevil, which each year travels east sixty miles, and which, unless checked, in three years will invade the great cotton fields of Georgia. "The government might just as well recognize that it is baffled," he told me, "and establish a system of zones and fight the progress of the boll weevil where it is already intrenched, and in this way prevent its onward march of destruction." His views are commanding earnest attention in the Department of Agriculture, and unless some effective method of destroying the enemy of cotton is devised, it is more than likely that before long his plan may be put into execution. The Agricultural Department, acting upon Mr. Hughes' recommendations, has done considerable departmental work in the third district in the way of agricultural lectures, in inspecting diseases in peach orchards. He has also secured about three hundred one-acre governmental agricultural stations, besides demonstrations in the manner of making better roads. An unusually large and effective supply of cotton seed was located and made available to meet an emergency among the agricultural interests of the district through his work in the Department.

Representative Hughes is an earnest advocate and careful student of all matters affecting educational matters, and was for many years trustee of his home school and of the Georgia Normal and Industrial College, and is now trustee of the University of Georgia and the State Agricultural College. He was also president of the Georgia State Agricultural Society for four terms.

Congressman Hughes has come to Washington with an expressed determination of making a business of serving the people in his official capacity in every possible way. He has missed only twelve roll calls since assuming his office, certainly a fine record in relation to faithful service.

His manner is smooth and pleasant, and he is regarded as a sort of champion story teller—but no one ever has mistaken him for being of a yielding disposition, and the people of his district have long known that when he has a fight on hand he makes the fur fly. And it goes almost without saying that he will be returned the coming session.

* * *

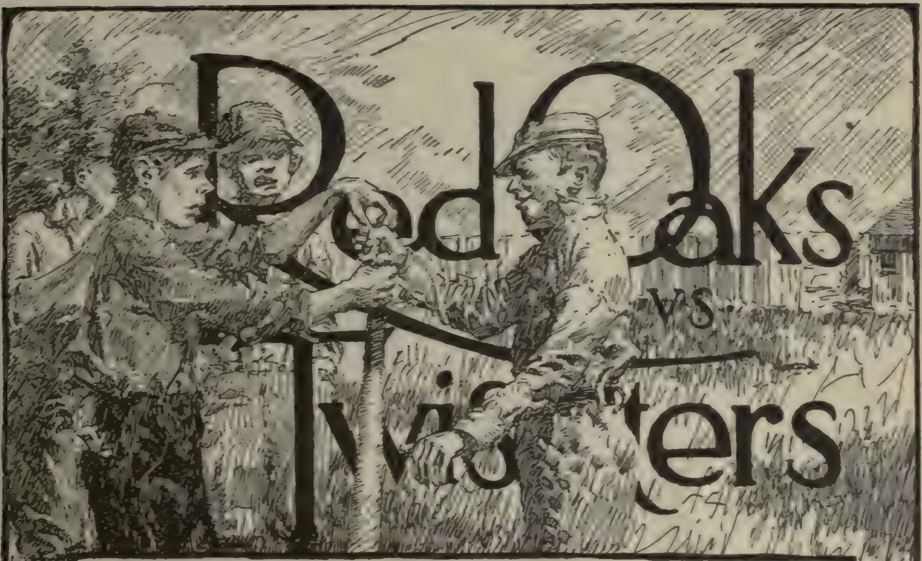
THERE are twice as many United States Senators from Idaho as Congressmen, and therefore it devolves upon Colonel Thomas R. Hamer to carry all the state's heavy burdens through the House of Representatives. Now Colonel Hamer has been in Washington only one term, and the fates have decreed in his case that he shall represent a comparatively small population but a very large territory; and Idaho is like other new sections of the country inasmuch as it needs a great deal in the way of legislation to bring about its proper development and care for the rich resources yet almost unknown to the rest of the country. The Republicans of Idaho perhaps realized that they had a big job to attend to and selected their man accordingly. The Washington view is that Colonel Hamer is attending to about as much as ordinarily falls to the lot of several Congressmen, and that he is doing a first-class piece of work. Colonel Hamer enlisted as a private in the Spanish-American War, and rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of his regiment. He became military governor of the Island of Cebu, and associate justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippines. This is his first session in Congress, but he has an acquaintance and influence that many men have not been able to attain in years.

CONGRESSMAN THOMAS R. HAMER
of Idaho

Idaho has immense wealth in the raw products that it furnishes, and in the formulation of the present tariff bill Colonel Hamer succeeded in securing a rate of one and one-half cents a pound on lead, after the bill had been practically completed and the schedule placed at one cent a pound. Wool, sugar-beets and lumber are the three other principal products and Uncle Sam has taken care of them all in the tariff schedules, but one of the principal reasons was that Colonel Hamer was on the job looking after his state's interests.

It is said that out in Idaho there is some criticism of their Congressman's alignment with the "regular" Republicans—but quite likely this is mostly campaign talk. True to the traditions and the policies of live Western men, Colonel Hamer early discovered the surest way to get what his state needed, and then he buckled to the task and began to land things. If such states as Idaho do not need tariff protection and a piece of the "pie" that is being handed out for reclamation and other great projects, then the functions of Congress might just as well be suspended; and the strong man who can strengthen a comparatively weak state would certainly be a dullard to come to Washington with any falsely framed notion that he is going to lead in a great wave of political reformation; that kind of thing may at this time have a certain degree of popularity, but it fails to fit in with the plans of practical Congressmen who have a great deal to ask for on behalf of thinly populated states. Idaho certainly possesses wonderful strength in both branches of Congress, and her progressive sons are putting the state on the map as it should be. Colonel Hamer is interested in a bill to restore eight hundred thousand acres of public school lands, lately included in the national forest reserve, to the state, and his enlarged homestead bill, which has also passed, provides for 320 acre dry farm entries, making available millions of acres of land in the state that otherwise would remain unsettled. The great reclamation projects of the West command the earnest attention of all such legislators as Colonel Hamer, and the representatives who can best forward this kind of legislation are performing a splendid service not only for their state but for the nation.

Idaho's Congressman is a type that one reads about, but does not meet every day—he "gets there;" and that certainly is a strong quality at the National Capital. A live wire counts for more in Washington than in any other spot on the Continent, and the Idaho Congressman happens to be one of that class, but he possesses the additional advantage of having the forceful Western way—and that makes him all the more valuable to his state.



Red Oaks vs Twisters

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

ONE summer day, 'twas Saturday, dread war was in the air,
The boys around all heard the sound—a battle cry "fer fair!"
"We'll lick 'em! Oh, we'll stick 'em! We'll wipe the very ground!
They can't play ball at all, at all!" And so it went around.

This fervid strife which grew so rife is simple to assign—
"Red Oaks" today were asked to play against the "Twisters'" nine
In chosen spot for battle hot;—a backyard lot between
A woodpile and a chicken house, where all would be serene.

With sturdy stride, deep voice applied, each Captain gathered in
His tousled, frowsled team-mates, for the game was to begin!
The umpire was an older lad whose years served him good stead
Should disputes dire enkindle fire with danger for his head.

The small score-boy, with radiant joy, held fast a slender stick,
A piece of pine, with corners fine for notching nick by nick.
The choice supreme of contest keen was settled as alway
By tossing bat, to catch it pat, and see "who had the say."

The toss was won by Freddie Dunn, and straightway, as of yore,
With sage dispose the "outs" he chose, to give Red Oaks last score.
His firm intent was of moment, for its importance grows—
It gives a chance "t' hitch yer pants," and rally at the close.

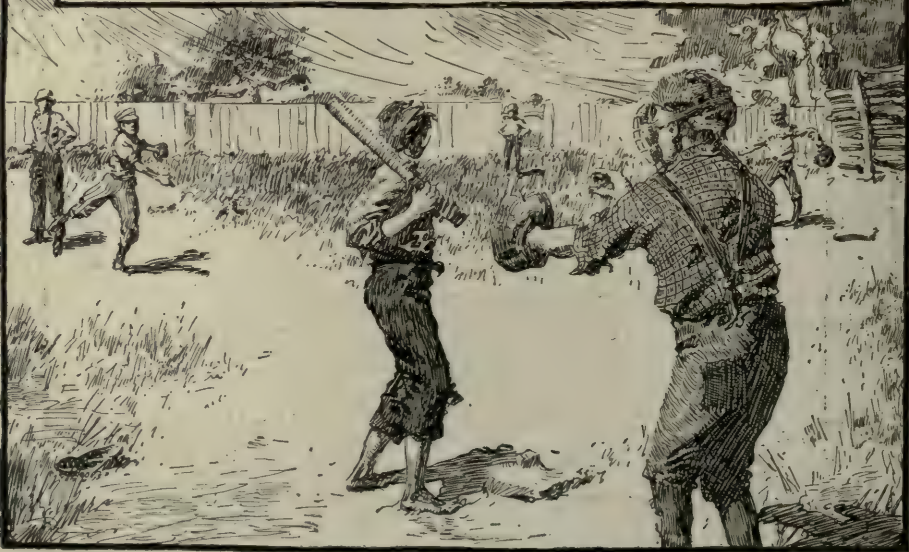
THE diamond there was laid with care; a plank at center place
Marked pitcher's box; four solid rocks fixed home and every base.
First base was in an awkward place—close by the woodpile hedge,
While down at third, commotion stirred a chicken coop on edge.

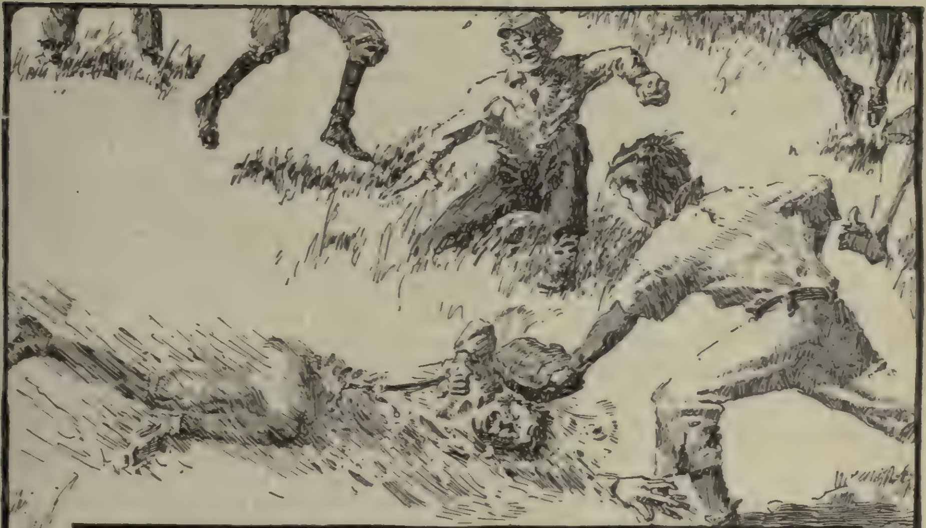
"Play ball!" the Umpire's cry roused all—his voice rang full and clear,
Each took his place with firm-set face; the batter showed no fear.
"Come on, Jim Hall! Just swat the ball!" the Twisters yelled in glee,
Jim "lined 'er out—a fearful clout!"—a "liner" hard to see.

Next Johnnie Knapp was up at bat; he swayed it to and fro
The selfsame way big leaguers play before they "let 'er go."
"Strike one!" The Umpire count begun—and still waved on the bat,
"Strike two!" A deathlike stillness grew; upon his hands John spat.

A mighty cheer then rent the air. "Now show 'em what you're 'bout!"
The pitcher tall served up the ball—"Strike three! And batter out!"
"You wall-eyed pike! Why, that's no strike!" A wrathful murmur rose—
"A mile too high! Most reached the sky!" "Hey, paste him on the nose!"

The Umpire calm felt no alarm; "Play ball!" was his command.
One more, at that, came up to bat; alas! he, too, was "fanned."
Two men were gone; a third was up in effort to score Jim,
Despite his zest, he joined the rest; a "grounder" ended him.





THE third man out? With lusty shout, Red Oaks' first batsman came;
"Now, fellers, we must bang 'er, see? We're goin' t' win this game!"
The catcher masked was heavy tasked to watch the gestures quick
Which signalled curves and clever swerves of Twisters' Slimmy Dick.

Across the plate, to catcher straight the ball flew—"Dandy, that!"
Into the mitt without a hit—"Say, holes 're in yer bat!"
Thus forth and back, without a whack—(two down and no one spoke)
A sudden flash; an awful smash—"Great Snakes! The blame bat broke!"

The ball was where? They gazed mid-air; the outfield chased full well;
With final swoop, in chicken coop the flying baseball fell.
With dash and leap, the boy dug deep to get the ball, and quick
His arm he swung, and firmly flung to cut the "home run lick."

Down at home plate, to save their fate, the catcher jumped about,
In warlike dance, while there was chance to touch the runner out!
What was this that came shooting back, straight forward to his mitt?
Although struck dumb, he watched it come, and grimly "froze to it."

Alas! What waste marks undue haste! Who would have so mistrusted?
The thing he caught great havoc wrought; It was an egg!—"'n busted!"
He dropped the shell; it forthwith fell upon the upturned face
Of runner who had just slid through to try to make his base.

THE fielder's fault!—this rank assault caused trouble 'round about;
The Umpire saw the spatter raw, and hollered loud, "You're out!"
"Oh, rotten!" "Biff 'im!" "Rank!" "He's safe!" The air was full of cries.
The Umpire's fun had just begun. The catcher wiped his eyes.

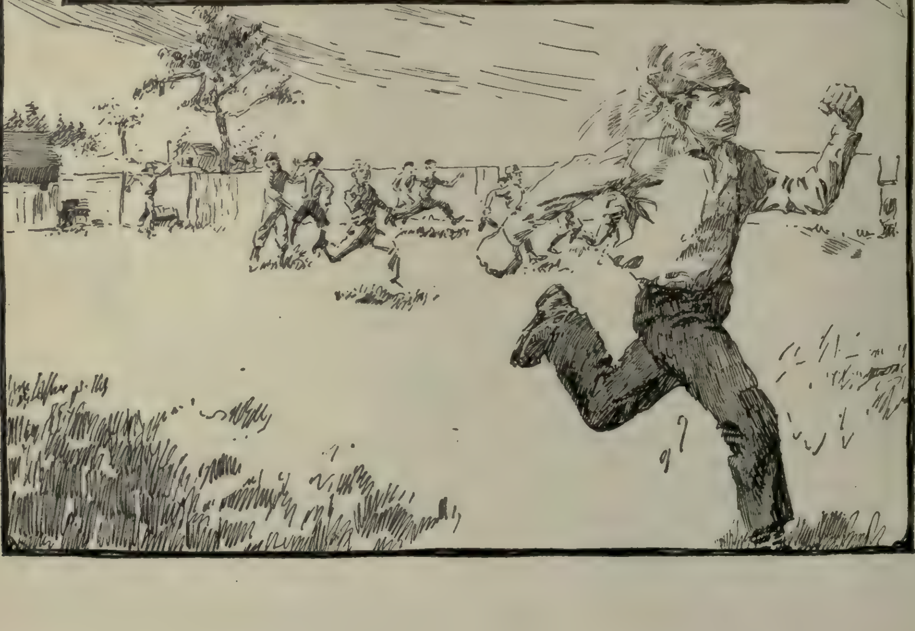
Again the call "Play ball! Play ball!" The Umpire wore a grin.
"I guess I'll have to 'call' this game unless you will begin!"
A solemn spell of silence fell; and then with sudden whoop
The Red Oaks' team with threatening mien rushed in the chicken coop.

A moment more, and out the door they piled with eggs well armed,
To "give it to" the Umpire, who grew rapidly alarmed.
He had not planned to thus withstand a wild onslaught of eggs,
And as he turned, he fairly burned the ground with flying legs.

Just then the owner of the coop came suddenly to view.
"See here, you kids! Who stole my eggs?" They dropped all things and flew
Red Oaks and Twisters, friends and foes, got mixed up in retreat,
'Cross field and lot, the game forgot, they dashed with scamp'ring feet.

* * * * *

So if some day, some blithesome day, you hear a warlike noise,
You'll know it's just a "baseball scrap" between some lively boys.



MUSIC FOR THE SUMMERTIME

By FREDERICK HULZMANN

NOW that the comet and its supplement, the tail, have receded into dim distance, residents in the United States have a few leisure moments in which to bend their thoughts earthwards again, and devote a little attention to music and the gentle arts. Singularly appropriate, in this connection, is the "Flying Dutchman Overture," a resume of Wagner's "Fliegende Hollander," which is pronounced by many music-lovers as the most popular of the Wagner operas. It is featured in the Victor list for July.

All the varied emotions of this world of change are called up in the miniature drama brought before the mind's eye by Arthur Pryor's Band. Included in its excellent work is the new "Arcade Girl March," of Mr. Pryor's own composition, which is listed this month.

Immediate success is promised for the popular Medleys (Pryor's Band) No. 4 and No. 5, double-faced record. Themes of eight of the popular songs of the day are included: "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet," "My Hero," "By the Light of the Silv'ry Moon," and "What's the Matter with Father," on No. 4; "On a Monkey Honeymoon," "Beautiful Eyes," "Good Night, Dear," and "Don't Take Me Home" on No. 5. One of Lampe's best Two-steps, "Happy Go Lucky," played by the Pryor organization, is coupled with the "Naila Intermezzo" from the Delibes ballet, played by Signor Frosini.

The revival of old college songs is a movement that deserves particular success. This month the Victor records the "Yale Boola March," formed on the old "Boola" air which seems to antedate the first college in the country. On the opposite side of the record is "What's the Matter with Father?" in true Billy Murray style.

Ernest Ball's new ballad, "My Heart Has Learned to Love You," and Lincke's "Glow-Worm," compose an especially good 10-inch record; the "Alabama Minstrels" and "Old Heidelberg" (A Trip Up the Rhine), on 12-inch record, furnish good variety. "Daffydils," sung by Miss Bayes, and "Back to My Old Home Town," Mr. Norworth, keep up the Bayes-Norworth reputation for capital entertainment.

The advanced student of pianoforte will appreciate the Grunfeld record—"Etude de la Tarantella, op. 47," of Mr. Grunfeld's composition. Another artistic production is Hauser's "Cradle Song," rendered by Victor Sorlin, the famous 'cellist, with pianoforte accompaniment by C. H. H. Booth. It is a pleasure to learn that Harry Anthony and James F. Harrison have been engaged by the Victor Company for a series of duets. Their introductory record is Campana's "See the Pale Moon."

Announcement of Geraldine Farrar's two records sung in English is indeed a treat. Her art voiced in the old Scottish melody, "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon" would have gladdened the heart of Burns himself. The second Farrar record, "My Old Kentucky Home," represents a coveted height in American musical progress—an American song by an American composer, sung by an American prima donna. On the extensive "Red Seal" list the leading Grand Opera artists are found in some of the famous roles.

"Red, White and Blue," "America," "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Dixie," specially arranged and played by the New York Military Band and Premier Quartette, are combined by the Edison company in the record "Patriotic Songs of America," a timely offering for "The Fourth." Then there is "'The Star Spangled Banner," played by the United States Band with the embellishments that grace it on occasions when the President greets the public. Surely no Edison owner will wish to be compromised as was the young pianist who at a certain Independence Day Festival entertained his audience with "God Save the King," "The Watch on the Rhine," "Santa Lucia," and the "Marseillaise," and could think of nothing more appropriate than "Auld Lang Syne," when asked for "something of our own."

An interesting record is "Favorite Airs from 'Mikado.'" Well-known Edison artists are listed in the caste of this familiar Gilbert & Sullivan opera, and the music is quite as good as when originally rendered from the stage. Of present-day light opera music, the best numbers from "Old Dutch," the musical comedy with which Lew Fields has entertained American theatre-goers, are skilfully played by Victor Herbert and his Orchestra; record listed "Selections from Old Dutch." Separate records have been issued for two of the "Jolly Bachelors" hits—"Savannah," sung by Miss Mayhew, and "Come Along My Mandy," Ada Jones and Billy Murray.

Some representative Slavonic music is played by Sousa's Band—record, "Slavonic Rhapsody," amberol. The standard Sousa record is "Mondaine—Valse Berceuse."

The profusion of comic selections listed will doubtless reign supreme during the warm months. "Mrs. Clancy's Boarding House," a vaudeville sketch, is irresistible. Needless to say, the Clancy diet furnishes the point of discussion. Breathless adventures are recounted in "Mister Pat O'Hare," and "Flanagan in Central Park." Ada Jones and Len Spencer are peerless as "Mr. and Mrs. Malone," in record of that title. Nor is Mr. Spencer confined to Gaelic impersonation — his versatility is proven in "Hezekiah Hopkins Comes to Town."

Some favorite Grand Opera selections are among the amberol records: Rossini's "Barbiere di Siviglia-Ecco ridente in cielo," in Italian, Florencio Constantino, Tenor; Meyerbeer's "Huguenots—Piff Paff," in Italian, Luigi Lucenti, bass; Saint-Saens's "Samson et Delila—Mon coeur s'omre," in French, Marie Delna, contralto; Leoncavallo's "Zaza—Dir che ci sono al mondo," in Italian, Carmen Melis, soprano; Bizet's "Carmen—Seguediglia," in French, Marguerita Sylva, soprano.

With performers who are numbered among the best artists in Grand Opera, a chorus which has given splendid support and an audience capable of appreciating the high-water mark in music, the Boston Opera House has indeed been a phenomenal success. Particular interest attaches itself to the Columbia announcement that Ramon Blanchart, the leading baritone of the new house of opera, has contracted to sing exclusively for Columbia records. Opera-goers know Blanchart—his wonderful baritone voice has already captivated audiences on four of the continents. His record "Pescator affonda l'esca," the charming barcarolle of "La Gioconda" has been faultlessly recorded. Opportunity to know the Boston Opera male chorus is afforded by their rendition of "Desponiam il brando," the soldiers' chorus in "Faust."

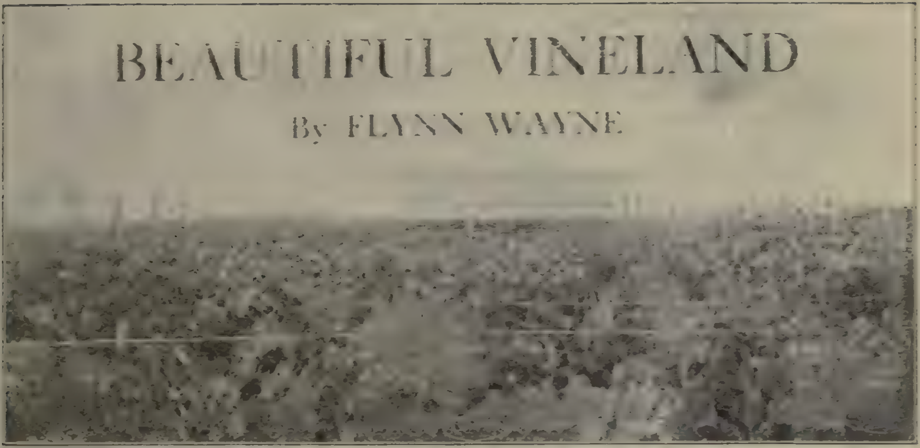
Prince's Band has done good work in rendering Tschaikowsky's "Overture 1812," which brings one back to Napoleonic days. The recording of this selection calls for infinite skill. Meyerbeer's first "Fackeltanz," written for the nuptials of the King of Bavaria to the Princess Wilhelmine of Prussia, is played on the reverse side of the record (Prince's Band).

To "liven up a company for an entire evening," the Columbia Company suggests the double-disc in which "My Uncle's Farm" is coupled with a new minstrel selection which embodies "Linder Green," "Fly, Fly, Fly," and "My Rosy Rambler." A choice of records to add to the "livening": (double-disc)—"Alexander and his Clarinet," Collins and Harlan, and "Nora Malone," Byron G. Harlan; "Mrs. Casey," Ada Jones, and "I'm Afraid of You," Mr. Harlan; "Stop that Rag," Collins and Harlan, and "The Girl with a Brogue," Ada Jones. A laugh is also provoked by "Shaky Eyes," Arthur Collins, "I'm On My Way to Reno," Fred Duprez, or "He's A College Boy," Potter and Chorus.

Evidence that the Mayor of Boston is not alone in his regard for Armstrong's popular ballad of three or four summers ago comes with the listing of "Sweet Adeline," among the two-minute cylinder records. Since their municipal executive does not go in for record-making, doubtless Bostonians will be content with Stanley Kirby's excellent rendition.

BEAUTIFUL VINELAND

By FLYNN WAYNE



THE GREAT VINEYARDS OF VINELAND HANG HEAVY WITH GRAPES

CLOSE by the traveled highway between Atlantic City and Philadelphia lies a little city whose broad streets, luxuriant shade trees, foliage, plants and shrubs have secured for it the title "Beautiful Vineland." About half a century ago the municipality was laid out one mile square in the midst of Vineland Tract, which had been famous for years as the center of grape culture in the United States. On either side of the shady streets happy-looking homes border the sidewalk, standing in their own lawns, amid flowerbeds and shrubbery; most of the houses are built at a uniform distance of seventy-five feet from the road, and the Vineland idea of space, beauty and symmetry is embodied in the entire borough. Its two hundred miles of well-kept roads are ideal for driving or motoring, and these delightful outdoor recreations are a feature of Vineland life.

Most cities, like Topsy, "just growed," but Vineland was laid out with a specific plan and purpose to accord with the ideals of its founder, Charles K. Landis, who desired to retain nature's bounties and beauties by providing certain regulations in the town's charter, including the prohibition of alcoholic and intoxicating liquors. Thus the quiet and orderly surroundings of a true "home" town are preserved, while men of unbridled appetites have little opportunity to impoverish their families. Here a few privileged individuals cannot become inordinately rich at the expense of the majority, and Vineland, escaping both the aggressive land speculator and the ambitious promoter, has developed along the normal lines of a conservative municipality.

The town owns and operates its own water, electric light and sewerage plants, the last pronounced by government experts to be a model of sanitation. No case of typhoid has ever been caused by the municipal water supply which is pumped from beneath two stratas of clay, and comes to the consumer cool and free of any contaminating matter.

* * *

Vineland enjoys the ideal climate of the Jersey Pine Belt, made famous by the Lakewood tourist resorts. In the winter the influence of the gulf stream tempers the northern blasts; in the summer Vineland is swept by the Atlantic Coast bracing, invigorating sea breezes, while its elevation places the city beyond the reach of sea fogs and damp, and no case of malaria has ever been known to originate there.

Situated thirty-four miles from Philadelphia and connected by both steam and electric trains, many of that city's business men have established their homes in Vineland and enjoy its superior climatic, school, church—nineteen in number, representing all denominations—and social advantages. A beautiful public park of forty acres is an ideal recreation ground.

A direct line lands passengers in New York in three hours, and rural free delivery covering the entire Vineland tract affords an easy and convenient means of communication at all times. Manual training, now so important a factor in educational lines, was introduced in Vineland schools before it was adopted anywhere else in the United States, and is still one of the best-conducted departments in the educational system. The twenty-four modern school buildings of Vineland are so located as to be of easy access to all parts of the tract, and a central high school graduates students who may enter any of the leading colleges on certificate. An excellent Public Library and a new auditorium are important adjuncts to the educational advantage of Vineland.

ALONG THE SHADY STREETS OF VINELAND

The ideal healthful surroundings of the city have drawn to it several New Jersey state institutions, including the Home for Soldiers, Sailors and Marines and the State Home for the Care and Training of Feeble-minded Girls and Women.

A private institution doing a great national work is the Training School for Feeble-Minded Girls and Boys, which stands a mile outside the city on a highly developed farm of several hundred acres. The superintendent has under his care nearly five hundred persons, representing almost every country on the globe. Under his management the institution has aided much in solving the problem of the education and occupation of weak-minded children; his wards are taught that they play an important part in carrying on scientific experiments in agriculture. Vineland has attained distinction through a summer school for teachers conducted by this institution which teaches instructors its methods of training children. Every year this school is crowded with teachers who desire to introduce this system in their home cities. The sentiment, "Justice to the backward child" is fast taking root in the up-to-date schools of the country, and is being advocated by doctors, clergymen and school teachers, all of whom are deeply interested in the practical Vineland methods.

The Women's Feeble Minded Institute of New Jersey, which is located at Vineland, is one of the finest institutions of its kind in the country, and is an excellent example of what can be done by state appropriation in the care of its feeble-minded. The broad acres surrounding the institution give ample opportunity for the cultivation of the soil, which not only furnishes a diverting occupation for the wards, but helps to no small extent in defraying the expenses of the institution.

* * *

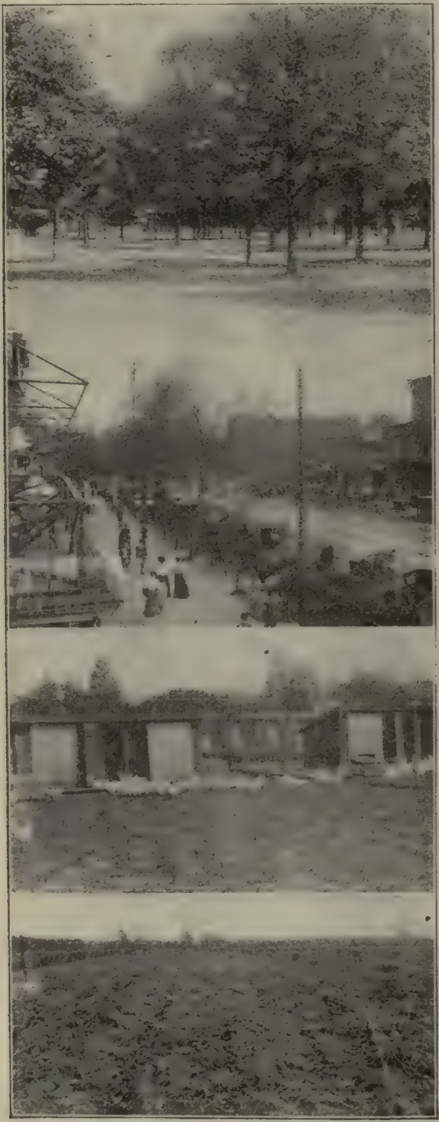
"Beautiful Vineland" affords remarkable resources and marketing facilities. In addition to the borough of Vineland and Millville, a manufacturing city of sixteen thousand which adjoins the Vineland tract on the south, the seashore resorts—Atlantic City, Wildwood and Cape May—are but an hour's ride from the busy little center and demand increased supplies annually. Peas, strawberries, blackberries, tomatoes and sweet potatoes are raised in abundance. Produce shipped to New York in the evening by ordinary freight is in that market at midnight of the same day, and Vineland produce is well and favorably known in every city in the East. Buyers are constantly at hand for all kinds of produce. As the name implies, Vineland is a land of productive vineyards—peach, pear and other fruits—and though private holdings seldom exceed thirty acres, more often five to ten, the well-kept grape fields and orchards are contiguous and stretch forth until they are lost to the eye in the undulations of the distant horizon.

* * *

The soil, the climate and other conditions combine to make this the very heart of America's best grape-growing section. Small fruits of all kinds also flourish and attain superlative quality and flavor, commanding high prices in the almost limitless markets of Philadelphia, New York and nearby cities. Strawberries, raspberries, pears, peaches, etc., all seem indigenous to the warm well-drained soil, which attains its maximum elevation here, 121 feet above sea level, the highest land in Southern New Jersey. Already about eleven thousand inhabitants make their home in thriving Vineland. Manufacturers are numerous, and well-paid labor causes money to circulate freely. Three banks with aggregate deposits of nearly two million dollars offer exceptional banking facilities, and a strong building and loan association of over thirty years' successful operation, through which numbers of homes have been pur-

THE NEW AUDITORIUM, VINELAND

chased, has shares to the amount of over a quarter of a million dollars. Some of the western cities with ten times the population might proudly boast if they possessed the varied industries of Vineland, where already the hum of over thirty factories is heard. Shoes, shoe machinery, hardware, glass, cut glass, pearl buttons, clothing, hosiery, gloves, paper boxes, self-setting planes, "Jersey" vises, macaroni and other products are manufactured here. An iron foundry, extensive lumber yards, planing mills, brickyards and machine shops furnish varied employment, and the contented condition of labor is evidenced by the absence of strikes and other difficulties.



A view in Vineland's forty-acre park. The farmers come from miles around to do their trading at Vineland stores. Poultry-raising on the small farms is a popular industry in Vineland. A harvest of the famous Vineland sweet potatoes.

But, more for the welfare of future Vineland than any of these wide-awake industries, there is a progressive, active Board of Trade, composed of seventy-five alert business men who work in harmony for the interests of the town at large. An office is maintained in the heart of the town, and its Secretary, Mr. George R. Martin, a former business man of New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburg, gives valuable information and assistance gratuitously to individuals and firms that contemplate locating within the district.

Like the regulation country city, Vineland draws a trading population for twenty miles around. An impressive sight to the visitor is the main street (one hundred feet wide), certain days of the week, lined on both sides by the vehicles of out-of-town buyers who come to shop at the large, well-stocked stores. The whole avenue is a bustling panorama of carriages, wagons, automobiles, motorcycles and bicycles. The combination of good roads and up-to-date stores not only encourages shopping, but ensures a large selection of fresh goods at low prices.

One of the leading industries is the making and marketing of Vineland Grape Juice, which has been extensively imitated; but Vineland Grape Juice is unique, retaining all the nurture and delicious flavor of the grape without the use of chemicals or other extraneous matter. The Vineland Grape Juice Company's tract comprises 110 acres, and in connection with it is the United States Agricultural Department Experiment Vineyard of the Middle States. Not only are the cultivation, care and propagation of all possible species of grapes carefully noted, but an exhaustive research is conducted for the prevention and cure of blight.

The vines are propagated by "cuttings" from growths one year old. Each cutting comprises at least two "eyes" or buds, one of which must be buried deep enough in the earth to ensure rooting. The cuttings are first planted in rows a few inches apart, and the next year are ready for transplanting. Supporting stakes are erected parallel with each row of young vines, which are trained to grow on horizontal wires. In the third year the vines begin to bear and usually reach their full fruition in the fifth year. Cultivation is carried on by the methods applied to other crops—a horse and A-shaped cultivator keep the soil loose and the weeds in subjection. From three to nine tons of grapes are produced to the acre, and these, gathered in their sweetly ripened perfection, are taken to the juice mill, where the rich, purple "blood" is carefully pressed out. Up to the present time the famous Concord grapes have held pre-eminence as the hardiest and most prolific yielders, but the Ives Seedling is a close second. Both vines were propagated by the same famous arbor-culturist, the late Mr. Ephraim Wales Bull, of Concord, Massachusetts.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, VINELAND

Vineland is by no means exclusively a grape and small fruit town; here, too, the succulent New Jersey sweet potato grows abundantly. Many carloads are sent to outside markets, and so well known is the Vineland sweet potato that it will command from seventy-five cents to a dollar per barrel more than those from other sections. The canning of sweet potatoes is a flourishing business. Millions of cans are sent West, and to far-off foreign markets, where the highest prices are obtained. To one unfamiliar with sweet potato culture, the tenacity of life shown by the "sprouts" is surprising. In growing sweet potatoes the tubers are first planted in hotbeds. As the sprouts come up thickly they resemble young bean plants, and when five to seven inches tall are broken off the potatoes, and dropped in rows at regular distances. Following the "dropper" a man with long-handled wooden tongs picks up each plant and thrusts it half covered into the soil. A stamp upon it with his heel or toe compresses the soil sufficiently, and the vitality of the little plant ensures growth in almost every case.

* * *

The rapid growth and close proximity of seaside resorts afford Vineland an exceptional incentive for poultry farming, and many plots of a few acres are utilized for this industry. The summer residents on the Jersey coast are always in the market for fresh eggs and broilers, and are willing to pay good prices for them. For years Vineland has forged ahead in the poultry business until today it occupies one of the leading positions in that line. There is a strong Grange; a Farmers' Grange which attends to the shipments out of town, and a Poultry Association of over three hundred members which arranges for the sale of eggs. One of their contracts pays a premium on all eggs that can be furnished, and the Association collects the eggs direct from the henneries, paying the following week. An annual poultry show is held at which prizes are awarded, and the regular meetings of the Poultry Association are well attended by the energetic poultry farmers.

For developed and undeveloped opportunities it has always been true that the East offers environments whose attractiveness cannot be duplicated in any other locality. If it were possible to take homeseekers today to the summit of some commanding mountain and show them all the United States, it is probable that the little city of Vineland, New Jersey, would attract thousands of homeseekers from the North, West and South. Centered in the most thickly populated section of the country, Vineland has Eastern conveniences coupled with Western possibilities. In such an environment life is worth living, and hale old age, the universal desire of man, is granted to citizens of Vineland.

HE FOUND IT

A WELL-KNOWN Indiana man,
One dark night last week,
Went to the cellar with a match
In search of a gas leak.
(He found it.)

John Welch by curiosity
(Dispatches state) was goaded;
He squinted in his old shotgun
To see if it was loaded.
(It was.)

A man in Macon stopped to watch
A patent cigar clipper;
He wondered if his finger was
Not quicker than the nipper.
(It wasn't.)

A Maine man read that human eyes
Of hypnotism were full;
He went to see if it would work
Upon an angry bull.
(It wouldn't.)

—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

California Oil As an Investment

by Bennett Chapple

PROBABLY no developing industry in the world creates such intense interest and excitement as a new oil field where gushers are brought in, pouring out thousands of dollars worth of oil every day, and where fortunes are made sometimes in an hour.

The attention of the whole world is directed at the present time to the great oil industry of California, which has grown to such prodigious proportions as to surpass in value the combined production of the gold, silver, lead and copper of the state.

In 1909 California produced $20,000,000 in gold, $25,000,000 in lumber, $31,000,000 in citrous fruits and nearly $34,000,000 in crude oil, making it by far the greatest oil-producing state in the Union. The companies operating in the numerous fields of California have paid dividends in the past ten years amounting to over $46,000,000. According to a report issued by the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, forty-nine companies paid dividends for the month of May of this year amounting to $1,336,303.57.

California, the Golden State, has entered the third golden era of its history, the era of oil, and while this third golden age is but new born, it is, even in its toddling infancy, the greatest of the three; greater by far than the first era of gold, when California's mountain sides and river gorges swarmed with men lured by visions of fabulous wealth; greater by far than that other gorgeous golden age that followed the miners' stampede, the era of golden oranges and golden wheat, of fruits and grains.

Oil is greatest not in romance, not in history, but greatest of all in dollars and cents, in material wealth added to civilization's store. Within the past eight or ten years, the industry has yielded the enormous total of 321,900,000 barrels of a market value estimated at the tremendous total of $159,600,000. Nowhere else in the history of industrial activities in the world is there anything to compare with this great record of California's greatest industry, and the beauty of it all is that it is not owned by one man, by one set of men, by one combination of capitalists, but hundreds of thousands of people in all parts of the United States and England own the stock of the various companies operating in the field. London has invested millions. New England and the Middle States are just beginning to realize the importance of the industry and its enormous money-making possibilities.

The center of attraction at the present time is in the Midway fields of California thirty-five miles southwest of Bakersfield where several gushers have been brought in during the last few months over a section ten miles long, thus adding thousands of acres to the present proven oil fields. Gushers of large and small capacity abound in this new field, which is about two years old.

Some flow 1,000 barrels a day, others 5,000 to 40,000, but the record breaker thus far not only in this field but in the world is the Lakeview gusher, which started March 14, and at the present writing is doing 61,000 barrels per day. The oil of this well has an average value of sixty cents per barrel.

It is no wonder that such developments as this should create great interest and excitement. Many stories could be told of fortunate investors holding stock in companies which struck oil and how their stock went from a few cents a share to as many dollars a share. The stock of the Lakeview Oil Company went begging at twenty-five cents a share, but after the gusher came in was quoted at from $15 to $20 a share. One stockholder placed his stock with a broker the day before the gusher was encountered, and was greatly disappointed when told it had no market. The next morning he found himself worth more than $50,000 in this stock alone, the increase taking place in practically an hour's time.

The growth of the oil industry of California has been so steady that comparatively few people have realized its importance or the tremendous profits to be derived from an investment in the shares of the companies.

$1,000 invested in common stock of the American Petroleum Company two years ago, is paying $1,600 per year in dividends, and the shares can now be sold for $10,000.

$1,000 invested in Lucile Stock a few years ago, is returning $8,000 per year in dividends, and the shares can now be sold for $73,326.

$1,000 invested in the stock of the Fullerton Oil Company will this year earn $5,000, and the shares can now be sold for $60,800.

$1,000 invested in Pinal at sixty cents per share has paid in dividends as much as $2,988 per year, and the shares could then have been sold for $44,800. That $1,000 is now earning $1,900 per year in dividends.

$1,000 invested in Sterling at thirty cents per share is returning $4,333 per year in dividends, and the shares can now be sold for $12,300.

$1,000 invested in the stock of the Claremont, only a comparatively short time ago, is returning $1,598 in dividends, and the shares can now be sold for $13,653.

$1,000 invested in Illinois Crude a few months ago at twenty-five cents per share is now paying at the rate of $960 per year in dividends, and the shares can be sold for $2,240.

$1,000 invested in the shares of the Monto Cristo Oil Company has paid in dividends as much as $3,600 per year, and the shares can even now be sold for $15,000.

These are a few illustrations that come readily to mind. There are many more that a little investigation will bring forth.

But the little illustrations given show that only $1,000 invested in these shares when the price was low in most cases returned the investor a comfortable income, while in several cases the holdings themselves, if sold at the market, would realize an independent fortune.

Fortunes have been made and fortunes will continue to be made from investment in shares of the California oil companies.

Crude oil is the power that turns the wheels of industry for 4,000 miles up and down the Pacific Coast line from Nome to Valparaiso and from as far east as the Rockies and west to Siberia. The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe Railroads use crude oil in their locomotives exclusively. The Northern Pacific is arranging to do likewise. The demand is rapidly increasing. The Harvard and Yale steamers plying between New York and Boston are already using crude oil. The English navy is converting its war ships to burn crude oil and the United States Navy is experimenting with a view to adopting it.

Every reader of this article will no doubt be interested to know how he can acquire an interest in this great industry with a reasonable assurance of safety for his investment. There are questionable oil stocks exploited through the public press and elsewhere, and one should exercise caution in investing their money. One of the best investments offered today is that of the Midway-Pacific Oil Company owning outright 400 acres in the great Midway field in the very heart of the gusher territory. This company's stock is offered for subscription at thirty-five per cent of its par value, prior to listing on the New York and Boston Curbs, the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board and the Los Angeles Stock Exchange. Rogers-Norton Company of 45 Exchange Place, New York, are the authorized fiscal representatives of the company and will mail full particulars, maps, etc., to any one requesting same. In order to get some of this stock at the present price, it will be necessary to apply at once.

GOVERNOR GEORGE W. DONAGHEY
ARKANSAS

"Even Halley's Comet seemed to stand still when I tried to persuade it into a race"
See "Just Back from Mars" (page 653).

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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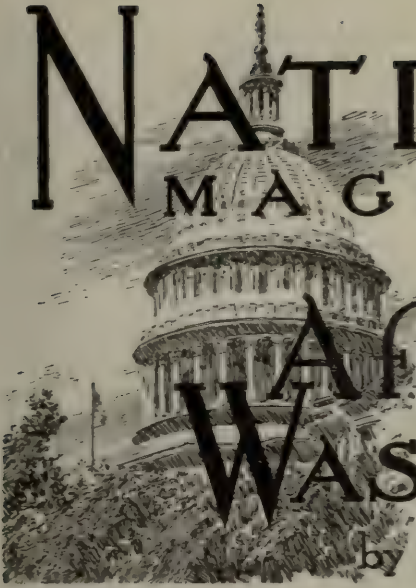

Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE meeting of Theodore Roosevelt and President Taft at the Beverly "summer capital" must have disappointed the busybodies who prophesied that a wide chasm would yawn between the two friends when they next met. As a sequel to his reception in New York, the Ex-President came to Harvard and mingled in the scenes associated with the sweet and tender memories of his college career. His visit to Senator Lodge, at Nahant, was the first real recreation he had tasted for months. As the automobile whizzed along the Puritan Road to Beverly, the crowds could not resist the impulse to give hearty greeting to Colonel Roosevelt. For now it is strictly "Colonel," the title which he enjoys most of all. Bowing here and there, with a hearty wave of the hand, which each one felt was intended for him alone, he arrived at the gates at Burgess Point. A sign admonished all courses, "Automobiles go slowly and blow your horns," a warning upon which certain unregenerate newspaper men commented, saying that in the case of some visiting parties the latter part of the instruction was not needed.

Ladies in gorgeous equipages drove up to make calls, but the secret service men had strict orders and were obedient—emphatically no one could enter that day, for the house was reserved for the meeting of the two old friends. A hearty handclasp in one corner of the veranda, and then they were left alone and stood looking out over the wide expanse of ocean, talking as only old friends can talk. As the Colonel expressed it, he had "a bully time." The meeting forever set at rest the wild rumors about, his running for governor, and asking for a recall of the appointment of Governor Hughes as Justice of the Supreme Court.

The people waited patiently for the Colonel to return from his two hours' visit, during which he took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Taft and a pleasant talk in the hearty old fashion when he was President, and his host was acting under his orders.

With pointed finger and emphatic gesture, the Colonel greeted the old-time newsgatherers. No public man in history has ever been able to furnish copy to such an extent, and yet say nothing that could cause eruptions. At close range it is seen that his eyes are clear and blue, with a suggestion of physical force and decided will which deepens admiration for the man. Every movement, every gesture seems born of sincerity. No wonder the tops of the stone walls were lined with residents watching for a peep at the indomitable Colonel Roosevelt. The photographers had a busy time as they faced Colonel Roosevelt and he exclaimed: "Oh, you miscreants!" Within the last seven years he has been bombarded by camera fiends on almost every continent and there is no shyness left in the Colonel in regard to facing the lens. When Jimmy Sloane, the secret service man who was his shadow for seven years, was spied, the ex-President met the first of his old Washington friends at the summer capital. Without making invidious comparisons, between Oyster Bay and Beverly, Colonel Roosevelt insisted that Beverly was a most beautiful place. As of old he uses adjectives and underscores them liberally in conversation, so that every sentence comes out with emphasis. The selection of Beverly as the summer capital had his hearty approval, he shouted, with a wave of his hand, as the auto whisked away.

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EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON THE CAMPUS AT HARVARD'S CLASS DAY

* * *

COMMENCEMENT at Harvard, 1910, presented features of almost national importance. Ex-President Roosevelt, president of the Alumni Association, and Governor Hughes of New York held council under the elm while the procession was forming, and it is believed that an important alliance with deep political significance was sealed with mutual handclasps.

Colonel Roosevelt's face and figure spoke of health and vigor, as he gesticulated in the old characteristic, lively way, and everyone felt that his resolution to mingle no more in matters political was shattered. That day a telegram was sent to the New York Assembly, urging Republicans to stand by the primary bill of Governor Hughes. In the same line to receive degrees were Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and General Horace Porter, and many distinguished men were honored amid the plaudits of a gathering of notable leaders in literature, business and politics, and the crimson blazon of Harvard seemed to glow with a deeper red, as one of the most splendid of many noble commencements drew to a close.

* * *

THERE is a reverse to the picture; that life in the Capital will always possess an attraction which cannot be defined, and that routine work is not so wearing as the uncertain "rush" of ordinary business. Wealthy people from all parts of the country establish homes at Washington to enjoy the social season, and their daughters are all eager to go, but the young men remain at the old home attending to business, and such young men are seldom found at Washington. The government service constantly enlists women from all over the country, who are usually women of extraordinary ability and highly educated. Many of them are related to residents of Washington and readily find work in the government service without having to go afield for it. Naturally the matrimonial decadence which Washingtonians lament ensues. There are now 200,000 people in the Capital of marriageable age, but of these 30,000 men are officially declared bachelors, and 50,000 women are unmarried with the "chances strong against them." Ten years ago there were many fresh, pretty girls at the desks in Washington; now there are more mature faces steadily performing the same daily tasks. Three out of every ten government employees in Washington are women, a percentage far exceeding any government force anywhere else in the world. The unwritten law of the departments demands that the woman who marries loses her position, and it has been said that a woman worker dislikes to give up a certainty for an uncertainty. Daughters of Congressmen and Senators may be included in this list, for the glamor of Washington society enchants them, and they love to come here.

* * *

FOR many years the general American public has associated the name of Bjornstjerne Bjornson with a new era in Norway. A private citizen from his birth to his death and born a peasant, he never ceased to be anything but "one of the people," and was without doubt the most potent individual force in shaping to successful completion the great civic reforms of his native land. He was indeed entitled to the name: "The Uncrowned King of Norway."

Poet and novelist, journalist, playwright, and political agitator and leader of "Old Norway," his writings continue to be the text of deserved eulogies, and his written works are but just beginning to come to their own on the shelves and in the hearts and homes of literary Americans.

The son of a minister, who was himself descended from an ancient line of the *bonder* class, that hereditary farmer caste which for so many centuries has been the real strength and ruling power in Norway, Bjornson grew up among a brave, honest, independent, hospitable peasantry, full of sincere affections, simple faith, and clear-cut ethical and moral convictions. Their strong, simple democracy, their physical vitality, and persistent endurance were incarnate in the man whose boyhood budded and blossomed into noble manhood, among the lakes and fjords, the torrents and cascades, the fjelds and mountains of his native land.

His early simplicity of thought, and enjoyment of life and its surroundings, kept him unharassed and undespondent during a career so devoted to the championship of new reforms that, as a friend once declared, "he risked his reputation at least once a year for some cause he believed in."

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PRESIDENT TAFT AND MASSACHUSETTS NOTABLES

Reviewing the Fourth of July Parade at Somerville, Mass.

Over half a century ago, leading six hundred Norwegian youths armed with whistles, he entered the Christiania theatre, and with shrill discords drove off the stage the Danish play and players which until then had supplanted the language and spirit of "Gamle Norge." Thus, in a demonstration which startled the Norwegian capital and paralyzed staid officialdom for the moment, he began his life-long struggle to re-establish the national spirit, and raise the ambitions and purposes of his people to a higher level. While often exposed to partisan hatred at home and abroad, he never stooped to the defence of abuses because they were Norwegian, but always declared that "Norway must do right at any cost." During the first twenty years of his activity, there was no movement which he did not either advocate or combat; no public question in whose final settlement he was not an important factor.

His novels, enthralling in interest, were never without a lesson and purpose, and his patriotic poems and songs awakened an enthusiasm that had slumbered since the last Saga-Scald had laid aside the harp forever; indeed his "We Love the Land that Bore Us," is practically the national song of Norway today.

BUST OF BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON

His demands that woman be placed on the same plane of citizenship with man, and be judged by the same standard of morality, were insistent in his newspaper and lecture utterances, and inspired his great drama, "A Gauntlet," and two of his greatest novels, "The House of the Kurts," and "In God's Way." His efforts for Norwegian independence found full fruition and secured for him the popular appellation "Norway's Uncrowned King"; at least in his last years he received the royal salute of a Norwegian regiment.

Nor was his love for freedom and humanity limited by the narrow boundaries of his sea-washed fjord-indented, lake-studded mountain-land. The fearless champion of righteousness and freedom, he openly advocated the cause of Finland against Russia, of Denmark and Poland against Prussia, and even of the Slovacks against Hungary-Austria. Dying at seventy-seven, he received at the last the royal obsequies of a sincere and pathetic regret and admiration world-wide and enduring.

The increasing popularity of his works, within the past ten years, suggests a forward movement, and it is significant that in the public schools children are not only in touch with the works of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, but are beginning to know something of the inspired lines of Bjornstjerne Bjornson and other foreign writers.

* * *

IN one of the handsome new rooms of the Senate office building for some months was conducted the famous Ballinger-Pinchot investigation. The room was crowded to suffocation, a large proportion of the audience being women, attired in picture hats, clinging gowns and astonishing footwear. On a rostrum at the end of the room sat the witnesses, replying one by one to the questions fired at them by the lawyers who surrounded the table. This process of examination by sub-tribunal promises to increase in favor and the Senate has many rooms which are suited to this purpose. The verdicts of long and wearisome investigations are sometimes held a respectful time after the obsequies of the deceased reputations passing through the mill. It is difficult for an outsider to understand just what is developed by the numerous questions and answers, many of which look to the uninitiated like a display of pique and personal animosity now and then. The old belief is that a thoroughly legal investigation is apt to bring out all the facts.

"Investigations of this nature," said one of the lawyers, at the end of a tedious list of questions, "is an established phase of a Republican form of government."

"It may be," replied a studious Washington philosopher who stood by, "but to me it seems that the everlasting 'why' that lurks in the mind of every human being is the chief reason for the questions hurled at your victims. It is a pretty easy way to work off personal bile at public expense. You remember what old Omar says:

" 'Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein I went.

"I am afraid," said the legal man, cheerfully, "that we cannot admit poetry as evidence."

* * *

TWO years ago Ralph H. Cameron told the people of Arizona that if he was sent to Congress and did not secure statehood for the Territory that he would never again be a candidate asking for their votes. For fifty years Arizona had been striving to become a state. The people elected Mr. Cameron, and from the moment of that election every energy of the tireless delegate has been devoted to his task—a western Congressman told me he had taken him in hand more than once for fear that he might break down from overwork. But Cameron kept going, until finally there came the day when his great efforts were rewarded. An appreciative people sent him a full bushel of congratulatory telegrams, and as I read them over in his office I could not help remarking: "At least one representative of the people is appreciated on account of his excellent work." Other friends of Delegate Cameron invaded his office at night, and decorated it with printed placards, samples of which read: "Your Uncle Samuel's forty-eight varieties"; "Come in out of the cold"; "Hurrah for our good 'Senator,' " etc. On the outer door they placed a card which read: "Welcome to our Union." Everyone who passed knew what it meant, and there were few who did not stop long enough to congratulate the "live wire" from Arizona on bringing to final success the great work of half a century that resulted in making Arizona into a state.

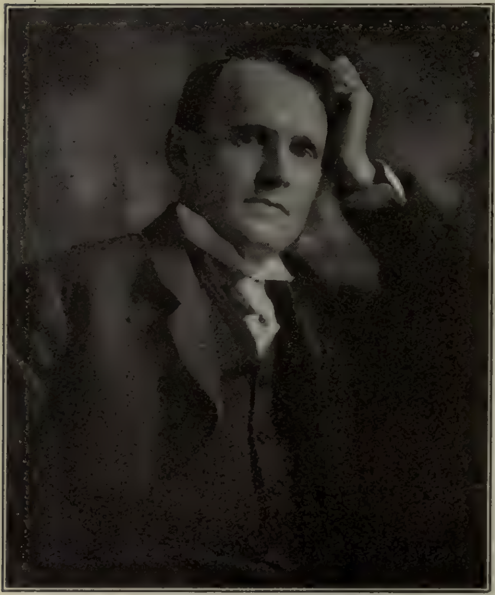
THE children of Washington, during the two closing months of the school year, became greatly interested in the cause of kind treatment of animals, largely through the efforts of the Wsahington Humane Society under the direction of President Walter Stilson Hutchins. Permission was obtained from the Board of Education to introduce Bands of Mercy into the schools, and during April and May nearly 11,000 children, white and colored, signed the pledge—and were enrolled in 344 different Bands—which the American Humane Education Society of Boston has made known throughout the world—"I will try to be kind to all living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Each child was given a certificate, in the form of a pledge card, making hom a Band of Mercy member of both the Washington Humane Society and the American Humane Education Society. Groups of about thirty children, usually those in one room, were formed into separate Bands, each of which received the literature given by the national organization to all branch societies reported to its office in Boston. Three hundred and forty-four of these branches have been formed already by the agents of the local Society, one working in the white schools and one in the colored schools. The official paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, is sent free for a year to each of these juvenile organizations, and each has been equipped with a badge for its president, all at the expense of the parent society.

When the late George T. Angell founded the first Band of Mercy in America, at the office of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, probably he never expected that in less than twenty-eight years there would be formed 77,814 Bands representing every state, territory, and district of the United States and many foreign countries. As each Band averages thirty members, this means that in all over two million pledges have been received and reported to the head office.

During the last month of the school year of 1910, these Bands of Mercy were formed at the rate of seventeen for each calendar day. Under the new impetus given to humane education work since

Dr. Francis H. Rowley has assumed the presidency of the American Humane Education Society, many large cities in America are following the example of Boston by having the children in their public schools organized into these Bands for the protection of animals. The work is usually done under the auspices of the local humane societies. The South has become especially active in this line of late. The Chattanooga Humane Society, at the suggestion of its president, Mr. John W. Faxon, distributed five thousand pledge cards to the school children of that city in April last, enlisting their sympathies for the helpless thus early in their student careers. The Louisiana State S. P. C. A. held a mass meeting for the children of New Orleans on June 15, 1910, at which three hundred boys and girls of all nationalities and all walks of life came together to lisren to an explanation of what the Band of Mercy movement could do for them. Among those present were a little Japanese boy, a number of children of Russian immigrants from a Jewish Sabbath school, and seberal representative local Bands of Mercy, one of them sixty strong, that had already been formed in different parts of the city.



NATHAN B. WILLIAMS
Lawyer, a native of Arkansas, and a student of political and economic questions

Active humane workers throughout the country realize that by reaching the children and interesting them in the care and kind treatment of animals, the next generation will be supplied with trained men and women to carry on this great philanthropic work, the significance of which today is shown by preparations now being made for the first American International Humane Conference, to be held in Washington next October. As says President Rowley of the Parent American Band of Mercy: "The vitally important work for us is the humane education of the millions of boys and girls who are to be the future citizens of the state."

* * *

SELDOM has the heart of the reading public been touched so deeply as by the passing of "O. Henry," or William Sidney Porter. I remember meeting him several years ago and wondering at his keen, quick insight. He seemed to know what people were thinking, and almost took count of every breath they drew, jotting down his impressions on a bit of yellow paper, and in a few minutes having a story which showed a thorough grip on the hidden side of human nature. His career had only begun, but he had done enough to compel men to realize that he was truly a genius. His life was all too brief.

John N. Beffel, editor of *The Glovers Review*, told me the other day how Mr. Porter died, and related a story that was characteristic of the man known as O. Henry.

"A serious operation had been performed on Mr. Porter," said Mr. Beffel, "but he was beyond surgical aid, and he seemed to realize it. He was perfectly conscious for thirty hours after the operation, and he gamely saw the end approach. Dr. Charles Russell Hancock, who worked heroically to save the dying man, was the only person with him when death came.

"In the midst of the night, a few hours before he died, he called Dr. Hancock to his bedside and said:

THE LATE GEORGE T. ANGELL

"'Put the pillows up higher, Doc—I don't want to go home in the dark.'

"His wish was granted, for he passed over the great divide a few minutes past seven in the morning."

"The world is richer and better for what O. Henry has done. The stories he has left to us will make us more like the optimists we ought to be—they will teach us to be braver and kinder to our fellow-man—for they have torn away the dark curtain that concealed from so many of us the lives that 'the other half' live."

* * *

THE late Senator Sherman used to say that any man who could secure the passage of a general bill affecting national interests without having it tattered with amendments and shorn of its original purpose was a genius, and that in the last analysis the results attained were the true measure of legislative ability. With the handling of one of the four great measures passed at the last session to his credit, the colleagues of Representative Charles E. Pickett and all close observers of affairs at Washington nod their heads when they hear the remark that "Young Pickett is a comer."

REPRESENTATIVE C. E. PICKETT OF IOWA

The Pickett Bill or administration conservation measure, introduced by the young Iowan congressman, was the first Conservation Bill ever passed by Congress, and follows the policies inaugurated by Colonel Roosevelt and heartily endorsed by President Taft. It foreshadows further important legislation along this line, and the people of the United States will profit greatly by the natural resources held back from corporate exploitation.

Although one of the most effective and eloquent orators in the House, Mr. Pickett has preferred the rough-and-tumble debates that crystalize and develop legislation to carefully prepared speeches. His brief remarks in the Congressional Record indicate the incisive argument that counts. The strong leaders in Congress have invariably been ready debaters, and in the handling of amendments and discussions upon the floor, Mr. Pickett has made an enviable record.

His participation in the discussion and formulation of important measures, including the Railroad Bill, has evidenced his genius and intense interest in legislation. When some of the important bills and other matters were under consideration, Congressman Pickett could not be induced to leave the firing line even to address a notable gathering in Boston at which the Governors of New England were to be present.

With Western aggressiveness and initiative he has achieved in one short year what ordinarily would require a long term of service, and his quiet and dignified manner has won for him many strong and powerful friendships. His success in securing the passage in a single session of so important a measure as the Conservation Bill is a record of which any veteran congressman might well be proud. It is an instance of "get there," which the American people are so quick to appreciate in their legislators. The blending of these qualities in Mr. Pickett has given him a standing to which his host of friends and constituents point with just pride.

The next Congress will have still more important work to do in keeping its pledges to the people, and the difference between plans and results is nowhere more strongly marked than in drawing a bill and passing it.

AMONG the visitors at Washington in glorious autumn time came Howard Chandler Christy and James Whitcomb Riley—two "old pals," as they might be called—never mind comparing their ages. Riley's poems have long been "household words" in the homes of the American people, and the Christy illustrations are part and parcel of this popular American verse. Together they saw the sights; went over the Capitol with wide-open eyes, and looked upon the allegorical paintings, typifying American progress and portrayed by the brush of Italian and other foreign artists. It is a sad commentary upon our American art that the decoration of the chief buildings of the nation's Capital should have been the work of alien artists. This was true in former times of other countries—but we are rapidly coming up out of the mists and will soon be able to decorate our own great buildings with real American art. Sometimes an outsider obtains a better perspective of art and literature in a foreign land than native-born genius. It remained for Taine, the Frenchman, to write the standard history of English literature; and James Bryce, a British author, writes the text books on American civil government used in our colleges. But when it comes to poetry—writing the songs of the people—he must come from among them and be of them, as Riley in Hoosierdom, or Burns in Ayrshire.

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY AND JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

* * *

TWO men in recent years—Kaufman of Chicago and Brisbane of New York—have shown the readers of America that the newspaper editorial is still a live, palpitating force, that the editorial mantle of Charles A. Dana and Henry Watterson, recut to suit the times, remains a garment of brilliant colors and one to command respect.

Herbert Kaufman is thirty-two years old. When he was seventeen in Washington, his private library, collected by himself, numbered thousands of volumes and he was familiar with every volume. There were Greek books, French, German—works on mythology, on the ancient inhabitants of the Valley of the Nile, rare Spanish stories, hundreds of volumes whose present usefulness seemed doubtful, but whose ultimate purpose was to give the young writer vista, vision and vocabulary.

Photo by Moffett Studio

HERBERT KAUFMAN
A forceful editorial writer of Chicago

Herbert Kaufman's editorials, being printed in more than a score of the leading papers of the country, dictated with the ever readiness acquired by the average business man in dictating letters, testify to the unqualified success of this cooly laid plan to acquire a knowledge of words.

With an optimistic spirit, the imagination of a poet, the business acumen of a merchant and the forcefulness of an advocate, he was peculiarly adapted to father the "uplift" style of editorial, directed to the young business man, which has brought him before the country.

At thirteen he began as an advertising writer for his father, a Washington merchant. At fifteen he was the power behind the advertisements of the biggest merchants in Baltimore and Washington. At sixteen he was a student in Johns Hopkins university. At nineteen he was advertising manager of the Washington *Times*. At twenty he was advertising manager of one of Philadelphia's great department stores.

Then followed New York, London and Paris—the friendship of W. T. Stead, of Finot, of Lombrose, the important post of American representative for Pearson, the great English journalist and publisher—association with Munsey and with Shaw of the "Review of Reviews"—periods punctuated with the publication of novels and volumes of verse. Noteworthy among his later poems have been "America," "The Stainless Banner" and "Why Are You Weeping, Sister?"

With his love for Nature and the sports which take a man out-of-doors and his much sought ability as a raconteur, the strange part of it is that Kaufman has become a writer. He literally knows everybody, everywhere, and is always on the move—doing with about five hours sleep out of the twenty-four. As a shot, he has few superiors. He and United States Secret Service Officer Ritchie, now located in Chicago, have frequent contests with the rifle; Kaufman usually adding some fancy "stunt" that puts Ritchie to the test. Down in the cow country, where he is well known, they don't give a hang for him as a writer—don't even know he is, but they will tell you he is the greatest shot that ever visited there.

On the Santa Gertrudes Ranch last summer—the famous King Ranch—the foreman, who was told Kaufman was a writer, said: "Hell, he ain't no writer. He's a man!"

And therein lies the appeal of his editorial writings: his friendship with every man and his intimate knowledge of the wrongs that rankle in the hearts of men.

His books have been a scaffolding, but don't think you will ever run across a Herbert Kaufman editorial paralleling the teaching of any book except the Book of Proverb.

As a single example of the forcefulness of his writing, his editorials in behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association, published in the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Boston American*, are said to have raised a fund of over three-quarters of a million dollars for that organization.

* * *

OCCUPYING quarters in the War Department, the American Red Cross, under the directorship of Miss Mabel T. Boardman, is doing a wonderful work, not only for humanity but for nationality. It continues to dot the world map with those little red crosses which mean so much in time of calamity. Miss Boardman keeps in touch with the needs of people all over the world, and is constantly informed of all public disasters even in the smaller communities. Unhappily contributions to the funds are too small to allow of meeting every emergency. A very stirring letter issued by President Taft shows that at the present time an endowment fund of $2,000,000 is needed to enable the American Red Cross to take its proper place among the international societies of this beneficent order. Generous donations have already been made, and it is believed that the splendid example of the contributor will be followed by others who desire to see efficient aid rendered when most required.

* * *

THE Congressional campaign has revived a lot of old stories told by Colonel A. K. McClure, the veteran newspaper man. One which he often tells relates to the time of the Spanish-American War. The ladies of Conshohocken were engaged in making a supply of pajamas for the soldiers of a favorite regiment. That type of sleeping garment was new in those days, and the relatives of the soldiers were determined that every man in the regiment should have the "most stylish thing obtainable in a *robe de nuit*," as the young lady from a Washington boarding school said.

"My boys has always worn night shirts," said an old lady, busily stitching on the modern garments. "I hope they'll know what to do with these."

The parcel was duly sent to Cuba, but no word reached the adies from the supposedly grateful wearers of the "*robes de nuit*." They waited a month and then wired Colonel A. K. McClure, who hailed from Conshohocken:

ARTHUR BRISBANE
Editorial writer for the Hearst newspapers

"Anxious to know if you got the pajamas last month."

The Colonel read the telegram and marveled. He was a whole-souled citizen, but wore nothing newer than a nightshirt when he slumbered. He would nip a slander in the bud; his wire read:

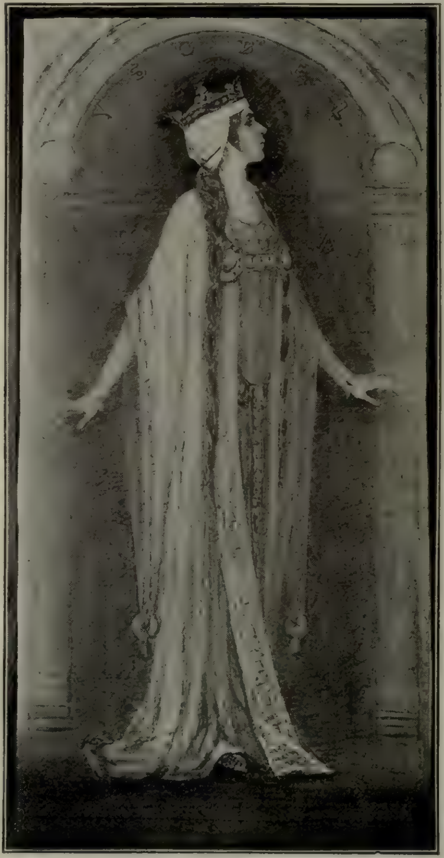
"Story is a lie out of whole cloth, probably fabricated by enemies to ruin me politically. Admit am not total abstainer, but never had pajamas last month or any other time."

ON questions of copyrights and patents Congressman Frank D. Currier of New Hampshire is a recognized authority, having, since his first day in Congress, made a careful and exhaustive study of the copyright and patent laws of this and all other countries having copyright acts. The Currier copyright law of 1909 was evolved after years of conscientious labor, and since the time of its taking effect it has given a remarkably high degree of satisfaction to the many interests affected. An innovation wrought by this act is the extension of copyright protection to music composers so that they shall receive compensation for the mechanical reproduction of their works on phonographs and piano-playing instruments. Mr. Currier's contention for payment to the composer on a flat royalty basis was acceded to after a protracted controversy, and the plan adopted proved a happy solution to an exceedingly puzzling question. Every phonograph or music roll now manufactured means the payment of a certain fixed sum to the man or woman whose brain conceived the melody thus reproduced. The lengthening of the renewal term of copyright from fourteen to twenty-eight years and the providing of new civil remedies in cases of infringement are important features of the new law.

HON. FRANK D. CURRIER

Additional protection for American inventors also is contemplated by a bill lately reported to the House by Mr. Currier, the purpose of which is to enlarge the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims so that that body can entertain suits brought against the Government for its infringement of patents in the absence of express or implied contracts with the patentees.

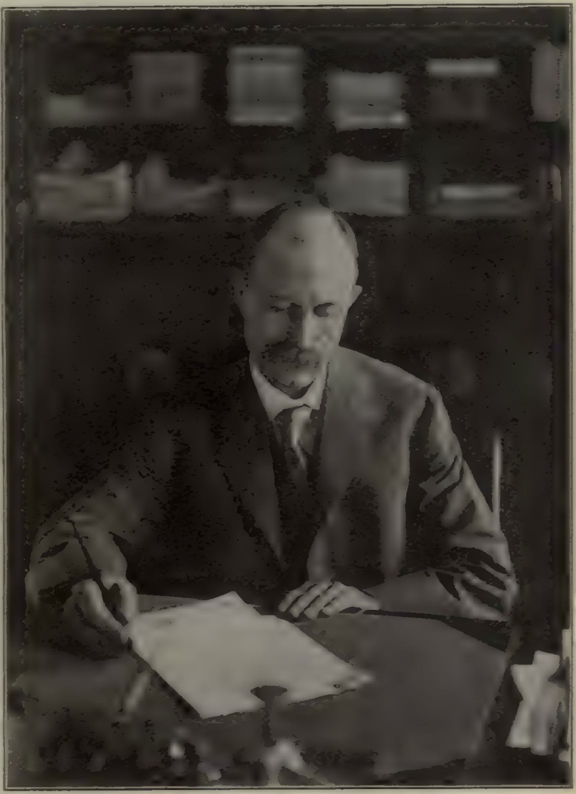
A complete revision and codification of the trade-mark laws is another important change in the federal statutes initiated by Mr. Currier's committee.


MISS BESSIE ABOTT

This is the costume in which the young American singer will appear when she stars this coming season under the management of Liebler & Company, in a new light grand opera by Pietro Mascagni, called "Ysobel." It is based on the story of "Lady Godiva," who rode through the city clad principally in her hair

IN the Forestry Department, Mr. Albert F. Potter, of Arizona, is assistant chief. He is a practical Western man, and is well fitted to fill the place left vacant by the retirement of Overton W. Price. Mr Potter was for years in charge of the Division of Grazing, and confesses that he was somewhat startled when taken from a comparatively obscure position to be placed in charge of the Forestry Bureau, which has charge of almost two hundred million of acres of government forest, and an expenditure of $10,000,000 per annum. He was born in the picturesque Sacramento Valley, and went to Arizona when a young man in the days when the Apaches were still busy acquiring scalps. He is a practical cowboy, and has handled herds on ranches for years, being an active member of the cow-punching fraternity.

Mr. Pinchot met Mr. Potter when on a trip of investigation, and was so impressed with the thorough and practical knowledge of the sometime cowboy, that, when the Division of Grazing was organized he was asked to take charge. Although not a college graduate, and never having made a scientific study of forestry, Mr. Potter has gained by long and hard experience, and by active work knowledge not easily acquired in the schools. The West is his home, and he is thoroughly familiar with it. He knows all the important facts and technicalities needed to guide him in deciding the questions constantly coming before him as chief of the Forestry Department.



ALBERT F. POTTER
Associate Forester, United States Forest Service

* * *

LITTLE bits of biography which reach one here and there in the corridors of the Capitol might furnish "complete short stories," with plot and details as provided. One of the most interesting biographical sketches is that of Otto G. Foelker, the Congressman from New York, who was formerly a baker. Arriving in Brooklyn, New York, a perfect stranger, he was driven by the chill winds of winter to seek the shelter of the Y. M. C. A. rooms. There the young German, alone in a strange city, found a friend who was afterwards instrumental in securing his nomination for State Senator. He says that in the year 1895 he arrived from Troy and walked the streets of Brooklyn with exactly $1.19 in his pocket. The first Sunday in the city was lonely, but he soon made friends in the church and among the members of the Y. M. C. A. At first he blew the bellows of a pipe organ and lived in a lodging house where he paid ten cents a night, while during the day he worked at his trade. In the evening he constantly made new friends at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, and their influence and advice determined him to study law. His elementary training was secured in the Y. M. C. A. night school. In 1904 he was nominated for the assembly and later for the State Senate. He was then in active practice as a lawyer.

It was during the fight of Governor Hughes on race-track gambling that Mr. Foelker made his memorable trip to Albany hazarding his life by rising from a sick bed that he might cast a deciding vote. This eventually made him a Congressman, and determination to fulfill every promise is still a strong characteristic of the young German.

Courtesy of Woman's Journal, Boston, Mass.

MRS. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG

* * *

FOR the first time in its history, the National Educational Association has elected a woman to the presidency—Mrs. Ella Flagg Young—whose world-wide reputation in educational circles was accentuated a year ago by her appointment as Superintendent of Education for the great city of Chicago, in itself an unmistakable diploma of phenomenal ability, and a tribute of sincere affection and admiration from her fellow-teachers and associate educators of Chicago, among whom she has labored nearly all her life, and who feel for her a love that is almost like reverence.

Of medium height and quiet but active bearing, with bright expressive eyes and hair tinged with gray, Mrs. Young at once impresses a new acquaintance with a strong but charming sense of her superiority in her chosen life-work. Friends have often claimed that she reminded them of Abraham Lincoln, and perhaps the contour of her face and her large, deeply-set eyes, whose somewhat sad expression lights up with a genial and helpful interest which wins every heart, warrant their oft-repeated declaration.

She graduated from the Chicago High School, and after her marriage continued to teach.

In her long career Mrs. Young has inspired and guided many young men and maidens toward higher erudition. Among her pupils were the inimitable "Mr. Dooley" (Peter Finley Dunne), George V. Farwell, and like notables.

Mrs. Young is not a promoter of fads, but holds that a school should be rather a workshop than an academy. Her election is looked upon as a most favorable omen for the success of the movement to give women equal rights and adequate wages, but although a believer in suffrage, Mrs. Young has been too busy with her work to actively advocate the cause, and believes that the problem will work itself out in the natural evolution of things.

THE most notable national gathering of the year was that of the National Education Association, which met in Boston in July. Representatives came from every state and section of the country, and no sooner had they arrived than it was realized that they had come with a definite purpose in mind.

In Trinity Church and the old Art Museum in Copley Square the teachers had their headquarters. For their benefit, every historic spot in the city was labeled, so that complex guide-books need not be consulted to show the facts regarding the different historical spots. The Old State House bore tablets showing where the taking of Louisburg and the surrender of Cornwallis were announced, where the Constitution was read, and the spot upon which the Boston massacre was begun. Like announcements were placed at other points which are familiar to the student of American history, and a visit to the site of the first free school in the country afforded an appropriate educational opportunity.

The greatest event of the convention was the meeting in the Harvard Stadium on the Fourth of July. Long before the appointed hour, 3:30 P. M., the great auditorium presented an ideal picture of the glory and conservatism of some stately institution of learning. The scene was as inspiring as the setting. In front of the greensward the white lines of the gridiron marked for the autumn games were all but obliterated, and in the background, tier on tier, the concrete seats were filled by thousands of teachers from all the states of the Republic. The masses of color presented by the white gowns, changing blue tints and the crimson of the programmes suggested the national red, white and blue.

The school teachers in their tasteful garbs, relieved by badges of red or blue representing their active or associate standing, made a most effective picture. Apprehending a long session, some of them had brought their luncheon, and it was like a real old school "nooning" beside "the little red schoolhouse" of song and story.

The chorus consisted of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, and the rendition of Gounod's "Unfold Ye Portals" from hundreds of throats in the open air will never be forgotten by those who heard it that day. When all the people rose and sang "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner," the volume of song, a mighty paean of patriotic devotion, seemed echoing within the titanic heart of some ancient shrine or prehistoric temple.

No wonder that President Taft, as he faced that throng, said he felt inclined to throw aside his carefully prepared speech and soar to the highest flights of oratory!

Francis G. Blair, superintendent of public instruction for the state of Illinois, responded eloquently on behalf of the organization. The acoustic properties of the stadium were often remarked upon during the exercises, and it was noted that the voices of the speakers could be clearly heard by over twenty thousand people against the cool breezes which swept up from the basin of the Charles.

President A. Lawrence Lowell, head of Harvard University, greeted the teachers and introduced President Joyner of the New England Association, who spoke comprehensively on education in this country and other parts of the world. Stirring addresses of welcome were rendered by Governor Eben S. Draper, always at his best on such an occasion, and by the inimitable and dynamic John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor of Boston. President Taft, wreathed in his most winsome smile, drifted from witty sallies in that colloquial style which has ever won the hearts of his listeners, to a far-reaching speech on education. Our adherence to the Declaration of Independence, the educational situation in the Philippines and other insular possessions were touched upon, and in a few sentences a careful and concrete analysis was given on a sentiment which has been for years mooted in the schools of the country: "Government with the consent of the governed."

The response of Governor Kitchin, of North Carolina, and the apostrophe to peace of President David Starr Jordan, of California, were unique utterances, most impressive and appropriate for a Fourth of July programme.

Sitting on the stone tiers, with the sky as a ceiling and the earth as a footstool, the audience listened to oratory suggestive of Athenian days and the Philippics of Demosthenes, except that denunciation and satire had no part in the varied and impressive exercises. Not only the speakers, but the occasion and the setting combined to make a wonderful and inspiring picture, and a perfect and sane celebration of the day. It was a scene which can never be adequately represented in words or photographs, because there can be no realization conveyed of the spirit and coloring of that representative gathering of American citizens.

* * *

IT is told of the late Louis James, the actor—whose genial nature made him friends the world over—that during one of his Washington engagements, he became responsible for a real funny story.

Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" was being played, and during the magnificent quarrel between Brutus and Cassius, just as its climax was being reached, Mr. James came in with a hot sausage concealed in his hand, which, as he clasped hands with his reconciled fellow-conspirator, he quietly transferred to the palm of Mr. Warde. Although it was the supreme moment when the two great Romans renewed their friendship and buried their differences, the invisible sausage almost broke up the play, for Mr. Warde could scarcely preserve his gravity and get through his lines.

The greater number of Mr. James's friends were young people, and he always seemed a boy among boys. His death has been keenly regretted by myriads who never failed to attend the theater when the name of Louis James was on the bill.

* * *

STANDING in the museum before the great seal of the United States of America, one recalls that in 1782, when it was adopted, the infant republic had for nearly eight years been driving along without an emblem or a seal. There was no seal even in 1776 on Independence Day, though committees were formed at various times to report on designs presented with a view to making a seal for the United States of America. It was Charles Thomson who finally made a new departure and chose the eagle for the central figure of his design, specifying that it be "an American eagle rising, not displayed." To suggest the war power, he put in one sinister talon a bundle of arrows, and in the bird's dexter talon an olive branch to depict peace, while for the crest he used the constellation of thirteen stars, surrounded by clouds.

A private citizen of Philadelphia, William Barton, who had studied heraldry, had also submitted a design, and his suggested changes in the Thomson seal made a displayed eagle and a bundle of arrows numbering thirteen. The report on the seal was signed by both Barton and Thomson.

In the discussion that followed, even so great a philosopher as Benjamin Franklin said that he was sorry the bald eagle had been chosen to represent the United States, adding:

"He is a bird of bad moral character. He does not get his living honestly. You may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labor of the fishing hawk; when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young, the bald eagle wrests it from him. Besides, he is a coward; the little king bird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district."

However, the protest of the statesman did not prove effectual, and every proclamation and document of importance carries on it the seal of 1782, with the eagle duly displayed thereupon.

* * *

ONE of the largest claims submitted to the House committee during the last session was one presented by the Southern Pacific Railroad demanding $1,600,000 for a dam constructed by the company at the suggestion of President Roosevelt when a portion of Southern California was threatened with disastrous overflows. Congressman Prince, representing the Illinois district eight terms, has, as chairman of the committee, given the most assiduous attention to the ever-increasing number of claims brought before it.

AT the meeting of the National Education Association in Boston no feature was of greater interest than the history of how rural populations have been furnished with school facilities. In Imperial County, California, which a decade ago was considered a part of the Colorado Desert, no less than eighty schools are now in full operation, imparting education free from many of the traditions and prejudices which at times retard progress in older communities. They have been quick to adopt the newest and best educational ideas.

Automobiles with ample seating capacity in front and rear are used to take the pupils to and from school in sparsely settled districts, and are employed at times during school hours in hauling freight for the farmers, carrying three tons at a load. Early in the morning, they gather milk and take it to the creamery, and very often it takes a load of farmers' wives into town to do their shopping. The school children are gathered in less than thirty minutes, which is less time than it takes the laggard boy to get to school two squares away.

The total cost of keeping up such motors averages one hundred dollars per month, or less than fifteen cents per pupil. Mr. Edward Hyatt, Superintendent of Instruction of California, is enthusiastically working to bring strong and weak schools together, and give to rural districts almost the same advantages enjoyed by the larger graded schools of the city. The picture tells its own story—going to school in modern times is somewhat of a contrast to the sun-bonnetted little maid, wearily trudging through the dust, or "the whining schoolboy with his satchel," whom Shakespeare has depicted for all ages. What the electric cars are to dwellers in the city, these automobiles, with their ample seating capacity for passengers and large freight compartments at the back, will prove to the rural districts where the whizzing trolley has not arrived.

* * *

THE summer days at the Capital are trying ones for Secretary Norton. Almost every day he faces a battery of curious newspaper men, and in his cool, deliberate manner frankly gives out news which keeps the people in touch with the chief executive of the nation. Wearing jauntily a summer straw hat, the secretary to the President does not look as though he had lived through the thirty-eight years and wide experience credited to him. Tall, slender, full of energy, democratic, yet well poised and keen, he has long since been pronounced an ideal man for the post he fills. His face is smooth-shaven, and his broad forehead, crowned with closely cut brown hair, gives one the impression of a practical business man.

When Secretary Norton gave up an income of $50,000 as manager of the Northwestern Insurance Company, to take up a position worth only $4,500 at Washington, some of his friends wondered, but he had a purpose in this apparent sacrifice. He wanted to know how things were done at the Capital, and strangely enough, his wishes were at once gratified and he went right to the heart of governmental affairs before he had been a year in Washington. His ruling purposes are efficiency and economy; an economy which does not mean parsimony, but includes lessening the wear and tear of public life on his chief as well as economy in the national budget.

Wisconsin born, Mr. Norton when sixteen years old entered the service of the Northwestern Mutual Insurance Company. After graduating at Amherst College in 1893, he spent a year on the staff of *Scribner's Magazine*, but owing to ill health went abroad for a year. Returning to Chicago he re-entered the service of the Northwestern Mutual Insurance Company, and soon became general manager for the state of Illinois. His future career will be watched with great interest.

As president of the Merchants' Club of Chicago, he was the most energetic and effective worker for reform and improvement.

* * *

THE contest in Washington for the proposed Panama Exposition between New Orleans and San Francisco must have gratified the warlike souls of those who like to see proof that the martial spirit of the Republic has not died out. In the thick of the fight was Mr. E. L. Chappuis, who was secretary of the St. Louis

Exposition. The Louisiana delegation made a strong presentation of the claims of New Orleans, and was headed by Governor Jared of Sanders, who, aided by Mr. Chappuis and a sure-to-win delegation, left nothing undone in behalf of the Crescent City. A country lad, starting life with a modest clerkship, Mr. Chappuis has filled important offices, and now at thirty-six promises to be one of the conspicuous figures in the great Panama Exposition. He has always known how to meet great problems and handle them. An expert accountant, he soon established an enviable reputation, and is now president of the State Board of Certified Public Accountants for the state.

The financial plan for raising the five millions necessary for the exposition at New Orleans was assigned to the care of Mr. Chappuis, who worked it out with an insight into details that made it as elaborate and attractive as it could be made. The plan was presented at a mass meeting in New Orleans, where over three thousand people were present and raised $250,000 in less than an hour. The remainder of the first million was also pledged, and with the $4,000,000 from the state, makes a total fund of $5,000,000 which Louisiana pledged for the enterprise. This exposition is one of vital interest and importance to New Orleans, and in charge of active, energetic men like Mr. Chappuis, it gives promise of being an assured and notable success.

* * *

WITH his hat tilted over one eye, "Uncle Joe" Cannon still remains one of the picturesque figures in the political world; and his summary of what the past Congress has accomplished made even his enemies acknowledge that here indeed is a man who does things. During the vacation season I chanced among the home-folk at Danville, Illinois. At the Plaza Hotel, diagonally across from the Court House, where people were wont to gather in early days and hold long sessions, one hears on every side only praise and admiration for "Uncle Joe." I tested men of all classes, from the hack drivers and street-car men to the merchants in the stores, for adverse criticism, but everyone seemed to think that the more Speaker Cannon was abused by outsiders, the more reason there was that the people of Danville, who have known him for forty years, and have constantly selected him to represent them, should be ready "to do it again, if necessary," as they say.

Walking through the town, one feels that no distinct setting could be more appropriate as a home for "Uncle Joe" Cannon than Danville. Situated on the beautiful prairies, barricaded with rich fields of corn and waving grain, one can realize why "Uncle Joe" has first and last the active instincts of a farmer. He has lived here ever since he began life as a young man. When on the Appropriations Committee, he insisted that his town ought not to be awarded a slice of the Public Buildings funds, because it might look as though he had determined to pile favors upon his own home district. The results in the primaries in various states were read with a smile by "Uncle Joe," who still insists that he has no time or use for what he calls "a modern eruption known as insurgency."

* * *

AS every year passes I feel a more intense longing for green fields and the delights of country life. While this may be one of the natural indications of approaching old age, indicating a desire for ease and quiet, it is quite true that nothing is more satisfying, or more inspiring amid the routine of everyday city life, than a day or two in the woods. To tread the sweet-smelling, springy soil, where the leaves of centuries have formed the richest loam, to look up and see the light quiver of the leaves, or note the delicate tracery of the branches against the summer sky; to sit quietly watching the busy insect life all around—how soothing are these simple pleasures! Coming into contact with the fresh breath of the woods quickens and yet soothes the pulsations of life—it is the acme of desire and artistic expression. Nothing can ever equal real nature in regard to solid and enduring satisfaction. Even a barren field, a bare mountain side, where gray rocks lie in heaps, or an old stone fence, that curves and wanders along the earth like a living thing—

each has a charm of its own. True, where human beings have left their "hand-writing upon the wall," a story may be read, but it is a story of warfare, sorrow and struggle. Nature tells of law and order. In the depths of the forest, far from the bricks and mortar, no jarring, grinding noises are heard, and it is always a delight to wander, fish line in hand, beside the quiet stream that meanders beneath the old, leafy trees.

"Back to the land" is the cry of the hour; it is the watchword of the men of the future. With airships and trolley cars making communication easy and quick, the men and women of the future will no longer spend their entire lives cooped up in city streets. They will transact business there for a few hours, as may be needed, and will return to the country to "live." Yes, country life for me, even if I have to get up early and "do the chores," even if I have to mow the lawn and rake the hay, while the perspiration trickles down and rapidly removes superfluous flesh. Country life means more than mere poetic charm—it means health and vigor and hale old age, rather than human beings prematurely broken and nerve-racked. In country life will be found the happy solution of half the problems which confront the United States today.

* * *

MANY years ago I recall riding in a village 'bus with Bob Burdette, then on his way to fulfil a lecture engagement. He looked every inch the polished lecturer, with his waxed moustache and correct apparel. It was said that he would lecture that evening upon "The Rise and Fall of a Moustache." Since that time he has become an ordained minister of the gospel, and is now known as the Reverend Robert Burdette. His recent comment in a Los Angeles paper on the United States soldiers' uniform has been greatly appreciated in Washington; and is in line with some remarks made by Secretary von L. Meyer, who called attention to the fact that discrimination had been made in public places against wearers of the United States uniform, whether of the navy or army. It has been said that it is unusual to object to naval men but quite common to object to soldiers. Possibly this prejudice is explained by Mr. Burdette, who insists that a man must "love his country with a love that is worship" before he would consent to appear in public in what Mr. Burdette calls a "nonsuit." He says that the khaki uniform is not a suit, and that while it may be ideal for service "a man must hate to wear it when he is not digging at a fortification or grooming a horse.

A Washington newsboy

"His trousers are a cross between the riding trousers of an English fox hunter, and the trunks of a pugilist. His jacket, with its clumsy fit and flapped pockets, was copied, with certain modifications, not improvements, from the old Pennsylvania 'wamus,' which was made by the mother of the family with the economical design of having it fit all the male members of the family without alteration."

Mr. Burdette further proclaims his views on clothing by saying that "next to a good conscience and profound religious convictions, there is nothing that puts a chestier attitude on a man, that better squares his shoulders and nerves his soul for brave deeds, than well-selected and perfectly fitting clothes."

* * *

IT was an unusual and deserved tribute that Senator Bacon paid to the clerks of the United States, when debating the appropriation of $100,000 for the investigation of governmental business methods. He insisted that nothing was to be gained by cutting down the pay of the people who have to do the drudgery of official work. He protested against discriminating in favor of officials who enjoy the luxurious ease of official life, as compared with the clerical force. He drew a pathetic picture of the condition of the department clerks, who had been turned out to starve after years of efficient, active service of such a nature as unfitted them to engage in other occupations, for it is well known that a few years of government routine almost disables a man for work along another line, however good he may be in his official service.

While Congress has increased the salary of the higher officials, the pay of the great mass of government clerks remains the same, yet these people must remain in Washington all the year around, and, hot or cold, pursue the dull and dreary routine which the red tape routine entails. Senator Bacon has earned and deserves the gratitude of every government employe for his courage in persisting that Congress shall make adequate provision for the future of loyal government servants.

* * *

A SIGNIFICANT fact, which ought to tell a decisive story to the shrewd American manufacturers, is that every time a merchant marine bill is defeated in our Congress there is a boom in the British shipbuilding industry. At the present time there are nearly four hundred passenger and trading vessels under construction, with a gross tonnage of about 1,600,000 tons. The tonnage of the seventy-seven war vessels that are being built in the United Kingdom, including the 22,000 ton "Thunderer," is over 326,000 tons. Two dreadnought cruisers are to be constructed for Australia and New Zealand. Ten destroyers are ordered for the Brazilian navy, four for Argentine and one for Denmark, which does not look as though smaller navies had become popular. In the coming eighteen months nearly $300,000,000 of money will be locked up in war ships which are being constructed in the United Kingdom.

While the filling of these orders will give constant employment to an average of 182,000 men, at $8.50 per week, economists point out that they are not real producers. Their work is of no more value to humanity than that of the heroine of a French novel, who spent several years making mock pearls, and became "the possessor of an empty head, crowned by a profusion of beautiful light hair."

* * *

ON a bench in Washington Park sat a sad-faced man, with an inquiring expression of countenance. The atmosphere of the Capital encourages discussion, but it was a surprise when he launched on the unthought-of subject of ambi-dexterity. I thought he was "a little daffy," as the boys say, when he hailed me:

"Are you aware that you have two hands? I know that you are not." I hastily held them both out.

"Oh, yes, I see," he said peevishly, "right and left, but one hand is indeed 'left'—it is not really yours."

I admit that I have occasionally borrowed an umbrella—and forgotten to return it—but never have I borrowed a hand—so I sat down to get his viewpoint on my hands.

"Not one person in a thousand uses both hands. I wish they could know how much they lose," he said with genuine regret. "A right-handed man is using only the language-centre at the left of the brain, whereas an ambi-dextrous man uses two language-centres, right and left. By the modern method of training, the two centres with which every human being is endowed are not cultivated. When only the right hand is used, the left centre of language is active, while the other becomes atrophied by idleness.

"By the use of this member," he wildly waved his left hand, "I can double my present intelligence—as, in fact, I am doing. Medical men have known cases where practice with the left hand has restored the power of speech, in cases of paralysis of the tongue. The left centre of speech, most commonly used, naturally feels the shock of paralysis, but by careful training of the left hand the unused right centre of speech may be awakened."

It seems that a movement for training in ambi-dexterity is popular in Germany, and is being introduced into military training, soldiers being taught to use both sword and pistol with either hand. My sad-faced friend of the Park became so enthused that he almost persuaded me to run across to Germany and learn the new art of using both hands.

* * *

A WILD whoop and yell rang down the Avenue when it was announced that Arizona and New Mexico statehood bills were passed. Uncle Sam pronounced them members of the family and two more stars must be added to the old flag. The fight has been long and arduous, and now the question arises, "What shall be done with the old, territorial form of government, since there are no more territories to admit?" Alaska is not under the regular territorial form of government, and after the admission of New Mexico and Arizona, the territorial system whereby the majority of states have been trained and apprenticed for admission into the Union, has passed into history.

* * *

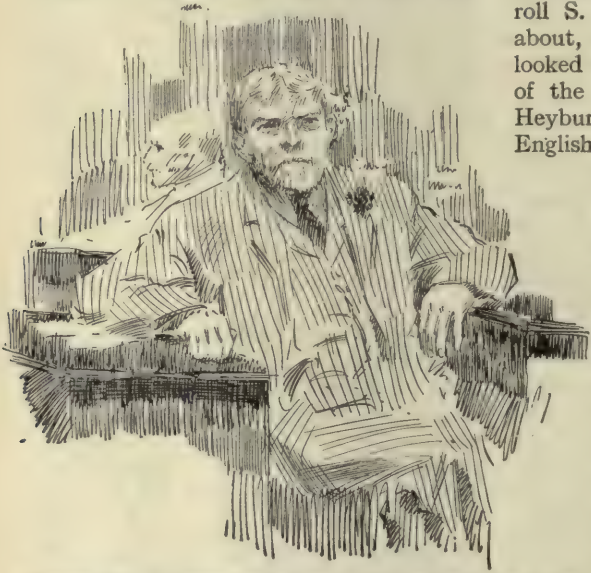
THE Twentieth Century has been called the "Alphabet Age." Never before was the old A, B, C, quite so necessary as it is today; we no longer drop our A, B, C, with our "A for apple," and "B for baby," our "crooked S and round O." It is now as necessary in maturity as in the kindergarten blocks. Every office has some filing device which depends entirely for its order upon the letters of the alphabet; nothing can be found in the dictionary or other reference works without consideration betimes of the alphabet. It seems that modern business would simply go to pieces if the magic letters should suddenly be forgotten by everyone.

Someone remarked the other day that it was time the states of the Union were alphabetically arranged, with Arkansas near the head of the list, on account of her rapid development, which certainly has led all the other states in the last year, for it has gone forward by leaps and bounds. The census enumerators, with their great mass of figures carefully tabulated, found surprising returns in Arkansas as compared with ten years ago, and the figures now being compiled are almost beyond comprehension. The records at Washington demonstrate that there is no state or territory where greater undeveloped resources exist than are found within the boundaries of Arkansas. Almost every mineral known to the mining expert, every valuable wood known to this latitude, every metal known to the metallurgist, and every variety of soil found throughout the continent, or known at least to the Agricultural Department, has been found within the boundaries of this heretofore somewhat neglected state, but into which today the tide of immigration from the East, West and Southwest is now turning.

Congress must soon be convinced that surveys should be made on 6,000,000 acres of Arkansas land that can be reclaimed by drainage, so that work can be prosecuted by the local communities under a systematic plan. This idea was emphasized in President Taft's comment on the Rivers and Harbors Bill, when he insisted that no appropriation ought to be made unless plans had been matured to accomplish definite results. Appropriations should no longer go by favor, or as perquisites of political power and partisanship.

* * *

APROPOS of Arkansas investigation, we are told that even the abhorred snake has a practical value, and has suddenly taken its place in the esteem of the farmer, being no longer considered the hereditary enemy of mankind, as it has always hitherto been regarded. It seems that but few species of snakes are poisonous, and of those very few indeed are found in the United States. A plea is made by experts that certain snakes be spared for their actual value. It has been proved that the milk snake never steals milk, but it makes away with rats and other vermin that are really destructive, and that become so rampant when their natural enemy, the snake, is destroyed. In South Carolina snakes play havoc with the mice which steal the grain, although in ignorance many farmers have supposed that the "grain" snake was the culprit and so through the list of supposedly dangerous and destructive snakes. A poet has arisen who is contemplating an ode to the "useful snake," which will make the sinuous reptiles even more favored and admired than they were in olden days; charming ladies will delight, like Cleopatra, to deck themselves with these emblens and a new era for the snake tribe will be ushered in.



Senator Hale, in immaculate light suit, with a red carnation in his buttonhole, listening to Senator Simmons' harangue

* * *

FOR dramatic phases of congressional life, one must generally attend the closing session of Congress. The final session in June found a wearied lot of men in their seats. In the Senate the last days were made spectacular by the exposures of Indian land attorney fees by Senator Gore. Senator Simmons, of North Carolina, was talking loudly and furiously, protesting against certain measures which were being pushed into notice in place of the regular routine work. Senator Depew, whose face and figure are so familiar to the American people, and whose addresses always illuminate and brighten the records of Congress, sat listening quietly. Sturdy Tom Carter, of Montana, reflectively stroked his whiskers as if contemplating the work of the reclamation service, but always keeping a vigilant eye on PostOffice matters. Senator Hale, with the topmost buttonhole of his light suit decorated with a carnation, sat calmly listening to the proceedings, his last days in the Senate slipping uneventfully away. Senator Carroll S. Page of Vermont was whisking about, seeing that nothing was overlooked that tended to the advancement of the Green Mountain State. Senator Heyburn discoursed in that fluent and pure English for which he is famous. Senator Gallinger busied himself with his papers, while Senator Dolliver rose now and then to oratorical heights, in hot debate with Senator Bailey of Texas. For the first time in many years there was a placid and serene look upon the face of Senator Aldrich, who looked as though he had at last thrown off the load of responsibility which he has carried for years; one could see at a glance that he was welcoming a happy release from the rough-and-tumble routine.

Senator Nelson was quietly chewing tobacco and listening to the others. They say in Washington that Western men are born with a quid in their mouths instead of the traditional silver spoon. Senator Smoot, long and lank, now and then rose from his seat and paced up and down the aisle. Senator Stone, of Missouri, who does not wear rubbers, gave proof positive that he has unjustly been called the "Gum Shoe Statesman," and Senator Rayner, keeping up his end of the debate, reeled off his resonant periods like one desirous of making an effective peroration.

In the evening as the final hour approached, President Taft, in his room adjoining the marble corridor, sat signing his latest measures as one by one they finally became law, and pleasantly listened to the hearty congratulations which greeted him on every side as he dropped his pen with the air of a man who felt that his work was done and that in good measures the administration policy had succeeded.

* * *

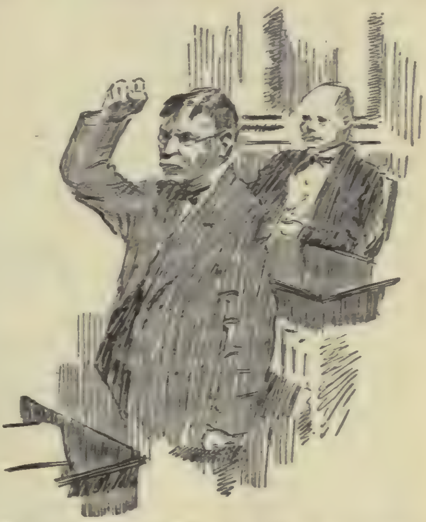
THE Employers' Liability Bill will entirely replace the old system of paying a year's salary to the widow or dependents of those injured or killed in Government work. By it a definite sum of two thousand dollars is to be paid to the heirs.

Apropos of this provision, the steel trust has set an example worthy of consideration in providing twelve million dollars for the benefit of employes to form a pension endowment. Of this, eight million dollars is provided by the trust, and four million by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, to pension disabled and superannuated workers. This movement has gained headway in Europe for years past, and right-minded American managers of great corporations realize that sympathy in time of especial need, or occasional aid, are not sufficient, but some definite, lasting and regular provision should be made for faithful employes, on the same principle as government annuities for old age.

* * *

A MOVEMENT for a memorial to Dr. Edward Everett Hale has excited widespread interest. It is planned to erect in his birthplace and home a portrait statue of heroic size, and Bella A. Pratt of Boston, whose work in Memorial Hall, the Congressional Library, the State House and elsewhere is well known, has been selected to execute the work. The site proposed is Copley Square, in the city of Boston, and many eminent architects have been consulted in reference to appropriate surroundings.

The statue is to represent Dr. Hale as he was usually seen on the streets of Washington and Boston, pursuing his various paths of usefulness. A clergyman by profession, "possessing the energy of a human dynamo," as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said, his long career was closed as Chaplain of the United States Senate. A school teacher, an historical writer, an editor, a story-teller, in each capacity he served his country well. The author of that apostrophe, "The Fatherland and the Flag," and the book "The Man Without a Country," if he had done no other work, might have been considered a worthy descendant of his kinsman of Revolutionary fame, Nathan Hale, who said, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."



Senator Simmons talking on high cost of living

The memorial is intended to commemorate Dr. Hale's work as that of a typical citizen of the United States, and the list of subscribers, headed by President Taft, is as broad in scope as the doctor's work was distinctively national. Every American will feel it a privilege to contribute something for this statue, which will be one of the proudest possessions of the City of Boston.

* * *

INCIDENTS of his visit to the United States under the title of Lord Renfrew were recalled on the death of King Edward by old-time Washingtonians. The young prince traveled incognito, but special receptions were held for him wherever he visited. While riding in a special car from Cincinnati, he caught a bouquet thrown by an American girl, and bowed so graciously to her that she never forgot the courtesy. The bells were rung when he reached Pittsburg, and nothing was neglected to indicate that the young scion of royalty was cordially welcomed by the republic which had forever broken away from the rule of his dynasty.

At the capital, due honors were bestowed upon the young nobleman by President Buchanan. The messengers at the White House, old and young, were instructed to bow low when the Prince of Wales entered. One who was present on one of these occasions relates that the stiff-necked and stiffer-kneed republicans seemed to find difficulty in bending in the approved court style, and one of the messengers, essaying the French bow on the polished floor, came near welcoming royalty in a somewhat undignified manner, "toes up"—the old White House messenger could nod in American manner, but the court courtesy was quite beyond him.

The gracious manner with which the young prince met and seemed to enter into the spirit of everything in Washington quite won the hearts of the residents. His tact was remarkable even in those days, and his chivalry made him a favorite among the young ladies, who adopted the fad of dressing in "prince's colors" by wearing only those shades which appeared in the carefully chosen cravats of the prince. There was gossip about his having won some very affectionate glances from one of America's fair daughters, but the sad fate of the beautiful Elizabeth Patterson was at that time sufficiently fresh in the memory of American womanhood to prevent any serious thoughts of an alliance with royalty.

* * *

THE Supreme Court room will look sadly desolate without the familiar figure of the late Chief Justice Fuller occupying the center of the bench. His long, gray hair, drooping moustache, keen blue eyes and slight, erect figure were indefinably associated with the great tribunal of the nation. Every time I go into the Supreme Court, I am impressed with its studious, grave hush after the pandemonium and bustle of the house and corridors. It has almost the silence and gravity of a cloister; the occupants of the room talk in low, measured tones, and the sense of awful dignity calms the most turbulent visitor.

The vacancies which must now be filled by President Taft, including the appointment of Governor Hughes, will bring to the bench men in the prime of life and vigor. Too much cannot be said of these men who devote their maturer years to the careful consideration and interpretation of the Constitution, for none but Constitutional questions come before them. No more important co-ordinate branch of the government can be conceived than this which has been glorified in the career of John Marshall and his illustrious successors, among whom the late Chief Justice Fuller will always be held as one of the most eminent.

Justice Fuller was one of those men who "went West and grew up with the country." His appointment to the bench was made by President Cleveland, and although confirmation was hotly contested in the Senate, Mr. Fuller lived to verify the predictions of his friends regarding his ability.

In the present administration the judicial feature of the government has been more emphasized than is usual. Justice Fuller, in congratulating President Taft at their first meeting, is said to have remarked:

"Mr. President, I congratulate you upon your election, but sympathize with you that you escape fulfilment of your highest ambitions—to occupy my luxurious cushion."

Most of the attorneys at the bar focused their attention on the Chief Justice, who occupied the center, and his kind, genial face and appreciative, understanding, listening attitude will be sorely missed. At every adjournment of the court in recent years, there has been a touching suggestion of tenderness in the last farewells among the members of judiciary—comrades for many years past. In softly spoken words and gentle tones as they addressed each other as "Brother," the demonstration of friendship among the justices of the United States Supreme Court found its supreme expression in the "good-bye" spoken by Chief Justice Fuller.

THE STORY OF "BLACK BEAUTY"

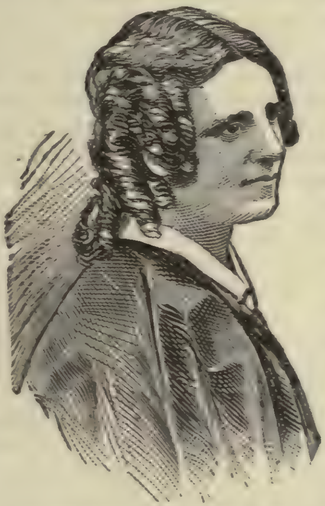
By GUY RICHARDSON

Editor of *Our Dumb Animals*

IT IS wholly due to the shrewd foresight of the late George T. Angell, and not to any of the regular book publishers here, that "Black Beauty" has had such a phenomenal twenty years' history in this country. Indeed, when the attention of the leading Boston publishing firm was called to this English volume, back in the eighties, they promptly turned it down as unpromising of profit. In February, 1890, Mr. Angell received his first copy of the book sent by a friend in New York without comment. Though it had been printed in England thirteen years before, he had never heard of it. He read it through, and then immediately asked for estimates for its printing here in large quantities, at the same time issuing a call from the American Humane Education Society for funds with which to aid in its circulation. In the first American edition, Mr. Angell wrote in his introduction:

"For more than twenty years this thought has been upon my mind. Somebody must write a book which shall be as widely read as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and shall have as widespread and powerful influence in abolishing cruelty to horses as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' had on the abolition of human slavery.

"Many times, by letter and word of mouth, I have called the attention of American writers to this matter and asked them to undertake it. At last the book has come to me—not from America, but from England, where already over ninety thousand copies have been sold."



Your very loving Sister
Anna Sewell

The impression produced upon the philanthropist by reading this book, for which he had been waiting ever since he began his crusade against animal cruelty, is strikingly shown in his words, "I have read each of its two hundred and thirty-eight beautifully printed pages, from its cheerful beginning to its happy end. I am glad to say that happiness predominates and finally triumphs." His enthusiasm to extend this gospel of kindness to horses led him to express the wish that a copy of the book might be placed in every home in America and that he might live long enough to print and distribute a million copies. Years before his death, this last wish had been realized, for by 1909 he had been instrumental in publishing and causing to be published from two to three million copies of the book.

Of the first American edition, printed in 1890, copies were sent to all the leading newspapers in the land. More than a thousand favorable press notices were the result, one of the most remarkable being the words of Captain John Codman, in the *New York Commercial Advertiser* of May 13, 1890, who says, "I sat down to read it last night and did not move from my chair until it was finished." He then told of the horses of fashion which he could see from his window opposite Grace Church (New York), and his interview with them in which "the poor beasts seemed to discern pity in my face, and every feature of their own had a tongue that said, 'For God's sake—yes, for God's sake, for we are his creatures—go into that church and tell the preacher to cut short his "lessons for the day," and to send his congregation out here to take an object lesson from us!' I wish that Dr. Huntington would take 'Black Beauty' into his pulpit and let him preach to his people. The text? He may find it in the book of the prophet Joel, i: 18, 'How do the beasts groan!' "

Such free advertising in the daily papers brought unprecedented attention to the horse story, and in ninety days from its publication by the American Humane Education Society, seventy thousand copies were ordered. That the demand has steadily increased is shown by the fact that recently the same Society has placed an order with the Chapple Publishing Company of Boston for fifty thousand copies, and this exactly twenty years after Mr. Angell first discovered the book to the American reading public! The records of the American Humane Education Society show that that organization alone has published over eight hundred thousand copies of "Black Beauty" within a score of years. During the same time the book has been printed by many other publishers, both from plates generously loaned by the Society, and by several independent firms, so that Mr. Angell's estimate of a total circulation in America of about three million copies is considered by experts not to be exaggerated.

Probably no book, since the invention of printing, has been given away in such large quantities as has "Black Beauty," excepting, of course, the Holy Bible. Friends of horses have sometimes paid for as many as one thousand copies of "Black Beauty" for free distribution. Another reason for the tremendous circulation of the volume is the readiness with which periodicals have used it as a premium. The *Youth's Companion* and other high-class publications have thus helped to swell the editions of this book by hundreds of thousands. Many workers in the humane cause are still selling the book at cost and discriminately giving it away so that the American Humane Education Society finds now, after having extensively advertised "Black Beauty" for twenty years and having itself given away the volume by thousands, that it requires at least 25,000 copies annually to supply the demands still being received at its office. One of its last shipments, made in July, was of three hundred copies, in English, to Robert College, Constantinople, where they will be distributed among all the English schools of Turkey, and the book will be translated into both Turkish and Armenian for distribution among the natives who have not learned English.

A glance at the library of the American Humane Education Society shows the wide extent to which this remarkable book has been translated already into foreign languages. These include Arabic, printed at Beirut, Syria; Hindustan, Lucknow, 1895; Hindustan, Calcutta, 1900; "Telegu," India, Madras, 1898; Italian, Florence, 1896; Italian, Turin, 1904; Greek (modern), Athens, 1894; French, Lausanne (Switzerland), 1902; and Swedish, Orebro, 1894. Besides these editions, printed abroad, the book has been published in German at Cincinnati, in Spanish at New York, and in Italian at Boston. Only the other day I was told by a traveler to China that she had seen the story printed as a serial in a native magazine at Shanghai. I have no doubt that other translations have been made which have not come to the attention of the American Humane Education Society.

But what of the author of this famous book? Is it not significant that the two most successful animal stories ever written were composed by women, one English, and the other Canadian, for Miss Saunders, whose "Beautiful Joe" was a prize story of the American Humane Education Society, is a native and resident of Halifax. The pathetic history of Anna Sewell has more than one parallel in English literature. A humble home in Yarmouth, a cripple for life from her teens, and death just after the success of her book in England became known! Her mother was a writer of books, her father a business man whose duties required a ten miles' drive from home. It was in driving her father to and from the Shoreham station that Anna unconsciously studied for "Black Beauty." An interesting glimpse of her and of the influence of Horace Bushnell on her work is shown in the reminiscence of a friend who had been visiting the family:

"When the carriage that was to take me to the station came to the door, Anna was standing in the hall, enveloped in a large mackintosh. The future writer of 'Black Beauty' was to be my driver. I found that she and her mother were in the habit of driving out most days without attendance, the understanding between themselves and the horse being perfect. The persistent rain obliged us to keep up our umbrellas. Anna seemed simply to hold the reins in her hand, trusting to her voice to give all the needed directions to her horse. She evidently believed in a horse having a moral nature, if we may judge by her mode of remonstrance. 'Now thee shouldn't walk up this hill; don't thee see how it rains? Now thee must go a little faster; thee would be sorry for us to be late at the station.' I think it was during this drive that I told Anna of something Horace Bushnell had written about animals. Soon after the publication of 'Black Beauty' I had a little note from her, written from her sofa, in which she says: 'The thoughts you gave me from Horace Bushnell years ago have followed me entirely through the writing of my book, and have, more than anything else, helped me to feel it was worth a great effort to *try*, at least, to bring the thoughts of men more in harmony with the purposes of God on this subject.' "

Miss Sewell had the advantage of all invalids by being able to concentrate her mind upon her writing. It was not hurriedly done. It was not done for pay. Her English publisher bought the manuscript outright for just twenty pounds and neither she nor her family ever received another penny from the sale of the book. It was virtually a gift to the world. Her journal shows that the work was begun previous to November 6, 1871. It was not till late in 1876 that this entry occurs: "I have for six years been confined to the house and to my sofa, and have from time to time, as I was able, been writing what I think will turn out a little book, its special aim being to induce kindness, sympathy, and an understanding treatment of horses." Still another year passed before the first proofs were received. Thus the book, as we know it, is the concentration of the thoughts of a vigorous mind through at least six long years, wearied with physical pain and weakness which often compelled the writer to leave off transcribing at the most interesting places. Even then, the author could write only with pencil, the faithful mother, sitting by, receiving the paper and making a fair copy. No one familiar with the story will be surprised to learn that its creator was a woman of rare and intense piety, chastened by a discipline which perhaps led her to put herself in the poor horses' place as a person unacquainted with physical suffering could not have done. The volume appeared near the end of 1877, and within a year Anna Sewell was freed from human suffering.

As between the endorsements which the book received upon its publication in America, from more than a score of eminent college presidents and bishops, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, whose words are before me, and the testimony of the city missionaries to the London cabmen, I prefer to close with the latter: They say nothing has told so strongly for good among the men themselves, or induced such humane treatment of horses, as the influence and teaching they have gained from "Black Beauty."

DEFIANCE

Hard against the aged cliffs that front old Ocean's breast
Billows hurl their leagued strength at some unknown behest;
Stands the heroic adamant that never knew repose
Roaring back defiance in the face of ancient foes.

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

Arkansas, My Arkansas

OH! land of wondrous fruits and flowers,
Arkansas, my Arkansas!
O'er thy fair future no cloud lowers,
Arkansas, my Arkansas!
But peace and plenty rule the hour,
With promise of still richer dower
When all the world has come to see
The wealth and beauty owned by thee,
Arkansas, my Arkansas!

Thy foundations are laid in stone,
Arkansas, my Arkansas!
With granite surplus worth a throne,
Arkansas, my Arkansas!
Thy fields of grain glow in the sun;
Thy ores the old world have outdone;
Thy springs with virtue rare are filled
From Nature's healing force distilled,
Arkansas, my Arkansas!

Thy cotton fields are snowy white,
Arkansas, my Arkansas!
Thy new-found diamonds gleam full bright,
Arkansas, my Arkansas!
Thy hills are crowned with noble trees,
That give their incense to the breeze;
Thy vales are crossed by waters sweet
Whose voices all thy praise repeat,
Arkansas, my Arkansas!

Oh! happy land of sunny days,
Arkansas, my Arkansas!
Thy birds all sing ecstatic lays,
Arkansas, my Arkansas!
Thy moonlit nights allure like wine;
Thy air is balm, a breath divine;
No other land so dear to me,
Oh, I have lost my heart to thee,
Arkansas, my Arkansas!

—Lura Brown Smith

Arkansas

OH, ARKANSAS, thy greatness we revere;
Thy sparkling gems rank with thy Afri'an peer;
Thy virgin soil has richness that erewhile
Will teem with busy hands like Khufu's Nile;
Thy mounts inhere with coal and lead and zinc
To rouse the silence of the workman's clink;
Thy healing waters pulse the sick with health;
These treasures bless our rising commonwealth;
Thy fields and cities every year expand
With migrates to Arkansas' goodly land;
Thy verdant growth makes glad thy children's eyes,
Who sway to bright renown thy destinies;
For thee they'd bleed if honor called to do,
Or living, deck thy brow with manhood true;
Thy children love the land they call "my state";
Their heads, their hearts, their hands shall make thee great.

—Samuel Claborn Parish

What They Say You Will Approve

PERENNIAL SOURCE OF PURE JOY

I have received your beautiful, unique and edifying "Heart Songs." It should be in every home as a perennial source of pure joy. I have examined the harmonization of those popular melodies which one often finds brutally handled, and I am happy to observe the correct and graceful musical treatment of every number in your collection. I congratulate you. —*Louis Lombard, Chateau de Trevano, Lugano, Suisse.*

HAPPY ENTERTAINMENT FOR ALL

No matter what the occasion may be, the home that is fortunate enough to possess "Heart Songs," will be able to find happy entertainment for all.—*Geo. L. Starkey, Washington, D. C.*

JUBILEE OVER "HEART SONGS"

We had a regular jubilee over "Heart Songs" that I took home, only marred by the fact that we no longer have our mother with us, who would so much have enjoyed meeting her old-time favorites in book form.—*H. E. Fabens, Literary Editor Christian Herald.*

MUSIC LOVERS WELCOME THIS VOLUME

I am sure that all music lovers will welcome this volume, because of its completeness, and because of its artistic and attractive appearance.—*Isidore Witmark, New York.*

COVERS ALL HUMAN EXPERIENCE

I think you have been fortunate in the selections you have made and placed before the public in this volume at such a reasonable price. In the selections used, you seem to have covered the entire gamut of human experience and tapped all the fountains of song. —*Jas. D. Shearer, Minneapolis, Minnesota.*

COLLECTION OF MUSICAL TREASURES

Am in receipt of that most exquisite volume, "Heart Songs," and am delighted with the collection of poetic and musical treasures. I am so glad you designed such a book, and hope it may find a place in every home.—*Mrs. W. S. Henneker, Minneapolis, Minnesota.*

WHAT THE LEADING NEWSPAPERS SAY

Reflects the taste of the American people.—*New York Sun.*

Justifies the title of "Songs of the Heart."—*Buffalo News.*

An entertaining compilation.—*Boston Herald.*

Expresses the voice of the people.—*Seattle Post Intelligencer.*

A thoroughly representative song book.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

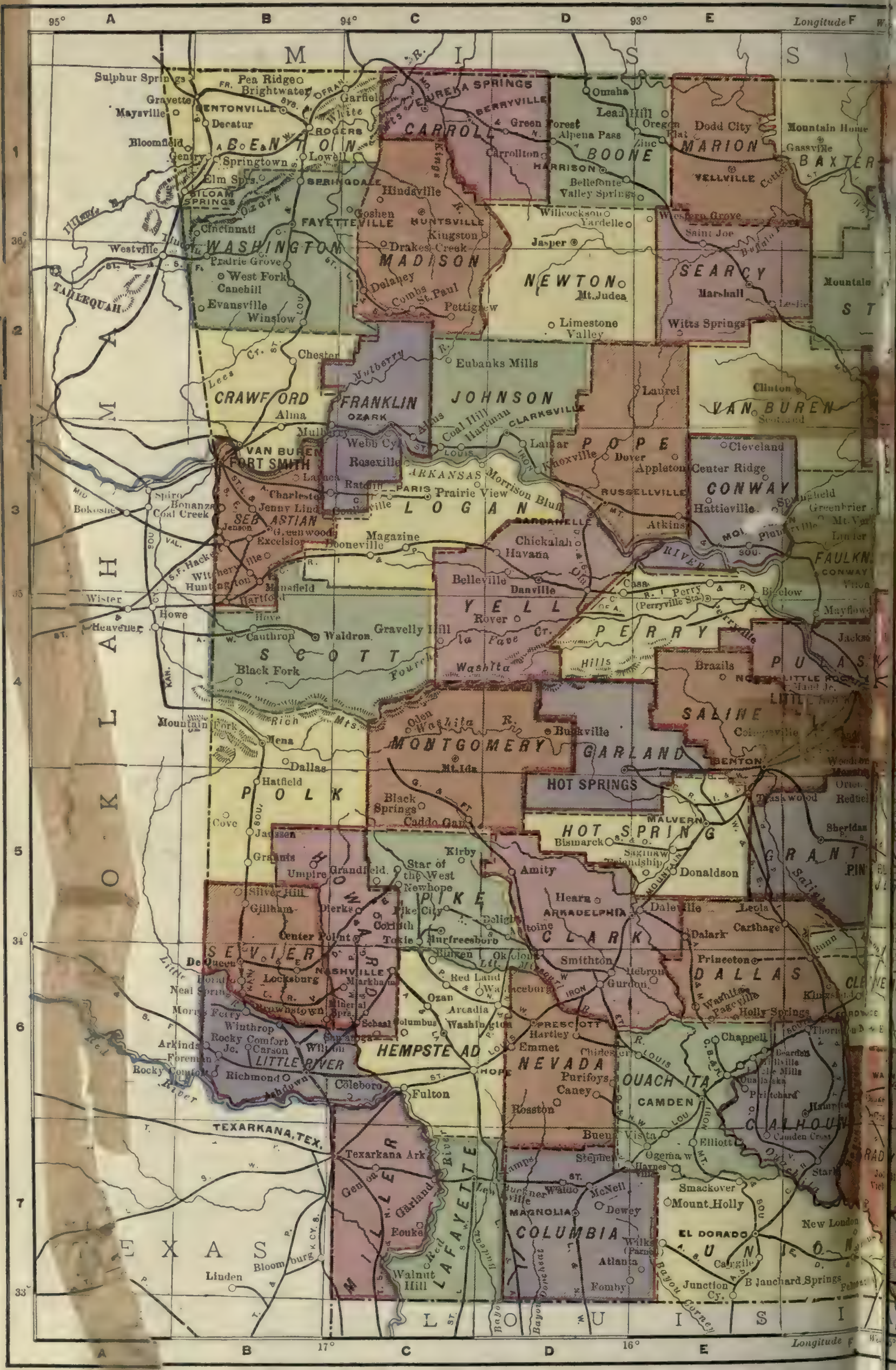
A valuable addition to the collection of every vocal artist.—*Music Industry.*

To turn the pages is like making the acquaintance of old friends.—*The National Prohibitionist.*

Best published collection of such songs.—*New York World.*

Exceptionally fine holiday gift book.—*Savannah News.*

A beautiful thought.—*Christian Science Monitor.*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GRANT
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PIKE
CLARK
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LITTLE RIVER
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NEVADA
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CALHOUN
CLEVELAND
MILLER
LAFAYETTE
COLUMBIA
UNION
OKLAHOMA
TEXAS
LOUISIANA
Sulphur Springs
Pea Ridge
Brightwater
Gravette
BENTONVILLE
Maysville
Decatur
Garfield
ROGERS
Bloomfield
Gentry
Springtown
Lowell
Elm Sprs.
SILOAM SPRINGS
SPRINGDALE
Ozark
Cincinnati
FAYETTEVILLE
Westville
Prairie Grove
West Fork
Canehill
Evansville
Winslow
TAHLEQUAH
EUREKA SPRINGS
BERRYVILLE
Green Forest
Carrollton
Hindsville
Goshen
HUNTSVILLE
Kingston
Drakes Creek
Delaney
Combs
St. Paul
Pettigrew
Kings R.
Omaha
Lead Hill
Oregon Flat
Zinc
Alpena Pass
HARRISON
Bellefonte
Valley Springs
Willcockson
Yardelle
Jasper
Mt. Judea
Limestone Valley
Dodd City
YELLVILLE
Mountain Home
Gassville
Cotter
Western Grove
Saint Joe
Buffalo R.
Marshall
Leslie
Witts Springs
Mountain
White R.
Chester
Lees Cr.
Mulberry
Eubanks Mills
Alma
OZARK
Altus
Coal Hill
Hartman
CLARKSVILLE
Lamar
Knoxville
Dover
Laurel
Clinton
Scotland
Cleveland
Center Ridge
Appleton
RUSSELLVILLE
Hattieville
Atkins
Springfield
Greenbrier
Mt. Vernon
Plumerville
Morrilton
Conway
Vilonia
Mayflower
VAN BUREN
FORT SMITH
Webb City
Roseville
Ratcliff
Lavaca
Charleston
Jenny Lind
Jenson
Greenwood
Excelsior
ARKANSAS
PARIS
Prairie View
Morrison Bluff
DARDANELLE
Coalville
Magazine
Booneville
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Havana
Belleville
Danville
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Bigelow
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Spiro
Bonanza
Coal Creek
Bokoshe
Hackett
Witcherville
Huntington
Mansfield
Hartford
Wister
Howe
Heavener
Hon
Cauthron
Waldron
Gravelly Hill
Black Fork
Fourche
Rover
Ola
Fourche la Fave
Washita
Hills
Brazils
NORTH LITTLE ROCK
LITTLE ROCK
Jacksonville
Mountain Fork
Rich Mts.
Mena
Dallas
Hatfield
Cove
Janssen
Grannis
Oden
Washita R.
Buckville
Mt. Ida
Black Springs
Caddo Gap
HOT SPRINGS
Coleysville
BENTON
Woodson
Traskwood
Redfield
Sheridan
MALVERN
Bismarck
Saginaw
Friendship
Donaldson
Kirby
Star of the West
Newhope
Umpire
Grandfield
Amity
Silver Hill
Gillham
Dierks
Pike City
Corinth
Delight
Tokio
Murfreesboro
Antoine
Hearn
ARKADELPHIA
Daleville
Leola
Carthage
Dalark
De Queen
Center Point
Lockesburg
Nashville
Markham
Mineral Sprs.
Brownstown
Horatio
Neal Springs
Morris Ferry
Winthrop
Rocky Comfort Jc.
Carson
Wilton
Arkinda
Foreman
Rocky Comfort
Richmond
Ashdown
Saratoga
Schaal
Columbus
Washington
Ozan
Red Land
Walnut Springs
Arcadia
Okolona
Smithton
Gurdon
Hebron
Princeton
Fordyce
Kingsland
Manning
Holly Springs
Pageville
Washita
PRESCOTT
Hartley
Emmet
HOPE
Fulton
Coleboro
Texarkana Ark
TEXARKANA, TEX.
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Chidester
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Atlanta
Emerson
Bayou Dorcheat
Smackover
Mount Holly
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New London
Cargile
Junction Cy.
B Janchard Springs
Felsenthal
Bayou Corney
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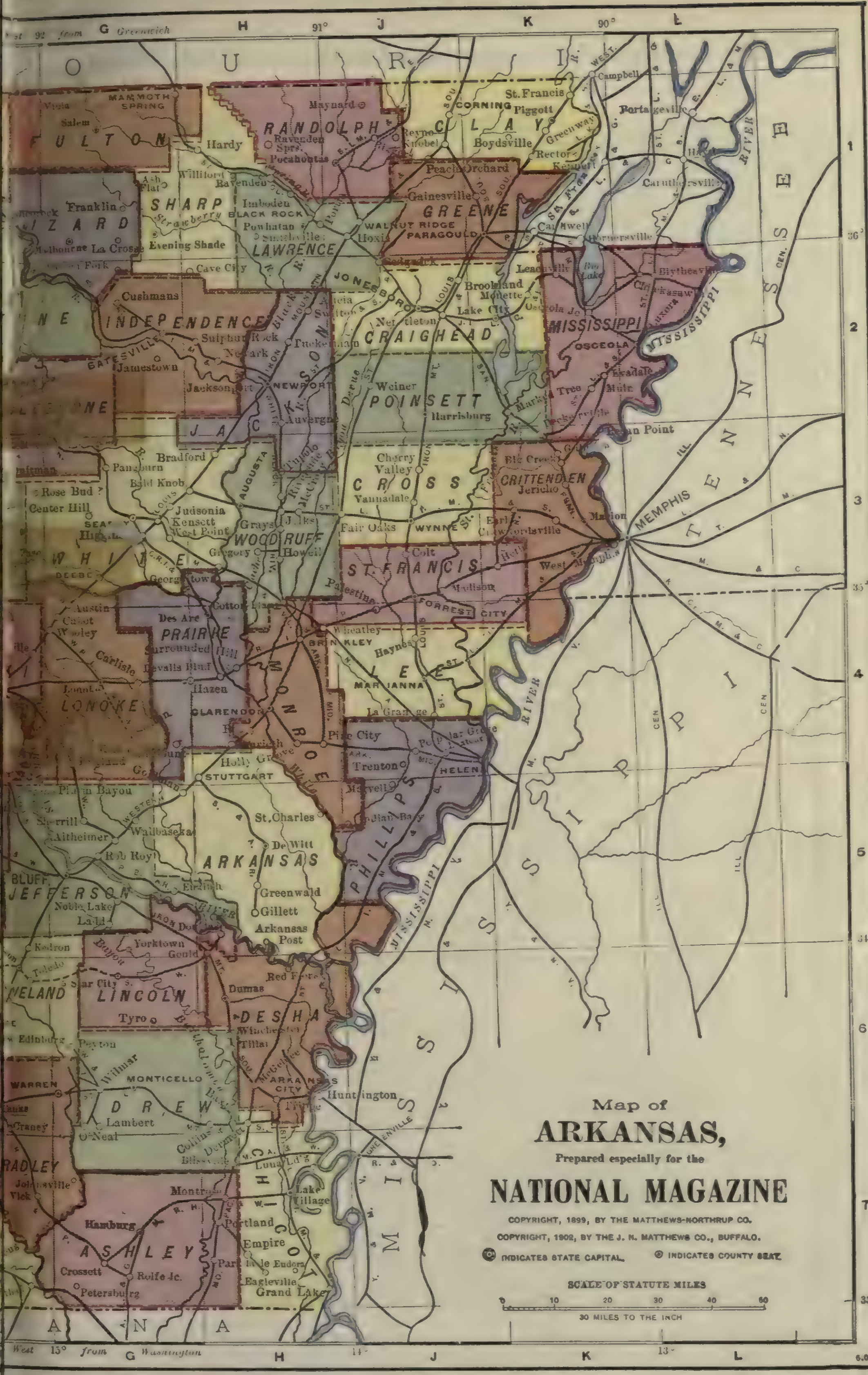
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CROSS
CRITTENDEN
WHITE
WOODRUFF
ST. FRANCIS
PRAIRIE
LONOKE
MONROE
LEE
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ARKANSAS
JEFFERSON
LINCOLN
DESHA
DREW
CHICOT
ASHLEY
Mammoth Spring
Salem
Hardy
Maynard
Pocahontas
Corning
Piggott
St. Francis
Boydsville
Rector
Kennett
Campbell
Portageville
Caruthersville
Walnut Ridge
Paragould
Gainesville
Jonesboro
Batesville
Newport
Harrisburg
Osceola
Blytheville
Wynne
Memphis
Marion
West Memphis
Forrest City
Marianna
Brinkley
Des Arc
Clarendon
Stuttgart
De Witt
Helena
Arkansas Post
Arkansas City
Monticello
Hamburg
Lake Village
Greenville
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Map of

ARKANSAS,

Prepared especially for the

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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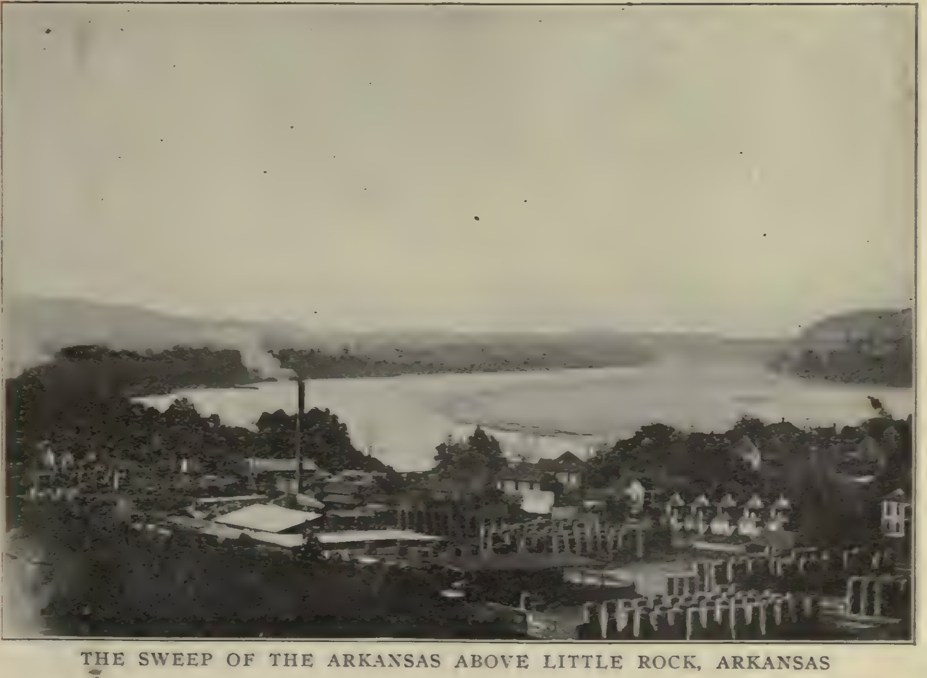
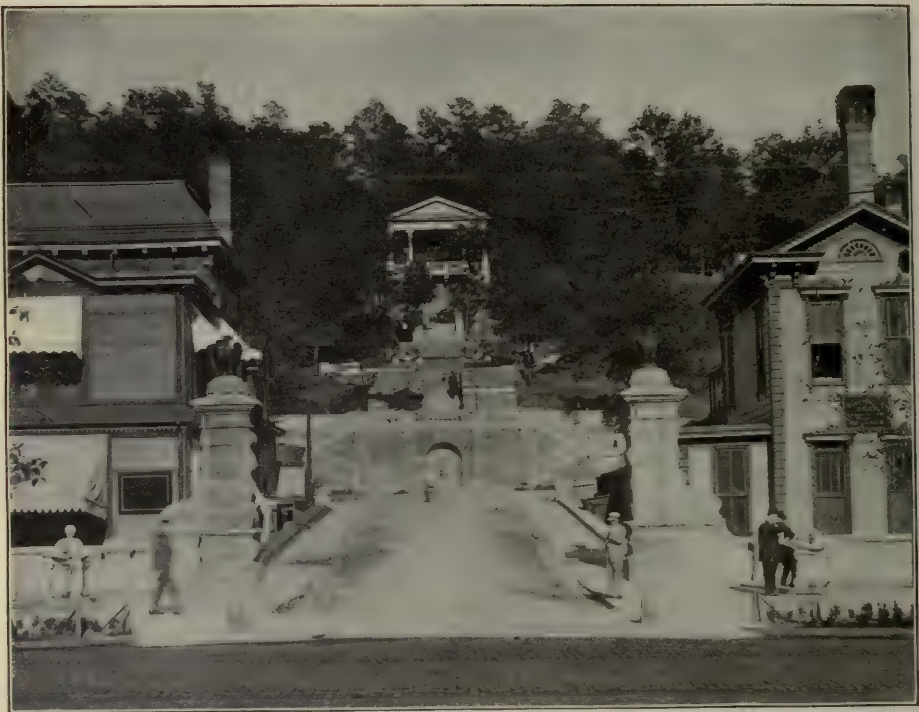
POSING WITH THE "BUFFALO" CART

From left to right—Col. George R. Belding, driving, Frank P. Fogg, Col. Phillip J. Stockton and Joe Mitchell Chapple



THE SWEEP OF THE ARKANSAS ABOVE LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

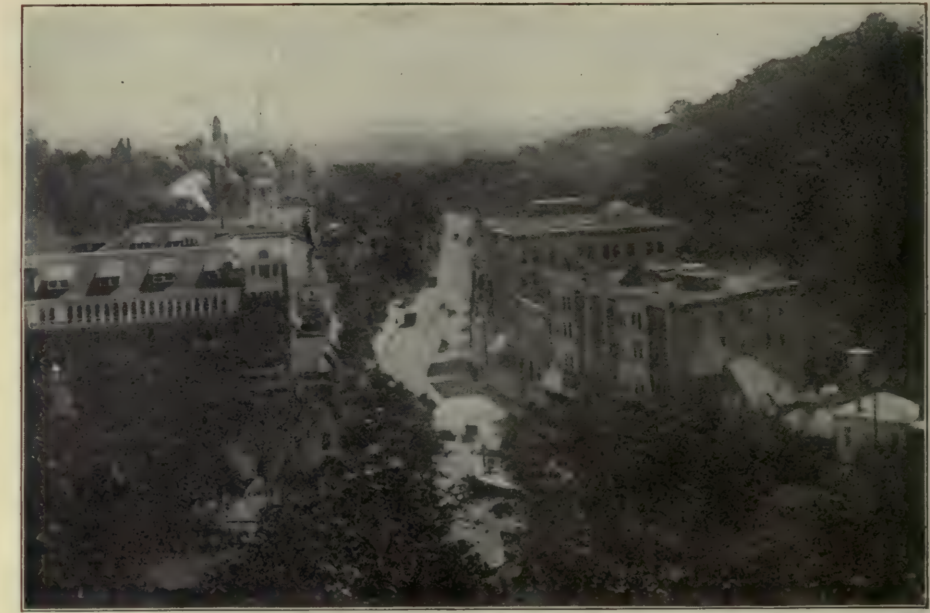


GRAND ENTRANCE TO UNITED STATES RESERVATION, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS

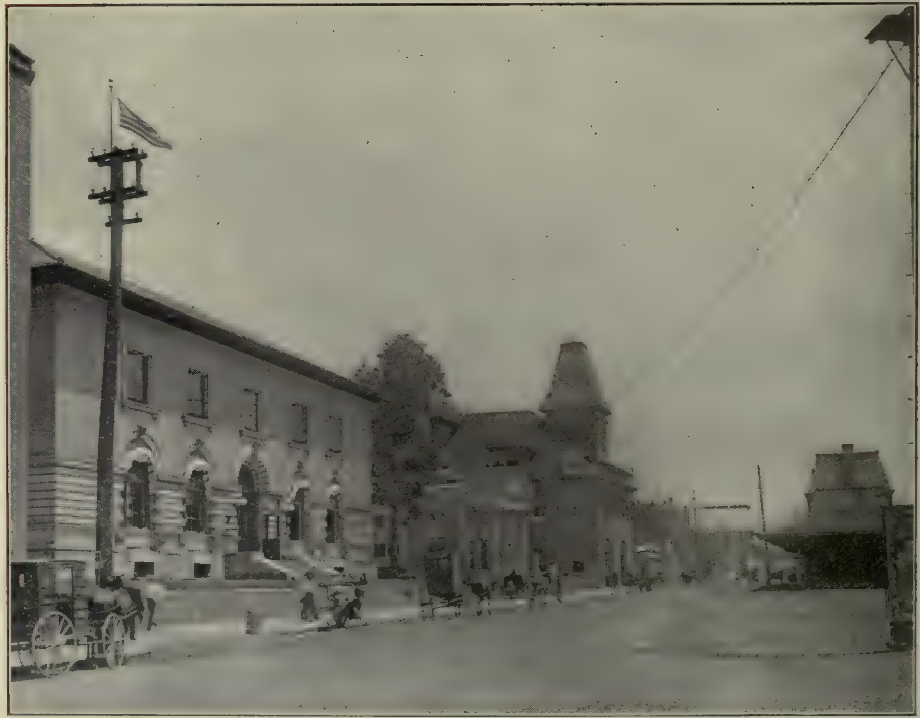
ONE OF THE LARGEST OF THE HOT SPRINGS

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBIT CAR, MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

ARKANSAS PRESS ASSOCIATION AT RUSSELLVILLE DAM, MAY 26, 1910



CENTRAL AVENUE
Dividing "Bath House Row" on left from business blocks, on right, Hot Springs, Arkansas



POST OFFICE ON LEFT, THEN BUSINESS MEN'S LEAGUE BUILDING, FIRE DEPARTMENT, AND CITY HALL, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS

STATE UNIVERSITY, FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS, FROM STATE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS

RICE WAITING TO BE HULLED AND POLISHED
Capacity of mill, 1200 barrels per day

WARD MINE, ST. JOE, ARKANSAS, ON LINE OF M. & N. A. RAILWAY

CHICKENS THRIVE—THEY PAY BIG PROFITS IN ARKANSAS

LILY COVERED LAKE, TEEMING WITH TROUT
Monticello, Arkansas

SAMPLE OF THE HARDWOOD TIMBER, NEAR PRESCOTT, ARKANSAS

CENTRAL AVENUE, GOVERNMENT RESERVATION ON THE LEFT
Hot Springs, Arkansas

The Awakening of ARKANSAS

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

IN my boyhood nothing interested me more than to pore over a map of the United States, wondering if I should ever visit the state represented by this patch of pink, or that bit of yellow, or whether I should ever live in this or that town posed as a plump, black dot upon its multi-colored surface. What sort of city could this be marked with a "capital" wheel, or this called a "metropolis" in the geography? In one of these childish reveries an older relative, looking over my shoulder, pointed out the state which he called home.

"Here it is," he said, "Arkansas, that square area of blue."

Then he told me of the great resources of his home state, and the future that he felt sure awaited her; his words almost had the fire of prophecy, as he spoke of the forests of the vast delta lands, and told how a greater variety of minerals is found in Arkansas than in any other state, and how these rich lands were within the borders of one of the greatest states of the Southwest. His picture of what the schools were doing and the heroic struggles since the dark days of Reconstruction, when the greater part of the South was lying waste by war's devastation, was delivered in words of fervid eloquence as his dark eyes flashed.

This incident inspired a personal interest in Arkansas that has never been dispelled, and of late, almost every year I have found myself within the state, wondering at the tremendous development taking place. A better understanding of the condition of Arkansas is growing, especially since the famous Land Congress of 1910 met in Little Rock. The hotels were all filled, and over 3,000 delegates attended during the session. They came from almost every one of the seventy-five counties of the state, all thoroughly imbued with a pride in state development not witnessed in any other state of the Union for many years. It was truly an "awakening of Arkansas" to a fuller appreciation of her wonderful resources. Vice-presidents were appointed for each county, and everybody joined in contributing to a fund to exploit the resources of the state. From the millionaires and well-to-do business men to the energetic farmers and merchants, everybody was ready to share in the campaign. Governor Donaghey, re-elected by a majority in every county in the state except two, has been prominently identified with this progressive movement in Arkansas, and the handsome new state capitol will be a monument to his administration. On its commanding site it is an indication of the splendid cohesiveness of the movement throughout the state. Everyone is unanimous and enthusiastic over the one proposition—the advancement of Arkansas.

With a greater variety of minerals than any other state, with the third largest resources in coal and timber, rich in deposits of bauxite from which aluminum is made, with the great development of rice-culture in the eastern section, producing a grade of rice which brings the highest price in the markets, great things are already realized and others prophesied. The drainage of the delta lands, rich in a deep alluvial soil, has reclaimed districts whose value is little known or recognized outside the state. The tide of immigration which swept through Arkansas to the Southwest, is swiftly ebbing back into the state of Arkansas, where development is now under way with a large D. Many an immigrant finds immediate and substantial prosperity in Arkansas today that could be duplicated nowhere else.

* * *

Arriving at Little Rock on Saturday, one thing which impressed me throughout the city, in the streets, business houses, schools, churches, hotel corridors and everywhere, was the air of infectious enthusiasm. The state meetings of Elks and Land Congressmen made the capital city a lively center of activity. The bright and beautiful faces from all parts of the state abounded, for the students had come that week to compete in an oratorical bout, an arithmetic test, map-drawing and "history hurdles," and other class contests, to say nothing of the field meet in the afternoon at the park. No prophet was needed to foretell a prosperous future for Arkansas after looking into the faces of the school children, as they gathered in the bright May sunshine at the capital. The merry ring of laughter, the bustling, go-ahead-ativeness foretold prosperity, for the intelligence, beauty and health of the boys and girls are the basic resources of any state. The development of the capital city has made Little Rock the veritable business, social, and political, as well as geographical center of the state.

The people of Arkansas truly love to "get together." They like to meet and exchange confidences and ambitions for the development of their different sections, and pulling together and cohesiveness insures a remarkable record for the coming years in Arkansas.

The great problem of unifying the population is being solved by this intermingling of the people from the various counties, for there are many new settlers seeking homes from states located in directions covering all points of the compass. There is, perhaps, not so great an admixture of races and people in any other part of the United States at the present time, and this is bringing about a typical democracy fitted to cope with the difficulties of rapid development. Everything is new, and people are not afraid to try unusual plans or set out upon new lines of endeavor. Every man, woman and child has a hope for the future—this is the spirit which is responsible for "Arkansawyan" development.

* * *

No other problem is of more vital importance than the question of enhancing farm production. This is a subject uppermost in the minds of the people as a motive, and is especially prominent in Arkansas. How to make the soil and the resources of the state yield more and more; how to build homes, schools and churches and thriving cities—these questions are being daily acted upon in the Arkansas of today.

All of the sprightly towns, scattered throughout the state, are comparing progress with each other from month to month, and in every section there are unmistakable indications of movement, even in remote districts off the railroad.

Glancing again at the map of the United States, looking again at this spot covering a varied area on the banks of the Mississippi we can realize that the prophecies of James Mitchell long ago are now being realized. He had a clear vision of what was to take place in future years, in the state which he loved. Within the next decade Arkansas will respond to the roll call of states with a record of advancement and improvement second to no other commonwealth in the Union.

* * *

I was also fortunate in meeting Colonel H. L. Remmel, of Little Rock, the United States marshal, who has long been prominently identified with public life in Arkansas. Were it not for the fact that he insists on being a Republican, even his rivals admit he could long ago have been governor of Arkansas. Despite his political convictions, he has the confidence of his fellow-citizens in general, who do not seem to care to what political party he may belong. He is now occupied with the construction work of the new state capitol, which will indeed be a fitting mark of the new era of Arkansas. Towering skyscrapers, fine residences, new paved streets, many and varied industries—these are the things which tell the story of Arkansas' advancement in scores of hustling cities and towns throughout the state.

While in Arkansas I looked for a man who could play the real old-time "Arkansaw Traveler," but the old tune seems to have been forgotten. In fact, it appears to have been quite tabooed. In trips through the country, along corduroy roads, everywhere that one might expect to hear the old air, I listened intently, but not a single note did I hear.

Radiating from Little Rock, like the spokes of a wheel, are railroads in every direction. Two hours away is Pine Bluff, a live and wide-awake city. Automobiles are abundant in the streets, which are wide, well paved, lined with handsome homes and buildings, and alive with business. The clang of the engine bells and the shrill whistles of the engines suggest a center of traffic. All along the lines of these roads are sawmills, manufacturing the valuable hard woods which now secure high prices and ready sale in Northern markets. Pine Bluff is on the Arkansas River, whose banks here present on one side of a dividing bayou the light soil of the uplands, on the other side the red delta soil, for both of which the state is remarkable. Here for a half century cotton plantations have yielded crop after crop without the use of fertilizers. There is now a movement on foot to divide the large plantations into smaller farms and practice more intensive farming. Never have I seen elsewhere such alfalfa, which is equivalent to a gold mine to the stock-raiser. In the offices of the business men are collections of mammoth sweet potatoes, corn and other products of the state, evidencing the wave of enthusiasm sweeping over the Pine Bluff residents.

COL. H. L. REMMEL
United States Marshal and stalwart Republican in Arkansas

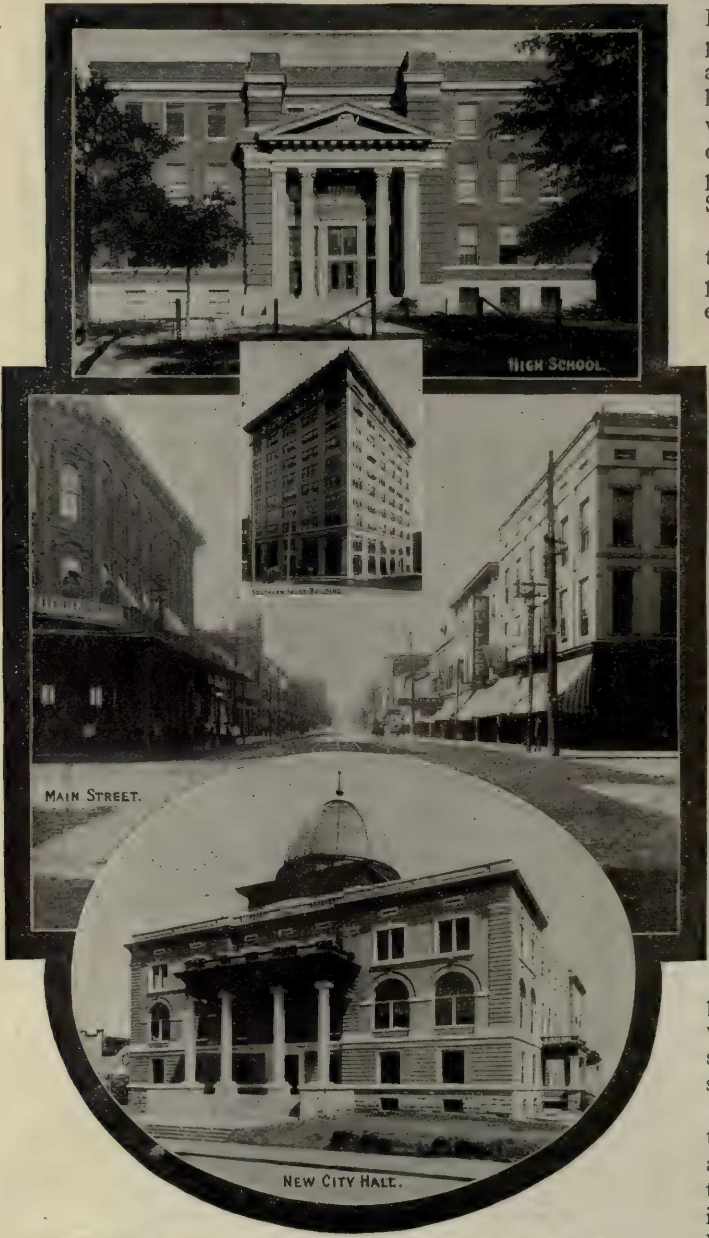
The day at Hot Springs will never be forgotten. With Phillip J. Stockton, Captain Charles N. Rix and Colonel George R. Belding, we made a trip to East Mountain—whence come the famous hot springs, whose curative properties are not excelled elsewhere. Across the valley on North Mountain, the waters are cool and limpid. On the top of East Mountain has been constructed a steel tower which affords a panoramic view of the country. Over 150,000 tourists come here annually during the winter and summer months. The incomparable hot springs are in charge of the United States Interior Department, which provides a sanitarium and free baths for its soldiers and sailors. The public bath houses are leased from the government, and a movement has been consummated to build a system of bath houses which will have no superior in the most famous European resorts.

A drive about the streets of Hot Springs with such companions, and Harry H. Meyers, who was recently a candidate for governor, will certainly inoculate one with the local enthusiasm. The splendid new race track, recently completed at a cost of $600,000, was the scene of busy preparations for the Arkansas State Fair, which is always a notable event in the Southwest. The grounds and equipment are second to but one in the United States. Thousands of strangers come to Hot Springs from all parts of the world, and have unconsciously given it advertising which has made it one of the best-known places in the United States.

The natural heat of the water, its absolute purity and the presence of hydrogen, silicon and free carbonic acid gas, make it possible for physicians to use medicines more freely than they otherwise could. There are 48 springs, daily discharging several million gallons at an average heat of 125 degrees Fahrenheit.

Possessing an equable climate for the entire year, Hot Springs attracts thousands of visitors from all parts of the country. It is estimated that over 150,000 persons annually visit this popular winter resort, which has become the social centre of the state.

Today it is more than a watering place, and is already a very thriving manufacturing city and a popular home center. To the



IN THE HEART OF LITTLE ROCK, LARGEST CITY OF ARKANSAS

GOOD BLOOD
A little family party at Arkansas State Fair, Hot Springs

Essex Driving Park, some six miles out over mountain roads, we whisked in an automobile, passing many farmhouses on our way. We stopped at the new Country Club, one of the most complete and popular clubs in the state. The golf links here would delight even President Taft. Up Withington Road, the narrow strip of Government Park is a veritable beauty spot, and among the interesting features are an ostrich farm and alligator preserve.

Hot Springs is also, during the early spring months, a famous rendezvous for several national baseball teams, which go there to prepare for the great summer campaign on the diamond. Hot Springs are famous for their therapeutic and curative properties, and climatic conditions are so salubrious that the beautiful town and surroundings will soon become a great center for fashion and social gaiety.

On every hand stretches a broken surface of country, where small farms thrive and where one can surround himself with orchards, vineyards and a luxury equal to any of the celebrated resorts in other sections of the country.

Not far from Hot Springs are the extensive whetstone quarries of the Pike Manufacturing Company, who sell their celebrated "Arkansas" oilstones in every country on the globe.

The great event of the autumn season is the Arkansas State Fair, which is held annually at Hot Springs. Col. George R. Belding deserves great credit for the success he is making of this great exhibition.

AN ARKANSAS TRAVELER
Representing present conditions and possibilities

Genuine Diamond Mines

By FRANK P. FOGG

CROSSING from the northeast to the southwest corner of the state of Arkansas runs the main line of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway. Generally speaking, the country to the eastward is level and low altitude, while to the westward the land varies from slightly rolling prairie land into the higher peaks and altitudes of the Ozark and Magazine mountains. Before the history of Arkansas had hardly begun, this great area was heavily wooded with a large variety of soft and hard woods; and before the coming of the railroads lumbermen were attracted by the sturdy monsters of the forest, which were laboriously cut and rafted down the sluggish bayous to the Mississippi.

Probably most of the railroads were projected more with the intention of exploiting the great timber reserves than of opening up the agricultural lands of the state; but with the passing of the forests have come new developments in the order of evolution, until the eyes of America are now being turned upon the rich black and red bottom lands of Arkansas as the best and cheapest farming lands obtainable in the United States today. It is very interesting to visit and compare the young and ambitious towns that are everywhere springing up with the older communities in other sections; and while in hardly any case has the development reached a high standard, yet the right kind of land is there, and with the influx of more people, bringing more experience and better ideas, Arkansas will become one of the most opulent and productive states in the Southwest.

Taking a run down from Little Rock toward the southwest over the Iron Mountain route, Benton, the capital of Saline County, is soon reached, and the interesting story was heard of how there is being developed here a young industry—pottery-making—that bids fair to compete successfully with the Rookwood and other famous art industries in the North. A very fine quality of clay is found near Benton, which was experimented with and soon gained the interest of some

NEW UNION STATION, "IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE," LITTLE ROCK artists, who have since joined their fortunes with the originators of the idea and are turning out very artistic productions. Being the junction point for Hot Springs, this pottery establishment is likely to become widely and favorably known through the tourists and art lovers who annually visit this region.

RESIDENCE OF HON. H. B. McKENZIE
Prescott, Arkansas

Arkadelphia, county seat of Clark County, is beautifully situated, with many fine residences under ample shade trees, which everywhere give an inviting aspect to the wide thoroughfares and streets. Here are located two famous colleges of the Southwest—the Ouachita Baptist College, and the Brown-Henderson Methodist College, both co-educational and both doing splendid work in educating young men and women for stations of honor and responsibility, which they almost invariably fill in passing out into life.

* * *

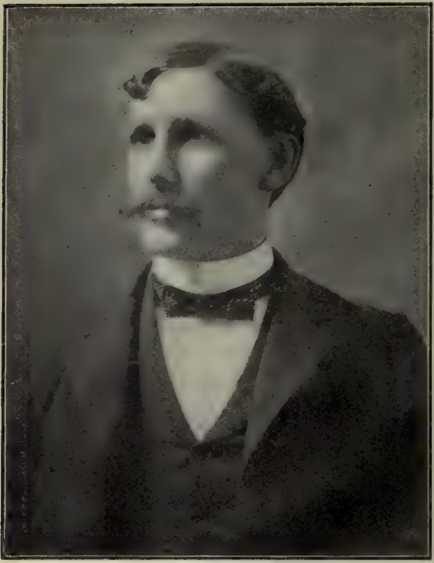
A little farther to the southwest is Prescott, the capital of Nevada County, located in one of the finest sections of the state. While at the Land Congress in Little Rock, Mr. A. M. Ellsworth, vice-president for this county, gave us a most pressing invitation to come and see his town and section. And he quickly demonstrated by drives to the east, south and west that here is a spot that farmers and stockmen who have any intention of locating in Arkansas should carefully look over. The country is splendidly wooded, and the soil —a friable, sandy loam—responds very quickly to cultivation.

A few miles eastward from the town Mr. Ellsworth pointed out an old and neglected place, but so beautifully situated that it might be made a valuable estate and a beautiful home. Artesian water was flowing from a well near the house, and the rich Bermuda grasses and clovers were furnishing pasturage for sleek, fat cattle that roamed at will over the estate. Great, majestic oaks shaded the dilapidated old log house, and it required no great stretch of the imagination to picture here a fine modern mansion surrounded by shrubs and flowers that would transform the old place into a veritable bower of Eden.

Prescott is already a well-proven stock country, and several fine farms were pointed out to the southward as we drove along the country roads. As a business center, Prescott is rapidly coming to the front, for it is from this point that the Prescott & Northwestern Railroad runs northwesterly and has already been built into the northerly section of Pike County.

With Mr. Horace E. Bemis, General Manager of the Prescott & Northwestern

JAPANESE PERSIMMONS GROW LARGE AND TEMPTING IN PRESCOTT, ARKANSAS



A. M. ELLSWORTH
Vice-President of Land Congress for Nevada County

Railroad, a trip over this line was made to Highland to visit Mr. Bert Johnson, who has demonstrated in a few years that on these gravelly hilltops prolific and profitable peach orchards are the very thing to consider. Already about eighteen hundred acres are set to peaches, and most of the orchard is in bearing condition. What a revelation it was, driving out from a heavily wooded country, to look forth upon far-stretching acres of peach orchards, almost every tree in perfect condition, and the ground well cultivated. The "air drainage," as Mr. Johnson explained, is here found to be a valuable factor in peach-raising; for to the northward the land drops off steeply, and from this tableland the cold, frosty air of late spring is drawn downward, while the warmer air rises to protect the peach blossoms from injury whenever a freeze comes. The Prescott & Northwestern Railroad has thousands of acres of unimproved land equally as good for peaches, as any now planted, and much that is particularly well suited for strawberries, cantaloupes, melons and other small fruits. It is a country so contiguous to the great markets, and so desirable for the home-seeker that the wonder is the rush is not already on to get these lands while they are available.

Within Pike County there are rich deposits of kaolin of very fine grade, also gypsum and asphalt, and the now famous Diamond Fields also. Kaolin is a very fine clay used in making the best grades of chinaware; gypsum is used as a fertilizer and also for making plaster of paris—and these valuable deposits will not long remain undeveloped. As though naturally placed to supplement these advantages are splendid water-power sites where thousands of hydro-electric horse power can be developed at comparatively little expense.

After looking over the peach orchard, Mr. Bemis drove on to the diamond mines. How expectantly we looked forward to that spot upon which the attention of all America—yes, of the whole world—has recently been turned! No other spot on the American continent is quite like it. Nowhere in America have diamonds been found in peridotite save right here in the "pipes" of Pike County.

As we reached the edge of the once volcanic crater, two broken, precipitous hills of rock stood sentinel, one on the right and the other on the left. There was something about the place that had a ghostly, uncanny aspect, for the

PROLIFIC CORN ON FERTILE LAND, PRESCOTT, ARK.

PINE TIMBER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD ON LAND ONCE CULTIVATED

evidence of a volcanic upheaval here was surely manifest. Passing between the hillocks we were upon the crater, the surface of which was generally level, though washed somewhat by streams and brooks, and the soil showed variation from black, about the color of peat, to a light yellow and yellowish green. The "peridotite" or "Kimberlite," as the mineral of the volcanic pipe is called, extends vertically downward through the volcanic vent to incalculable depths. Normally it is a bluish color, and hard like clay or shale; but near to the surface the original blue changes to a greenish hue, which in turn, by action of the air and elements, turns yellow; and finally, by long exposure to the sun and rain, and mixing with extraneous matter the mineral is thoroughly disintegrated, and becomes black. Already upwards of a thousand diamonds have been found on the several distinct diamond "pipes" which are being opened up near Murfreesboro.

At the commodious lodge comprising the mining headquarters of the Arkansas Diamond Company a jolly night was enjoyed with Mr. John Peay, the Superintendent, in talking about the great project in which he and the company are so vitally interested. During the night a torrential rainstorm occurred, and early the next morning all hands went out to hunt for diamonds that might have been washed out. The sun had not yet come forth, so it was not an easy matter to find them. But finding diamonds is not a common occurrence, especially in hunting for them at the surface. It requires infinite patience and a sharp eye to detect the little greasy-looking crystals which may be half covered with mud and dirt among the grasses.

ELBERTA PEACHES GROW LARGE AND LUSCIOUS

Beyond the Ozark Diamond Mining Company's claim are located the American Diamond mines and the Kimberlite Diamond Mining and Washing Company's mines situated on another great body of peridotite, two miles away. Here Mr. Austin Q. Millar and his son explained much of interest about the strange geologic formation. Mr. Reese Lamb was at the American mines, which are on much higher ground than any of the other claims. Situated on hillsides, with towering oaks and hickory growing upon the land, the topography about these "pipes" is very interesting. The peridotite here has more of a yellowish hue, the erosion of the land having carried away the black colorings to lower levels. Tunnels and cross-cuts have already been made, enough to prove conclusively the genuine peridotite formation of this mound; and many diamonds, consisting principally of pure white stones, have been found here.

LOOKING FOR DIAMONDS
Kimberlite Diamond Mining and Washing Company
Pike County, Arkansas

We did not stop to hunt for diamonds long, but picked up a few beautiful crystals or "near-diamonds." There is a difference between the diamond and the crystal which is very apparent in comparison. Progress is being made in interesting moneyed men in financing these companies, and it will not be long before the hum of the machinery is heard, and the washing out of the diamonds will begin on a very large scale.

The theory of Mr. R. D. Duncan, President of the Ozark Diamond Mines, is that other volcanic pipes than the three already discovered are not only possible but very probable. In the South African fields, several pipes are in existence, some separated from others by hundreds of miles. In consequence of this theory, Mr. Duncan, for his company, has secured options on a very large amount of land in Pike and Hempstead counties, and so will be able to purchase any proven diamond-bearing lands at very low prices any time during the next fifteen years.

The diamond mines of Pike County, Arkansas, are genuine beyond question; and the mineral matter of the pipes identical with the African mines, but how richly bearing these mines may be is a matter which can only be answered by development work. That diamonds have been found on all of the "pipes" is sufficient to prove that they are diamond-bearing. The quality, color, size and brilliance are all of high order, and the diamonds that have been cut show equal brilliancy and greater hardness than the average gems from the South African fields. It is now reported that the Arkansas Diamond Company has recently

GOOD PUBLIC ROAD IN CENTRAL ARKANSAS

sold a large share of its interests to English capitalists associated with the South African companies, and that modern machinery is already on the way.

It becomes evident to the casual visitor that the four companies owning the "pipes" in the Pike County diamond fields, are not exaggerating their prospects or possibilities in the printed matter they are circulating, but rather are they conservatively stated; for statistics of the present fiscal year show the United States by far the best market for the African mines with importations of the cut and rough stones, amounting to thirty-eight million dollars.

It is not improbable that complete development of the Arkansas mines will supply this home demand; conditions are such in Africa that large export duties and government royalties are exacted, more than offsetting any additional labor costs incurred in the mining and recovery of the gems in Arkansas.

Across country to the west from the diamond fields is located De Queen, the capital and principal town of Sevier County. There was a trimness and a cleanliness about De Queen that bespoke thrift and a healthy civic growth. To the north and west are found apple and truck farms, while to the southeast a few miles flourishes the largest peach orchard in Arkansas—perhaps even in the United States—about four thousand acres in thrifty peaches exemplify the great resources of Arkansas in the fruit line.

The topography of Sevier County is so broken with hills and valleys that perfect drainage, pure water and desirable altitude are assured, making it an ideal spot for the thousands who are looking for health and an abundance of opportunity in selecting a new home.

Just south of Sevier County, and occupying the very southwestern corner of the state of Arkansas is Little River County, one of the most fertile and richly endowed agricultural regions of the southwest. Between Little River as a northeasterly boundary, the Red River on the south, and adjoining the great state of Oklahoma on the west, Little River County has an unique setting. There are three kinds of soil, all very rich and fertile. The lowest bottom land adjoining the rivers is of two varieties. The black soil on the northeast side, adjoining Little River, is deep and wonderfully fertile. The bottom land on the south is red soil, claimed by some to be even richer than the black soil of the Little River basin. Both, however, are strongly productive for cotton and corn. Just above these bottom lands are the second bottoms, only slightly less rich and productive, but better drained, and both finely calculated for alfalfa and garden truck as well as corn and cotton. Above the second bottoms and forming another bench or level track are the upland farms, and in the midst of this fertile section is Ashdown, the flourishing county seat of Little River County.

WATERMELONS ARE RIPE

Catching the throb of development, Ashdown has already put on a cosmopolitan appearance. Fine brick blocks in the business section, beautiful homes, and plans projected for a much larger and handsomer hotel, all point the way to a very promising future for Ashdown. While talking with one of the pioneers of the town, now vice-president of the Land Congress, several thrifty-looking colored men came in to do business with him. He explained that many of the negroes are saving, hard-working and well-to-do, setting an example for their less thrifty brothers that is valuable, as it is gradually becoming contagious. Ashdown has advantages for new enterprises. Already several new wholesale establishments and mercantile companies have been located here, and there is certainly room for several more. The town has the advantage of a north and south, as well as an east and west railroad, so that transportation charges are competitive, and good facilities are afforded for both shipping products out as well as manufactured products into the country.

ALFALFA YIELDS FIVE OR SIX CROPS ANNUALLY AND THE DEMAND IS GREATER THAN THE SUPPLY

Just to show how cheaply some lands at Ashdown may yet be obtained, a traveling salesman who had visited an outlying village from Ashdown told the story that he was offered a hundred acres while there for $150. Just think of a country that is fertile and productive for almost any desirable crop, an acre of which can be bought for the price of a pair of gloves! It is doubtful if very much land can be obtained for such a low price as $1.50; but for five or ten dollars per acre thousands of acres are still available, much of which is located convenient to Ashdown and other good towns of the county. Little River County is noted for its fine corn, for the richness of its soil, its equable climate, and for its long staple cotton that is sought after by the great mills of the North, and in Europe.

* * *

When Nashville in Howard County was reached, an interesting meeting was being held by the directors of the Memphis, Paris & Gulf Railroad, and during this meeting it was not only voted to extend the railroad to the northeast and the southwest, but to change the name to the Memphis, Dallas & Gulf. Railroad-building is at a very absorbing stage of development in Arkansas. Towns that have but one or two railroads are eager to get one or two more, and the business men are ever ready to offer generous inducement to secure competitive transportation as an outlet for their growing agricultural interests.

Some of the fastest trotting horses that have ever been bred in the Southwest have been raised on the stock farms of

Nashville. Every year these splendid horses have been taking more than their share of the blue ribbons at the State Agricultural Fair at Hot Springs, and the influence of their success is spreading over other sections of the state.

FIELD OF GROWING COTTON ON BOTTOM LAND

* * *

Down in the southern tier of counties is Magnolia, a town of significant nomen, and in nowise disappointing to the visitor.

It was the twenty-fourth of May, but in the orchards ripe, blushing peaches were all ready for the market. What a contrast to the conditions of New England to find here in southern Arkansas not only ripe peaches, but also ripe potatoes, strawberries, cabbage and other fruits and vegetables! Columbia County invites agriculturists, and it already has a great reputation for stock-raising. In one of the adjoining towns to Magnolia, one hundred and seventeen spring colts were being raised, which is only one feature that indicates what this progressive county is doing.

No one can arrive at the Ouachita Hotel in Camden without feeling a sense of gratification. It is modern in structure, ably conducted, and is so thoroughly appreciated that a full house is always the rule.

Camden enjoys an extensive trade in cotton. It markets the cotton of its own vicinity, and disposes of the supply of several other adjacent counties. There are few other towns of the state that have a greater cotton business than Camden; yet its soil is so diversified that corn, potatoes, fruits, alfalfa, peanuts and melons are all well represented among the products raised. Situated on a high bluff, and adequately supplied with sewerage and drainage, Camden has a beauty and interest for the visitor that invites him to linger. Several artesian wells have been sunk, from which the purest kind of water is procured. Near by is a large deposit of coal, from which gas and other coal products are profitably extracted.

BALES OF COTTON AWAITING TO BE COMPRESSED

With river transportation as well as ample railroad facilities, beautiful Camden will certainly secure for herself a fair share of the influx of farmers and business men from all quarters of the compass.

* * *

On the southern edge of Dallas County is a trim town that appears to the visitor almost like a New England village—Fordyce by name. Whether the imprint of tidiness has been set by the thrifty management of the Fordyce Lumber Company, whose mills are models of comeliness, or whether the strict care of the inhabitants about their homes has set the pace for the mills, is a matter not yet determined; but be that as it may, the residences, the streets, the business blocks, as well as the great plant of the Fordyce Lumber Company, had a neatness and a cleanliness of exterior appearance that marked Fordyce as a very attractive town.

OPIE READ

The popular veteran author, and founder of *Arkansas Traveler*. His latest sketch, "Arkansas—a Reverie," is published in this issue (page 666)

One of the signal successes of Fordyce is the Home Insurance Company, which has in the last few years forged to the front under the management of Mr. A. B. Banks. Occupying a pretentious home in a handsome brick building on the main street, the Home Insurance Company is reaching out into all parts of Arkansas, and its rapidly increasing business is making competitors somewhat anxious, as was learned in a talk with the general agent of several other companies afterward. It is generally safe to locate in a town that has such indices of progress, both in the commercial, manufacturing and agricultural lines, as are to be discovered on every hand in visiting Fordyce.

* * *

Another short journey and Warren was reached, the county seat of Bradley County. Here are situated some of the finest lumber mills of the state which manufacture more short-leaf yellow pine than any other mills in the world. This manufactured lumber runs into many millions of feet every year, and the cut-over land, left as a heritage to agriculturists, can be bought at very low prices. There is something especially attractive to the farmers in a town like Warren, because such few farmer boys as may be found in a timbered country are enticed away from the land by the good wages which are offered for sawyers and other men of experience in the work of milling. From six to eight dollars per day are paid the best men, so that farmer boys are inclined to leave the plow and to seek their fortunes within the buzz and hustle of the big mills. Like conditions prevail in other countries, say in Canada, where the "rancher" or cattleman spurns the idea of being a farmer and raising wheat; or in mining communities, where the prospector looks down upon the farmer as several stations beneath him; so, conditions in the milling towns in Arkansas are usually found to be such that a mill-man will never go back to farming. Consequently, agricultural interests often suffer from lack of forceful men to develop them. In such communities the hard-working, aggressive farmers from New England and the Middle States will have no equal competition. Here are lands that can be cheaply and quickly transformed into broad, productive acres where health and prosperity will abound.

* * *

Thoughts of the distinguished Jefferson and his Virginia home were recalled as we looked forward with increasing anticipation to a visit to Monticello; and surely the welcome which awaited us there gave no occasion for disappointment. Mr. E. B. Wells, vice-president of the Land Congress for Drew County, had so earnestly extended the true Southern pledge of hospitality that we had preconceived ideas about the "town of beautiful homes," and yet our conceptions were not equal to what was found there. Standing back from well-shaded streets and avenues were sumptuous homes surrounded by an ample expanse of greensward, and the touch of transformation to even better things was shown in the recently completed sewerage system. There was an activity around Court House Square, upon which the mercantile houses face, and the banks were as busy as the merchants in caring for the prosperous farmers who come here to trade from miles around.

There was interest in visiting the site where the new Agricultural School is to be opened; so early in the morning we drove out over High Hill, from which a magnificent stretch of country could be seen; and after a drive of a little more than two miles, reached the old homestead of the Wells brothers. Their beloved parents, William T. and Pattie P. Wells, came here in their early married days, and took up six thousand acres which they developed into a great plantation. Hither came for entertainment notable visitors to Monticello. The old home was hardly ever without one or several visitors, and the array of chickens, turkeys, geese, trout and other good things that were set before the guests was never stinted.

A beautiful landscape spread out before us as we came near to the old spot. Just to one side of the eminence upon which the old Wells estate stands, and where the cornerstone of the new school building has recently been laid with great ceremony, is a beautiful little lake of several acres fed by perpetually flowing cold springs. In this lake are many game fish, and the speckled trout which abound have furnished a toothsome meal to thousands who have been entertained in the old home. It was early in the morning as we approached, and a profusion of whiteness on the water appeared like a great flock of white ducks; but Mr. Wells assured us that it was nothing but—well, nothing but pond lilies! Their unusual size and snowy whiteness were astonishing to see—almost as big as dinner plates —and running into many thousands. The mental picture of that lily-covered lake will long remain distinct in our recollections.

EARLE W. HODGES
Democratic nominee for Secretary of State of Arkansas

Stretching down to the south in front of the old Wells homestead are magnificent old oaks standing on what is to be the coming agricultural school's campus. Even the elm-shaded yard of dear old Wesleyan offers nothing more charming and poetic than the great oaks and elms that cast deep shadows over the new school's grounds.

On August 11, twenty or twenty-five thousand people gathered here to witness the laying of the cornerstone, and celebrated with a great barbecue, and speeches from eminent men, the historic occasion. For be it known that the Wells brothers generously deeded this site and two hundred acres of the old home plantation to the state; many parents who attended the ceremony of laying the cornerstone must have thought that their boys and girls could have no more inspiring and elevating influences than will here lend themselves to the educational advantages of the school.

WILLIAM S. AND PATTIE P. WELLS
Whose home in Monticello, Arkansas, was long famous for its hospitality

It was Saturday night, but the Court House bell was rung, and a hasty gathering of citizens was made to welcome the wayfaring magazine man, and to receive a greeting from the people of the North. Messrs. R. L. Hyatt, Robert Curry and other good boosters for the town led off, and the speeches that were made gave evidence that a true welcome awaits men from every section of the North, West and South, who may come to enjoy the climate and splendid industrial openings which are prevalent.

The county is made up with soils of every character, principally dark and light sandy loam, which grows in abundance corn, cotton, rice, wheat, oats, rye, barley, sweet and Irish potatoes, alfalfa, clovers, tobacco, peanuts, sugar-cane and the finest peaches and melons grown on earth. Stock and poultry raising are very profitable as the winters are so mild that feeding is unnecessary except about three months in the year.

The fine water which is found hereabouts in abundance, together with well-drained, rolling land and good markets, should make Monticello a marked place for thousands who are about to visit Arkansas with an eye toward locating there.

An anecdote was told of a man who came down from the North and had located on what seemed to be rather poor ground upon a hillside. Much to the astonishment of the natives, he produced crops of rye, clover, wheat, oats and potatoes that were simply astounding — and that, too, without the use of any fertilizer. What is needed in Arkansas is more men of practical experience in agriculture to grapple with the possibilities, and by perseverance and application to the work show easy-livers what really can be accomplished.

Down on the level delta lands of Arkansas, one of the early questions to be solved by growing towns was the matter of sanitation and sewerage. Almost like a special dispensation of Providence came the discovery of the septic tank sewerage system which is working to perfection in several towns of Arkansas within the limits of the delta country.

HOW ALFALFA GROWS ABOUT MONTICELLO

A word or two may be of interest in regard to the scientific manner in which the septic tank is operated. There are two elements or forces in animal organisms, and two forces in vegetable organisms, one of which in each attacks and quickly destroys decomposition in sunlight or running water, and the other in darkness and quietude. To make use of the elements that work in darkness, a septic tank is made in three compartments and buried underground to exclude the light. No sooner has the sewerage been deposited into the first compartment than both these animal and vegetable organisms quickly attack and eat up the animal and vegetable decomposition. Passing over to the second compartment, which is divided from the first by means of a wall about six feet or more high, the organisms finally consume all of the animal and vegetable matter and then turn to and devour each other, so that by the time the sewerage passes through the third or last compartment and emerges in overflow, the water is ninety-seven per cent pure. It is sparkling and absolutely innocuous — not a germ of typhoid, scarlet fever or any other contagion can live to pass through the process. What a Godsend is such a system of sewerage to a low-lying level country! By this means communities away from the sea or from rapid rivers may establish sanitation as effectually as at any place.

SOON TO BE THE CAMPUS OF THE AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL AT MONTICELLO, ARKANSAS

If someone could discover an effective method of eliminating the house-fly he would deserve a monument in almost every state. The yellow-fever mosquito, the malaria mosquito, the typhus louse and the bubonic flea have each and all become publicly posted as "malicious and undesirable." But the filthy house-fly, with shockingly repulsive habits, has yet to be reckoned with as the greatest menace to health.

HOW OATS GROW, ALONG THE MISSOURI-PACIFIC IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

Reclamation by Drainage

BY THE EDITOR

GOING up country from Greenville, Mississippi, the traveler skirts a great bend of the Father of Waters, and at Luna Landing enters the southeast section of Arkansas. It was late in the evening when I entered the city, and that ride in the glow of the sunset will never be forgotten. The great river sweeping toward the Gulf dimpled with eddies and currents; its banks were lined with fishermen, its surface dotted with launches and house boats, and here and there might be heard the splashing of a stern-wheeler, pushing a raft up river. In a drive across the country from Luna Landing were encountered the "blind mosquitoes," so-called because, less pestiferous than their eastern cousins, they do not sting. On either side rose the great levees, with "levee camps" of laborers who keep them in repair, and everywhere the Bermuda grass, growing thick and long, down to the very banks of the river, gave the camps an emerald hue.

Very beautiful are the vistas of Lake Chicot, which is more than half a mile wide; describing a perfect crescent, its waters lay in the form of a horseshoe, and this is considered the certain insignia of good luck. Lake Village, a charming resort, stands just at the top of this lovely arch of water, and the drives along the banks of the lake are certainly inspiring. Farther back than the memory of living men, Lake Chicot was a part of the Mississippi River bend, but in evolving its meandering, erratic movements the Mississippi cut a shorter channel and left the bend an inland lake, navigable by boats which prove very useful in transporting cotton from the adjacent plantations.

In the court house, although the hour was late, some of the good citizens, including planters from twenty-five miles away, were assembled to give welcome to a traveling editor. There was a hospitality, a genial wholesomeness that never can be forgotten. The court house, with its stately columns bordering on the lake, the busy streets, the wide stretches of greensward and the picturesque buildings of the old plantations beyond the lake,

BEAUTIFUL LAKE CHICOT
Lake Village, Arkansas

"CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS"
Lake Village, Arkansas

with here and there the smokestack of a cotton gin, bore witness to the beauty and resources of the county, and dispelled all doubts as to the fullfillment of the prediction that this point must become one of the popular resorts of the South. Arrangements are being made to build a hotel to accommodate a large number of guests, for the citizens of this district understand perfectly that in the wake of tourists follow home-makers.

BARGES AND RAFTS ARE PUSHED RATHER THAN TOWED

* * *

On the banks of this beautiful lake are many old-time plantations, some of which have recently been purchased by Northern men who purpose dividing them into farms. Mr. E. Bertram Pike has of late made heavy purchases, with the idea of establishing a New England colony. In the home of Senator John G. B. Simms, who has been in the legislature for some years, one realizes to the fullest extent what real old-time Southern hospitality means. No one ever outgrows an appreciation of those little attentions and that thoughtful consideration of a guest which have always been characteristic of true Southern hospitality. No care or pains are spared in the entertainment of a guest. The delights of a "fish fry" must not be overlooked. What is sweeter than the catfish, old-fashioned and ugly, but far surpassing in flavor the vaunted shad?

Here was a young man named Barkness, from Ohio; he had purchased 2,000 acres of land at four dollars per acre, and explained his method of making the land profitable. He used the quickest way to clear the land of trees, which is to cut around the base of the trees so that the sap cannot ascend, and the foliage dies. In a few years the trees fall or are burned standing, enabling one to quickly clear the land of the timber at an expense of $6.50 an acre. Cotton was planted and crops were secured during the first year of his possession.

The natural rainfall in Arkansas is very much heavier than that of most of the Southern states; but when once the water is drained off, a great agricultural empire is opened for the farmer. It seems that the government ought to provide from a reclamation fund some appropriation for the draining of water from these Arkansas lands, which surely is as important a matter as the supplying of water to arid lands, on which government money has been so freely spent of late. The obstacle has hitherto been that drainage has been entirely a private enterprise, on land owned by private individuals, whereas the irrigated lands are owned by the government; but some form of government survey might be arranged that would aid materially in developing drainage. The great work on the Isthmus of Panama has developed thousands of young men, who have proved themselves equal to "doing things." What could be more fitting than that some portion of this army of workers, when the digging of the canal is completed, should take hold of such projects as the drainage of Arkansas and of other public work all over the country? It would be wasteful if the valuable experience gained in the Panama project should be allowed to lie

A CATCH FOR A "FISH FRY"
Chicot Lake, Lake Village, Arkansas

idle when that work is completed, with so much to be done in the States.

After all nothing counts like facts. While in Lake Village, Chicot County, a visit with Robert Hilliard, who owns and has developed a wonderfully productive plantation in this section, shows what a young man can do. He has kept a very careful account of the development of different plantations, and the following record of two places tells the story more eloquently than mere words can describe:

Statement C. L. Chambers, No. 1 Place, Chicot Co., Ark.
January 17, 1899

To cash paid for S. E. 4, sec. 31–18–1w., 160 acres...........		$1,600 00	
To abstract and recording deeds.....................		24 50	
1899 to 1910			
To clearing, ditching, fencing, etc.		646 65	
To building houses, repairing same, insurance, wells, etc. .		1,084 79	
To taxes from 1900 to 1910 ...		307 54	
By rent, year 1899	48 bales cotton		$535 36
1900	57 " "		608 89
1901	83 " "		928 81
1902	73 " "		808 90
1903	76 " "		1,324 70
1904	83 " "		773 80
1905	44 " "		595 14
1906	56 " "		602 51
1907	56 " "		834 70
1908	73 " "		882 14
1909	54 " "		1,060 62
	703	$3,663 48	$8,955 57
1910			
To profit over expenses in 11 years, land improved, etc., and carried down...............		5,292 09	
		$8,955 57	$8,955 57
January, 1910			
By profit in above investment and brought down..........			$5,292 09

At the time the above land was bought same was all in timber, some 100 acres is now cleared, balance in woods.

In his motor launch Commodore Simms made a cruise up to Bayou Ditch, which was formerly the outlet from the lake to the river. Here were inspected the great cotton fields, where the plants were just breaking ground. The famous Sunnyside Plantation, to which a large number of Italians were brought in some years ago, is located here. Many Italians still remain, and one can always tell their homes by the surrounding stacks of hay, which they collect little by little, indicating habits learned in a country where frugal farming methods are essential. The tour included Redleaf Plantation, with its great fields of level, fertile land. Even a passing glance convinces the visitor that those who live here are justified in their glowing prophecies of the future of this county.

A handsome schoolhouse, just completed, is a standing proof of the devotion of the six hundred white voters of this county to popular education.

The fields of alfalfa seen here would have delighted the eyes of the enthusiasts in the irrigation areas of the West. Nothing was allowed to escape attention under the pleasant guidance of the Lake Villagers. When it is known that Chicot County is today paying interest and principal on bonds issued by a negro judge, during the Reconstruction days, on money raised for a railway which was never built, the visitor has a glimpse of the handicap under which the Southern people labored to build up their country after the close of the war.

Pursuing a zigzag course on the railway McGehee was reached, whence the railroads diverge in all directions covering the county. In McGehee the Y. M. C. A. work being done among the railroad operatives, and the enthusiasm and interest felt in it by all the business men was noteworthy. Surrounded by fertile and prosperous farms, the value of land here is increasing yearly, and everyone seems to be in a hurry to own land in this hub of the Delta.

Night and day the scream of the locomotives and the busy rush of heavy trains mark McGehee as a bustling new town, and an important terminal and center of the railroad system of Arkansas.

* * *

On the banks of the Mississippi is Arkansas City, nestling behind a beautiful grass-covered levee. Here Mark Twain once stopped, and after diligent inquiry as to what town it was, elicited the information from a native—"This is a hell of a place." This was in the days of the overflows before the levees, when the great waters played havoc with all attempts at cultivation. The old Campbell Plantation here has been in cultivation for nearly seventy years. The city is identified with the early history of the state, and might be called a "double-decker." At first, streets were provided to avoid the floods, and then the levee was built and streets were constructed lower down.

Thus there is an upper and lower Arkansas City, a peculiar and most unusual spectacle. Mr. Henry Thane of the Desha Trust Company tells of the time when they floated about on rafts and the sidewalks. He also relates how one day he sat making up a tax list, when a stranger came in and inquired what he was doing. Mr. Thane explained.

NEW HIGH SCHOOL, McGEHEE, ARKANSAS

"Oh," said the visitor, "I would not give a dollar for the whole damn country, if it was put up for sale, let alone paying taxes to keep it going."

The citizens of Arkansas City are constructing buildings which reveal some of the results of prosperity, and a large sawmill owned by the Hyde Brothers is producing much splendid hardwood lumber and securing extraordinary prices in the export markets. Quarter sawn oak, black walnut, birch and other hard woods are all plentiful, and cotton-wood lumber is also utilized to a great extent in buildings.

* * *

At a bend of the Arkansas River is Arkansas Post, which holds record as the first permanent settlement of the state: although it is recorded that some time earlier a Dutch settlement was situated farther up the river. When the vessel that landed those settlers returned again from Holland, some two years later, not a trace could be found of the intrepid colony that had been established on the previous voyage, and it is supposed that the Dutch settlers were murdered by the Indians.

The tourist must expect to find the ladies of Arkansas not only beautiful but exquisitely attired, and charming in mind and manner, for more delightful and well-governed social gatherings never were held anywhere.

Here I met a young Scotchman, Dr. Vernon MacCammon, and after listening to an address that fairly bristled with facts and figures, which he made on the health of the Delta country at the State Medical Association, I was convinced that no more salubrious country exists than the Delta of the Mississippi. My own experience had led me to this conclusion, but it was a great pleasure to have so thorough a verification, from so able an authority.

On arriving at Arkansas City, knowing my enthusiasm over the Panama Canal construction, I was escorted across to a ditch three miles long, built by the landowners themselves, at a cost of $54,000;

BUSINESS BLOCK BUILT BY MR. HENRY THANE OF DESHA BANK, ARKANSAS CITY, ARKANSAS

THRESHING RICE AND BLOWING STRAW INTO BARN LOFT

this drains 135,000 acres, although only 68,000 acres have paid the percentage of ten cents a year per acre to provide the drainage. The marks on the trees show the height at which the water stood the year round in former times; the trees now stand high and dry, and the drainage of the water has left a rich, alluvial soil to a depth of forty or fifty feet. Into the main river many smaller ditches pour running streams continuously. How the people of irrigation districts in the West would envy such a supply of water as that which the farmers of Arkansas seek to get rid of by expert drainage systems! In the bed of the ditch is a great growth of water hyacinth, which chokes so many of the streams of Florida. And now a Louisiana man suggests bringing the hippopotami from Africa to eat the hyacinth and clear the streams as they do in Eygpt. In Arkansas the plant has already been found of value as fodder, and the farmers plan to feed their stock on it in large quantities.

On the borders of the streams were many negroes idly fishing. If there is a science the darkey truly loves, it is the piscatory. He will sit for hours watching a float, when he could not be induced to spend half the time on anything that looked like labor.

The drainage system of Arkansas City has provided not only a great area for farm development, but for many other promising industries. In the parks in Arkansas City great, wild pecan trees have been preserved; there is an abundance of water oaks, and the land is reclaimed, so that the future of Arkansas City grows brighter and brighter. The vast Bayou Boggy has been drained, and the water of the bayou lowered fourteen feet by this ditch. It took some courage for the people to go ahead with this drainage work on their own initiative. In this undertaking the name of Mr. Henry Thane stands prominent; he has been a very active citizen since he first settled here thirty-five years ago. A firm believer in the growth of the country, despite the adverse conditions and disasters of early years, he has lived to see the realization of his dreams for the Delta land in Desha County. He especially called attention to an old plantation near the city, showing what the reclaimed soil would be.

ON THE LINE OF THE "COTTON BELT ROUTE"
Pumping plant for rice fields

Here some of the finest cotton in the United States is raised, and nothing could be more beautiful than one of these fields in bloom, with a wealth of purple blossoms waving above the white bolls. The fields look like an assemblage of fairy princesses clad in the royal color.

What a glimpse of old steamboat days was afforded when the steamer, "Katy Adams," a side-wheeler plying between Arkansas City and Memphis, Tennessee, arrived! A band was playing on deck, making an interesting gala day on board as well as in the town. The levee was covered with colored folks, and people watched eagerly as the great steamer stuck her nose in the mud, and held fast, not requiring a line or anchor other than that provided by Mother Nature. Her cargo was soon unloaded. The steamer is in charge of Captain Agnew, and is one of the most popular boats on the river. It reminded me of the palatial furnishings of the Fall River steamers. With a swish and a snort she backed out into the stream, and setting her prow up river set out for Memphis.

What could be more beautiful in the sunset glow than the bend of the river, revealing the Mississippi as the great commercial highway of the future? All that is needed to perfect this water highway is the protection of the banks by willow mattings as has been done at the jetties of the lower Mississippi. The cutting away of the banks is a serious menace, but the willow matting protection would make necessary but little dredging in the future.

From the verandas of the second stories of the Arkansas City houses a glimpse of the Mississippi is obtained over the levees, which awakens such enthusiasm as might have been felt by De Soto when he discovered the great stream. The floods come pouring and tossing down the river. One steamer, the "Kate Sprague," constantly traverses the river, carrying a tow of 150,000 tons of iron and coal; acres and acres of water are covered in these cargoes. This is the largest towboat in the world, and is said to save her price every second trip over the cost of her cargoes if shipped by rail. Coming down from Louisville the boats look like a fleet of islands, and it is a sight worth seeing when they back up and swing around the bends, keeping off the snags. Mark Twain's vivid description of the Mississippi River comes to mind while watching the boats slip across the bars of the yellow sandbanks.

"What a pity that the river has so many curves," I said to an old pilot.

"Why, bless your heart," said he, "if it was not for those bends the river could not be navigated. With such a rush of current, curves are absolutely necessary."

* * *

Those who recall the early educational reports about Arkansas will remember that the state was said to be largely an impenetrable swamp. Remembering this, and being eager to visit the firing line of the great system of drainage, we accepted Judge D. Hopson's invitation to visit Corning, where the Western Clay Drainage District work is rapidly being put through. A drive of about five miles with Mr. James R. Rhyne, the civil engineer in charge, revealed a fine agricultural country and the work of one of the large dredge boats. The dredge is built upon an immense flatboat, which was constructed and launched after a pit at the upper or starting point of the drainage system had been dug for its reception. After putting in the machinery the work of dredging began. The Marion Dredging Machine is used, and scoops about two and a quarter cubic yards of earth, roots and stumps at every lift, and these lifts

BETTER THAN COTTON
Rice fields along the "Cotton Belt Route"

are made on a general average of once per minute. The ditches are upwards of sixty feet wide at the top and proportionally wide at the bottom, and the excavation must be ten feet in depth. Two hundred and fifty lineal feet of ditch are cut every twenty-four hours, and by shifting crews the work continues night and day. The excavation is done entirely by contract at a cost of $.07855 per cubic yard. Already more than twenty miles of ditches had been cut, with eighty-six remaining to be accomplished, and the contract includes seven miles of levee for the protection of several sections of land where the outlet approaches the Black River.

Taken altogether over a hundred square miles of very fertile agricultural land is to be redeemed from the swamps at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars or three hundred dollars per square mile. When one compares this low cost with the usual expense for irrigating an equal amount of arid land, the result is so apparent in favor of reclaiming land by drainage that no argument should be necessary.

Already many fine farms are being cultivated adjacent to this drainage territory, and a German colony located nearby exemplifies the thrift of the German people in the work of colonization. Situated in the very northeastern part of Arkansas, the proximity of Corning and Clay County to the great markets of the North lends interest to the agricultural lands which are being developed by this wonderful drainage work. As a town, Corning is not a large one, but a good one, and several new enterprises are needed to complement and fill out the desired quota of mercantile lines.

DREDGE BOAT, WESTERN CLAY DRAINAGE DISTRICT, CORNING, ARKANSAS

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After a run into Memphis just to take another peep at that rapidly growing city on the east side of the Mississippi, it was decided to travel by one of the famous Lee steamers in going up river to Luxora. It was a fascinating sight, sitting aboard the "Harry Lee," moored to the slanting cobblestone-paved side of the river to watch the hustle and bustle during the last half hour of putting freight aboard. With the quaint two-wheeled dray, drawn by a sturdy mule, many consignments of groceries, meats, dry goods, agricultural implements, and household goods came jogging down to the gang-plank. The two-wheeled carts recalled to mind the French-Canadian carts in Montreal. In front and behind, close to the bank, were several other steamers, some bound north to Cairo, St. Louis and Cincinnati; and others bound south to Arkansas City, Helena and lower ports.

At a few minutes past five in the afternoon, our steamer cast off, and soon a race was on with another boat bound up-river. At frequent landings, both on the Arkansas side and the Tennessee side, freight and passengers were delivered by running the bow of the boat against the bank and dropping the great landing gangway, operated by means of a winch and derrick, or boom, erected at the fore part of the steamer. Into some of the old bayous or ancient channels of the Mississippi, the steamer would ascend sometimes for half a mile to leave freight and then turn back to resume her trip northward.

Late in the night there was a picturesque scene as the searchlights on the steamer were thrown on a considerable company of plantation darkeys who had come down to meet their employer, Mr. A. C. Carter, returning from Memphis, where he had been for supplies. The bank was steep at the landing, and the gang-plank was no easy matter to navigate. Added to the declivity was the fact that the mate was short of roustabouts and anxious to get away to overtake and pass a rival steamer before reaching the next landing.

A parley was held to induce some of the plantation negroes to assist in unloading; all the while the teams were loading and driven away, to reappear soon after for more goods, the young and the old were still lazily discussing the situation, and it seemed like a negro comedy on the stage. The "stage names," too, applied to the darkeys were noteworthy, the mate calling "Here, Bigmouth," "Hurry up, Badeye," "Come now, Lame Bill," as he urged his helpers to hasten their paces.

The night passed, and much of the next forenoon, before we reached the landing at Luxora. Then a climb over the high levee which protects the town, and the great St. Francis Valley, and there spread out was a picture of luxurious vegetation which would be hard to describe. Here was the very heart of that almost fabulous St. Francis Valley where the soil is so deep and fertile that for half a century constant cropping in corn and cotton have produced no noticeable drain upon its fertility. Mr. S. E. Simonson, a young man from Illinois who is developing a large holding of land for himself and Judge J. O. Humphrey, is doing a great work in arranging the survey and drainage system for some parts of this valley that have heretofore been too wet for cultivation. The St. Francis Valley Drainage Investigation Association, of which he is secretary, is working out the drainage problem for Mississippi, Craighead and Poinsett counties, and thus far the most valuable results have been accomplished, so that future success is in every way assured.

STEAMER HARRY LEE, LEE LINE
Memphis, Tennessee

A visit was made to the stave mills at Luxora, to see how the logs from the forest brought in by railroad are first cut into bolts, of required length, and when quartered are steamed for twenty-four hours preparatory for slicing. The steaming process makes the wood susceptible to the cutting-knife, which rapidly slices the wood into staves of uniform thickness, much as a bread slicer operates. Very dexterous and proficient become the men who operate these machines, and many thousands of staves are daily sliced and duly "stuck" to season, then shipped to many points in the United States and abroad to be made into butter and lard tubs, and flour, sugar, apple and other barrels.

The small squares, or edgings from the staves, after they had passed through the jointing process, offer material for a new industry, the making of skewers which are used by the thousands in the great abattoirs and meat markets of the United States.

A visit was made to Wilson, a town of great promise, where large lumber mills are manufacturing staves and lumber of all descriptions, and the fifty thousand acres of cut-over land are being rapidly opened for cultivation and colonization. Everything is done in a business-like way at Wilson, and the neat, well-built houses of the workers attest the importance which the Lee-Wilson Lumber Company attaches to the matter of health and comfort for their people. Though the town is new, a splendid church is being constructed, a very large part of the contribution for which was donated by Mr. Lee Wilson, who is a native of Mississippi County and while yet a comparatively young man has accumulated a great fortune from a very small beginning, and has very liberally assisted in the development of Mississippi County and the St. Francis Valley. A novel feature in this church edifice is the upper portion, which is to be finished as a fraternal hall and library. But why not?—why should not a community in these days of practical utility have a fraternal meeting place in a church, especially when there is ample room for it?

ARKANSAS FARMERS RAISE PRIME WATERMELONS
And they are profitable

One of the large sawmills at Wilson was recently burned and is soon to be rebuilt with concrete and steel construction, thus making it absolutely fireproof. The great artesian well in front of the mill delivers a ten-inch flow of water continuously. This water comes from a depth of 1,567 feet and is absolutely pure, ensuring to Wilson a perpetual supply of sweet, soft water.

Our visit would not have been complete had we not hired saddle horses and rode out to the great plantation of Mr. Walter

Driver at Osceola. To one familiar with the little farms of New England and the pinched bounties which nature usually metes out to her hard-working husbandmen, it was indeed a revelation to ride with Mr. Driver over his great plantation. Thirty-five hundred acres of the most luxuriant cotton, cultivated and kept as free from weeds and grasses as a city truck farm, five hundred acres of strong, thrifty corn, and three hundred acres of the very finest alfalfa, timothy and clover meadows one's eyes ever feasted on, represent the 1910 crop of Mr. Driver's plantation. Southern born, and naturally expected to conform to Southern custom in renting his land to tenants and living a life of idle ease, Mr. Driver will have none of this. Accustomed to arise in the summer at 3:30, he rouses his several overseers, who in turn give the morning alarm among the hundreds of dusky field-hands, and there is "something doing" with Mr. Driver until sunset.

His cotton crop this fall will be worth fully a quarter million dollars—just think of it, ye who are accustomed to think of Arkansas as a place of no account. Mr. Driver believes that it is much cheaper and better to raise his corn and alfalfa forage, the latter yielding five to six tons per acre, than it is to buy it, and certainly the exemplification which he showed is proof positive of the fact. With hundreds of negro workmen, both men and women, working side by side in the field and with scores of others pensioned off, too old or too young to work, there was a new aspect of Southern life and of the relationship of the white man toward his black helpers which was an inspiration to the Northerner.

Mr. Driver knows every colored worker on his plantation by name, and furthermore, he adopts a very important feature in farm economics—and that is to let each teamster "own" his own mule or team. No other "nigger" is allowed to drive any mule but the one which he has assigned to him. So the drivers not only use the animals more humanely, but they feel a pride in seeing that the mules as well as the harness and outfit are properly cared for. Every year Mr. Driver, like many others in the St. Francis Valley, clears more and more land and extends his margin of cultivation. When asked how long it would take to clear and plant a new piece of land, I was surprised at Mr. Driver's answer, strongly supported by Mr. Simonson. "Why," he said, "I can have corn above the ground in that woods there in ten days from now. All I have to do is to clear away the underbrush, deaden

SILICA ROAD AT WILSON, ARKANSAS

the trees and run a new ground plow through the earth to make that land as productive as any on the plantation."

To illustrate this declaration, he led the way to where such work was actually being accomplished. The ground was being plowed, followed by a single shovel plow or opener that in turn was followed by the corn planter and harrow, and right on this spot only a few weeks previous the underbrush and trees had stood in their natural wild state.

E. R. RATTERREE
Secretary Arkansas Land Congress and Immigration Bureau

The soil of the St. Francis Valley about Wilson, Osceola and Luxora is made up in part of decayed vegetation, and in part of river silt which for thousands of years has been brought down during the overflow of the Mississippi and deposited. In peering into the hollow stumps as we rode by, evidence of the vegetable and silt deposit since the tree was young was often exemplified, for the hollow extended down sometimes four or five feet below the surface, thus showing that the ground had been built up that much since the tree was young. There is not a native stone in Mississippi County. A pump pipe is commonly driven by a man with a sledge, twenty to sixty feet into the earth, for the water supply.

If the personality of the workman is incorporated ofttimes in the material worked upon, then the cotton produced under the close supervision of Mr. Walter Driver ought to be superfine and eagerly sought by the best mills of the country, for his cotton is raised on the very richest soil, under the most perfect system of cultivation, and represents when gathered the accomplishment of a very successful planter.

* * *

The model little sylvan city of Burdette near Luxora is owned by the Three States Lumber Company and is a revelation unexpected as one comes upon it out of the immense virgin forests of oak, ash, elm, hickory, cottonwood, sycamore, cypress, gum, maple and various others of the tree family.

Mr. W. A. Gilchrist is the general manager of their immense mills. They have recently put down a fine artesian well, as at Wilson. At a depth of 186 feet, the contractors drilled through an immense cottonwood log between four and five feet in diameter. These wells are drilled many hundreds of feet before any rock is found. Our Mississippi County trip terminated at the busy and rapidly growing little city of Blytheville, a few miles farther up the Frisco.

* * *

An organization in Arkansas that attracts attention is called the Arkansas Travelers, composed of commercial men traveling in Arkansas. They have a copyrighted trade-mark, which is the famous picture of the "Arkansaw traveler."

The Arkansas Travelers met this year in Helena, and had a jolly good time, including an excursion on the river and fireworks without limit. The colors of the organization are purple and white; with their purple neckties and hat bands, and white suits, not to mention purple sashes and stockings, they made a very artistic group of pleasure-seekers. It was evident that they were playing an important part in the state's development.

Prairie Rice Fields

WHEN Opie Read published his paper, the "Prairie Flower," it was at Carlisle, in Lonoke County. It looked like a pretty poor country in those days, for it is prairie land, and only recently has the evolution come by which the attention of farmers has been so thoroughly aroused to rice culture. The nature of the soil and the abundance of the rice harvests are facts attracting the attention of the world. Prior to the rice industry, Carlisle and the surrounding country were largely devoted to general farming and dairying. There are still broad prairies dotted over with fine herds of milch cows, and there are several condensing factories to reduce the lacteal fluid into about one-third of its original quantity. This is shipped in barrels to Little Rock and other towns and is largely used for making ice cream, and in the manufacture of confectionery. Arkansas should develop into even greater lines of dairying industry, and evaporated milk for domestic use should be one of her coming products.

Everyone knows the danger of present conditions in using raw milk, and there is also an annoyance about the supply in towns and cities far away from the dairies. But when it is once appreciated that evaporated milk is thoroughly wholesome, is pure and untainted, the advantages of using it are quickly manifest.

Carlisle is located in the midst of the celebrated Grand Prairie country, and the development of the rice industry has already warranted the erection of a large rice mill, and many beautiful homes attest the profit which has come to those who early ventured to exploit this new industry. Journeying eastward, the vista of the far-stretching prairie to north and south mirrored a picture of what this country will be in a very short time when the greater part will be divided up into bountiful rice farms and supporting a hundred or a thousand times as many people as at present.

* * *

Among the most interesting districts

MEAT MARKET.

WHERE OPIE READ EDITED THE "PRAIRIE FLOWER"
Carlisle, Arkansas

THE UP-TO-DATE RICE GLEANERS — HAPPY AND HEALTHY, DON'T YOU THINK?

visited were the rice fields of Stuttgart. Rice roots have to be kept under water for a certain length of time, but the water is drained off before harvest. At Stuttgart are two rice mills where the grain is hulled and polished. In company with Mr. Daniel McGahhey and Mr. G. W. Fagan, at the head of the industry, we visited the mills. The crops are now being diversified, and the soil has demonstrated that it is equally well adapted for oats and corn. New railroads are being constructed to open up new rice fields.

Long before we arrived at Stuttgart we learned that a live bunch of real estate men lived there. They were ready for work at all times of the day and night, and always on hand to welcome strangers.

Mr. W. M. Price is a pioneer in the rice business and has been influential in bringing about the rapid development of the industry. He not only cultivates large rice farms, but devotes much time to locating newcomers and giving them a good start.

Looking out on the homes and the small farms which surround the city, and on the plants for pumping water, it is plain that diversified farming here is already an assured success.

An interesting fact for geologists and anthropologists to study is the finding of arrow heads at a depth of one hundred and twenty feet or more below the surface, also fragments of bones in drilling for wells. This indicates that a great change has occurred in this region in comparatively recent ages of the world.

It was a busy day, but a day of favorable surprises, enjoyed at Devall's Bluff, an old town with a new throb of purpose and development. Here are situated many busy wood-working factories, among which are mills that cut the blocks from persimmon logs, from which shuttles are made for the busy cotton and woolen mills. Persimmon wood is especially fitted for shuttle-making, because the weight and density are just right, and besides being tough and durable, it takes on a fine smooth surface in finishing. Millions of these shuttle blocks are annually produced here.

Another interesting industry is the sawing out of golf stick blocks from the tough second growth hickory that is found

A RICE MILL THAT PAID FORTY PER CENT. DIVIDEND FIRST YEAR ON "COTTON BELT ROUTE" hereabouts in great quantities. Doubtless many of these golf sticks finally find their way into the hands of the most ardent enthusiasts of golf, for only the very best stock is used for the purpose.

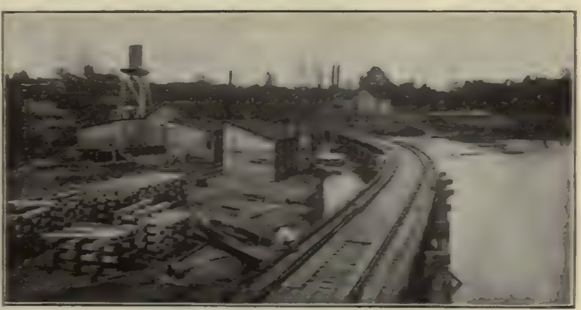
ANCHOR BLOCK MILL AND OAR FACTORY
Devall's Bluff, Arkansas

Here is located a great oar-making mill, the largest in the world. If the "Jolly Tars of England"—for most of the product of this mill is exported—could see the dexterity with which their oars are sawed, shaped and turned to a splendid finish, it would furnish a topic for many a new yarn on the quarter-deck or along the wharves of the great fish houses when the day's work is over.

A THRIFTY FARMER'S YARD

White River, upon which Devall's Bluff is situated, goes coursing by with a turbulent rush, but is navigable for the biggest of the river steamers. Just above Devall's Bluff it is planned to construct a canal from the bank back across Grand Prairie for about thirty miles. The water for irrigation will be pumped up from White River at a nominal expense and carried inland to be distributed as needed over the new and rapidly developing rice farms. It will form an artery of great importance to the rice industry, and serve to stimulate the growth of Devall's Bluff both as a merchandising and manufacturing center. One branch of the rice industry which has not yet been developed in Arkansas is the putting up of rice in small packages ready for household use. Most of the Arkansas rice, at present, is sold to jobbers from other states, who are quick to recognize the superior quality and ship it to older rice communities, where it is sold, and adds to the reputation of the rice of those states. Some enterprising firm will soon recognize that Arkansas rice will stand advertising, for it has the quality, and the housewife will quickly discriminate in favor of it after once using it.

At Devall's Bluff, as elsewhere, where lumber is being cut or roughly manufactured, there is a crying need for some wood-working industries that will utilize it down to smaller dimensions than at present.



PEARL BUTTON FACTORY
Devall's Bluff, Arkansas

That Farm In Arkansas

BEFORE visiting Paragould, up in Green County, Mr. Ad. Bertig gave us the assurance that there was something there worth while going to see. After visiting his great mercantile establishment and seeing the beautiful home he has recently built in a fine residential section of the town, there was no question but that Mr. Bertig had spoken truthfully. Still there are other fine mercantile houses and residences besides his that add attractive interest to Paragould.

From another's lips was learned the story of Mr. Bertig's perseverance. Landing in New York in 1872, a native of Austria, Mr. Bertig had little with which to begin his career. After some knocking about he landed in Little Rock, and his first job was as a dishwasher in a restaurant. Saving his money, he started out as a peddler, selling his goods among the sequestered sections in the mountain districts. Prosperity attended him, and soon after he sent money for his brother to come over from the old country. This young man he educated at the State University, and finally sent him down to Paragould with a small stock of goods. There was not much at Paragould in those days except an intense rivalry between the Iron Mountain and the Cotton Belt railroads, the former presided over by Jay Gould as president, and the latter by President Paramore, and from the names of these two rival railroad presidents was coined the word Paragould, for here the two systems converging from the north cross each other.

There are many wood-working factories at Paragould, among them being several stave and heading factories, and several handle and spoke factories; one of the latter is the largest factory of its kind in the world, manufacturing chiefly axe and pick handles. As in other sections where lumber is cut and manufactured, so at Paragould there is a splendid opening for wood novelty mills that can work small stock.

A visit to the busy streets and among the banks and stores reveals an interesting commercial side of life. But a view of the High School building, and St. Mary's Catholic School, the Sanatorium building, which is a fine structure, and the several churches, emphasizes another side of life in Paragould which is equally interesting and important. "What man has done man can do"—and the success which has attended the efforts of those who have

Bertig Bros. Department Store,
Paragould, Ark.

[illegible] Station, Paragould, Ark.

helped make Paragould what she is, may again be repeated and accentuated by those who now join forces with her to make her what she surely is going to be.

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In visiting Governor Donaghey at the State Capitol at Little Rock, he anxiously enquired if we had visited his town, Conway, and when our answer was given in the negative, he expressed himself emphatically that Conway should not be passed by. So to Conway we went, and found it a most favorable locality, agriculturally considered, and also educationally; for here are three colleges and schools, rather more than the usual quota for an ordinary town.

It was Commencement Day at Hendrix Methodist College, and "Homecoming Day" was being observed by hundreds of alumni and alumnae. Speeches were made, appropriate for the occasion, and a banquet was spread and enjoyed by about eight hundred graduates and undergraduates. Though located at Conway but nineteen years, Hendrix College has already established the reputation of being one of the highest grade schools in the Southwest.

An anecdote about Governor George W. Donaghey was told later, but it deserves to fit in here, for it was in this town that the young Irish-American first got his start. While working with his kit of carpenter tools he attracted the favorable attention of a traveling salesman, who asked him what he would do if supplied with a good outfit of merchantable goods.

"Why," said young Donaghey, "I haven't anything to buy with! These tools are all that I have on earth."

"Well," said his interested friend, "supposing I supply you with the stock and set you up in business?"

"Then," cried young Donaghey, "I would work day and night in order to make good!"

When the stock arrived—as it did arrive—George Donaghey proceeded to make good, and every time that he could get ten dollars or more, he sent it on to his benefactor to reduce his indebtedness. It was not long before another carload was needed and supplied on credit as before; in a short time these goods were sold and payments made, leaving a credit standing on the ledger of the wholesale house in young Donaghey's favor.

Things went on until the time came for building Hendrix College. With his practical experience as a builder, young Donaghey sought the advice of his benefactor, and was counseled to put in a bid on the contract of erecting the new college. Backers were furnished to supply the money for the work, and the contract was finished in a most satisfactory manner and to considerable profit for the young contractor. Following this, the young builder bid successfully on the work of additions to the State University at Fayetteville, and later made a fortune in contract work along the line of the Choctaw Railroad.

It was this practical experience in contracting and building which enabled George W. Donaghey to detect and point out how the state of Arkansas was being defrauded by those who had at first undertaken the building of the new State Capitol. With the people ready to back him in an honest expenditure of the money appropriated for an honest equivalent in the work of construction, George Donaghey was elected to the office of governor, carrying every county of the seventy-five in the state save two.

Governor Donaghey's home in Conway is a handsome one, and a source of civic pride to every resident of the town.

Only a few miles farther up the Arkansas Valley is situated Morrillton, where the Arkansas State Editorial Association was recently entertained and held its annual meeting. Surrounded by rolling hills, Morrillton is ideally situated not far from the old town of Lewisburg, which before the coming of the railroad was a flourishing trading post on the banks of the Arkansas River. Today, as a solitary heritage of its early industry, the old Lewisburg Tavern stands deserted and dilapidated. The county jail is but a heap of stones, and everything else is past and gone.

In company with Mr. John H. Ganner, a zealous "booster" for Russellville, and a good reader of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, the location of the new school buildings already under construction was visited. The new hydro-electric power station up among the hills tells another story.

The dam and machinery have but just been completed, and the power already developed is sufficient for present requirements as well as for a new cotton mill which it is hoped will be located at Russellville in the very near future.

High up on the rocky eminence above the dam, and 166 feet above the town, there has been hewn out of the solid rock a great basin for the town reservoir. Into this the waters of the river are raised by hydro-electric power, and will furnish one of the most effective water services that is possessed by any town in Arkansas.

A FIVE YEAR OLD ELBERTA PEACH ORCHARD
Clarksville, Arkansas

In the vicinity are large deposits of semi-anthracite coal. The coal tipples at the mines are among the very best and among the largest in the Southwest.

* * *

Crossing the Arkansas River, after a ride of a few miles from Russellville, and over the longest pontoon bridge said to exist in the world, we visited Dardanelle, high on the western bank of the Arkansas River, and a few miles from Mount Nebo, on the crest of which a beautiful summer resort has recently sprung into favor. For a mile up and down the main street busy mercantile houses keep pace with the development of the country and carry on a lucrative trade with the farmers. From the pure, sweet springs of Mount Nebo comes an ample supply of water for the use of the town. The cribs, built log-house-fashion and filled with rock, to which the pontoon bridge is moored by great steel cables, are roofed to a peak and remind one of Spanish blockhouses.

During the mid-afternoon the train was climbing the heavy grades of the Ozarks and puffed into Fayetteville, high among the altitudes of northwest Arkansas; but it was not too late to pay the long anticipated visit to the ideal home of Mr. W. R. Lighton, described by him in the *Saturday Evening Post.* Some have pictured him an idle theorist, and a sedentary literary gentleman, but there he was in his garden, with sleeves rolled up, stooping over, vigorously pulling weeds, as though he were paid by the piece. With the hearty greeting, "Come in," there was a ring of Western welcome.

The interesting bungalow which he proudly calls home, and says is "not yet finished," is indeed an ideal retreat. The joy of living, he insists, is in making improvement and creating things day by day. Flanked by a wide fireplace, and surrounded by books on two sides, was a fine Baby Grand piano at one corner.

Mr. Lighton's farm shows the results of careful, intelligent labor and conscientious purpose. Touching upon farm subjects, Mr. Lighton asked us to first inspect his pet projects—his piggeries and his chicken yards. In the raising of pigs for market, Mr. Lighton has certainly exemplified a new method which should be carefully noted by every Arkansas farmer; for the common custom of letting the hogs run wild, to root for a living until they arrive at the age and size of marketing—say three years old—is proven by Mr. Lighton's methods to be very inexpedient.

In an enclosure of about eight acres, he had sown rape, and upon this over forty pigs and hogs and eight or ten calves and yearling heifers were living, and yet they could not consume the crop as fast as it was then growing. When they should overcome the growth, however, and crop it back, a field of cow-peas would await them, and finally to top off in the late

PONTOON BRIDGE AND CRIB ANCHORAGES, DARDANELLE, ARKANSAS

fall, a reserve of burr clover would be available. By this ready forage pigs could be grown and developed to profitable proportions in eight months rather than requiring three years by the running-wild method. Mr. Lighton explained that he was making his pork at a cost of a little less than a cent a pound. When one considers his plan of maturing the product in eight months, and selling it at eight and a half cents per pound, there can be no question but that there is money in raising pigs. As Ellis Parker Butler would say, "There is pigs as is pigs."

Fayetteville is called the "Athens of the Ozarks," because the University of Arkansas is located here. No less distinguished a personage than William Jennings Bryan has paid a tribute to the noble influence of this university upon the intellectual progress of the state.

To help establish the university here the patriotic farmer pioneers of this county gave $130,000 in bonds, bearing eight per cent interest, in times when money was hard to get; it was a good investment; for today Washington County is well-to-do and is peopled by happy and prosperous citizens. In every home is evidence of refinement and culture in a marked degree.

The scenery about Fayetteville resembles New England; the city is situated on a hill-top standing at an elevation of 1,500 feet. The population is already 8,000, with probably about 500 negroes. Nature has been lavish here, and has scattered lovely scenery on every side. What the Adirondacks are to the East and the Sierras are to the Pacific slope the Ozarks are to the mid-continent. Richmond Pearson Hobson, the hero of the Merrimac, pays a worthy tribute to the climate and scenery of this enterprising little city.

The dark green foliage of the oak and walnut ridges is interspersed with the lighter shades of wheat and oat fields, seemingly fresh paint patches among valleys of stout timothy and red clovers. This is indeed a community of contentment.

NO, NOT A "RAZOR BACK," BUT A BERKSHIRE IN ARKANSAS

Orchards of Peaches and Apples

NOTHING seemed lacking in the ambitious and progressive town of Rogers to give it a true cosmopolitan population. Like Damon and Pythias, graduates of West Point and Annapolis, in the persons of Captain W. S. Willis and Mr. Robert C. Alexander, are located here, each a graduate of his respective institution, class of '83. Both Southern born, and forming a close friendship in undergraduate days, they have finally consummated close business relationships, and are focusing their forceful energies into colonization, industrial development and railroading. In this beautiful spot at the top of the Ozarks they have found their work.

In company with Mr. Alexander, "Vinola Wine Ranch," the magnificent farm of Mr. Carl A. Starck nearby, was visited. Picturesquely situated, with a fine overlook across the valleys and ridges of the Ozark Mountains, Mr. Starck has here planted a beautiful and productive vineyard, and has chosen as the most desirable vine the celebrated "Cynthiana," a native of Benton County, Arkansas, which has been domesticated.

To a connoisseur of grape wine, the product of Mr. Starck's vineyard has a delightful appeal. With a slightly astringent, piquant flavor, it suggests the body and vigor which is given the wine by the great amount of iron, potash and phosphoric acid found in this soil.

Mr. Starck has exemplified, in the landscape gardening about his home, how every desirable tree and shrub can be cultivated here. Surrounded by nature in her loveliest forms, his home contains a library such as any book lover might well covet. Hither come friend and stranger alike from all parts of the country, to witness the success which has been achieved in homesteading land which was, not many years ago, an unbroken wild.

Occupying a little bungalow, one of the buildings of the Starck homestead, lives Colonel C. A. Ballou. His superb collection of Indian relics is worth journeying far to see.

In this strange museum is the most complete and valuable collection of Indian arrow heads, beaded needle craft and genuine blanket work; this the Colonel has collected during an arduous search, covering thirty or more years. Not even the Smithsonian Institution at Washington has such a complete assortment of Indian arrow heads as the Colonel proudly showed us. They represent the careful arrangement of relics found in searching the hunting grounds of the Mound Builders, and down to the more recent times of the Sioux, the Navajo and the Apache.

* * *

No one can ride among the beautiful orchards around Rogers, without feeling that here is indeed the ideal environment for apple-raising, and there are more apple trees already in bearing condition in either Washington or Benton County than in any other county in America, according to the Twelfth Federal Census. Not only is Rogers a place most desirable for those who in the vigor of life seek to exploit fertile fields, farms and orchards (for almost anything except cotton can be raised hereabouts) but the fame of Rogers' fine climate has already induced people from Colorado and states in the North and East to seek homes here for their declining years. Senator F. F. Freeman, whose connection with the business interests of the town marks him as a man whose enthusiastic constructive work always counts for progress, showed us many handsome residences about town one evening.

Mr. A. S. Teasdale, president of the Commercial Club, is an active factor in merchandising the fruit products of this section. Mr. Teasdale expressed the hope that thousands of the people whose interest will be awakened to the opportunities in Arkansas will at least come to see for themselves what is doing and what is yet to be done, in the realization of all that nature has furnished to the citizens of Rogers.

* * *

No itinerary through Arkansas would be complete without visiting the scenic sections recently opened up by the Missouri & North Arkansas Railroad. Starting from Neosho, Missouri, the line cuts diagonally across the northern part of the state, running southeasterly, with its lower terminus in Helena, on the Mississippi River. In company with Mr. Lee D. Bell, the industrial agent of the Missouri & North Arkansas Railway, a most delightful trip was made through the mountains, and down into the agricultural and orchard sections of Red River and White River valleys. Though the country has but recently been thrown open by the building of this new route, yet splendid results are shown where peach orchards, apple orchards, strawberry fields and broad stretches of cotton, grain and corn, bear witness to the productivity of the soil. The road also is opening up fabulous mineral deposits of zinc, lead and other metals.

St. Joe is fast gaining the attention of mining men, who are looking toward the riches of its mines. Mr. R. L. Workman, one of the hustling and successful young men who have brought the rich deposits of zinc at this place to public attention, has accomplished results that are attracting capital and home-seekers.

As the train moved merrily along a little incident happened that distracted attention for a few moments from pastoral reveries, and furnished a new topic for conversation. Like the suddenness of an earthquake the train all at once began to tremble, as the trucks under the smoking car bumped over the cross ties. A telegraph lineman who was aboard instinctively sprang for the baggage rack over his seat, where he clung for safety like a Simian. But John, the colored porter, quickly realizing the situation, jumped for the air-brake line, and the train was soon brought to a standstill. It all happened so unexpectedly but few passengers realized that one of the trucks had jumped the track, and the train was soon on the iron again and rolling merrily along. The report of the incident probably read: "Off ag'in—on ag'in—gone ag'in"—no, the roadmaster's name was McCarthy—and he was aboard.

PRIZE HERD OF JERSEY COWS
Arkansas State Fair

* * *

Welding Arkansas to her sister state of Texas with a bond like blood relationship is the town of Texarkana, right on the boundary, and spreading out into each state with her growing industries.

Up from the station, a broad thoroughfare, runs Main Street, along the middle of which an imaginary boundary defines the east half in Arkansas and the west half in Texas. Up several blocks from the station stands the imposing Post Office Building also in the line; for the proper mailing address for this town is Texarkana, Ark.-Tex.

Starting its career as a railroad construction camp for the two railroads that in early days came together right on the state line, Texarkana at once became a division point with shops and terminals; and has now grown into a great manufacturing town with many wholesaling and distributing warehouses.

Lying in a horseshoe basin surrounded by low hills, the city presents a vista of beautiful homes, busy factories, and well-built stores. A visit to the roof of the handsome First National Bank Building would convince one that here is a very prosperous city.

Surrounded by fertile agricultural lands and served by nine railroads centering here, the city has become a hive of thriving industries.

The abundant supply of natural gas which is afforded local consumers at twenty-four cents is one of the strongest inducements for manufacturers to locate here. Nearly fifty enterprises and firms came to Texarkana in 1909, and approximately two million dollars worth of improvements will be erected during 1910.

The progress of Texarkana has been astonishing. No citizens in the United States are more law-abiding, more cultured or more home-loving than the Texarkanians of today.

Nearly half a million dollars are represented in church property of all denominations. It is also an educational centre, and the public and private schools enroll about 3,500 pupils, no pains or expense being spared to maintain the highest grade in all educational work.

Texarkana is supplied with natural gas from the Caddo Lake oil district which offers to manufacturers fuel at a price about the same as coal at $1.75 per ton.

Close beside the railroad station is a handsome railroad Y. M. C. A. Building presented by Miss Helen Gould. With a membership of over twelve hundred the association work fills a very important place in the social and moral standing of the city.

There are vast deposits of shale and potter's clay about Texarkana which are being successfully worked; and the very cheap gas fuel should make Texarkana one of the most extensive brick and tile manufacturing cities of the country.

* * *

With an outlook over a beautiful country broken by high hills, deep gulches, broad valleys and level plateaus Marion County, with Yellville for her spokesman, proclaims herself an empire capable of producing all the necessities and luxuries of life.

A country home lacks few things to be desired where pure water and verdant forests abound, and there is fruit in the orchard—corn, potatoes, grain, grass and alfalfa in the fields—cattle, sheep and horses in the pastures, and poultry around the farm yard; this lends an enchantment that subtle chemists cannot make, and king's jesters cannot supply.

Not only does the Ozark region excel in the diversity of its products of farm, orchard and garden, but in hardwood, minerals and marble as well. The greatest deposits of zinc ore yet uncovered are located around Yellville, situated on the White River division of the Iron Mountain Railroad, and the central town of the Ozark region. It was from one of the big mines near Yellville that the largest chunk of pure zinc ore ever extracted from the ground was taken to Chicago and is now in the Field Columbian Museum. The opening up of the mining industry upon an active and permanent basis has begun, there being several rich mines in course of equipment and operation near Yellville. When the mining industry becomes thoroughly established, the farmer and gardener will have at their very door the best markets for their products.

* * *

Sometimes, in empire-building, as in character-building, seemingly inconsequential things lead to momentous results. In the early days of Arkansas, a pioneer, driving an old horse and a rather decrepit mule, was trekking across the state southwestward, toward the Indian Territory. In the vicinity of what is now Beebe, he pitched his camp for the night; and was crestfallen when, on the morrow, he found that the old horse was dead. Unable to buy another, or to proceed with his double outfit with only the mule as a team, he decided to give up his journey for the present, and sought employment with a railroad construction gang. Husbanding his income, he was able in about eight months to buy a considerable tract of land nearby, and immediately gave up railroading. He secured some strawberry plants, and soon demonstrated that luscious, large berries could be raised here. Not long afterward a Georgian happened that way, and seeing what was being done in strawberry culture "reckoned" that peaches would also bear prolifically hereabouts. He, in turn, secured some of the land nearby, and not only planted a large peach orchard himself, but "staked" almost everybody who was willing to venture in planting young trees; and he awaited the first crop before receiving his pay. From this accidental mishap to the old horse, is largely attributed the great peach and strawberry industries which have been so successfully started over the western and other parts of Arkansas.

It may be asked why it is that Arkansas, richly endowed with every possible attribute in the way of minerals, metals and agricultural resources, has not already become a well-developed country. Two well-grounded reasons are offered in explanation.

First, it was the great migration of the gold seekers in '49 and the fifties that blazed the trail across Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and via the southern routes to California in quest of the yellow metal. But in the wake of these hardy pioneers the home-seekers followed. The impassable swamps and trackless mountains of Arkansas presented a condition which turned the tide of immigrants to the northward, and so the natural bounties of the state were not discovered in those times. Later, the breaking out of the Civil War, and the much discussed Mason and Dixon Line, raised as it were a Chinese Wall to oppose and turn back the searchers for homes; and they, too, trekked westward along the golden trail. The Western states have been filled up, leaving perhaps the best of Nature's bounties for later times; and the passing of those who naturally felt some bitterness toward the North has given place to a younger generation. Young men and women, who have enjoyed the benefits of better educational advantages, and are conversant with the national conditions as disseminated by magazines and newspapers that form an important factor of education and present-day intelligence, are eager to let bygones be bygones, and this will effectively serve to eradicate sectional feeling and eliminate the northern boundary of Dixie Land.

The commercial intercourse brought about by railroads and the migration of people between states, is no less a factor in building up national resources than in the general exchange of commodities. It is a great mistake to expect a home-seeker from the timber belt of Michigan to be suited only for the timber sections of Arkansas; or an experienced corn-raiser from Iowa to locate only in the corn belt; for the general knowledge which a farmer has about one crop will be synthetically applied toward the success of raising something else. New England is coming to the realization of this fact, and is already reaching out into the South, Southwest and West to induce cotton planters, truck gardeners, and men from the citrous belt to come to the old farms of New England, and with their practical knowledge resuscitate and exploit New England resources, in a way which New Englanders themselves have failed to do. New blood, new energy, a variety of ideas, are as much a stock in trade and an asset for the people of Arkansas, if they can secure these from other sections, as any material thing that might be brought in.

No greater blessing in disguise was ever bestowed upon the people of Arkansas and other cotton-raising states, than the arrival of the boll-weevil pest; for it has caused many a cotton planter to diversify his crops, and by so doing really discover more profitable crops than cotton. It is evident that in Arkansas, as in some other Southern states, more corn is being raised every year, and so communities which heretofore have sent thousands of dollars away to purchase feed for stock, are now keeping their money at home.

When all ways lead to Arkansas and population is rapidly increasing, capital will take notice, and the industrial uplift and development of the state will soon follow.

Arkansas' New Word, "Advertise"

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

Author, "An Arkansas Farm.'

THEY say that Arkansas is awakening. That's absolutely true. And it's high time.

Looking around over the state, it's a bit hard to believe that Arkansas is a century old. If one wished to be merely complimentary, he might say of her that she bears her age remarkably well. If he wished to be critical, he might say that she has dawdled along inexcusably in her growth and development.

After a hundred years of life, any state, lying right in the heart of things, inconceivably rich in all natural resources, with farming lands equal to any demand that may be made upon them, ought to have "got somewhere." Arkansas hasn't. Compare her development with that of any neighbor state, and she's miles and miles behind.

What's the trouble? How does it happen that Oklahoma, for instance, in her callow youth, lying right next door, has won recognition in a decade, while Arkansas, with as much or more to offer in opportunities, has lagged and drowsed for ten times that span?

There's just one possible answer. I don't know the motto of the State of Arkansas; but it might be this: "We don't advertise." That expresses exactly the spirit of the state in the last hundred years.

This long time, the rest of the Southwest has been quick with new life. Arkansas has slept. This long time, the rest of the Southwest has held the center of the stage in immigration affairs. Arkansas has stood in the wings, a mere "supe." This long time, the rest of the Southwest has been working out its destiny in sweat and blood. Arkansas has loafed and whittled.

Outsiders know practically nothing of the truth about Arkansas. That means that Arkansas has never taken the pains to advertise the truth. She has never made even the mildest sort of a bid for the newcomer. She hasn't seemed to care for him. She has never put herself to the trouble of letting him know what she had to offer him.

Take, for illustration, the matter of her farming lands. If you've followed the subject of land values, you know what an acre of alfalfa land is worth in Kansas or Texas. On the higher plains, not too remote from market, fifty dollars an acre is a fair price. In Arkansas there are hundreds of thousands of acres of alfalfa land, as good as the best that Kansas can show, which may be bought for from five dollars to fifteen dollars per acre. These lands will yield a ton more to the acre per year then the Kansas plains meadows.

You know what an acre of high-class potato land is worth in Nebraska or Colorado. Arkansas has hundreds of thousands of acres of potato land, capable of producing four hundred bushels per acre per year, which may be bought for from five dollars to fifteen dollars per acre; and the Arkansas crop is a lot nearer the market than that of Colorado.

You know what an acre of high-grade pasture is worth in the dairy states of the North. Arkansas has hundreds of thousands of acres capable of supporting half-a-dozen cows per acre through a nine-months pasture season, which may be bought for from five dollars to fifteen dollars per acre.

You know that a good hog-ranch in a Northern state isn't to be sneezed at. Arkansas has hundreds of thousands of unused acres, on which hogs may be produced at a cost of less than one cent a pound. This has been absolutely demonstrated. These lands may be bought at from five dollars to fifteen dollars per acre.

And so on through a long list.

With all this, only a small fraction of the

Flashlights of Public Men

By J. E. JONES

THE great state of Montana, the third largest in the Union, growing so fast that its population has doubled in ten years, and with approximately 600,000 people within its broad walls, is represented in the lower branch of Congress by Charles N. Pray. And if there is anyone who has an idea that Congressmen do not have to work, he ought to watch Representative Pray. He is at it early and late, and the pack horses that climb the Western mountains do not carry half as heavy burdens as are loaded on Montana's public servant in Washington. I have found him at his office close onto the midnight hour, and it is my impression that he is one of the hardest and most persistent workers in Congress. Congressman Pray "drives" things at Washington, he goes the rounds of the departments, chases hither and thither to look after the wants of a great people, and is a regular attendant at all sessions. His manner impresses one as mild, and he has a conciliatory, convincing way of getting things. But when this mode of procedure fails, then there is another way for which Montana is famous, and for which its Congressman has something of a record at home and at the Capital—he fights! One day he had a bill before the House to reimburse to the extent of a few hundred dollars a couple of old residents of Montana on account of rent they had paid out of their own pockets while officers of a land office. It was a comparatively small matter, but it meant a great deal to the men interested, and it was in every respect a proper claim. The Republican organization had a sudden fit of economy, the Democratic side was seized with the same kind of a spasm, and the House was in an uproar. The man from Montana was in his element, and he hung Champ Clark's scalp along with a lot of Republican ones to his belt. On a division there was an apparent majority against the bill, but Mr. Pray demanded tellers, and then his friends came to his relief and the cloak rooms were scoured for additional votes, with the result that the bill was passed by sixteen votes. When the Sundry Civil Bill was being considered Mr. Pray offered an important amendment, carrying an additional appropriation of $160,000, for the establishment of nine rescue stations throughout the country. The appropriations committee wouldn't listen, and on the floor the powerful leaders, Tawney and Fitzgerald, of the Republican and Democratic sides, opposed the amendment. But that never phased the member from Montana. He made a vigorous speech and passed his measure. These two incidents served to convince the "powers that be" that when Pray is in the arena he is pretty apt to get what he is after, and that to stand in the way is at the risk of getting hurt. Representative Pray was formerly a prosecuting attorney for a number of years in Montana, and during his administration chased the cattle thieves out

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CHARLES N. PRAY
United States Representative-at-large, Montana

of his country—all except those he sent to jail. Now maybe Congressman Pray is mild-mannered—a number of Congressmen thought so early in the session, but these same gentlemen might dispute such a statement at this time.

Montana has four great trunk lines running through it, and the development of its agricultural interests is marvelous. Of the thirty great government irrigation projects four are located in Montana, and 500,000 acres of land are being reclaimed in the state. Mr. Pray made a speech upon the bill, and took a strong part in securing the appropriation for twenty millions of dollars that will go into these developments. He helped work out the bill for the Public Lands Committee called the "Surface Title Bill," and as a result of this measure 63,000,000 acres of land throughout the country will be subject to settlement, the government reserving the mineral rights. He addressed the House in support of the Postal Savings Bank Bill and the Crow Reservation Bill, passed the Senate Bill through the House, establishing the Glacier National Park, got another land office for Montana, and secured an appropriation of $100,000 for the survey of public lands in the eastern part of his state. He also made a speech on the tariff, and passed as many bills as any member of the House.

The member from Montana has all the "get there" qualities for which Montana is famous. He believes Montana is the greatest of all the Western states in natural wealth. Its wonderful growth and development have produced a demand for a great amount of legislation, and the people of the state have in turn produced a Representative who can get for them the things they must have.

* * *

WILLIAM W. COCKS represents the first Congressional district of New York, and this district comprises the greater part of Long Island, just now the popular residential site for wealthy Manhattanites. Incidentally Theodore Roosevelt is a constituent of Mr. Cocks, and that the two have for a long time been on very excellent terms is illustrated by a large number of missions of importance upon which Mr. Cocks was sent by the illustrious ex-president during the last administration. If there is any similarity between these Long Islanders it is that both are frank in expressing themselves—for Mr. Cocks, like the distinguished gentleman from Oyster Bay, can always be relied upon to speak his mind. However, his policy is to go directly to his constituency rather than spend an endless amount of time in debate in the House. Mr. Cocks believes that the sessions could be greatly shortened and more business transacted, if the policies which he advocates and practices in this respect were more generally adhered to.

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM W. COCKS
of New York

In the state of New York, Congressman Cocks has been prominently identified with the Hughes movement, and was active in both conventions in which the present governor was nominated. At Washington he has been particularly active in securing aids to navigation, and has been able to accomplish a good deal in this direction for Long Island Sound, greatly to the gratification of the masters and pilots who operate in those waters. He has been an earnest advocate of all matters bearing upon river and harbor improvements, and especially with reference to the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association, the object of which is to provide an inland waterway along the Atlantic coast. The life-saving service look upon him as one of their most earnest champions, and the fishermen, oyster men and other deep sea interests have reason to be thankful that he is in Congress.

CONGRESSMAN POLITTE ELVINS FROM MISSOURI
Whom Speaker Cannon says is the most promising man in Congress

As he is the ranking member of the Committee on Agriculture, his activities in constructive legislation have necessarily been largely along lines for bettering the conditions surrounding farm life. He has supported the conservation policies proposed by the Agricultural Department, and in his home state has been identified with the movement of which W. C. Brown, of the New York Central, is the head, and in which great railroad and other interests are actively engaged in a splendid endeavor to advance the agricultural interests of the state and country.

He has been active in the good roads movement and has introduced a bill providing for government aid in supplying surveys and specifications for the various states and providing for a National Highways Commission.

The Long Island district has many varied interests, and Representative Cocks looks after them all. One of his colleagues told me that he was always trying to determine what task his duty assigned him, and no matter how difficult it may be he industriously and intelligently performs it.

Now that "Teddy" Roosevelt is home it is more than probable that he and Congressman Cocks will get together and frame up something new for the benefit of that delightful region, "swept by ocean breezes," which they call home.

And while it seems entirely fitting that this district should be number one in the state of New York it might also be called number one of the United States; if it had not been for Long Island the greatest city of the country could not have been built on its present location. Geography and history have done their part, and the Empire State's first district might very properly be given the same countrywide distinction as its chief city.

* * *

SPEAKER CANNON walked down the aisle leading from the rostrum he occupies in the discharge of the duties of his position, and when he arrived in front of the young Congressman from Missouri, stopped suddenly and asked: "Say, Politte, what the deuce was the name of that stuff you fought for so hard when the tariff bill was up?" Now Uncle Joe's curiosity had been aroused because he sat in the Chair while Politte Elvins, aged thirty-one, and often spoken of as "the Kid" of the House, trounced the House leaders on the floor of that august body, and got a raise of 100 per cent on barytes—the same aforesaid barytes being used chiefly in the manufacure of paint—but the point of importance to the Elvins position lay in the fact that fifty-two per cent of the product comes from Washington County, which is in Congressman Elvins' district.

The aged Speaker likes "the Kid," and he does not hesitate to say so—he has even gone further and declared that "young Elvins is the most promising man in Congress." As the Speaker is not in the habit of handing out such bouquets, it is quite natural that Mr. Elvins' friends place a good deal of value on such a compliment. There are a good many young men in Congress, and perhaps this fact explains in a large measure the great number of splendid achievements effected in progressive legislation at the session just closed.

Politte Elvins admits that he started for Congress when but nineteen years old. At twenty-four he might have completed the journey but for the fact that he was barred on account of his youth. Then he was side-tracked for six years, but in the primaries two years ago he carried ten of the eleven counties of his district. It may be that young Mr. Elvins has hitched his cart to the Senatorial star—he never has said so, but if such might happen to be the case some of the old 'uns will not forget what happened when he decided in the time of his teens to go to Congress.

Congressman Elvins comes from the "lead fields," and to him the Missouri Congressional delegation give the credit of retaining the Dingley schedule on lead ore and pig lead. He was active in looking after the proper protection of all other products that affected his district. He is a member of the committee on Mines and Mining, and helped to draft the law creating the Bureau of Mines, which legislation has been hailed with delight in every section of the country where there are mining interests. His speech in support of the measure attracted widespread interest and had much to do with the final success of the legislation. He is also a member of the committee on Immigration and Naturalization, and introduced the Administration measure for the further restiction of immigration. He supplemented this bill with one of his own, that has brought endorsement from the most influential organizations and men interested in the subject, throughout the country. He helped to frame the Criminal Alien Deportation Law, and the law for the suppression of the "white slave" traffic.

Along the lines of local legislation he has had the same success that has attended his efforts in the larger matters of general legislation, and has pulled $50,000 of appropriations out of the Rivers and Harbors Bill for his district, and landed $60,000 in public buildings appropriations.

The wise old men in Washington admire Elvins and the Elvins way, and they all call him by his first name, which, by the way, was the family name of his French mother, and is pronounced Po-leet, and not Polite. They not only like him but they boost for him—maybe because he is so much younger than the rest, but more likely the reason is found in the fact that he goes after what he wants and gets it in the same way he landed in Congress in plenty of time to be dubbed "the Kid."

* * *

THE member of Congress from the second district of South Carolina, Judge James O'H. Patterson, has rather upset the popular impression that a man in order to get Congressional favors must belong to the regular Republican organization. Now while Congressman Patterson is a Democrat and got 8,440 votes in his district in the last election, against fifty-eight for the Republican nominee, yet he has done what no Republican has been able to accomplish. The established rule in connection with appropriations for public buildings is that they will be granted to only cities of ten thousand inhabitants or where the gross receipts of the office exceed ten thousand dollars per year; but Mr. Patterson got ten thousand dollars for a site and fifty thousand dollars for a building for Aiken, South Carolina, which is a place of about four thousand population, and with receipts running far below the usual amount required, and to top off all that, has practically arranged for free delivery. This is, of course, a local matter, but simply goes to show what the right kind of a congressman can accomplish by keeping everlastingly after things.

There is a delicious air of the southland about room 409 in the House Office Building, and in it I spent a pleasant half hour with Judge Patterson, while he told me of his great interest in the projects to drain the swamp lands of the south. "We are realizing the greatness of the irrigation projects in the west," he said, "but it seems to be rather difficult to make our people understand the greater advantages that attach to drainage problems. In the West, the irrigation systems must first be installed, and then it is necessary to get people to come in and settle on the lands; while in my state the people are already there and the moment the lands are supplied with a satisfactory drainage system cultivation begins; and these lands are as valuable as any of the lands that are being talked about so much in the West." Judge Patterson made a speech upon this subject that attracted a great deal of favorable comment among Congressmen at the time, and did much to enlighten his colleagues in reference to the needs of the South.

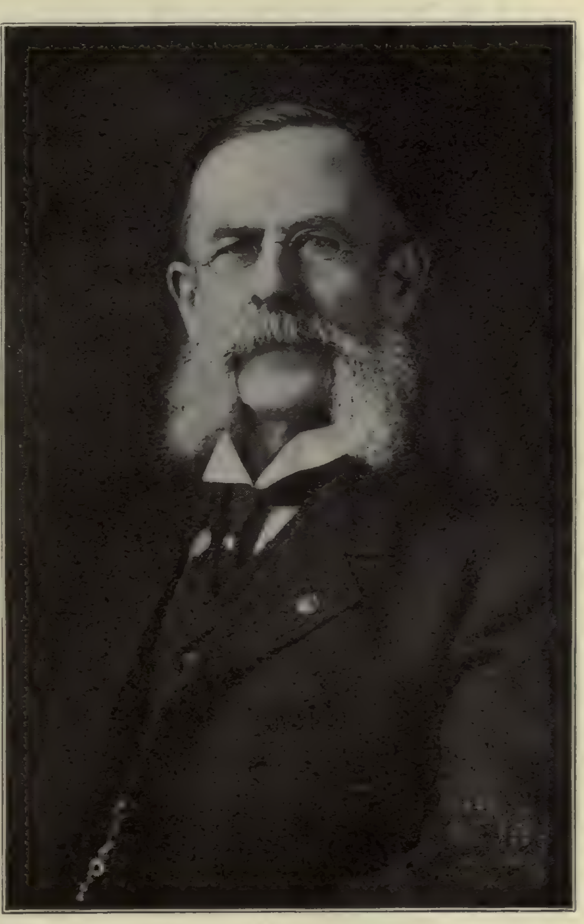
REPRESENTATIVE J. O'H. PATTERSON
of South Carolina

Judge Patterson has covered his district with rural free delivery routes, and in this matter as well as in the instance cited of the Aiken public building has demonstrated his ability to "get things." He has also secured a soil survey for Saluda County which will be of great value to the agricultural regions as it will clearly define the chemical and physical value of the soil in the different regions, and show conclusively the kind of crops to which each section is best adapted. In the way of local legislation it is found that the Congressman has been unusually successful in securing appropriations indemnifying sufferers from outrages perpetrated during the Civil War, but in the broader and more comprehensive field of national affairs he has addressed the House upon the subject of the tariff, and threw some hot shells into the Republican camp in his argument along the line that the opposition was attempting to serve the interests rather than the consumers of the country, while his speech upon the Federal Judiciary System has been circulated pretty well over the country. He elicited great applause from members of his party when he declared that "federal judges are the 'sappers and miners' of despotism," and characterized the system as "against the policy and principles of our government and of all civilized nations" because it places "the machinery of the courts of justice beyond the reach of the poorest and humblest citizen who seeks redress for a wrong or remedy for an existing evil."

No matter how much one may disagree with Judge Patterson upon his views, yet it is doubtless true that the Republicans in Congress maintain the highest respect for the ability and fairness with which the South Carolina member has presented his argument from his party's standpoint.

ONCE in a great while there is a man who thinks more of looking after his health than of remaining in Congress—but the number is few, and many good men have finally broken down completely and passed down and out as a result of the grind and worry of congressional life and the excitements of vigorous campaigning. Captain Barclay, of the twenty-first district of Pennsylvania, is the exception to the rule, and with the end of the Sixty-first Congress he will retire to private life, having declined to again be a candidate from his district.

There are great interests in Pennsylvania that command the careful and constant guardianship of the commonwealth's representatives in Congress, and in his part of the stupendous work that has been accomplished Captain Barclay has been an important factor because of the strength he possesses as a business man. There is an abundance of men possessed with great powers of oratory and eloquence in Washington, but the number of business men who have gained success in the building of commercial and industrial enterprises is not so large. Among the foremost of these stands Representative Charles F. Barclay, of Sinnemahoning, who has acquired a very substantial degree of success in his field of labor as a lumberman. He is first and all a self-made man, and he has given his best efforts to the service of his country, not only in the halls of Congress, but during those earlier and more trying periods of our history when the country was in the throes of Civil War. In the early sixties we find him as a volunteer private in the "Second Bucktails" from Pennsylvania, serving with distinction until 1865, and having arrived during that period by degrees of promotion to the rank of Captain. The lumbering in Pennsylvania is practically a thing of the past, but though Captain Barclay is in his sixty-fifth year he is not ready to cease his business activities, and has consequently transferred his lumbering operations and investments to the rich regions of the far West. "I am going to be absolutely free to come and go as I please," Captain Barclay told me, "and my health has been so broken that I do not feel called upon to sacrifice it any further to remain in Congress." And then he settled back in his office chair and told me why he believed his district was one of the most important in the Union, and reviewed briefly some of his efforts to help accomplish sane legislation—especially in reference to the tariff, for the protec-



CAPTAIN CHARLES F. BARCLAY
Congressman from the Twenty-first District of Pennsylvania

tion of the chemical wood products, the independent oil producers, the manufacturers of glass, and other great industries of Pennsylvania. In McKean County the same region has been producing oil since the early sixties, which is the banner record of the country. Eighty-nine per cent of this production in the oil country is by the independents, but the Standard Oil controls the pipe lines and storage facilities and is therefore refining about ninety per cent of all the oil. In view of this fact Captain Barclay expresses the opinion that it was a grave mistake when Congress was stampeded as a result of its desire to get a "whack" at the great oil trust and took the tariff off crude and refined petroleum, and thereby injured the independents without affecting in any way the interests of the trust. He endeavored to convince his colleagues that they were making a mistake, but the air of the whole country was too full of the anti-trust germ to bring legislators to a realization of the actual effect that would result to the detriment of the independents.

CONGRESSMAN CHARLES A. CROW
of Missouri

Thirty-five per cent of the chemical wood products, which includes wood alcohol, charcoal, acetate of lime, etc., come from McKean in Mr. Barclay's district, and the tariff schedules concerning these products are of vital interest, and the schedules have been carefully looked after by Representative Barclay. In his congressional duties he has especially included every kind of service he could perform for veteran soldiers, and many old soldiers and their families have him to thank for pushing their interests until final favorable action was effected.

* * *

HON. CHARLES A. CROW represents the fourteenth Congressional district of Missouri, designated in the state itself as the "Monkey Wrench District."

Mr. Crow is a member of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union, he being the only Representative in Congress belonging to that great organization. As there is a population of over 250,000 people in his district it is readily to be seen that he has plenty to do in Congress. He is a member of the important Committee on Pensions; on Public Lands and Levees and Improvements of the Mississippi River and takes an active part in the affairs of each.

Mr. Crow was formerly postmaster at Caruthersville, and while there he called the attention of Congress to the manner of weighing the mails, and was one of the pioneers in bringing about a change in methods by which it is estimated a saving of perhaps ten million dollars a year is being effected. In a notable speech Congressman Crow declared that "if the railroads were paid a fair, and only a fair price for their services in carrying the mails—the deficit now found in the Post Office Department would be wiped out and a surplus appear instead." He cites the fact that the government pays double transportation on its mails—first for hauling cars, and secondly by paying freight on the mails hauled in these self-same chartered or rented cars. The remedy lies in paying the railroads only for the cars themselves, since that is really all they transport, the mails being cared for by the government messengers in the mail service. "I would double the present rate per car that the railroads now receive," he declared, "and this equitable readjustment would save the government at least $25,000,000 per year."

Citizens of Destiny

By MORGAN ROBERTS

RECEIVED in Africa and Europe with almost royal honors, the guest of kings and peoples, and equally welcomed by both, the stalwart bronzed hunter of the fiercest carnivora of the old and new world, famous forever in the annals of the chase and the records of the zoologist, the writer of forceful and scholastic English, a fearless, purposeful orator and statesman—Theodore Roosevelt has come back to his own people after a year of relaxation which has not been idleness, and months of travel which have been an ovation seldom paralleled in the history of the world.

"A Man of Destiny" is he beyond question, once placed, against his own wishes, in that "graveyard of political ambitions," the vice-presidency, to be in the providence of God called to be the chief ruler of the American people. What he is yet to be "lies on the laps of the gods"; yet that he stands today first in the affection and confidence of the people of the United States, none can doubt. What his future is to be lies under providence in his own hands, and only his own refusal to accept further honors from the Republic can prevent his further progress along the dizzy heights of place and power.

His emergence from obscurity and his attainment to the highest office in the gift of the people, with the remarkable interest felt all over the world in his character and movements, his recent honors, and the peculiar and tense conditions of popular feeling in America place him more completely in the mid-current of American altruistic desires and hopes than any other statesman since the days of Lincoln. Blended with hopes, doubts and fears, a comparison is often drawn between the life histories of Julius Caesar and Theodore Roosevelt.

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Briefly it may be said that Caius Julius Caesar, born in Italy July 12, B. C. 90, and Theodore Roosevelt, born in America October 27, 1858, were both sons of reputable and well-to-do parents, and both as children were frail of body and unable to play or study like most children of their years. Both, however, gained rapidly in health and strength, and developed an energy, will, and versatility which left their former playfellows far behind. Both married early; Caesar before the completion of his studies when only seventeen years old; and Roosevelt at twenty-two on his graduation from Harvard. Both were widowed and both married again, Caesar in his thirty-third and forty-first years, and Roosevelt in his twenty-eighth; but here the parallel ends, for the great Roman's love-life was by no means a devotion to the family relation, even according to the rather liberal interpretation of his times, and his amours with Cleopatra considerably antedated the more famous and tragical romance of Marc Antony's infatuation for the "star-eyed Egyptian." Roosevelt's high ideals of domestic and marital love and duty, have, undoubtedly, greatly added to the respect and esteem felt for him.

Caesar's democratic tendencies and the

influence gained by his first marriage aroused the anger and deadly suspicion of Sulla, the tyrannical dictator, to such an extent that he fled from Rome, and was an exile in Asia until the death of Sulla three years later, whereupon Caesar returned from banishment in Asia to study oratory and rhetoric at Rhodes. He returned to Rome where like Roosevelt he appealed to the interests and support of the common people; was chosen pontifex at thirty, and allied himself with Pompey, who then sympathized with his advocacy of popular reforms; and became at thirty-two quaestor, a semi-military, semi-civil administrator in Spain.

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During the like period, Roosevelt had studied at the New York Law School, had served in the New York legislature, during three years, headed the State Republican delegation at the Chicago presidential convention in 1884, and after the death of his young wife lived at his Dakota cattle-ranches for two years or more. When thirty years old (1888) he joined the National Guard of his state serving some four years as lieutenant and captain; when thirty-one was appointed by President Harrison on the Civil Service Commission and became its presiding officer, resigning (1896) when thirty-six years old to become the police commissioner of New York City, and later (1895–97) president of the bi-partisan board. He was then thirty-eight years old.

Caesar had allied himself with Pompey by marriage when thirty-three; was chosen aedile at thirty-five, and expended vast sums on the popular games and in lavish entertainments; was chosen praetor and pontifex maximus when thirty-seven, but was charged (probably unjustly) with being in sympathy with the conspiracy of Catiline. When he was thirty-eight, Pompey, tired of campaigning in the East, returned and disbanded his veterans, while Caesar a year later as propraetor made a successful campaign in Spain, and at forty was chosen consul, and formed the First Triumvirate with Pompey and Crassus, which a year later passed an agrarian law giving to landless citizens a part of the public domain, hitherto unjustly monopolized by the aristocracy of Rome. Having married his daughter, Julia, to his great ally, and later rival, Pompey, he married for his third wife Calpurnia, and was given by the people charge of Cis-Alpine Gaul and Illyria, to which the Senate added all Gaul beyond the mountains; to this charge, after the banishment of Cicero, he departed in his forty-first year to begin that series of wonderful military achievements which his own Commentaries have recorded for nineteen centuries, and made known to every civilized nation.

How at the age of forty-two he turned back the invading hordes of the Helvetii, a migration of 368,000 warriors, and their scarcely less warlike women and little children, after a terrible battle in which the women fought and died, within their wagon-lager, so desperately that scarcely 110,000 survivors returned to their deserted homesteads; how Ariovistus vainly led his German myriads against him a year later, and four great tribes of the Belgian land fled before his legions in utter defeat, were too long to tell. When the tale was told in Rome the Senate decreed that for fifteen days a public thanksgiving should honor the great commander. At forty-four the ancestors of the sturdy Breton sailors of today and their Norman allies made war with fleets and armies upon him, only to find that on sea or land the Roman's genius and leadership were unconquerable.

* * *

The next year the Roman senate heard with dismay how Crassus had given battle to the Parthian archers and lost his own life thereby, while Pompey's legions in Spain had added little to the territory or prestige of the Republic; but from Gaul the letters told how Caesar, bridging the Rhine, had conquered the warlike Teutons, and carried the Roman eagles into Great Britain; and again, for twenty days this time, Rome, *en fete*, celebrated with games, decorations and feasting Caesar's unprecedented conquests.

The next year (B. C. 54) Caesar made a second and permanent occupation of England, hurrying back to Gaul just in time to crush a great insurrection before it burst into a general conflagration. Two years later, at the age of forty-eight, he besieged Vercingetorix, the last great

Gallic leader, in Alise, Burgundy, although in addition to the flower of the Frankish champions defending the city three hundred thousand men of France tried to crush and overwhelm his splendid infantry, or to cut off his supplies and force him to raise the siege. Vercingetorix surrendered, and the next year, his last in Gaul, Caesar devoted himself to the complete and honorable pacification of his province, after which he marched his troops into winter quarters at Ravenna.

But he had become too successful and too popular, and Pompey and the Senate, controlled by the patricians who feared that their ill-gotten lands and sinecures would be lost should Caesar come back in triumph, decreed that Caesar should disband his army by a certain date "or be regarded as an enemy of the state." Marc Antony and Quintus Cassius alone put their veto on the measure, but were driven with violence from their seats and sought refuge in Caesar's camp.

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The Senate declared war, but Pompey found when too late that only two legions were left to meet the triumphant unconquerable veterans of the Gallic contingent then marching upon Rome, and took refuge in Greece, but controlled the Mediterranean with the fleets of the republic. Caesar, in his fiftieth year, crossed the Rubicon, defeated Pompey's legates in Italy and within a month entered Rome in triumph to find that the Senate had accepted the inevitable and voted to make "the enemy of the republic" dictator. This position Caesar held eleven days, and then relinquished it to follow Pompey, whom he attacked at Dyrachium, and was for the time obliged to retreat into Thessaly, whither he was followed by Pompey to Pharsalia. The battle for the mastery of the world was stoutly contested, but in the end Pompey was defeated.

Returning to Rome, Caesar was made Consul for five years and dictator for one year, and thereafter sailed for Egypt, where when fifty-one years old he became the lover of Cleopatra, then in the zenith of her charm and beauty.

When fifty-four years old (B. C. 46) he defeated Seneca and Cato, who had raised an army against him, after which he declared an amnesty to all who had opposed him. He reformed many abuses, amended the Roman calendar, defeated the sons of Pompey in Spain, and received from the facile Senate the titles of "Father of his Country" and Imperator, was made dictator for life, and decreed divine honors. The summer month, Quintilis, was named Julius in his honor, and the usage of the world still perpetuates this tribute of honor to Caesar.

Indefatigable, versatile, and apparently really desirous of deserving these honors, he wrote several works of which only his immortal Commentaries remain intact, proposed to form a digest or code of Roman law, to drain the malarious Pontine marshes, enlarge and defend Italian harbors, dig a canal through the Corinthian peninsula and conceived many other worthy enterprises.

But a conspiracy of sixty senators, some from mere hatred and envy; others because they saw that the republic was doomed to become and remain a monarchy, had determined upon his death. Warned in vain by Calpurnia's forebodings, the warnings of a soothsayer, and it is supposed from other sources to "beware of the Ides of March" (March 15, B. C. 44), he fell under the daggers of a chosen band of senators, many of whom he had greatly favored, and all of whom had profited by his clemency.

Caesar was fifty-six years old but still tall and vigorous, noble and graceful in presence, bald from the long-continued pressure of his helmet, rather spare and thin of face, wore neither beard or moustache, and was remarkable for the beauty and expression of his prominent black eyes.

Roosevelt, also, at the age of thirty-nine began his national prominence by his services as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in preparing for the Spanish-American War, and later resigned his office to raise the First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry (the "Rough Riders") with which as lieutenant-colonel he fought at Las Guasimas and San Juan Hill; took part in the siege and capture of Santiago de Cuba, was promoted to the colonelcy of his regiment, and made governor of the captured city. While the sudden close of the war prevented any further display of his undoubted ability and courage, it certainly made him a very prominent and popular candidate for the governorship of New York, just as Caesar's early but unimportant military career in Spain ended in his first election as consul at Rome.

As governor of New York (1899-1900) Roosevelt became conspicuous in reforming the abuses connected with the enlargement of the Erie Canal, instituting and enlarging the scope of civil service reform and calling an extra session of the legislature to enact a bill to tax the property of railroad and other corporations occupying the public street by franchise, on the basis of real estate; in spite of corporate and Republican protest.

In 1900, at the Philadelphia Republican National convention, and chiefly because of the insistence of the Western delegates, he accepted a nomination as Vice-president on the same ticket with William McKinley of Ohio, and was elected November 6, 1900. On September 14, 1901, having been recalled by swift messengers from his hunting camp in Vermont by the news of the assassination of President McKinley, he was sworn in as the twenty-sixth President of the United States, being at that time but forty-three years old, and the youngest incumbent of that office.

To his honor be it said that he attempted to carry out "absolutely unbroken the policy of his predecessor," and that whatever changes in his cabinet took place were without prejudice to the feelings or prior rights of the McKinley appointees; His action in connection with the coal strike of 1903; the Venezuelan difficulties, when he firmly maintained the Monroe Doctrine, and aided in securing a peaceful settlement with the European powers involved; the ratification of the Cuban reciprocity and the Isthmian Canal treaties, and the recognition of the Republic of Panama were the main features of his first administration. Re-elected in 1904, he showed more strongly his strong belief that the masses of the people of the United States were unjustly deprived of their full share of the general development and prosperity, and while his administration was illumined by his action in hastening peace between Russia and Japan, and he undoubtedly hastened the recognition of many public burdens and abuses he became cognizant of the enmity and distrust of the same "better class" whose fear of prestige and profit proved fatal to Caesar.

At the close of his term in 1908, at the age of forty-nine, having practically named his successor, and the presumable heritor of his policies, he retired from public life and prepared for a great hunting and exploring trip into British East Africa. It was in vain that he made every effort to come and go as an American sportsman and author. Wherever he went a royal hospitality and an almost royal reception were accorded him. At the close of his adventurous expeditions, loaded with trophies and scientific collections, and followed by the good wishes of all of every race and condition with whom he came in contact, he issued from Africa only to become the guest of every nation and people visited on his return to America.

What will Roosevelt become hereafter? It is impossible for him to become a smug ambassador; a leisurely chief justice; a library-haunting litterateur, or the kind of a "statesman" aptly described as a "dead politician."

Strong, virile, fearless, keen to investigate and unsparing in his opposition to abuses, he comes back to his own at a crisis in American affairs, which many dimly apprehend, but few appreciate.

Caesar could not palter, or accept the role of a complaisant despot, placating the people with smiles and amusements, and leaving the abuses of his era to "the healing hand of time." Neither will Roosevelt. "Similitude in dissimilitude" characterizes the meteor-like energy of these careers, and only the differing conditions of time and environment have strongly accentuated the difference (not in their courage and energy) but the nature and duration of their military service.

Both turned from the usual methods and beliefs of their class to favor the masses, and both excited the anger and distrust of the caste to which they naturally belonged. Caesar at last took the imperial power to serve a degenerate republic and fell by the hands of those who had profited by the decadence of Rome.

What will be the future of Roosevelt?

Just Back from Mars

by R. K. Carter

(ORR KENYON)

Author of "My Boy Charlie," "A Celestial Detective," etc.

THE first installment of this remarkable satire appeared in the August number of the National, and has been pronounced one of the cleverest pieces of imaginative work that has recently appeared in print. In view of the advancement of aerial navigation and psychological research it is peculiarly appropriate at this time. No one who has studied the marvels of modern invention and advancement will say that such a journey as Doctor Carter describes may not sometime become fact, rather than fiction, as we now regard it. The second part of this story, presented in this number, tells what Doctor Carter saw when he reached Mars, and how he returned to earth.

THE night of the first of September was a magnificent one. The moon was at the full, showing very near to Mars as the fiery planet rose early in the evening above the eastern horizon. Everything was in readiness for my dash to Mars, the provisions all stored away, the liquefied air ready in its cylinders of Austrian gun metal, the vibrating engine standing ready for the master's touch, and the wonderful repulsion transmitter, looking like a great metal sphere with a long flexible hose about two inches in diameter, and ending in what looked exactly like a spray nozzle for a garden hose. All was in readiness.

To say that I felt a trifle nervous is stating it mildly. Keely had insisted that I needed no preliminary practice, no trial spins; the principles were so few and so simple as to require no extensive study.

"Power always lies in simplicity," sententiously observed my "control," when I wondered at these declarations. "You men always complicate matters. The more you improve a machine the simpler you make it; that is, if the improvement is real. It looks too all fired simple to tell folks that there is more real force in a few billion ultimate atoms than in a big Pennsylvania Electric engine. The mischief of it is to liberate it; it's there all right, tugging away, and never tiring. Just put your vibrodyne in motion and you have more force in a second than you'd get from a Great Mogul in a hundred years."

I was nearly paralyzed when Keely told me I must start the ethero-plane myself. He positively refused to touch the transmitter. I was to do it all.

"This is your expedition," he remarked curtly. "You can't let another fellow do it and get the glory yourself. There isn't going to be any fake about this trip to Mars."

Thus encouraged, I grasped the repulsion hose in my right hand and taking up a small tuning fork, pitched to A sharp, struck it on the engine and then applied it to the vibrodyne. Instantly a shock was heard, followed by a low hum, rising in pitch as the tone of a siren rises. It soon became a roar, then a shriek and I stopped my ears, letting the repulsion spray fall from my hands. Keely smiled at my confusion and assured me the sound would soon cease. This proved to be true, rising to the extreme height of audible sound in an ear-piercing scream that was positively terrible, suddenly subsided and left us in silence.

"The vibrations have risen too high for you to hear," explained Keely. "Just like some people can't hear crickets, but can hear lower pitched sounds all right. Those vibrations will go on increasing till they turn into heat, and then into light, and burn the whole blamed apparatus up into incandescent gas if we don't control them. That was one of my Philadelphia troubles. I melted down a lot of dollars trying to find how to keep them under."

Then he showed me a regulator cock. This I turned part way, and the low, steady hum of the vibrodyne, a rather pleasing sound in fact, gradually became fixed, not rising or falling, and keeping on as tirelessly as gravitation itself.

"Now take up your repulsion transmitter," said Keely. I grasped the hose spray, and at his direction pressed a spring near the nozzle. At once I felt a fine, delicate vibration in the apparatus, and the whole great ethero-plane began to stir.

"Point it straight down," shouted Keely, and I did so just in time, for the machine was moving toward the wall of the shop. As I directed the spray nozzle toward the earth beneath us the ethero-plane rose steadily and smoothly as a giant engine on a perfect track, and in another moment we were clear of the walls and rising silently toward the zenith. In five minutes we were a thousand feet above the earth, which lay white and peaceful in the full moonlight. The sensation was that of perfect safety, perfect steadiness, and perfect control. I shouted with delight, and grasping a bottle of wine at my feet, broke it over the edge of a bull's-eye window, crying:

"Kaiser Keely der Grosse!"

My shadowy companion grinned from ear to ear. Then he reached into his vest pocket and took out a beautiful gold snuff-box, tapped the lid and extended it toward me with a profound bow. I noticed a splendid diamond on the box, a companion to the one that always adorned the shirt front, and accepted the proffered honor, nearly sneezing my head off in consequence. Keely laughed heartily and explained that possibly some of the liberated atomic force had gotten into his box.

"It's the real thing," he said good-humoredly; "have another pinch."

"No, thank you! That's snuff," I replied, waving it from me, while my "control" laughed again.

He then explained that, while he deeply appreciated the honor I evidently intended in naming the ship after him, he felt that it was unwise to do so, and reminded me that mortal men must be treated as such.

"You'll have to call it the 'Fellowrox,'" he suggested. "It was bad enough to start off without letting your 'angel' see you go; but that had to be. I couldn't visualize myself with him hanging round, so we had to start in private, so to speak. But now you must attend to business. You've got to steer this craft and look sharp."

We were moving toward the east because the surface of the earth beneath us was moving that way. Mars and the moon were close together and Saturn not far off to the left. I saw that I must steer right for the red planet, and inquired of my "control" just how to operate the repulsion transmitter. He replied:

"It's a good deal like getting a refractory pig into a pen. You point his nose the other way and twist his tail—then he backs right in. So you must direct the nozzle of the transmitter away from the point you want to reach, and the contrary kick of the repulsions in the ether will shove you along. You know a fellow once invented a canal boat that was pushed along by a stream of water, drawn in at the bow and squirted out at the stern. It is something like that. You can increase speed by turning on more repulsions. Press that spring near the nozzle and you will increase; remove the pressure and you will slow down."

I saw that we were diverging somewhat from the course taken by the earth, and it occurred to me that I must not alter our velocity too much till we were out of the atmosphere lest friction develop too much heat. When I was about to mention this to Keely he answered my thought, as he frequently did.

"Yes, you're right. Keep on at about sixty thousand miles an hour till we veer off clear of the atmosphere; then you can put on more steam if you want to."

I was gasping for breath by this time and bethought me to close tightly the bull's-eye near the engine, and to see that all other openings were sealed. Then I slightly opened the stop-cock on an air cylinder and allowed it to leak slowly, thus compensating for the air consumed by my breathing. A little experimenting soon gave me the mastery of this matter, and I was perfectly comfortable.

When the temperature began to fall Keely showed me how to turn on more heat by throwing the spherical engine into gear. This created as much heat as I wanted, and could be regulated so as to need no attention. When I was hungry pemmican and canned foods were ready, or I could operate a neat little cooker from the engine heat just mentioned.

"Look ahead!" shouted Keely. "There comes the moon."

I glanced through the lookout bull's-eye and felt my nerves badly shaken up. Nearly in our path was a fiery monster of enormous size apparently rushing down upon us at an inconceivable velocity. I glanced at the clock on the wall and noticed that it was about four hours since we started. Yes, four times sixty thousand would make 240,000. That was the moon's distance. We were about to pass the nearest heavenly body.

"Shall I steer farther south?" I anxiously inquired.

"No," replied Keely, "you are on the right course. There is no atmosphere to avoid, you know. Just turn the nozzle toward the moon a bit to kill its attraction. We don't want to be transformed into a minor satellite."

I did as he suggested; the ethero-plane veered slightly southward, and in a few minutes the vast, shining body swept by us and began to recede in the distance.

"Ships that pass in the night!" ejaculated Keely, chewing meditatively on a straw.

I was still nervous; the thing had been so sudden, and I reflected on the possibility of a collision in the depth of space.

"No, you won't run into anything else," said Keely. "There isn't anything now till we get to Mars."

Just then a sharp ping was heard as if outside the wall.

"Meteroids," said Keely. "Lots and lots of them. You remember Simon Newcomb calculated that the earth catches about a million in a day. They won't hurt; not unless we meet a big fellow. But you've got to watch out. You can't see 'em coming; no atmosphere to heat them up from the friction; and they are likely moving as fast as we are. Wouldn't have much time to dodge if you were standing out on deck in the open. They move along five hundred miles a second maybe."

Through the lookout I saw a sudden flash of light against the ethero-plane. The same loud ping was heard.

"There's another," remarked Keely. "Can't see it till it strikes. Then the motion becomes heat so quick there is just a puff of smoke as the whole substance burns up. Interesting, isn't it?"

I agreed in this opinion, but found myself growing weary. Keely assured me that we were now all right. The earth had receded so far as to look like an ordinary moon. The moon itself was not visible, having passed far astern. The indicators showed a fairly regular speed of some one hundred thousand miles per hour; and the great vibrodyne hummed steadily like a hive of bees. Lashing the repulsion transmitter fast so as to preserve our direction I lay down to rest and slept more soundly than ever before in my life, alone on the vast deep of space, for Keely had obeyed a call for his services on another planet and left me for several hours.

I woke up greatly refreshed, the air supplied from the liquefiers being singularly pure and clear. There was no sunrise, for there had been no night. Lacking atmosphere to diffuse the light, the whole sky was black, and the sun and stars glowed intensely but distantly, as it were. Keely appeared as I was wondering what would happen to me if he failed to show up.

There is no need to dwell upon the incidents and accidents of the trip. Each day was much the same except when my inquiring mind led to our taking a day off, so to speak, and testing the possibilities of this new and delightful mode of locomotion. I turned on all the power there was in the repulsion transmitter, till the vibrations rose so high I could hardly keep hold of the nozzle. Then I veered out of our regular course and speeded the ethero-plane down the great track of the Milky Way. Automobiles? They weren't in it at all. The indicators showed a velocity of a million miles an hour and we hummed along on an even keel at such a rate that the dog star stood on his hind-legs and howled as we flashed by. Even Halley's Comet seemed to stand still when I tried to persuade it into a race.

What a thrill there was in that kind of going. No swishing air to blow your eyes out; no need of goggles, except to confine my breath. It was stupendously great. But Keely took a little of the wind out of my sails by reminding me that the folks on his side can go still faster; they have only to think of going to any place and they are there. I remembered Miss "Julia" told Mr. Stead the same thing, so I suppose it must be true.

The great day was over at last, and we settled down to a regular push for the goal. Three weeks passed rapidly; we neared the fiery planet, and I had to direct the repulsion nozzle ahead for a time in order to slow down to a speed comparable to that of the Martian atmosphere, for it is plain that had I encountered that medium while moving at an enormously different rate, the ethero-plane and myself would have been incinerated in a few seconds.

We approached Mars from behind, as it were; that is, we chased him up along his own orbit, slowing down more and more as evidences of atmospheric resistance were manifest. As Keely had said, the height of the Martian atmosphere was not nearly equal to that of the earth, and it was not till we had descended to a height of ten miles that we were really immersed once more in air. Directing the repulsion waves toward the ground (I see I must not say "earth"), the ethero-plane was kept afloat and the descent made as gradual as was consistent with safety and my desire to see all I possibly could before making a landing. Of course the inhabited portions of the planet were plainly before us, and after sailing over the surface for hundreds of miles at an elevation of some two miles with the bull's-eyes wide open to the atmosphere, I at length swooped gracefully down and grounded on a vast green plain, just outside the largest city I could discover.

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There was no solitary business here. I did not stand alone viewing the landscape o'er with only my guide to appreciate the vasty nothingnesses with me. On the contrary the ethero-plane was welcomed by an enormous crowd of Martians that trooped out of the city and ran in on all the rail lines leading from the surrounding country.

I can only touch the main points in this narrative; the entire data will be given to the world in my forthcoming book entitled "The Tip Top of the Universe, Or How I Discovered Mars."* Besides, it is impossible to give away all I know in one short magazine article.

I must tell, however, of the strange Martian railways. I saw at a glance that the gyroscope principle governed everywhere. They were all monorails, and the cars were equipped with big gyroscopes which preserved the balance under all conditions of motion or rest. I made a note of this and determined to use gyroscopes in my next ethero-plane. With a big gyroscope humming away steadily, such a craft would run perfectly straight through the universe until its course was changed by etheric repulsions or some other agency.

My reception by the hospitable Martians was very exhilarating, but there was one drawback, I could not understand a word they said, and my speech was wholly unintelligible to them. I looked round for Keely, but he was not visible. Spooks never like crowds, you know, so I had to excuse him. Just as we were settling down to a sort of universal sign language a tall, military-looking man, wearing some insignia of office, happened to use a word

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*Arrangements for publication now pending. Delay caused by my disinclination to accept *more* than thirty dollars a word.

or two that sounded familiar. Instantly I repeated them, and he smiled delightedly, and volunteered a sentence that I comprehended with a little effort. It was Esperanto. The day was saved. My new friend informed me that some very sensitive psychics had learned the Esperanto from some "discarnate intelligences" who had paid the fiery planet a visit sometime before, and quite a few Martians had been affected with the fad, not only because they hoped some day to communicate with the earth, but on account of the simplicity of the language.

I was feted, and dined, and toasted, and courted and rewarded for my feeble attempts to lecture on the wonders of the earth, till I saw that I would soon corral the major portion of the possible resources of the entire planet. But as I did not want the ground* (I was going to say "earth" again), I spent a little time in running about the planet and acquainting myself with its history, advantages and possibilities.

Here I will reveal a singular feature. The Martians, like the psychics, can converse by simply thinking, if they choose. In other words they are all mind-readers. Whatever was in one Martian's mind was open to all the rest. This at once knocked out one of my pet schemes. I was busily forming a plan to organize a gigantic Earth-Trust, and mentioned its outline to my Esperanto friend, only to have it squelched in a moment. As soon as he understood what a trust is he smilingly informed me it would be impracticable on Mars, since the essence of such a combine is secrecy, and the very nature of the Martian life is absolute publicity.

In this I saw the Martians practically agreed with Mr. Roosevelt. I had taken time and space in my lectures to tell the Martians about Mr. Roosevelt, and explained that the only reason I had not invited him to accompany me on my dash to the planet was the fact that he was so busily engaged in skinning beasts and other things in darkest Africa, but I promised to try to bring him along on my next trip, even if I had to offer two dollars a word on the part of the Martian publishers. Here I met another Waterloo. There are no publishers on Mars! What? Of course not. No publishers! No editors! No magazines! No books! No newspapers! Absolutely no advertising of any kind!

"Keely! Keely!" I called desperately, "let's get back as fast as we can go. Why, this place is a desert unrelieved."

But I found, before my departure, that there are some very nice things about our nearest planetary neighbor. There are the "canals." Oh, yes; I have many notes about them. This much I can tell now. The water does not run up hill, as so many newspaper men said on the earth. Not at all. Mars is smaller than the earth, and his waist line is not so prominent. He moves more slowly, and takes longer to turn the corners. His ice caps are very thick, and raise the surface of the polar regions. When the ice melts in the spring the water flows toward the equator between enormous dykes, just like those of Holland, which protect the low-lying fertile lands, and allow of irrigation as needed. Most of the temperate and torrid zones are thus watered at will, and produce astonishing crops, supporting an immense population.

The Martians live a happy, pastoral life, undisturbed by wars or rumors of wars. They have no battleships, no armaments, no frightfully expensive ammunition, no war secretaries or war offices, no fortifications, no anything to drain away the vital resources of the communities.

When I retreated to the ethero-plane and thought it over in quiet, Keely visualized himself and talked it over with me.

"It's all straight goods," he commented. "How are you going to have war when every fellow knows all the other fellow has in his mind? You can't plan any surprises. You can't mine and countermine. You can't help yourself; just one thing to do—talk it over and arbitrate."

"But think of no publishers," I gasped. "And no books or magazines! What a calamity that would be at home!"

"How are you going to publish anything when everybody knows it already?" asked my "control." "What would I have done in Philadelphia under that rule? But these folks say that invention is not stamped out by the absence of competition. Everybody invents and discovers for the public good."

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* My modesty has always stood in my way.

"Blissful estate!" I ejaculated.

"I reckon Mr. Roosevelt was about right (he generally is—somewhere about) when he said publicity would cure the trusts.

"If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness:
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me."

Keely repeated the lines reflectively, and there was a brief silence which he broke by replying to my thought.

"Yes, you're right. We must be starting back. Won't do to camp here too long. This Martian atmosphere is rather pure for your lungs."

So we gathered together all the information we could concerning the strange life of our neighbors, stowed away many interesting mementoes of our visit, and prepared for our departure among many regrets. I did not forget to take many photographs of the Martian scenes. The last one, which I prize most highly, was taken by an obliging Martian, showing the great ethero-plane all ready for the start, I standing at the open bull's-eye with my hand on the vibrodyne.

The last speeches were made, the camera handed in by my obliging friend, the American flag firmly nailed to the great staff on the Martian Government Building, and then, with a farewell wave of the hand, I touched the spring on the repulsion nozzle, directed it downward, and we rose majestically into the air, and were off for home.

What a thrill it gave me! Off for home! Home from a foreign shore with a vengeance. What man ever felt the full force of that thrill unless it was aided and abetted by the entrancing reflection that he had simply beaten all creation, and was in a class all by himself. And then the thought of the immense benefits to be conferred upon the race by the wide dissemination of the absorbing information—

Keely interrupted me with,—"Now you're polysyllabling to beat the band. Don't talk about me and my atomic disintegrations and luminous envelopes of the hydrogen corpuscles. You've got a tremendous scoop on hand, and it makes you feel fine."

I felt that there was truth in his words and settled myself to make the homeward trip in as short a time as possible. I knew that there were others in this Martian exploration business, or at least many were thinking and dreaming about it. The possibility that somebody might think up a way to get in ahead made me feel uneasy and I drove the vibrodyne on and on till I endangered life itself.

In two weeks and a half we approached the outlying strata of the earth's atmosphere and prepared to make a landing. It was a cloudy night and nothing could be seen. I had carefully slowed down to the proper velocity, and used the repulsion transmitter so as to permit a gradual descent toward the earth. At length the cloud strata was reached and the ethero-plane soon passed through. I saw we were in a mountainous region, but it was evidently not the Blue Ridge, as the date was November 14, and white snow areas could be plainly seen.

Down we floated, nearer and nearer, endeavoring to discover something that might aid me in determining our geographical position. I did not want to land in China, or Australia, or Greenland. I knew that we were somewhere in the temperate zone, but farther than that I was unable to calculate. If only I could manage to drift over London or New York, especially the latter, I would try to anchor to the Statue of Liberty enlightening the world and secure as spectacular a return home as one could wish. But no signs appeared that I could recognize.

"When Noah was hunting for a port," remarked Keely, "he sent out a scout or two. You've got a first-class dirigible balloon; suppose you let her out, get aboard and leave your guide rope fastened to the ethero-plane, so you can wind yourself up again with the power of your engine."

In an evil hour I accepted this suggestion. The balloon was lowered, speedily inflated, the gasoline put aboard, guide rope fastened, and I started on my reconnoissance. Before I had dropped a thousand feet something happened. I felt a series of tremendous jerks on the guide rope, becoming so furious as to threaten the overturning of my balloon. Next thing the rope parted, I shot down toward the earth, frantically heaving out ballast, and, as I glanced up, I saw the great ethero-plane soaring away at a frightful speed toward the west. My heart sank into my boots. It was going right against the eastward motion of the atmosphere, and increasing its speed every second. While I watched my fear materialized, the whole machine grew so hot it began to glow, and in another instant darted toward the western horizon, a full-fledged meteorite, blazing, fiery, incandescent.

* * *

When I recovered my senses the dirigible was swaying wildly over a forest, the guide rope caught in the trees. With great difficulty I made my way to the ground, and stumbled about in search of help. Before morning I discovered some hardy peasants in the fields, and on attempting to speak with them, found that they were Russians. I was on the plains of southern Siberia, without any resources except a few hundred dollars in my inner pocket. The ethero-plane was gone with all my machinery, my instruments, my data, except my pocket diary, and all the stuff I had brought from Mars. I was simply stunned at the magnitude of my misfortune.

Pulling myself together with all the resolution at my command, I summoned my little knowledge of the Russian language, persuaded my peasants to conduct me to the nearest railroad, and embarked on a train for St. Petersburg. Next evening I bought a newspaper at a city we passed through and the first thing I read was a headline:

BIG NOVEMBER METEOR
Fell In Forest
Near Moscow

Thousands of people had seen the light of a mighty meteor as it flashed westward across the country and plunged deep into the earth in the heart of a forest. Those who ventured near the place reported that the ground was too hot to approach nearer than one hundred feet.

My last hope died. There was no use looking for any remains of my instruments or data. They would keep intact for a thousand years imbedded in arctic ice, but not ten seconds in that fierce heat. Clearly I was up against it. The only explanation I could think of was that the flexible repulsion hose was not lashed fast when I left the ethero-plane. It should have been, of course. But when a fellow starts out to make a fool of himself, or of others, he is bound to slip over some such precaution. That confounded, eel-like hose must have got to wabbling round carelessly, and the spring knocked against the wall and put on more power. Then it naturally started things to moving, and without an intelligent steersman it simply ran amuck. A runaway horse is bad; a runaway auto is worse; but a runaway ethero-plane is worst. I was in the superlative. Why didn't Keely stop the thing? But I remember he declared he was not to touch it himself.

Thanks to a strong constitution I soon recovered my balance, and, on reaching Moscow, sent a telegram to Mr. Fellowrox in New York, thus:

> Just back from Mars. Will be in London November 21. Orr Kenyon.

When this was done I felt more comfortable, for I knew that Mr. Fellowrox's vast experience in marketing soft soap would enable him to use the advance information where it would do the most good. I sped on to St. Petersburg, and started from that city for London in a few days. Just before leaving the Russian capital I was confronted by a most important situation. It suddenly occurred to me that I needed the testimony of other witnesses to prove the truth of my extraordinary tale. I did not have to be reminded of this by the press, or by anyone else whatsoever. A fool, or an inspired idiot might have overlooked this necessity, but a man of sense must think of it of course. Here I was, returning from the most marvelous trip ever taken by a mortal man, having seen things entirely outside the experience of the race, and it was most reasonable that the public should demand proof. While I was meditating over this, a wire came from Mr. Fellowrox. It read:

> The press and the people want solid proofs. Be prepared fully. Fellowrox.

I was real glad that I had thought of this in advance of any such suggestion, but I accepted my "angel's" message and set to work in earnest. The situation was decidedly unique. It presented itself before my mental vision in this wise:

All my elaborate data, my calculations, observations, photographs, etc., as well as all the many objects presented to me or picked up by me on the fiery planet, were absolutely lost. I could not even send out another expedition to find them. They were but as smoke and ashes. Aside from the crippling effect this had upon my proofs, it was a tremendous monetary loss. For instance, radium abounds upon Mars; in fact, it serves as one of their chief valuables, and I had acquired a few pounds as some moderate compensation for my laboriously translated lectures to the Martians. When I reflected on the value of this one item to a citizen of New York I confess it was a little depressing.

There was the ethero-plane. Perhaps I should say, had been, for distinctly it was not. I could show the empty workshop in the Blue Ridge, and the remains of some tools employed there. Then some of the workmen who had assisted in the manufacture of the various parts could be called into court if necessary. I had with me the remains of my dirigible balloon, carefully packed away. I foresaw that someone would suggest that such a craft could not possibly carry me over the whole of my dash to Mars. This point was evidently open to criticism.

There was my pocket diary. Ah! I could show my entries, with appropriate dates, telling of the new and strange scenes through which I had passed. But my experience with the human race led me to imagine that somebody, somewhere, would bob up and suggest that, as these things were entirely outside of human knowledge, I could easily invent the whole blamed record from beginning to end.

Being a logical creature, this staggered me. In my trouble I did the most natural thing—I called on my "guide" to help me out. Mr. Keely had positively refused to answer all my calls since the accident with the dirigible, but, to my relief, this time he visualized across the table, looking rather thinner than usual.

When I demanded of him that he supply the missing link in the "evidence" he smiled his old grim smile, and reminded me that he could not and would not appear to the multitude. "Besides, they would say you had been 'coaching' me."

I saw I could not prove much by my "guide."

"My time for that sort of thing is long past," he declared meditatively. "But there is one point that rankles in my subconsciousness."

"What is that?" I inquired.

"I made a big mistake in not lecturing," replied my "control" sadly.

I assured him that I was not likely to imitate him in that particular, and then urged him to offer some practical suggestion as to my proofs. The more I urged, however, the more shadowy and vaporous he grew, and at last disappeared. But as he vanished, a faint whisper reached my straining ears. He said:

"When you've tried everything in creation, there's always Mr. Stead."

That brought me to my feet with rapturous enthusiasm. In a flash I remembered my sealed envelope, lying safely tucked away in my desk at home. That suggested a circumstance I had utterly forgotten in the hurry and rush of my incredible experience. One day, when I was talking Esperanto to my Martian friend, the fact of his so easily reading my mind gave me a reminder, and I asked him if he and his fellow-Martians could read my sealed paper. I described it briefly, and its situation; whereupon he immediately began: "When Adam was—

But, hold! I very nearly gave that away in advance. That would never, never do. It is my most valuable asset in my present state of bankruptcy. This simple incident will, I see clearly, afford a means of positive proof that I have been to Mars; and Mr. Stead is the man to help me.

If Mr. Stead will only persuade Miss "Julia" to switch off the wires from her

"Bureau" for an hour or so, the thing is, as Keely expressed it, "dead easy." Miss "Julia" took pains to inform Mr. Stead that she could walk, glide, progress from anywhere to anywhere in a few moments. It only required that she should think the desire to be somewhere, and, lo, it was accomplished. Hence it is perfectly easy for her to step over to Mars and ask my kind friend there if he "read" my original poem for me, on the twenty-seventh of September, and then pick up Mr. Stead's handy pencil and write it down, just as she wrote those beautiful "Letters." Then a properly constituted committee can visit my home, open my sealed envelope, and compare the two writings. They may or may not be "automatic," but it is axiomatic that stronger proof can hardly be desired.

P. S. If, however, some critical minds call for more "copy," I will suggest that they undertake the simple task of proving that I have *not* been to Mars. While they are busy with that pleasing undertaking, I will have time to compile my data, and get out my book.

2d. P. S. I have just found in my vest pocket the small tuning fork I used in starting the vibrodyne. I am reminded that the distinguished engineer, Mr. W. Lascelles Scott, when appearing before that august body, the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, to relate his experience in Mr. Keely's shop, offered in evidence as to the existence of a strange force a small tuning fork which he had used at Keely's suggestion to start the big motor. Following this illustrious example, I offer this fork in evidence, and mark it "Exhibit C."

Yours always,

O. K.

LITTLE BY LITTLE

LITTLE by little the time goes by—
Short, if you sing through it, long, if you sigh.
Little by little—an hour a day,
Gone with the years that have vanished away.
Little by little the race is run;
Trouble and waiting and toil are done!

Little by little the skies grow clear;
Little by little the sun comes near;
Little by little the days smile out,
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt;
Little by little the seed we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow.

Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle of Right and Wrong;
Little by little the Wrong gives way—
Little by little the Right has sway.
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

Little by little the good in man
Blossoms to beauty, for human ken;
Little by little the angels see
Prophecies better of good to be;
Little by little the God of all
Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.

—*From "Heart Throbs."*

The Nobility of the Trades

SCHOOL-TEACHING AS A TRADE

Charles Winslow Hall

A VERY short distance from and plainly in view of the windows of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE office, 944 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, stands an ancient and long disused building, painted yellow, in front of which the city of Boston has erected a massive block of granite encasing a great bronze tablet with this inscription:

> TOWN MEETING SQUARE
> NEAR THIS SITE
> THE FIRST SETTLERS OF DORCHESTER
> WHO CAME ON THE SHIP MARY AND
> JOHN, JUNE, 1630
> ERECTED THE FIRST MEETING HOUSE
> HERE THEY HELD THE FIRST TOWN
> MEETING AND ESTABLISHED
> THE FIRST FREE SCHOOL IN AMERICA
>
> BY A VOTE OF THE TOWN IN 1639
> IT BECAME THE FIRST FREE
> PUBLIC SCHOOL SUPPORTED BY
> A DIRECT TAX UPON THE CITIZENS
>
> ERECTED BY THE CITY OF BOSTON
> JUNE 5, 1909

Here, then, if some lover of the free public school system of America wishes to make a pilgrimage to its very source, must he come with reverent head and heart, where amid the city streets the turf is still green, and tall trees burgeon and grow, where first of all the children were welcomed to an education at the cost of the taxpayers of the town.

It was nearly forty years later that the Colony of Massachusetts Bay ordained that the other towns in their jurisdiction should follow the example set by Dorchester in 1639.

At an early day in the history of American colonization, our fathers recognized the need of education, and attempted to build up a system of public schools. It was not at first that the entire burden of expenditure for tuition was laid upon the municipal government to be defrayed by taxation.

Virginia's efforts to establish schools at Jamestown in 1620–21 were paralyzed by the Indian massacres of 1622, and not until 1649 was there any decided progress made in this direction. The Dutch of New Amsterdam in 1633 established their first public school, under Adam Roelandsen, and Winthrop and his Boston associates employed "our brother, Philemon Parmont" in 1635, and Daniel Maud from 1636 to 1642. In 1642 it was declared that "the teacher is to be appointed by the people and paid by the people, and to teach all such pupils as shall be sent to him to write and read."

Each village or district of fifty families was to establish a primary school, and those of one hundred families a grammar school, but some years elapsed before these laws went into effect, as the penalty of five pounds for non-performance was too low to enforce them. Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1647 built the second of the many little schoolhouses which have since by thousands covered "the great and terrible wilderness" of the inner Western land. In 1650 the builders employed "Richard Norcross schoolmaster for the children to reade and write, and soe muche of Lattin acccording to the Order of the Court, as allso if any of the town have any maydens yt have a desire to learne to write yt the sd Richard should attend them for the learning of them, as allso yt he teach such as desire to cast accompts, and yt the towne did promise to pay the sd Richard for his employment, thirty pounds for the year."

Each scholar learning writing and Latin extra was to pay fourpence per week, and those in English threepence, these receipts to be paid into the town treasury toward the school expenses. It was not until 1679 that the Massachusetts Colony raised its school expenses by taxation.

The Plymouth Colony in 1671 appropriated "all the profits from seining bass, mackerel and herring at Cape Cod" for a public school. The first year's receipts were thirty-three pounds, about $165, and John Morton was hired "to teach the children and youth to read the Bible, to write and to cast accompts" in 1671.

Connecticut established public schools at Hartford and New Haven in 1639, and in view of the severity of her Mosaical laws, which punished unnatural children with death, ordained that if a father did not educate his children sufficiently "to fully read the English tongue and understand the capital laws," he should pay a fine of twenty-one shillings. Rhode Island established her first school at Newport in 1640, and at Providence in 1663. New Hampshire hired the first two Boston teachers, Philemon Parmont at Exeter and Daniel Maud, much later, at Dover. Maine, long attached to Massachusetts and vexed by Indian wars and French invasion, established her first school at York in 1701. Vermont is said to have begun in 1724. William Penn on arriving at Upland, Pennsylvania, in 1682, found a Swedish school duly established and organized others in Philadelphia the same year, but the Moravian missions in the middle of the eighteenth century had made the best record up to that time. New Jersey employed John Calton, her first teacher, at Newark in 1676. In Maryland Ralph Crouch, between 1639 and 1670, "opened schools for the teaching of the humanities," but the conditions were not favorable to a high respect for the average pedagogue, as at that time something very like white slavery was bringing into the colonies many unfortunates reprieved from gallows and prison to be sold into enforced servitude for a term of years. In 1678 it was written to Jonathan Boucher, Rector of Annapolis:

"Not a ship arrives with settlers, redemptioners or convicts, which schoolmasters are not as regularly advertised for sale as weavers, tailors or other trades, with little other difference that I can hear of, except perhaps that the former do not usually fetch so good a price as the latter."

In North Carolina Charles Griffin is reputed to have established the first school in Pasquotank County, 1705, and South Carolina in Charleston, 1701.

The Federal Government, in organizing the Northwest Territory after the Revolution, used the following language:

"Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

In Ohio, Marietta, founded 1787, established a school in 1788; in Indiana Territory the French at Vincennes had a school under M. Revet in 1793, and the Jesuits one at Kaskaskia, Illinois, in 1754. John Seeley of Monroe County, Illinois, kept the first English school in 1785, but public schools were not established until 1855. Michigan dates back its school enterprise to M. Cadillac, who offered funds to start a school at Detroit, where a mission school was founded in 1755, and a schoolhouse was built in 1775.

In Wisconsin James Parker taught at Green Bay in 1791, and another school is credited to Prairie du Chien in 1817. Minnesota had an Indian mission school in 1834, and its first public school at St. Paul in 1847.

But it were too long to tell the splendid story of recent achievement and of federal state and municipal encouragement all over the Republic, and largely within the memory of living men. A few words should be given to the general methods of popular education in England and America.

The hornbook invented in 1450 and used considerably up to the close of the eighteenth century, was the usual textbook of the elementary school. A thin slab of hard wood was covered with parchment on which were printed the capital and small letters, numerals, and some elementary syllables and words. Over this a thin sheet of transparent cow's horn was placed and firmly bound so that no moisture could penetrate. To this the Bible, and the sampler on which little girls painfully stitched the letters of the alphabet, some "Godly saying" and a border of "herring stitch," or some conventional pattern of impossible flowers and foliage, and the legend, "Mary Smith, her Sampler," or the like were about all that the children used up to the beginning of the eighteenth century. The A, B, C book, Book of Manners and the Assembly's Shorter Catechism came into use soon after, and a spelling book was printed in America in 1736. The New England Primer, one of the most popular as well as the most curious text-books of its time, was published somewhere about 1687–1690, had an enormous circulation and use in America and was sold extensively within the memory of living men. It was the very embodiment of that combination of religious sentiment, with secular learning, which our fathers steadfastly advocated, and their descendants have generously abandoned in our public schools, only to have them stigmatized as "Godless" by those for whose benefits the Bible and religious exercises were excluded.

But around the simple village and district schools of the Republic cluster many of the sweetest and grandest associations of American life.

We love to recall our early school days in a country district; our apprehensions as to neglected lessons, and our anticipations of the games at recess and intermission, the kindly, careful, superintendence of our toilet, the filling of the dinner-pail, and the satchel of books, the run along the narrow footpath under the orchard boughs or between the tall dewladen clover of the meadow to the next farmhouse, where one or more playmates awaited you; the exchange of childish gossip and the leisurely saunter along the country road, stopping here at a rond of sweet flag to cull an aromatic root, or tender inner leaf, most elysian of earthly salads; gathering flower sprays of the great sweet-briar bush for "teacher"; looking cautiously under the low stone arch of the little bridge for lurking trout or spawning alewives, and talking all the time of fishing in the Great Pond, berrying at Sandy Point, following the bass-seining boat on Saturday and like topics.

Then the dilatory ascent of the sterile hill on which the "little red schoolhouse" had sheltered two or three generations, the summons of the bell, the rough benches seamed with jackknife-scars, and scored with ink blots, souvenirs, if one only knew, of mischievous urchins and careless girls, since become stout ship captains, prosperous merchants, exacting teachers and staid fathers and mothers in Israel.

At last all are seated, the young teacher, little more than a girl herself, and not infrequently formerly a pupil like ourselves, calls the school to order, and leads the reading of the Scriptures, and the recital of the Lord's prayer, to be followed perhaps by singing "There is a Happy Land" or the more secular strains of "Lightly Row" or "Uncle Sam is Rich Enough to Give Us All a Farm."

Then follow the simple lessons in "The Fourth Reader," Colburn's "Mental Arithmetic" and Murray's "English Grammar," followed by copying with more or less extravagance in ink the decorous apothegms written so carefully in our copybooks by the young teacher.

At "the noon hour" what a rush there is for luncheon pails and boxes; what haste to get away to get May apples, sassafras roots, berries, wild berries and succulent leaves and blossoms, for your live boy is always hungry, and in the country finds something to stay his omnivorous appetite, where your "grown-ups" long vainly for meal time. Then to school again, and the pattering of bare feet along the narrow paths to home and supper.

In winter the "big girls and boys"

come to school, and often the gentle girl teacher gives way to one of the sterner sex, often a young collegian or embryo minister, earning his own way toward graduation. Sometimes great-boned and hard-fisted sailors, lumberers and farmers came to learn a little more of "the three R's," and incidentally to test the manhood of "the new teacher," who out of school was often not unnaturally "the bright particular star" of local society, and the source of more or less jealousy, when any local belle showed him the least favor.

Many an under-vitalized and helpless student-teacher has been left in a deep snowdrift, tied to a roadside tree or smoked out by the stoppage of the schoolhouse chimney at the hands of such rude pupils. On the other hand many a young lawyer and minister has won his first spurs by convincing some village bully, or a group of half-grown conspirators, that pluck and pugilistic skill were not inconsistent with good breeding and gentle ways.

But the great burden of American school education has been borne by American women, who in every state and territory, and under every vicissitude of climate, weather, prosperity and even danger, have done work which has never been adequately recognized and seldom adequately paid.

Often misunderstood and misrepresented, generally handicapped by poorly kept buildings and insufficient furniture and appliances; exposed to extreme cold and heat, and terrific storms, and sometimes to insult and danger from savage Indians, and not less dangerous outlaws and criminals, the endurance, courage and devotion to duty of the American woman teacher is one of the first elements of the prosperity of the Republic, and the intelligence, morality and patriotism of its people.

In the biographies that today describe the career of so many thousands of American citizens, who in war and peace have been eminent servitors of their nation, state or city, there are relatively few individual histories which do not, or should not, record the fact that the subject of the sketch began his education in the public schools. Myriads of successful merchants, manufacturers, lumberers, miners, etc., never received any further education than that conferred in the "little red schoolhouse," except that later secured in the way of business, and the general information and reading of maturer years.

HYMN TO PEACE

By HENRY DUMONT

ABIDE with us, O Peace! Consign black War
To deep oblivion. Heal thou the scar
Left by his wild dominion over us.
With thee our queen, the memory of loss
Through ages past will perish at thy feet.
Allure us to a worship that is meet
For thee, whose wondrous beauty holds the eye
Of even those who, frantic, seek to die
By horrid hand of war. Rule thou our hearts
With thy sweet will, and save us from the arts
Of greed and pride. Awake in us the love
Of noble things. Raise thou our thoughts above
The vain advantages of strife, and lead
Us on through furrowed fields to cast the seed!

—*From "A Golden Fancy."*

Arkansas—A Reverie

Opie Read.

"IN America," said an Englishman, "I am repeatedly asked: 'What do you think of our city?' We never ask a stranger what he thinks of London. We don't care." The spirit that prompts the American to ask the opinion of a stranger concerning his city is a spirit of sensitiveness, and sensitiveness does not desire an expression of honest opinion so much as it wishes for unstinted praise. Nothing is more sensitive than a new community or an old community that is made the butt of a joke. Take Indiana, for instance. How ignorance roars with laughter at a joke on the Hoosier State. In one of Hoyt's farces the old man says to the "innocent" girl that has come to "touch" him, and who has just said that her father has departed this life: "There, now, don't cry. He may be better off," and artlessly she replies, "Yes, we lived in Indiana." Now anyone that has traveled in this country knows that Indiana is one of the greatest states in the Union. Intellectually it stands shoulder to shoulder with the most advanced. In literary invention it is second to no commonwealth in America. Within its borders live more "characters" than in any ten other states outside of New England and the South. It is not the college in Indiana that is making her literature; it is the hillside "character," the natural food for fiction and poetry that render inventive letters possible. Literary expression, criticism, the niceties of academic poise are the outgrowths of study, of training; but the imagination is inborn. Imagination is the literary constitution, the blood of poetry, the mother of genius.

Arkansas, like Indiana, is replete with individuals, with "characters"; and still further sharing Fate with the Hoosier Commonwealth, it is the butt of the vaudeville "humorist." Notoriety that led to the eternal joke on Arkansas did not begin with old Sandy Faulkner's turn of the tune, nor with the famous painting of the "Arkansaw Traveler," the squatter, the cabin and the boy sitting in the ash hopper; it began when Arkansas was a territory, when flat-boat ruffians on the river referred to a murderous knife as an "Arkansaw toothpick." But in even that early day when the territory was the refuge of outlaws from older communities, some of the ablest and most thoroughly educated men of the nation established their homes in this salubrious wilderness, and in many a cabin there were rare old books, and in not a few of these log habitations were to be found hanging on the chinked walls diplomas from the world's great universities. In the year 1819, William E. Woodruff, a down-east Yankee, began the publication of the *Arkansas Gazette*, now one of the great daily newspapers of the South; and anyone with interest enough to turn to the early files of this journal will find statesmanlike editorials, together with poems, sketches and stories of high literary quality. And here, permit me, please, to arise and to explain. I shall not enter upon a wordy defense against the numerous attacks that have been made on me by men who cry out that I have brought obloquy upon the State, men who doubtless have never read a line of what I have written. Candidates for office, playing upon local resentment of outside criticism—no, not criticism, for to criticise is to judge; but outside gibes and jeers—candidates creating a prejudice against a scribbler in whose heart there was no malice, creating a prejudice and then winning applause by feeding it, have pointed to the "slurs" cast by me at the good people of the State. The truth is that I have never written a word derogatory to Arkansas. Upon her soil I had spread the small canvas of a rude painting and have sketched "characters" from her lavish crop of "individuals," the inherited right of every pen. I have drawn in like manner on Kentucky and my native state of Tennessee, and against it there was raised no cry, no charge that I was seeking to insult their dignity. After the establishment of the *Arkansaw Traveler*, a weekly publication which hopefully we termed "humorous and literary," peculiar characters came in to squat between its column rules. We could not keep them out. I was made to feel that legislators and dealers in railway lands had taken offense, and many a time in reverie I said to a whimsical visitor who came and peeped in at the door of wayward fancy: "Stay out, please. They say that you are ruining the reputation of the State. Go away."

"I won't go away. I belong here."

"Yes, you belong to the household, but they say that you are a disgrace to the family. You've got your sleeves rolled up, and there are bristles on your arms."

"But I'm an honest man; I work."

"True enough, but that counts for nothing in society. You are too natural, too Anglo-Saxon. I admit your strength and your ancient respectability; I know that Bloody Jeffreys hanged and quartered some of your lusty kin, that inspired Bunyan was one of your breed; but years of mental darkness have fallen upon your family, robbed you of your intellectual grace and left you rude and droll."

"And therefore you should love me."

"I do, God bless you, yes; but I am not running for office and have no railroad swamps for sale. These men are ashamed of you. You have not learned to hide the truth that is in you; you have not learned the art of talking chaff."

"That may all be, but let me come in and I'll be as proper as a County Jedge."

"Well, come in then, just this once."

No, I couldn't keep them out. I shunned them in the street, sought the company of the "gent," etiolated in the shade of over-refinement, but to no purpose; the quaint ones teemed in upon me, mastered me; and for the sake of their companionship, so new, so refreshing, I suffered the lash of the legislative candidate who rode to the Capital on patriotic pretense. Sketches written for the week reflect upon the writer but little credit when they are gathered up and stitched into a cheap and flimsy book, and I wish to disclaim all responsibility for a number of pamphlets brought out by over-industrious publishers, illustrated with a blacking brush and shoveled forth, bearing my name. To me they have been of great detriment, and from them I do not receive one cent of royalty. I have been charged with having compiled "On a Slow Train in Arkansaw," a book which possibly I may have seen, but which surely I have never opened.

The years have flown swiftly since the old *Arkansaw Traveler* days, and on the site of the "squatter's" cabin there towers a college, and on the banks of the Thames ripe lawyers read the decisions rendered by the son of the boy that sat in the ash-hopper, listening in wonder to old Faulkner's fiddle. One by one the old-timers, individualism underscored with a heavy stroke, have dropped out, giving place to cultivation and the art of linguistic skill, and with Dryden I am constrained to believe, that "what we gained in skill we lost in strength." For romance, poetry and heroic characters men in every age have turned to the past, but in Arkansas romance and characters were contemporaneous. The cotton field in bloom, the melancholy cypress, brooding sentinel over the dreamy waters of the bayou, the joyous mockingbird worshipping a sunrise which he himself had "melodied," the song of negroes, away off somewhere, chimes from the belfry of happy souls; the quaint old planter, sitting on his veranda, humorous under a mortgage, calling out to passersby: "What's your hurry out there? Get down, come in, and pay your respects to the ladies while I make you the finest julep you ever smacked your mouth over, sir." Where stood his rambling old house now stands a cotton mill. Do you see that dead apple tree, the only remaining relic of an orchard away over yonder on the hill? Beneath its decaying boughs the old man sleeps. And do you hear those men laughing out there in that automobile? The grandson has just repeated one of the old fellow's stories. The young man has returned from the State University. He knows Ovid and can splutter Pindar, but he has no imagination. The old man was the troubadour; the young chap is only an elocutionist. I recall one night at a neighborhood reception given in honor of a foppish poet whose fame, native to Vicksburg, stretched thinly up and down the

Mississippi. Among the guests was the old man who now sleeps beneath the dead apple tree. Sophomores would not have accepted him as a scholar, but philosophers would have looked upon him as one of their guild. He did not know many books, but among those of his intimate acquaintance were Swift, Fielding and Shakespeare. The River Poet resented his literary opinions, expressed surely with mildness and decorum, and turning upon the old man snarled at him.

"Colonel," he said with a sneer, "perhaps you don't know as much about such matters as I do."

"Ah, as much as you think you do."

"Think I do! Old man, I have written more poems than you ever read."

"Yes, you have written more poems than anybody ever read."

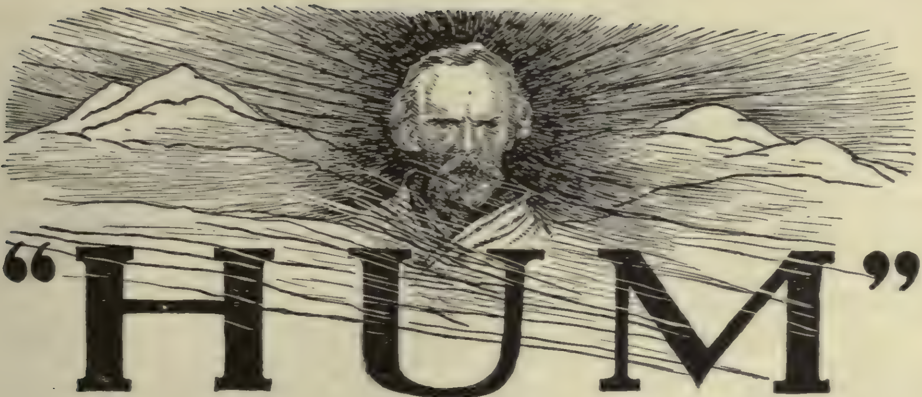
* * * *

The old order had to pass away, as the age of chivalry had to pass, as every condition must change, some societies sinking beneath natural decay, as Rome sank, and others arising into a higher civilization as England arose out of medieval darkness. With her sister states Arkansas arises, nor in many respects is she far behind some of the most progressive of the mighty family. The war drenched with blood the sacred chambers of her devoted household; then by the carpet-baggers she was robbed of the pittance that the great wave of fire had left unconsumed. With no pensions poured forth by eager politicians, with no resources save her own determination, she took another view of her destiny and began her own reconstruction. The old planter, who with Stonewall Jackson had trampled a Teutonic army into the bloody mire, scoured his outhouse wherein a carpet-bag governor elected by himself had quartered his negro militia, and like the early Roman warriors, set his hand to the plow. To his sons he said: "Boys, let us work and forget. After all it is our flag. Our mothers stitched in its stars and our fathers fought beneath them; and therefore it is not like the flag of a foreign country."

They went to work and forgot, always forgot till political enemies misrepresented them, and then sometimes they remembered and cried out in their resentment. And now the resources of this great empire are developing. Men are learning that here they can found a more prosperous and a pleasanter home than out on the blizzard-swept plain. But it was a hard fight, for in the mind of the misinformed immigrant there arose objections, as for instance: "The laws are not enforced. The public-school system is not efficient. There is much drunkenness."

In Arkansas the laws are enforced as strictly as in any state, and human life is more secure, more respected than in many of the graft-ridden cities of the East and the Middle West. Nowhere in the Union are the public schools surpassed; and as for intemperance—more than ten years ago the national government published figures that proved a startling fact—that less alcohol was consumed per capita in Arkansas than in prohibition Maine, indeed than any other state. Go to any watering place in the country, and doubtless you will find that many of the most temperate and cultivated of the visitors are from Arkansas.

Europe loves her art, but in America "progress" is the one word that never fails to inspire a city council or a rural audience. With reverential pleasure other nations may look upon architectural stability, but with us an old building is regarded as an evidence of commercial decay. We applaud the new steel girder hauled upward into the clouds. In this "American push" Arkansas is not lagging behind. But for my part, contemplative and unprogressive, I would rather look out upon her rivers, Spring, Current and Eleven Points, the most beautiful streams I believe that flow in America; I would rather see the black bass strike at a ray of the rising sun, rather hear the dew-crested quail whir over the gem-sprinkled meadow land; rather lie down beneath the wild crab tree in bloom, and listen to the mimic roar of the humming bird—far rather than to be jerked skyward in an elevator and commanded to look out from a tower upon the trade marvels that unpoetic "progress" has wrought. In Arkansas the new Captains of Industry are remarkable men, treading down the flowers in waste places, erecting smokestacks; but I love the humorous old-timer, unconscious poet, lover of the woods, the friend of all men.



"HUM"

A SERIAL

By FRANK HATFIELD

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CHAPTER XXIV

A SHORT while after our return, a sound sweet and thrilling as it was soft and low, filled us with joy, and intensified the glow of a cloudless September day. A wee note—that, on its tiny vibrations, bore the crowning glory to the peerless woman I loved. A wavelet—but of mighty power. I recall my Fulma's illumined face as she clasped the tender little form; my mother's loving, solicitous, watchful eyes; Zenia's adoration. I hear Tom's hilarious congratulations. While I write, I see the evening light as it danced through the old maple, gorgeous in its autumnal robe, and kissed the hair of my sleeping darling while it rippled across the nestling face of my baby boy.

* * *

With equal sharpness stands out a bleak day in March when storm clouds lowered, and, bursting with fury, flung huge mantles of snow over moor and woodland, across lake and stream. Not less dreary than the black pall which, at evening-bell, dropped silently over hearts brimming with love and happiness; rested its somber folds about a sunlit head; and stretched its impenetrable veil between us and the idolized face of our darling little Adolph.

I see my beautiful Fulma lying like the rudely crushed flower; feel the warm waves of sympathy that surged around us; and again, sense the gleam of hope that penetrated the gloom, when our noble Zenia tenderly gathered the heart-broken little mother in her embrace and whispered: "Safe in loving arms, dear one. Safe in the land of light and love."

The Subagino stone glowed against the auburn hair. "Yes, darling, I know, I know. Oh, Feanka, my husband!"

I took her from Zenia and held her until the storm of anguish died slowly, softly away, and the deep blue eyes shone again, with the light of faith and resignation.

* * *

The snowdrops and yellow crocuses were blooming on a small mound. The forget-me-nots promised an early visitation. The bees came daily and hummed a lullaby to the tiny sleeper who knew not of their coming. Life and death! Joy in the busy toilers. Sorrow in the loving heart that ministered at the consecrated shrine.

The delicate hands paused in their work—and the eyes that gazed on all the gifts of spring, drooped, as though searching for that other flower no spring would ever bring.

"Dearest," she said, looking up, "let us go to other scenes."

It was needless to ask why she wished to go. This one sad episode in our joyous life had left a mark on my little wife almost as legible as the white lock in my hair she so often asked about. I never told her all. That picture must not rest in her memory. We planned to spend some time in the Swiss valleys and under Italian skies. Then? The Isle of the Sky—the haven of love and peace.

The books Oron so much desired had been secured. Fulma, greatly moved by the suffering poor she had occasionally seen in America, placed her legacy in trustworthy hands for their relief. My mother was to return with us, but as she did not think it wise to go on the Continental tour, I arranged with Dick Watson to accompany her to London at the right time.

"Nothing could give my wife and me more pleasure," he said. "We have long wished to visit England. Give me a fortnight's notice by cable. I will provide against any possible failure."

* * *

We sailed on a French steamer for Paris. From this gay capital, with its many bewildering attractions we turned to the romantic shores of Lake Geneva. We lingered long in Chillon, while I told the girls the story of Bonnivard, with some of the poet's embellishments. It was difficult for them to believe the tale, for they knew nothing of human depravity. Others have been skeptical—but not for the same reason.

From our headquarters in Vevey we wandered to those delightful places by the Swiss lakes and in the picturesque valleys, which have been so admirably described—always returning to the charming Vevey with renewed pleasure. Zenia said it was "a dream life with ecstatic variations." Occasionally, we made moderate ascents, just far enough to realize the pleasure of Alpine climbing, and obtain a closer view of the rugged glaciers. At Zermatt, our interest centered on that tragic, yet irresistible pinnacle that lifts its scarred head into the realm of silence.

"I should like to try it," said Zenia, with enthusiasm. "I could go to the top."

"I think you could, Zene," admitted Tom, "that is, if Motoo were here."

"It is not wise to call up bad pictures, Tooma," she asserted.

"Oh, no picture could be bad if you were in it, Zoesy."

From the shell-shaped grotto where the Rhone is born, we watched a crowd of tourists near the Glacier Hotel. The diligence had arrived. Coming toward us, encumbered with the up-to-date paraphernalia of the complete rambler, was a person whom Tom at once recognized.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "He is a Mohegander. I know him by his waddle. It's Brindley!"

The doctor's astonishment was not greater than the pleasure he manifested at meeting us—but he listened to our tale with a skeptical air that was slightly embarrassing.

"It is more mysterious than the glacier," he said, "as difficult to comprehend as its motion."

"But as clear and as definite as its offspring," I asserted.

Brindley shook his head. "Well put," he said, smiling, "but you are still romancing; the old dream on the 'Mohegan' indefinitely prolonged."

"If it is," I said, "may we never awaken."

The diligence was ready to leave. He looked at our fair companions as he offered his hand.

"You are right," he said thoughtfully. "Dream on!"

* * *

I noted the lengthening shadows on the Rigi and Mt. Pilatus when we drifted at sunset on the blue bosom of Lake Lucerne, a pastime we often enjoyed. They warned me of the approaching equinox; the zodiacal division so close to an anniversary that would bring fresh sorrow to my darling's heart. So I planned to reach the bewitching shores where Claude's mythical palace entranced the ambitious Pauline; seeking, by this diverting picture and its incomparable setting, to withdraw her mind from the little green mound far away. I was so far successful that when we left Como for our winter sojourn in Rome, Naples, and Florence, the roses again bloomed in her cheeks, and the old love light once more illumined her blue eyes. The mantle of sorrow was falling.

But it was in Florence that her spirituality again glowed, and with added luster, when I told her of Savonarola, in the old chambers of San Marco—and, in Rome, dwelt upon the exalted faith which had made radiant the sin-stained walls of the Coliseum.

Naples, Capri and Sorrento visited, we turned our faces, while the spring was yet young, toward Venice. Much I speculated as to how the "Bride of the Sea" would impress our girls—what emotions would be aroused by scenes and conditions so different from others already known to them. When we crossed the lagune, my pulse quickened, and at the call, "Venezia," I was nervous with excitement. A long-cherished hope was near fruition.

As we came out upon the broad marble platform, at the close of one of Venezia's brightest days, and gazed down the white steps to the Grand Canal, the ever-present enchantment seized us. Fulma and Zenia were speechless with wonder. Not a sound—save the babbling of Italian tongues, and the splash of a gondolier's oar as the boatman hastened to join his importunate confreres at the stairs.

Tom selected a handsome fellow, with a winning smile not wholly unmixed with expectancy, who deftly transferred us to the Hotel Europa. We engaged Donatello for permanent service.

* * *

It was a festival night in Venice. From our balcony, we looked down upon a fairy scene. The Grand Canal was alive with merry, gaily dressed pleasure seekers, who with mirth and song, bright colors and twinkling lights, floated on the moonlit waters. Ever and anon came the melodious cry of a gondolier.

Our silence was broken by Fulma. "Feanka, let us join them," she said; "the night is beautiful; I wish to go upon the water."

Her words gave me joy. The irresistible present was eliminating the persistent past.

"Good for you, Fulma," exclaimed Tom. "Donatello said we would want him tonight. He is waiting."

The girls, nestled among the cushions of the gondola, were fairer than their Venetian sisters, and many an admiring glance was bestowed upon them; sometimes a murmured comment on their beauty, as we glided past lines of palaces—mute witnesses of a splendid age—beneath balconies whence dropped merry words and fragments of song—past curtained boats where impassioned voices breathed of love. Thence, on to the Rialto, and down to the Piazzetta where the "Lion" and "Saint" grimly watched—while the gay idlers flittered amidst the bright lights and dazzling fabrics of the Arcades. Then Donatello swept through the moonbeams out upon the lagune.

"Oh, it is joy to be here," cried Zenia, tossing back her heavy hair. "Let us wander no more."

"That is my wish, my sister," said Fulma.

"And I heartily concur," assented Tom. "It is simply ravishing here."

We lingered on the shimmering ripples until eleven notes from the Clock Tower came over the water.

* * *

On the morrow, we found apartments in an old palace on the Grand Canal. Amidst the faded grandeur of this relic of bygone days; in the quiet seclusion of its vaulted chambers, and on its spacious balconies, beneath which Donatello alternately slept and sang while he awaited our bidding; we came closer to our Zoeian life.

We soon learned that our Venetian maid was affianced to our attentive gondolier. Greatly did these two contribute to our *dolce far niente* life, for Donatello, in his own domain, outrivaled Baedeker, and Paola knew just where to find the necessaries and luxuries for our table, the choicest flowers for our rooms. Each morning her excellent judgment and dainty fingers tempted our appetites; each day Donatello guided us to those places of interest he shrewdly guessed would best please us; each evening a well-appointed, faultlessly served dinner awaited our return.

I suspected that Tom was liberal with the gondolier.

It was our custom to lunch at Florian's but occasionally we went to some quaint, out of the way cafe known to Donatello. Tom's lingering commercialism instigated the idea that something in the way of a commission crept unawares into the boatman's pocket. Never mind—the viands were excellent, the service good, and we enjoyed ourselves.

"Here's to Venice!" exclaimed my comrade, at one of these repasts. "A man once called this place an 'old water-logged town.' He must have had congenital hydrocephalus."

"What?" I asked.

"Oh, dropsy of the brain, big head, or something of the sort. That reminds me; I should think that lots of little children would be drowned in Venice."

"A frightful thought!" exclaimed Zenia. "What made you think of it?"

"These canals, Zene. You wouldn't care to have Beula here."

"Would I not! I would give half of Venice, if I had it, to see her for one hour—the precious darling! I wonder how she looks now."

"Looks? Oh—radiant and beautiful, with her dark laughing eyes and matchless little mouth, just like—"

"Why, Tooma!" gasped Zenia. "What a place to—"

"What's the matter, Zoesy? Can't a fellow take the sweets in advance?"

* * *

Our favorite resort on Sunday was the island church of San Giorgia Maggiore. But it was the great Tintorettos and the grand music that attracted us, not the perfunctory ritualism of the worldly priests. Compared to the sublimely simple profoundly spiritual worship of the Zoeians it seemed like a travesty on the teachings of the Master.

After these visits, our girls always withdrew awhile to what probably had been a chapel in our old palace. A room unadorned, save by its softly frescoed walls and wonderful cathedral windows. Possibly, a place where others, now forgotten, had drawn near to their Maker. On one of these occasions my comrade and I went off by ourselves. As we crossed the piazza, Tom suddenly grasped my arm and pointed to a woman coming out of San Marco.

"Why, there is Clarisse Vernon!" he exclaimed.

I recognized her at once, though she was much changed from the dainty French maid who served at my last supper on the "Mohegan."

"Can it be possible!" I exclaimed, as we met. "What brings you here? And Mrs. Durand? Are you still with her? Is she in Venice?"

"*Mais oui, monsieur*. She is very sick."

"Here in Venice, and ill?"

"*Oui, monsieur*—at Hotel Barbesi."

"Clarisse, you remember Mr. Selby." I hastily wrote our address. "Give this to your mistress at once," I said.

"*Ma foi, oui*," she exclaimed with evident delight. "Oh!—I go *tout de suite*."

"Tom, let us return at once," I said. "We shall soon know more. Something new and strange is before us."

Within an hour I received a note from Mrs. Durand, requesting me to come to her.

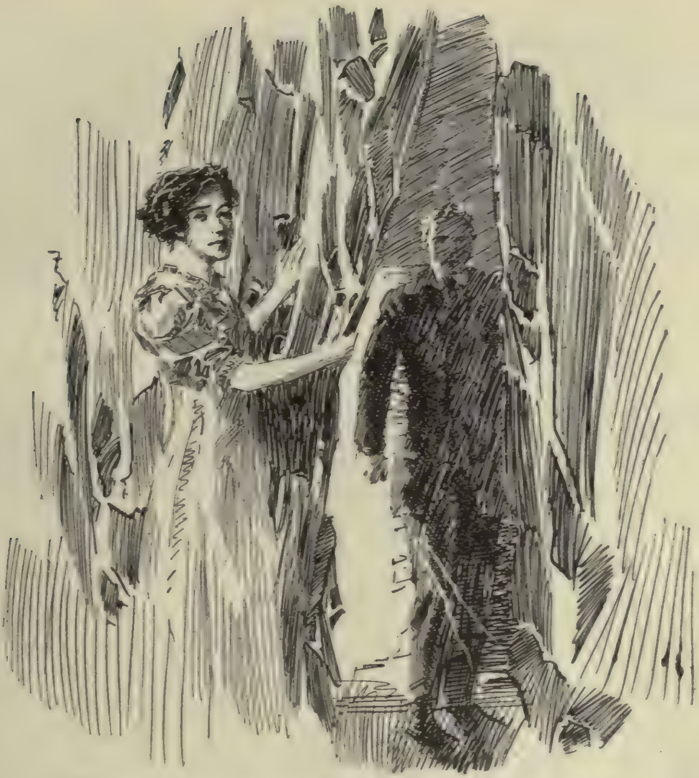
When Clarisse admitted me, her smile expressed gratification and relief. As I glanced through the half-open door leading to the madam's salon, I was shocked at the change in this once brilliantly beautiful woman. The pallor on her thin face intensified her large, luminous eyes. The silver threads in her dark hair could no longer be counted. The roses that were once on her cheeks had fled. The well-rounded arm had shrunken, and the shapely hand seemed thin and weak.

"Oh! at last! At last!" she exclaimed, half rising from her couch and drawing a fleecy wrap about her.

"Nay, dear friend do not try to conceal your surprise. You are looking at a wreck that has come ashore on these heavenly islands—one that will put to sea no more except on the great unknown sea where chart and compass avail not; the one we all must cross sometime—somehow—somewhere."

"Oh, no!" I said. "In this charming spot you will recover."

"Not so," she said. "The good Doctor Giamo gives me no hope. I have an incurable malady. The mortal draperies are falling fast. In a few days or weeks—it matters not—I shall pass away. Even now, a hand reaches for the signal that will drop the curtain on the last act of a tragedy or comedy, as you will, in which



"Clarisse drew aside the portieres and beckoned to me."

I have played my little part. Ah! I thank God for sparing me until this hour. Come here!"

She laid her hand in mine—a little wan hand on which the blue veins were painfully prominent.

"It is all past criticism, now," she said, with a sad smile.

"Yes—It is all past, Mrs. Durand.",

"Mrs. Durand," she repeated. "Ah! why not? No, I forgot—It is better so—I am so glad to see you! Now, tell me everything that has happened since we parted at Cape Town."

I gave her our entire history save that of the one shadow which had crossed our threshold. The hand that rested in mine during my story slowly withdrew and interlocked with the other as she closed her eyes.

"Merciful Father," she said. "I thank Thee for sparing me thus long. I shall see Thine anointed. And these people are with you!" she exclaimed with her old fire. "What perils! But what a reward!" She touched the white lock in my hair. "I thought so, dear friend. Have you still the little charm?"

"Assuredly! I have always worn it; would you see it?"

She shook her head. "It has served its purpose," she said. "It passed you through the gates of death."

"I think it was a higher power," I said.

"Quite true," she smiled, "but know you not that the Supreme uses earthly means? Is Termal here?"

"No, he and Moto have gone on a long tour. He will join us, in London, at an appointed time."

"Alas! I do so wish to see him." She looked at her wan hand. "Mr. Hatfield—I have something to tell you. I must not long delay, for I know not the exact hour of my departure. I—What is it, Clarisse?"

"*Le Docteur Giamo, madame.*"

"Ah, *cher Docteur*," greeted Mrs. Durand. "I have had such a surprise. A friend I have not seen for years. Mr. Hatfield, Doctor Giamo."

The doctor's English and my Italian were twins, but we managed to understand each other with the aid of some French. He looked at his patient. "Signora, you are excited, and must rest awhile. She is not well, Signor," he apologized.

"Don't go," she protested, as I rose. "Yet, perhaps it is best. I must preserve my strength. Come tomorrow, you and your Fulma. I love that name. Zenia? No, not yet." She put out her hand.

I stood by the doctor's gondola when he came down the steps. In reply to my anxious inquiries, he told me that his patient might live for months, or might pass away suddenly. Excitement, he said, would hasten the end. He advised caution. When I asked him if there was anything wealth could do, he said: "No, a king's ransom would not avail. Besides, she lacks nothing," he added, as he entered his gondola.

* * *

Before I had finished my sad tale, tears were flowing from our girls' eyes.

"Oh, my sister," said Fulma, "we must be to her as daughters. We must surround her with tenderness and love."

"And we will make the closing hours of her earth-life fragrant," said Zenia. "Ah! Feanka—must we wait until tomorrow?"

"Yes, dear, and you, even longer. Only Fulma may go with me in the morning. Mrs. Durand can bear but slight excitement."

"I know what I shall do," cried Tom. "I will send her the richest wines, the rarest flowers and the choicest viands that can be bought in Venice."

The once resplendent flower against whose frail stalk the reaper's sickle was already pressing, lay on the couch, faded, but still lovely. Fulma's gentle hand parted the draperies.

"Oh, my precious Josie Wallace!" cried Mrs. Durand. "Come to me! Come to my arms! Oh, my child," she said, pressing the golden hair to her cheeks, "this is more to me than all the cunning of the physician. It gives me strength and hope. Kiss me, darling Do not fear, dear friend," she said in answer to my admonition. "I am better than I have been for months—yes, really, but if not, what matters? May not my life be bright at sunset?" The hand on which the opal's subtle fire glowed, intertwined with Fulma's. "Josie, my love, call me only Isabel—the name I have so often heard from your dear mother's lips. Strange," she murmured, the long lashes veiling her dark gray eyes, "your first cradle was on the Atlantic billows, and you may stand by my last resting place in the City of the Sea. Strange are the ways of the Supreme! But He has been munificent in granting me this one great joy. Kiss me again, precious, and then I have much to say to you.

"Josie, your mother and I were school girls together. You do not know what that means, child. Then we parted. I inherited from my father a strange gift, an insatiable longing for the mystic lore and occult science. Soon after his death my mother and I went to India. I spent many years there, drinking deep from those fountains of knowledge to be found only in that land of mysteries.

"Close association with a profound scholar, Rama Dvivedi, awakened a mutual interest that ended in wedlock. It was mostly a marriage of intellect. One son was born to us—a strange child. With such a parentage how could he be otherwise? Rama was educated in England, but his fatherland claimed him irresistibly. I have never seen him since. Ah! dear heart, I would rather hold you close than talk, but I feel that I must tell you more. I passed happy days in Calcutta, and during the hot season, at Simla. At these and other places, I was in contact with the great metaphysicians of India from whom I learned what I told your husband.

"They knew about this great race, whose foster-child you are, through traditions preserved by a remnant of those people who, in a remote past, had been separated from the main body by some convulsion of nature. They lost their individuality by amalgamation with other races, but the tradition lived, and the Eastern sages found the key to the mystery." She smiled. "Yes, I know what you would ask, Mr. Hatfield. I shall tell you, but not today. I wish Termal was here. If I were stronger I would bring him. Carissima, do I weary you?"

"How can you ask it, Isabel?"

"Oh! it is so sweet to hear that name!" she said, with a look of intense satisfaction. "Well—there is not much more. After my husband died I returned to England that my son might be educated at Oxford. When he went back to India, I met and married, in Bohemia, an English officer, Major Durand. He died in battle, soon after our marriage.

"Since then," she resumed, "I have been a wanderer, seeking what I have not found. From the Cape I went to the Diamond Mines, thence to Zanzibar, and then to Paris, where I lived until two months ago, I came here. Ah, me! I am a woman without a country or kindred. And you, Josie?"

"I have only an old childish aunt, and a second or third cousin in the United States, a Mr. Whalen."

"Whalen? Certainly, he was your mother's second cousin. I knew him through her. A peculiar man, pleasing and somewhat gifted. When I returned from India, he resumed his innocent attentions, but alas! The major had an ungovernable temper, an uncontrollable jealousy. Without cause, he challenged Mr. Whalen to a duel and wounded him seriously. Another link in the chain of life.

"Now, Mr. Hatfield—God sent you to me. A burden and a worry have been removed. When I am—I know you do not like the word—well, sometime you will see that all I possess is placed in Clarisse's hands?"

"Most willingly, my dear Mrs. Durand—that is, if I am—"

"Still here, you were about to say. You will be. Do you know anything of Mr. Whalen's financial condition?"

"Yes, he has enough to meet every need."

"Well, then all goes to Clarisse, except—" she touched the opal ring and glanced at Fulma. "My securities are with my bankers, in Paris. See! I have anticipated your acceptance of my trust." She took from her portfolio a sealed envelope, evidently containing a small enclosure. "This," she said, "bids my bankers hand to the person who presents the duplicate of what I have enclosed, all they have in keeping. This duplicate you wear. I shall forward the order at once. With my banker here are some ten thousand lire, which I shall also make available.

"One more request. Do not allow any sensuous Venetian priest to mumble meaningless nothings over my clay. Let it rest, unnamed and unmarked, at San Michele—unwept, save by the pulsations of the dark blue sea. This is all. Now, let us be bright and gay while Clarisse serves luncheon. I must apologize for the poverty of my board. I demand so much of my maid she has but little time to exercise her ability as a caterer. Why, Clarisse!" she cried, "whence all these dainties, this delicious wine, these charming flowers? You do not know? Ah! Mr. Hatfield! No? Then it was Mr. Selby. Dear, kind, thoughtful soul! Oh, Josie, we will make this grim old room into a conservatory. Oh, how cosy and beautiful all this is after long years of starvation! Now, fair English rose, I'll babble no more. Let us eat and drink for tomorrow—we will do it all again, and the next day, and the next—and, oh! so many happy days. Now, tell me all about Zoeia, dear, and about Oron, Loredo, Madu Rea and Adofa. I will not interrupt."

Nor did she for more than an hour. When Fulma paused, she said:

"It is a dream from which I would not awaken. Sweet daughter, you have been sitting long. Go through the apartments and see the quaint old tapestries. They are interesting."

Then she looked at me some moments without speaking; and as she gazed her eyes became fathomless; and on her pallid face there stole a caressing light, like young moonlight. "Dear Mr. Hatfield," she said, "are you aware that to you and Mr. Selby has been accorded an experience which, with one exception—if we can believe old records—has never before been granted to mortals? Do you know that but for this Audofa you would not have found the people with whom you have dwelt for seven years? That not only did you find them through him but, through him, saw them, as well? Do you realize that from the time you first fell asleep in Zoeia, your personalities have changed? That but for the influences that daily surround you, you would lapse into your former conditions? Darling Josie has had the impress of the race so long it cannot fade. Zenia, precious woman, was to the manner born—and Termal—God grant that I may live to see him!"

"Your words awaken strange memories," I said. "Tell me all you know!"

"No, not now. Here comes our precious one." The clock chimed. "It is nearly time for the good doctor," she said. "Kiss me fondly, Josie, before you go. Remember—come early, tomorrow."

Chapter XXV

Mrs. Durand was toying with a mass of fragrant flowers—Tom's latest contribution. Between her fingers was a bunch of carnations.

"And this is Mrs. Selby—daughter of Termal!" she exclaimed. "Come hither, fair one. If I might presume, I would place these blossoms in your hair 'of color glorious,' my illustrious Zoeian guest."

"Why not, my sister? It is my wish. I am only Zenia."

"Only Zenia," she murmured. "Moryatma was right. They do not know—they do not know."

"Of whom do you speak, dear friend?" I asked.

"Oh, I was thinking aloud, Mr. Hatfield. I muse too much. Well, be it so, dear one, but you must call me Isabel. Come, sit close to me, unworthy though I am, and tell me of your island home. Josie, dear heart, you know where your place is. Have no apprehension, Mr. Hatfield, for my good doctor assures me I am better. He says my friends are more potent than his drugs. Now darling, your lovely voice—while I rest and listen."

Zenia talked until luncheon was served. Now and then her listener would say: "Pause a moment, dear, I want to look at you and—think."

She surveyed the dainties Clarisse had arranged nearby.

"Your kind husband is lavish of his gifts," she said. "Now, let us be happy and gay. Afterward, Mr. Hatfield shall read to us, and tomorrow—ah, blessed tomorrow—I will have a piano here, and then songs and music!"

Thus the days glided away. Our life was devoted to the patient sufferer. Tom was often with us, and many delicious melodies rang in the old palace. Even Dr. Giamo entered into our joyous life, and neglected his patients, I fear, to play the violin with us. A tinge of color came into the pale cheeks. Each day the brightening invalid spoke of her happiness.

"Ah, Mr. Hatfield," she said, "could I have had something like this years ago, I would now be as when you saw me first."

And still what I wanted to know was withheld. I wondered why, but did not ask. Much, too, I pondered over Zenia's advice that I cable Mr. Watson. Had I made an error in my calculations? It seemed impossible—but I acted by her judgment and sent the despatch.

Then came Ascension day—that quiet day in Venice, save for the joyous bells. While we were sitting on our balcony in the evening light, a note came to us, written by Clarisse. It contained only the words—"Madam wants to see you. Come now."

We looked at one another with foreboding. She is sinking, we thought, and hastened away.

Instead, Mrs. Durand received us as usual, even brighter and gayer. To our surprise, she was dressed in rich evening attire.

"I was simply lonesome, and wanted you all," she explained. "I feared you might not come tonight. My selfishness has broken up your domestic pleasures."

"Oh, Isabel, say not so," implored Fulma. "We are always glad to come."

"You precious, darling woman! I believe you. Well—we will make a fit closing to this sacred day. Dr. Giamo is coming, and with him two friends who play on mandolins. Unfortunately, they cannot come until late. Meanwhile Josie, love, you and Zenia shall sing for me, will you not? It will seem tonight as though angels were singing. And then—we might play some games, and tell stories. I have one to tell you—it has just come to me. And we will draw upon dear Mr. Selby's floral bounty and weave flower-garlands (Tom looked at me with the awed expression I had seen before), and choose a queen—I know who she will be," she laughed—"and circle around her while we sing. These beautiful flowers! Dear as they are, they breathe not the fragrance of those that cluster on the Rose Pavilion and bloom on the Clematis Bower. Why do you look at me so, Mr. Hatfield? Do I surprise you?"

"Slightly—dear friend."

"It is because I am babbling again. Oh, I am so happy I could fly! See! I can walk!"

She rose and crossed to a table by which Zenia and Tom were sitting.

"Good!" I applauded. "You are much stronger."

"Yes, I have not felt so well for months. Pardon me—Clarisse, have the ices come? Are the wines cooling?"

"*Mais oui, madame.*"

"Faithful, thoughtful woman," she murmured, as the maid left. "Yes, Mr. Hatfield, I am much stronger. Why—if I should recover!"

"God grant it!" exclaimed Tom.

"If I should become well again! I wonder if you would—would—No, I must not ask it."

"Indeed you must!" I said.

She looked at each of us with ineffable sweetness.

"Well then—I wonder if you would—take me with you."

"Of course we would!" exclaimed the girls, clasping her in their arms.

"We should never leave you here," I said.

"You would not? Oh, say that again! And I should see Oron and Loredo and the darling little Buela, with all the loved ones? What joy! Is Oron very handsome, Mr. Selby?"

"Godlike! Mrs. Durand."

"Yes—yes! He must needs be."

The games and the garlands were forgotten. She talked incessantly of Zoeia as the hours flew by, until some remark of Tom's recalled Captain Mathers.

"The dear man!" she said. "Tell me of him."

We told her about our last voyage with him, and chatted on until she rose—unsteadily, I thought. I offered my arm.

"Thank you," she smiled, "I am going back to my old nest. We are creatures of habit. Ah! the old place is best after all. Sit by me. Now, Zenia, darling, if you will sing the—What was that?"

"The bronze giants striking the hour," I said.

"No, no! Do you hear nothing else? Zenia, love, you should hear it! Listen!"

"It is a man's step ascending the boat stairs," I said. "He is now crossing the torreno—Dr. Giamo, perhaps."

"A man's step? That is not merely a human footfall. Oh, he is coming! Coming in answer to my prayer and longing. Zenia—your father!"

Clarisse drew aside the portieres and beckoned to me.

"Tom, come here!" I called, as I grasped Termal's hand.

"Good heavens! Termal—whence, and why?"

"I was wanted," he whispered. "I will explain later. How are the chronometers, Feanka?"

"Recently adjusted and true."

"And the charts, Tooma?"

"All prepared, Termal."

"The mission of the College?"

"We have everything Oron wished us to obtain."

"It is well! I have made all arrangements. I have communicated with Ben Ali. We must leave here within a fortnight."

"And Motoo?" asked Tom.

"Going back. He left San Francisco for London last week."

"That's good news!" exclaimed Tom.

"And now about the dear lady?" asked Termal. "Is she very ill?"

"She has been," I said, "but tonight she seems brighter and stronger. She is burning with desire to see you."

"I know all about it, Feanka. Take me to her."

"Padu! Why—Padu!" exclaimed the girls.

"My daughters!" he folded them in his arms.

Then Mrs. Durand received him. I watched her with some anxiety as she gazed at the massive form and handsome, sun-browned face before her, for she appeared greatly agitated. The contrast was pitiful. One, a giant, mighty to overcome, to protect and to save. The other a woman, peerless, but weak, fading and alone. A wave of sadness surged round me as I resumed my seat beside her.

"Termal," she asked, "did you know that I longed to see you?"

"I did, Mrs. Durand—and I came."

"Yes, thank God! Termal, the night would wane before I could tell you of half the joy I have had with your matchless daughters; of the comfort they have been to me; of the pleasure they have given me by their account of your wonderful country and people. Do you know—who and what your people are?"

"Yes, madam. We are a simple folk who love the Father and our fellowmen."

To and fro she turned the opal ring.

"Aye, truly, Greatheart—But you are something more. Your sires were the 'Sons of God'! Nay, doubt it not. Moryatma, my teacher, so said, and he knew. It is told in the Jewish Scripture; but only those who read between the lines can discern the truth. This knowledge has been withheld from you—or most of you—by the Supreme, that you might develop your higher spirituality through your Master, Kesua. Termal, you were sent to lift Fulma from the sin and degradation of this lower world into one of the mansions of the King. You were sustained you knew not how; there were periods you cannot recall. Was it not so?"

"It was, dear madam."

"Yes, Termal, your people are of celestial origin. The strong earth element inherited from your maternal ancestors, with its pronounced mark, has been fading. It will grow dimmer and dimmer until your humanity is lost in your divinity.

"You are unknown, because your island home cannot be seen by mortals save at long intervals and under special conditions. Your beautiful begemmed, sunlit home! Your glorious—glorious—Moryatma, they did not know it," she murmured, closing her eyes, her words scarcely audible, "they did not know—but I have told them."

"What's that?" said Tom. "There's something wrong, Fean! These numerous wax lights—the air! I'll open the other sash!"

"What is it, dear?" I asked.

"What? Why—I must have been in—India. Who is talking to me?"

"It is I—Mr. Hatfield."

"Oh!—but who am I?"

"You? Why, you are Mrs.—you are Isabel."

She clasped her hands and nodded, a smile shimmering across her face and lingering round her lips.

"She is all right now, Fean."

"I hope so, my boy, but I don't like the blue tinge on her lips."

Then she looked at us.

"Fulma, dear heart, please ask Clarisse for a glass of water. Tell her, please, to serve the ices and wines. The others are not coming. What time is it?"

"It struck eleven a short time ago," I said, "about the time you were—in India, I think."

"When Isabel was in India?"

I assented.

"She has returned—are you glad?"

"Yes, I am very glad."

"Really?"

"More than I can tell."

She breathed the sigh of a comforted heart. Then, as if fired by some inward glow, she turned to Termal with rapid eager words:

"Termal, you alone can take us over the barren waste, across the seething sea, through the dark passage into the Realm of Light. Oh, it will be heavenly!" she gasped, springing up, a deathly pallor on her face. I caught her in my arms. Her head fell upon my shoulder as a look of wonder and rapture stole into her eyes.

"Why—how strange," she whispered. "Some one—is—calling me—beckoning—to me—Why——it is Hum, ..."

* * *

Footsteps, the sound of voices, and the twang of an instrument sounded on the stairs. . . .

"Tom!" I cried. "Go to the door! They must not enter! Fulma, go to Clarisse, dear! Comfort her."

I threw open the casement. The draperies waved gently as the night breeze from the Adriatic crept through and ruffled the hair of the silent sleeper. . . . .

A mellow, flute-like note came from far away—as from the faint gleam on the dark sea—the heralding gleam so vividly associated with her who was gone.

THE END

Blue Eyes and the Murder Mystery

by Wallace Irwin

I HAD fallen down on the Beauregard divorce story for reasons which would have concerned only myself—except for the fact that they concerned the San Francisco *Messenger* a great deal. I faced my city editor weak but unashamed.

"What's chivalry got to do with the newspaper business?" thundered Jupiter Jackson, straightening his big horn spectacles and piercing me with the little purblind eyes that could see a news story better and further than any other editorial pair on the Pacific coast.

"But let me explain the circumstances," I began, groping cub-like for an excuse.

"I don't want circumstances—I want *news*," he roared. "They may run off their morning editions on chivalry, in Bolivia or South Boston, but in San Francisco—not. There's nothing gray and hoary about the *Messenger*. It's yellow, and we don't care who knows it. I don't want either donkeys or Don Quixotes in *my* local room, Mr. Ferguson. When two rival reporters get to playing Alphonse and Gaston over a front-page feature story, there's only one thing they can write for me—that's their resignations."

I said nothing. I was willing, but not anxious, to hand in mine.

"My boy," went on Jupiter, becoming more jovial as he became less Jove-like, "if you were a fresh college cub, I'd fire you. But you're too good a reporter to fall down this way—for some such medieval motive as sentiment. I suspect you of being kindhearted—it grows on you. Kindheartedness is like drunkenness; an amusing, harmless sport when indulged in the privacy of the home, but a damnable vice when carried on during business hours. I'll put you on probation, and a short one—understand?"

Jackson began thumbing his assignment book.

"So you want a job—let's see. There's a banquet on tonight at the Chamber of Commerce."

"Look here, Mr. Jackson," I objected, "I'm not too proud to beg, nor too pure to steal, but I'm too darn smart to report a Chamber of Commerce banquet."

"What do you want?" asked Jackson patiently.

"Something with life in it, if you don't mind."

"Very well, Mr. Ferguson. Take the morgue."

Mr. Jackson snapped his jaws together after the most approved editorial models. Our interview was over.

The San Francisco morgue detail, known locally as the "merry-merry," wasn't new to me. That cold storage of tragedy had been tucked in the alley-side of a municipal building off Portsmouth Square, convenient to the murder-crop of Chinatown and the suicide-beat along the Barbary coast. The coroner's office upstairs had a cheerful carpet on the floor and an enlarged portrait of Mr. James Corbett enshrined beneath the Welsbach burner. A suggestive, yet unconscious, tribute to the "gone but not forgotten" of pugilism, this enshrinement in the coroner's office. I found Deputies Krause and Kelley playing pinochle, just as I had left them two years ago. "And dull years they've been at the morgue," said Kelley sadly, turning over a spade.

Wrigley Sweitzer of the *News* and Gum Shoe Williams of the *Globe* came on the job about 7 P. M.

"Have you got a loose cigar about your clothes?" asks Wrigley, fidgetting with his plate-glass spectacles.

"Just like old times," said I, handing out the snipe.

"Been very little doing for a week," volunteered Williams. I could hear his gum-shoes squeak.

"Very quiet," I agrees.

"If you're down here for the Wong Fook robbery case," snapped Sweitzer, "I'll tip you right now—there's nothing there that hasn't been covered since Sunday."

"Aha! I hear the tappings of your Italian hand," said I to Wrigley. "When you tackle *finesse* it's like a baby elephant trying to pick a Yale lock."

"Well, what *has* brought you down here tonight?" enquired Sweitzer peevishly.

"S-s-s-sh!" I whispered. "I'm walking in my sleep. Maybe, if I stumble on a good story I'll fetch it to you and lay it bleeding at your feet. That's ever been a habit of my generous, but muddled, nature."

Williams and Sweitzer, filled with the memory of old stings, sneaked away like the much-foiled villains on the thirty cent circuit. They were headed for Chinatown. I knew the Wong Fook case was being covered by White of our office. So I settled back in my chair and went on reading "Who's Who" in the telephone directory.

At 9.35 I was called to the telephone.

"Ferguson," said Mr. Jackson at the other end, "we've got first line on a big murder story. Sylvester B. Dodge—yes, the banker—he's been found dead at the Blue Lion Inn—little shack near the Cliff house. Stab wound. Last person seen near him was a woman."

"Wasn't Dollie van Zandt, was it?"

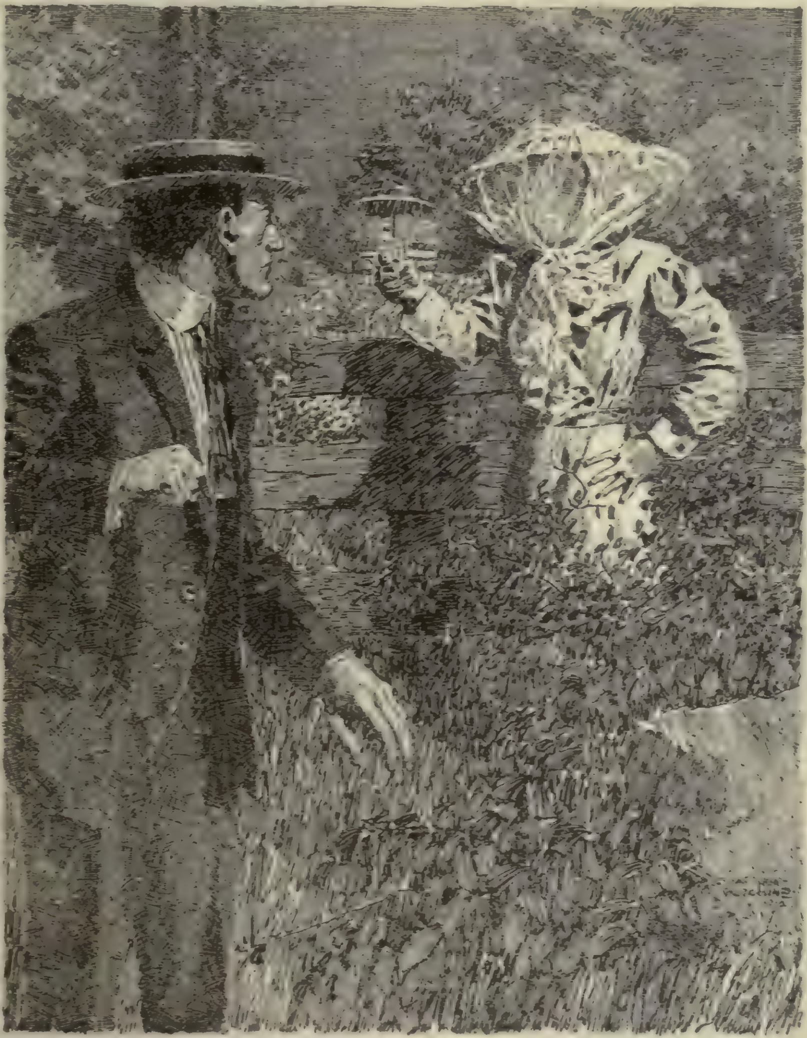
"Right. Apperson and Hoyt from our office are out there now. But we want you on the story. Hire an automobile and beat the coroner to the job!"

I chartered a wandering touring car and shot over the fog-clad hills in the direction of the Cliff house. The case of Sylvester Dodge and Dollie van Zandt had ranked high among rank scandals less than a year ago. Dollie, formerly a Klondyke actress and wife of a Reno faro dealer, met the elderly, opulent Dodge and divorced her husband—for a substantial consideration, some said. Everybody prophesied that Sylvester would finally marry her and settle down in some polygamous community like Paris or Siam. Nobody thought it would come to the stabbing point. Who knows? Murders will happen, even in the worst regulated families.

It was after ten when I reached the Cliff. Apperson was visibly on the job—but Hoyt had gone out in the wake of the detectives, scouring the country for the woman, who had escaped. A little back parlor on the second floor was filled with chambermaids and waiters throwing nervous spasms in five languages. Nothing in nature is more useless than a waiter in a hotel murder. The corpse can neither tip 'em nor order 'em around. What is there left for the waiters to do? The body of old Dodge lay on a sofa. He had been found outside on the veranda with a keen stab-wound running through his jugular vein.

Gerard, the proprietor, was the only one of the pack who didn't reverse himself every time he spoke. Name of a dog, how terrible! Yes, monsieur and madame often came there for dinner. This evening they came in an automobile and left the chauffeur outside. The automobile had gone back to town. Immediately? Ah, no! The chauffeur had lingered to drink the highball with Otto, the head waiter. But assuredly the automobile had gone back to town without monsieur and madame. Shortly before nine o'clock monsieur had paid the bill. When last seen alive he was walking up and down the veranda with the lady. Were they quarreling? Perhaps. But who can tell why people quarrel? Jacques found the body at half past nine. Madame had gone, apparently afoot. Alas, how ruined was his hotel!

Wandering along the cliffs I ran across a night watchman who had been too



"*'I think I have the drop on you,' said a melodious contralto.*"

scared and not quite drunk enough to tell what he knew to the police. After I had helped him along the road to Jagville with another drink he talked fast enough. He had seen the couple arrive and had watched the automobile. No, it hadn't gone back to town, as Gerard said. It had waited up the road a piece, and when the lady came out the chauffeur had helped her aboard. The machine had proceeded about half a mile up the road, then by the distant tail-light, the watchman had noticed the car stop, apparently to let off a passenger. It had gone on almost directly. It was the night watchman's deduction that Dolly van Zandt, for some reason unknown, had refused to go to town, but was now hiding in "Carville."

"Carville" was a quaint little colony composed of abandoned street cars which had been shoved end for end, banked up, roofed over, provided with housekeeping accommodations and rented as a near-Bohemian outing colony by artists and lovers of the wild sea waves. As many of the car-cottages were usually abandoned, the place would make a safe refuge for a few hours.

I whistled for Hoyt, gave him a bottle of whiskey and requested him to keep the watchman in some reporterless and policeless oblivion. It was now nearing midnight. The hungry hawks of the news were beginning to pour in, the coroner was there, and wire was open for me to the *Messenger* office. There was less than an hour between me and my story.

I struck across the rolling sands toward Carville. If Dollie van Zandt had been crazy enough to trust her life to a place like that—

Behind a tangle of sand-brush I saw something white flutter into the shadow.

"Who's there?" I said. "Come out and show yourself!"

A feminine figure advanced and stood revealed in the moonlight. Her arm was extended toward me, and on inspection I saw she was holding a bright object with a straight barrel pointed at my head.

"I think I have the drop on you," said a melodious contralto. "Now, sir, never mind stopping to argue, but come along with me. I want to talk with you."

She advanced a little closer. The expression of her face, concealed by an enormous automobile veil, was impossible to guess, but there was determination in her attitude. "Come, now," she continued, shoving the gun close to my nose.

"As you wish, Madame," I said, grinning to myself. "By the way that shooter's wobbling in your lily hand, I don't think I'm in the thick of danger—neither do you have to interview me at the point of a gun. To speak frankly, there's no lady in the city limits of Frisco I'd rather talk to than you, at this very moment."

Say, maybe I didn't begin pinning gold medals all over myself. The idea of a reporter being held up and compelled to interview the newly escaped principal in a murder mystery struck me as crowding luck to the delirious limit.

With the gun still tickling my hat brim and the lady's fingers buried in the lapel of my coat she led me. I was her docile, her pomeranian spitz. Already I saw the featured headline in tomorrow's *Messenger*, "Dollie van Zandt's Story of the Crime!"

At an isolated and deserted car on the outskirts of the pygmy village she stopped. The door stood half open in the moonlight.

"Step inside there and light a match," said she coolly. "You'll find a candle on the table. Light that, too."

It wasn't a car *de luxe*, this dwelling, as I saw when the candle's flame flickered up. Two or three chairs, a table, some broken bottles. The woman pointed me to a seat and herself took a chair across the mildewed table. I was not unmindful of her pretty, girlish figure, nor of the graceful fingers that grasped the .32 calibre, pearl-handled toy which was supposed to work my intimidation. She uncoiled about eighteen yards of pink chiffon from around her Ethel Barrymore hat. I rubbered hard. First impression, rapture mixed with picture puzzlement. So *this* was the notorious Dolly van Zandt! Little, pale, school-girl face; Vassar freshman effect; big, angel-blue eyes; soft, pathetic mouth; nut-brown hair over Buster Brown collar. I had met all the types of Becky Sharp, between Mobile and Monte Carlo. This was a new one on me.

"You needn't be alarmed," said the little lady. The gun was now pointed at such an angle that, had it been discharged, it would have perforated the dog star.

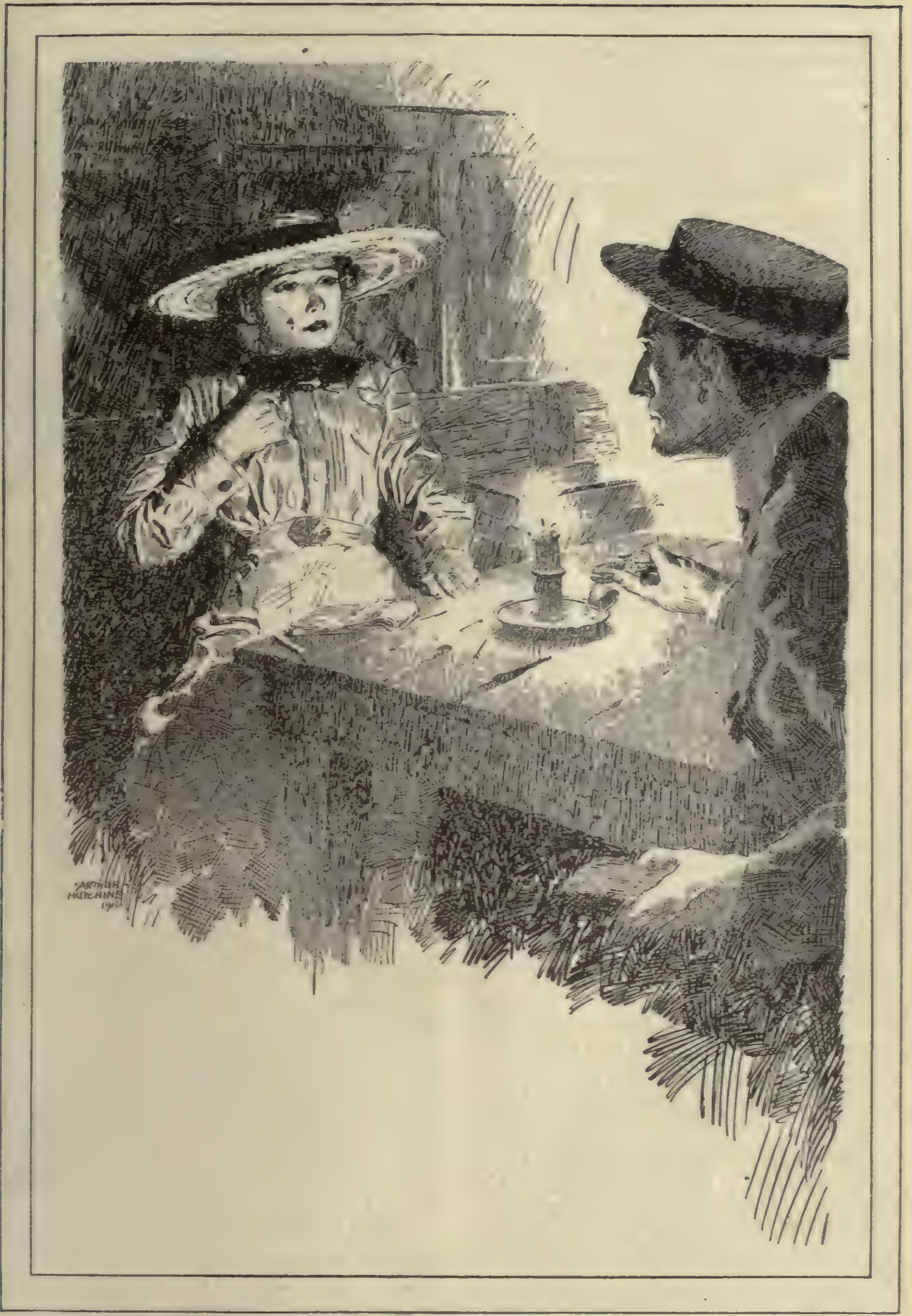
"Thanks," said I. "From what Reno target-gallery did you graduate?"

"I am not here to joke," said she. "I want to talk. If you'll be brief and tell me all, I'll let you go and not report you to the police."

"Thanks again," said I. "What particular phase of my career won't you report to the police?"

She leaned very close to me and her limpid eyes become gray with intensity.

"Do you realize," she hissed, "that I already know enough about you to send you to the gallows?"


ARTHUR HUTCHINS 1910

"The pearl-handled revolver was lying on the table. I leaned over quietly and slipped it into my pocket."

"Shades of St. Vitus!" said I to myself, "did she go bats before the murder or afterwards?"

"Now look here, Dolly Gray," I came back, "I don't know what kind of goods you think you've got on me; but you'd better cheese it. Quit your kidding. You can't implicate me in your murder. The book of my past has ever been open to subscribers, day and night, guaranteed circulation and special rates for respectable classified ads. No 'Personals' need apply."

I looked at my watch. It was now 12.30. Dollie van Zandt's murder confession was coming slow. I'd have to get it over with and beat it for a telephone in fifteen minutes.

"I want you to talk and talk quick," I said. "In the first place, will you please tell me—"

"No, I won't. Time's precious with me, too," exclaimed the girl. "Now I've got the full account of where you were and what you said—don't move!" Again she raised the gun. "I happened—no matter why—to be occupying the room next the veranda when you began quarreling with Mr. Dodge about those stocks."

"What—what did I begin doing?"

"Quarreling about mining stocks," she repeated calmly.

"Ophelia," said I, "you are beautiful, but awfully wheely. To put it mild, your psychology is so full of dots that I am helpless to know whether you are going or coming."

"Protested innocence," she lisped, "is a common subterfuge of the experienced criminal. Remember, I was at a window where I could see everything. You, disguised in a chauffeur's coat, swung onto the veranda where the man and the woman were standing. 'That bribe you gave me was worthless, and you know it,' you yelled. The old man protested and you struck him down with the knife you pulled from your fur coat. He fell. You whispered a moment with the woman, then led her to the automobile. Then you drove to the Carville road and escaped in the dunes. Can you deny this?"

"What's the use?" I said. "It's too artistic to spoil."

"I take this as a refusal to answer," she burbled, and whipping a little red notebook from her pony-skin coat she began scribbling something on page twenty-three. She wrote busily in a firm, Vassar hand.

A thrill of awful realization shot through me. I experienced such a thrill once before in Toronto, when I had laid six months' wages on the table and suddenly caught the baleful gleam of four aces in the hand of a Chicago drummer.

"Young lady," I gulped, "do you happen to be writing for one of San Francisco's dailies under the pen-name of 'Nellie Bly' or 'Little Bo-Peep' or some similarly anomalous pseudonym?"

"Katherine St. Remo's my nom de plume," she said. "I'm on the *Globe.*" She blushed the loveliest ultra-peach-bloom you ever saw. "But of course that's not my name. I'm Katherine O'Donnell in real life."

So there I was. I had fallen into the manicured mitts of a romance-chasing lady-cub; for she must be a rank beginner, I thought, otherwise she wouldn't be taking notes in a notebook. No real reporter would do that. She, apparently, in some fool way and for some fool reason, had blundered on the big story. There *was* a man in the case—I had suspected that. The mistake of our meeting, I could see, was natural. I had taken her for Dolly van Zandt, she had taken me for the murderous chauffeur. Here was the girl with the story—here was I, dubbed and razzled on my first night's probation with the *Messenger.*

"I suppose, now that you have caught me red-handed, that you have also drawn your deductions as to the motive for my deed?" I enquired.

"That's easy," she explained. "I naturally concluded you were Dollie's ex-husband, the Reno gambler. Mr. Dodge, often unscrupulous in his deals, bribed you with worthless stock. You were crazed with jealousy and disappointment when you struck the blow."

Again I looked at my watch. It was a quarter to one. Here was the story for the taking—if I was pup enough to take it. On the other hand I could do the decent thing, and be the yellow dog of the local room. Distinctly in my ears I could hear the gibe of Jupiter Jackson, "You're too good a reporter to fall down for any such medieval motive as *sentiment*." Not this time!

The pearl-handled revolver was lying, forgotten, on the table. I leaned over quietly and slipped it into my pocket. The girl from the *Globe* saw and shrank back with a smothered scream.

"Little Sister of Sherlock Holmes," I said, "I don't know how long you've been off the society page on the trail of live news—but this I *will* say; you've just naturally strolled onto one of the stories of the year, one of the kind for which James Creelman would give the eye-teeth of his inmost soul. You're so lucky you're ridiculous. Why, you've been an actual *witness* to a first-magnitude murder—which is as rare an occurrence in the newspaper business as a fresh egg in an actor's boarding house. Now look here. I want to break the truth with a hard bump. My name's Ferguson and I'm on this job representing the *Morning Messenger*."

The poor little girl sank back against the table and rested her merry widow on her chamois-skin gloves. Darn those feminines! When she looked at me her eyes—of course—were full of tears. Hers are the kind that can go down into the wells of sorrow and bring up a bucket of water every time.

"You're not going—to take—my story—are you?" she whispered.

I looked out across the mist and the moor and the moon.

"Look here," I said, "a newspaper girl shouldn't whine. You've kept me here, leading me on, till it's too late for me to get the facts for myself. You dumped all the facts into my hands without my asking for them. This is no Munsey's Magazine romance. It's a dead plain matter of business. The story lies between us. I'm going to take it and send it to my paper."

A rusty key hung in the door. I fitted it to the lock outside.

"God! *What* are you going to do? It means life—you mustn't keep me here!" she shrieked. Her baby face became suddenly lined and haggard with terror.

"I'm going to lock you in," I said, "until I've telephoned the story to my paper and the early morning edition is out on the street."

"Have you no—no chivalry?" she moaned.

"No, thank heaven! For once in my life I am neither a donkey nor a Don Quixote."

The girl, who had never moved from her chair, laughed wildly as I closed the door.

"I was looking for a murderer," she said, "and I've found a thief."

I turned the lock and proceeded a few steps over the dunes. I stopped. Not the faintest twitter came from the car. Maybe she'd fainted. I hate 'em to faint. I turned back and looked in through a dirty window. She was pressing so close to the pane from the inside that our faces seemed to touch.

Then did the undefeated ghost of chivalry kick within me like Maud the mule, crying, "gum-drops have been stolen from blind babies; but this meanness stands unique and unequalled."

I drew the rusty key from my pocket and opened the door.

"Come on, Miss O'Donnell," I said. "There's a telephone in the little road house over yonder. If we beat it we can get the wire in time to send in your story—it's yours. Come on."

Taking her hand, I led her, almost dragged her, over the uneven sands, explaining to her, as we went, the best and briefest way to tell the essential points in her story. Half way up the Cliff House road we struck a crazy blue-front road house. A dim light was glimmering in a back room. A boozy proprietor came to the door.

"Telephone!" I panted, throwing him a dollar. He pointed to a booth at the far end of the bar.

"Take your time—you've got the wire," I told her. "Tell the whole thing and don't forget to lay stress on your part in the performance."

I stood waiting out of earshot. Women may be garrulous, but I'll say to the credit of the girl from the *Globe* that great news was never sent out so rapidly.

"You're a wonder! It seems incredible you could have sent it all in this length of time," I said as she joined me at the door, her face flushed with young triumph.

"I'm sure my reputation's made," she

cried. "You've been so kind to help me out this way—"

She reeled and half fell into my arms where she rested a moment sobbing.

"I'm so tired. The street cars are stopped—can't you send me home some way—alone?"

"I've got a motor—expense account, charged to the *Messenger*," I volunteered. "It's no use to me any more tonight. I'll send you in on that."

I led her to the spot where the car and the chauffeur, both asleep, were waiting. I shook up the man, helped her in and was about to turn away.

"Mr. Ferguson," she called softly, "you *are* a sort of Don Quixote—queer, but awfully, awfully good. You've saved me more than you'll ever know."

"Look here, Peaches," I growled, "before you go I want it distinctly understood that it isn't because you're the sweetest and most helpless and bluest-eyed heart-eruption I've met for several months that I've spoiled my job tonight. If you'd been a wall-eyed ostrich, in the same fix, I'd have helped you just the same. Because the unwritten law of the white reporter says, 'Thou shalt not cheat inside the profession.' Good-night."

She whispered a direction to the chauffeur. The motor slid away into the foggy moonlight, a yard of light chiffon trailing in the rear.

It was one-ten when I got back to the Blue Lion. The press, the corpse and the coroner had departed. In an alcove off the barroom I found Hoyt and Apperson holding a high-ball *post mortem*.

"Sylvester B. Dodge was the Past Grand Hickory of the Hard Nuts," growled Hoyt. "How any woman could have got around that old Simon Legree is more than I can figure."

"Ever see Dolly van Zandt?" droned Apperson sifting tobacco into a yellow paper. "Nero couldn't stand up against that type. Just a baby-faced, ingenue little girl from home. Big blue orbs that could draw sympathy out of a lamp-post." I shoved my ears forward about a foot. "She dressed the part of an eighteen-year-old—and, gosh, how she could weep! Ever see her photo?"

Apperson passed a photograph across the table to Hoyt.

I sprang wildly into the astonished circle and snatched the portrait from the outstretched hand. I took in the likeness at a glance, then tossed it back to Hoyt.

"That's her, all right," I pronounced with the dignity befitting a journalistic success. "I have just had a thorough interview with the lady. Bill, would you mind stepping to the 'phone and telling the office to hold everything till they hear from me? I've landed the BIG story."

ANTAEUS

By Edward Wilbur Mason

I am the giant sun hurled down the night
  That rises at the dawn; blown in the dust
  The seed am I that from autumnal rust
Springs with the April from the snowdrifts white.
I am the raindrop trembling with affright
  Swept downward by the lightning's poniard thrust
  That climbs the skies with ropes of pearl august—
Grown to the ocean girdled round with might.
That mind I am that from its unbelief
  Struggles with wrestle hundredfold till free,
  And in the effort grows more strong and broad.
I am the heart grown strong from touch of grief,
  The soul that rises from humility
  So high it is beloved of man and God!

The Grass Valley Hold-up

A Story of HUME=Detective

by George Willoughby

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In all the annals of Western history, nothing has surpassed the remarkable life of Detective J. B. Hume, who for over thirty years was employed by Wells, Fargo & Co., to run down its highway robbers. His experiences were many and varied. Dealing with a class of desperadoes who have never been excelled for courage and trickery, his life was constantly in peril. The saying, "Hume never lets up once he is after a man," was proved by his indefatigable efforts. Skillful and daring, he brought more stage robbers to justice than were convicted by any other officer in the wild, turbulent West.

IN 1873, before the Nevada County Narrow Gauge Railroad was built, passengers, mail and express matter for Nevada City, Grass Valley and adjoining camps, were carried by stage from Colfax on the Cent'l Pacific road. To accommodate this traffic, two six-horse coaches were run daily, one Sunday, between Colfax and Nevada City during the week. These stages were the regulation overland type, with three seats on the inside, accommodating three passengers each. On the seat with the driver there was room for one more, and on the top or deck of the stage two "dicky" seats made room for six additional passengers. A wrought-iron safe was built into the back part of the stage; cushioned on top, it served as the inside back seat of the coach.

On the afternoon of Sunday, July 27, 1873, a tall, slender girl in blue, whose name appeared on the stage-book as "Miss E. Webber," was watching with the interest of ownership the hoisting of a large trunk to the deck of a coach standing before the office of Wells, Fargo & Co. at Colfax. Her poise, dignity and conservative manner evidenced Eastern refinement, and the strain of a long journey had not marred the sweet winsomeness of her beauty.

The trunk securely lashed in position, the mail bags thrown on and the pouches of gold safely locked in the iron vault, the coach was ready to start; following the young lady, the eleven male passengers clambered to their seats. Owing to the opening of the court in Nevada City the following day, the passenger list included ten of Nevada's most brilliant "legal lights," lawyers and judges of that district. The eleventh gentleman stared somewhat vacantly out of the window, and seemed oblivious to the conversation of his fellow-passengers.

The road for the first few miles led with many curves and windings down to Bear River; an easy and regular descent made possible a lively, pleasant trot. It was the very poetry of staging. At one moment, rounding a rugged point, the leaders would disappear, engulfed apparently in the pale blue atmosphere which hangs over dizzy heights, the next the coach swung around the point and the wheels grazed the very verge of an abyss; far below, through depths of swimming air, gleamed the foaming waters of Bear River.

Crossing the stream, the ascending grade rendered progress much slower. With so many of the brightest minds of the state on board, however, amid witty sallies and brilliant repartees the lagging pace was unnoticed. Softly and peacefully the summer Sabbath was drawing to a close. The passengers felt the charm of the hour; the coach rolled onward in the long summer twilight, and yielding to the spell of the moment, E. Black Ryan, a well-known railroad attorney, sang in clear tenor the sweet old Irish melody, "The Low-Backed Car."

The stage was now nearing the lower end of Sheet's Ranch, some four or five miles from the end of their journey. The team was walking slowly, the passengers enjoying the melodious voice of the singer, when four armed, masked men stepped suddenly before the horses and covered the passengers with their guns. Stage and the song came to an abrupt halt.

The oppressive silence was relieved by the driver's demand, "What do you want?"

"The treasure box."

"It's on the other stage," returned the driver.

"Well, we'll keep you until the other stage comes up," was the answer.

Another trying pause, followed by the command: "Climb down and unhitch your team. Two coaches don't run on Sunday."

Passengers and driver, under guard of two of the robbers, were marched some thirty feet ahead of the stage and formed in line, while the yawning muzzle of a shotgun enforced obedience. The two remaining highwaymen then attacked the treasure-box, which was secured by a double lock. An old miner's pick served to smash the outer padlock, and preparations were made to blow open the second lock with powder and fuse. Miss Webber, who was silently watching the entire proceeding and realized their purpose, spoke for the first time since the appearance of the highwaymen.

"Gentlemen," she said entreatingly, "all I possess in the world is in my trunk. Its destruction will not benefit you, and it will be an irreparable loss to me. I beg of you take down my trunk before you blow up the safe."

"Certainly, miss, with the greatest of pleasure," gallantly responded the masked leader, and putting down the can of powder, he climbed nimbly to the deck of the stage, and slid the trunk carefully down over the boot, where it was received by a companion and placed out of danger.

Resuming their task, the two men soon charged the lock, lighted the fuse and quickly withdrew to a place of safety. A sudden hiss, a spurt of red fire, a loud report broke the slumbering echoes of the hills. As soon as the smoke cleared away, the leader surveyed the scattered contents of the ruined treasure-box and called, "All right, boys, come on! Let 'em hitch up and go on." He carefully replaced the trunk, and Miss Webber bowed her thanks somewhat gravely.

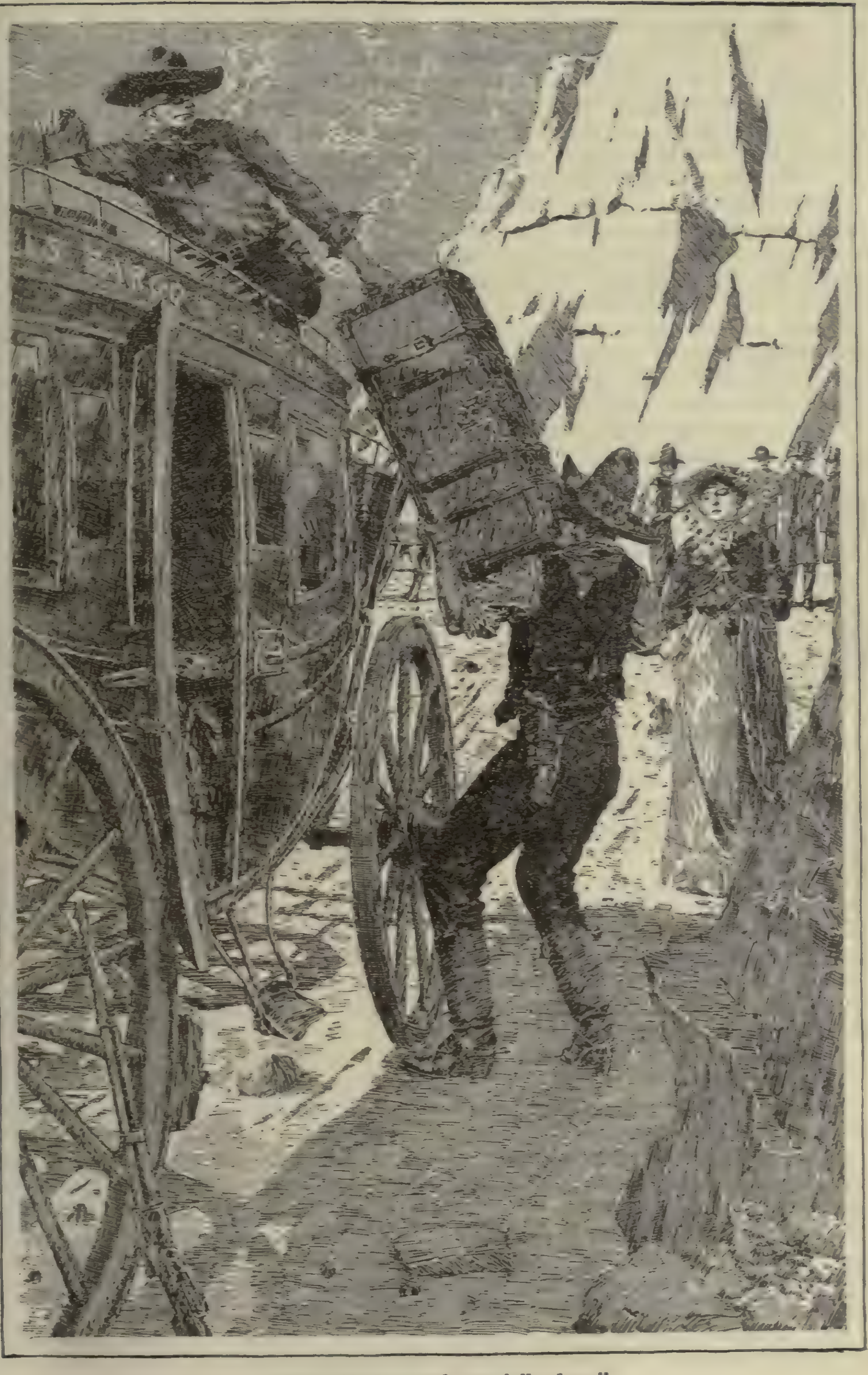
The stage at first appeared to be completely demolished. The top of the iron box had been bent double, and hurled through the roof of the coach, and fragments of the lock had been blown through the box and floor. Despite the ripped-off lining and shattered woodwork of the stage, the running-gear was found to be uninjured. Under the direction of the highwaymen, who desired that the party should proceed at once and leave them to gather the scattered booty, it required but a few moments for the driver to hitch up the team, and as the passengers seated themselves as best they could, the dilapidated vehicle continued toward Grass Valley.

A little more than a half mile had been traveled when, rounding a projecting ledge which effectually shut off their view of the hold-up scene, the silent passenger who had taken no active part during the recent turmoil, whispered to the driver: "Wait here a half hour. If I'm not back, drive on."

The men in the waiting coach were consumed with astonishment. "Who is this man?" they demanded, while light suddenly dawned on one of the judges. "A detective?" he gasped.

The driver nodded. "Hume."

"Hume!" Every man in the party stared blankly at the other, and someone



"*And slid the trunk carefully down*"

burst into uncontrollable laughter. It was not uncommon for the Wells, Fargo Company to convey its special officers in disguise for just such occasions as this, but the realization that they, who had seen the detective in court scores of times, had not been able to recognize him in his make-up, impressed them as a huge joke.

"He's probably laughing at us up his sleeve," lamented the irrepressible Ryan, and they watched the rapidly moving figure across the ledge and down the cliff until the rocks shut him from view.

Fifteen minutes later a succession of quick shots was heard—then silence. The half hour lacked five minutes of completion when those who had cautiously crept to the turn in the road could discern through the dusk their fellow-passenger returning. That the robbers had made away with the booty was all the information he could be induced to vouchsafe, although he admitted that he had hopes of capturing the band, especially their leader.

Following a long discussion of the hold-up, with its incidental surprise in the person of Detective Hume, conversation turned to Miss Webber, who had bravely held up under the shock, and was an interested listener to the spirited remarks of the men.

"There must be something in that trunk which you value highly," suggested one, smiling. "Love letters, perhaps?" hazarded Ryan.

The girl hesitated, then laughed a little, nervous, excited laugh. "It contains my trousseau," she explained. "I am to be married tonight at Grass Valley."

Hearty congratulations were offered. "The sweetheart of your youth, I suppose," persisted Mr. Ryan, always keen on the trail of a romance, "come to the West to make his fortune?"

"You seem to have gathered the facts," she admitted, blushing.

"I tell you," exclaimed Ryan heartily, "there's no place like this part of the country for a young fellow."

"Somehow I didn't think so when he came, almost five years ago," said Miss Webber, "though I seem to have been mistaken. But I believe Louis would succeed anywhere," she added with pride.

The little romance, in some measure, offset the unpleasant incident of the robbery, and when the stage stopped at a neat, comfortable dwelling on the outskirts of Grass Valley and Miss Webber's trunk was lifted down, good cheer permeated the entire party as the bride smilingly thanked her fellow-passengers for their good wishes.

An elderly woman, evidently the owner of the house, escorted her visitor to the comfortable living-room and relieved her of her wraps. Miss Webber told breathlessly of the hold-up, and having somewhat recovered from the shock of the experience, made inquiry concerning the absence of her fiance. A voluble explanation attributed his enforced delay to a business trip out of town; he was expected at once, however.

"He said he'd drop in for the parson on his way back," continued the landlady, "and for you to be ready. But of course he expected you'd get here earlier."

"Then perhaps I'd better change my gown," suggested the girl. "How near I came to having no wedding dress," and as the older woman assisted her to don a white gown and prepare for the ceremony, the bride-elect told of the highwayman's gallantry. In return the landlady told of the wealth of the future bridegroom and remarked that he was frequently absent from home for several days at a time. The toilet had only been completed when two men, one evidently a clergyman, were ushered into the comfortable parlor of the home and awaited her appearance.

As she was shown into the room by her hostess, a tall, rugged young man, bronzed by the sun of the plains, came forward to meet her.

"At last, Eleanor," he exclaimed, taking her in his arms.

"Has it been hard to wait so long, Louis?" she smiled archly, soberly adding: "I don't believe many girls have to go through the experience of being held up by stage robbers on their way to join their future husband."

He started. "You—held up!" he gasped. She repeated the story of the robbery, adding, "Only for the gallantry of their leader, I should have been without a wedding gown tonight."

"A mere incident, my dear, of the wild and woolly West," he said. "No stage robber would ever harm you—your beauty would disarm him," and he changed the subject.

"Come, parson, I guess we're ready."

The minister opened his ritual; the marriage ceremony began. When the final words were spoken, the groom bent over a table to sign the usual documents. The light from the shaded lamp exposed a deep red scar across his wrist. The bride started. That marked wrist—that curious scar—where had she seen it before? Like a living picture, flashed by the unerring rays of memory, before her eyes seemed to move an arm, a shirt sleeve drawn back exposing a scar, and straining muscles as a trunk was lifted, at her request, from a stage coach. Every vestige of color left the girl's face. The hideous truth dawned upon her.

"Louis, that scar?" she cried, as the incidents of that troubled day flooded her brain. Had there not been something vaguely familiar in the voice of the stage robber who had removed her trunk? Had not his carriage and build reminded her of someone whom she knew? Ah, the resemblance was but too plain!

With a cry of loathing and horror she fled the room. The groom stood for a moment stunned, then amid the confusion hurriedly left the house. Eleanor locked herself in her apartment and wept hysterically in bitter grief.

The lover of her youth had indeed enriched himself in the Golden West! But how?

The incidents of the stage robbery were freely discussed at the little hotel and elsewhere in the town. The story of the strange wedding spread apace; suspicion attached to several individuals in various quarters. Detective Hume preserved his usual silence, but with particular interest worked out his theories under careful secrecy.

A few days later, while the people were still exercised over the robbery, a young man registered under the name of Robert Walker at the hotel kept by Mrs. Hank Meyer in the secluded village of Coloma, El Dorado County. He gave his business as that of mining superintendent, having been recently employed at the St. Patrick Mine at Ophir in Placer County. Into the safe keeping of the landlady he gave some thousands of dollars in gold coin, and a small bar of gold bullion. The young fellow seemed sad and preoccupied, and on account of his liberality and kindness to the children of Coloma, the sympathies of all the parents of the town were quickly enlisted. He was followed about by a troop of youngsters whom it was his pleasure to "shout" to all the goodies afforded by the village shopkeepers.

But as the days wore on, his overwhelming grief drove him nearly to frenzy, and in desperation he sought the solace of the town saloon. He drifted recklessly, madly, to the universal regret of the good people of Coloma.

Through the underground channels by which such news travels, Detective Hume learned of the "good angel" who had taken up his abode at Coloma, and decided at once to investigate, after learning from Ophir that no Walker had ever been employed at that place.

Procuring a team, under cover of darkness, the detective started for the little town and arrived in the early morning. Appearing suddenly at the hotel, he demanded that Mrs. Meyer produce the coins and bar of gold deposited by Walker. His suspicions were correct; the bar had evidently been cut from a larger one with a cold chisel, and from appearances was a portion of that stolen in the Grassy Plain stage robbery of the week previous. Many of the coins were bent and powder burned as if by explosion. Walker was the man he wanted.

"Get up!" he commanded as he broke into the sleeping-room and found the man in bed. "I want you!"

"Want me! What for?"

"Stage-robbing. Get your clothes. We're going to Placerville."

The captive realized the futility of argument with the armed officer, and rose, hastily dressed and both descended.

The excited landlady met them at the foot of the stairs, laden with the deposited valuables of her recent guest. "I'll take it," said Hume, "and give you a receipt for it." She looked questioningly at Walker, who stood half-dazed, but nodded permission. The money was delivered to Hume, the prisoner shackled and placed in a buggy for the return to Placerville.

Humane and tender-hearted under his brusque exterior, the detective observed that Walker, suddenly cut off from stimulants after his protracted spell of hard drinking, was a nervous wreck, and his first care after getting the prisoner to Placerville was to place him in the care of a physician. When the patient had recovered and was quite himself, Hume interviewed him, informing him briefly that the gold and bar in his possession were clearly a part of the spoils in the Grass Valley stage robbery.

At first the captive was somewhat stubborn. Suddenly, he broke completely down, and in short, broken sentences sketched his life story. An Eastern boy of education and family, he had come West to seek a fortune. There was a girl—he bowed his head. He found that the streets in the new country were not paved with gold, and began to drift. His love of adventure eventually led him to the highways as a robber. He skimmed rapidly over the incidents in his short stage-robbing career, and followed with a full confession of the Grass Valley hold-up.

There was a pause, and in a hushed voice, he rehearsed the story of his wedding. "I was mad," he concluded as he turned helplessly to his listener. A loathing and horror of his crime consumed him; he was willing to suffer imprisonment—but—the girl——

With blunt but effective eloquence Hume laid before the young fellow the heinousness of his offence toward the state that had harbored him—and toward a trusting, innocent girl. The prisoner, so lately engrossed in self-commiseration, forgot his ill fortune and saw with a ghastly clearness his obligations toward the victims of his crimes.

"What can I do? Is there anything I can do?" he burst out, with touching penitence.

Hume saw that his prisoner was sufficiently humiliated. He noted with satisfaction the firm jaw, the clear-cut features, and eyes agleam with natural honesty, now that the love of adventure had been sated.

"I think you can clear yourself with the state," he replied, "by aiding in the capture of your accomplices." He outlined the customary procedure of the court in the case of a prisoner who has turned state's evidence.

"But the girl," he continued, gravely, "is a different matter, and—rather out of my line. I will arrange for you to see her, and you can tell her the story you have told me. If you can touch the heart of a gruff old detective," he murmured to himself, "you have a chance."

In his full confession, Louis Devansley, alias Walker, implicated as his associates James Meyers, a saloon-keeper of Grass Valley, Nat Stover, a miner, and George Lane. Hume immediately telegraphed Sheriff Perham of Nevada City to meet him at Grass Valley, and setting out at once, reached the town shortly after dark. From the sheriff he learned that Stover was employed at the Coe mine between Grass Valley and Nevada City. On the sheriff's assurance that the superintendent of the mine would lend his hearty cooperation when he learned their mission, they drove at once to the mine. The superintendent was aroused. "Where's Stover?" asked Sheriff Perham, and briefly stated the charge. The superintendent scoffed at the idea of Stover's being implicated in a robbery; Nat was one of the most industrious and reliable men in his employ. He could be found in a cabin just away from the mine, and had just returned from a hunting expedition.

Hume employed strategy, requesting that the superintendent go to the cabin and tell Stover that the pump had been broken in the mine; he was to induce him to come up to repair it, and the officers could then interview him. Stover made his appearance in due time. Awaiting his opportunity Hume suddenly extracted a large six-shooter from the miner's pocket. Things took on a different color. Hume briefly stated the charge, and although he stoutly maintained innocence, Stover was placed in the sheriff's buggy, securely handcuffed to the seat and started on his way to jail in Nevada City. With two of the highwaymen in captivity, the detective set out on foot for Grass Valley to continue operations.

Devansley, in his confession, had stated that Meyers' share of the plunder, fourteen hundred dollars, had been buried by him under a log in Boston Ravine, at a spot he carefully described. Hume found the place without difficulty, but though the earth showed abundant evidence that Devansley's statement had been correct, the money was not there. Hume made his way to Meyers' saloon, abruptly entered his sleeping-room and announced his mission.

"Meyers, where's that money Devansley buried for you under a log in Boston Ravine?"

The saloon-keeper denied, as had Stover, all knowledge of both robbery and money. "Very well," said Hume, "get your clothes and come along." Meyers soon after joined his associates in the county jail.

The last of the four, George Lester, alias Lane, was traced to Virginia City, Nevada, and there captured and brought back for trial. During this time, Devansley was detained in the county jail at Nevada City for the final disposition of the cases of his accomplices. True to his word, Hume had arranged for the meeting between the crestfallen and penitent prisoner and his grief-stricken bride. At times the tree of adversity puts forth a sweet flower—hope; its strange fragrance was intermingled with these young lives and the bride and groom dreamed of a future where they could begin life anew far away from the scene of their distress.

In turning state's evidence, Devansley was an effective witness for the cause of justice, and through his candor and ingeniousness, incited by the wonderful fortitude of his young wife, won the hearts of the entire community, and the commiseration of the Bar of Nevada County.

When the cases were at last disposed of, Hume, in his kindly way, sought a pardon for the unfortunate young man.

* * * *

A few days later, the eastbound stage stopped at a cottage on the outskirts of Grass Valley, and the driver, recognizing the trunk, bowed greeting to the young lady who came toward the stage accompanied by a tall, good-looking man. "Hope you won't have to go through any scene like when you come over," he blundered, as he shot a quick glance of recognition at her escort.

The man winced, but was silent.

At Colfax the couple were joined by a friend, who, after a cordial greeting, took the young man aside and thrust a banknote into his hand. "You might need it, boy," he remarked. They conversed gravely for a few moments, and as the train pulled out he waved a farewell to the young people.

Then Hume, the detective, turned to follow new trails.

SEARCH EVER FOR GOOD

By ALICE BAKER

SEARCH for the good in every heart,
'Twill help you better to do your part;
That each in harmony may grow
With the universe in which we sow.

Chill not the love of some child's heart,
For want of sunshine on your part;
But let him learn of love's great power
And be able to see it in every flower.

Pluck not the daisies wet with dew,
Though meaningless they seem to you;
But help them to withstand the cold
That they may other blooms unfold.

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By FREDERICK HULZMANN

THE sluggish vacation season is upon us, and everybody is "restin' up" for the coming fall. If the family have "gone to the country" the talking machine has gone along with the baggage, for as a means of entertainment with the least amount of physical exertion it is in a class by itself. Or possibly the phonograph has been left behind for the entertainment of father, who, as he sits puffing blue rings of smoke—close to the parlor draperies—in the parlor window, may be transported to the realms of vaudeville, the theatre or Grand Opera as he wills.

To supply march music for drills, Columbia graphophones have been used lately, I understand, in a number of schools—an excellent idea, it seems to me, and capable of great development. The soul-stirring marches played by the greatest band organizations in the country would give life to any schoolroom, and a glance through the catalogues of the different companies reveals a wide range of march music suitable for public school purposes.

* * *

Two lively marches on the Columbia list for August are worth being recorded for the opening of the school term—double-disc record A838, on which Prince's Military Band play "Florentine March" and "Reeve's March." Among the cylinder records are "New Colonial March" and Sousa's "National Fencibles March," by the band.

Both cylinder lists—two and four minute—contain some excellent material. Everyone wants "Meet Me Where the Lanterns Glow," Manuel Klein's waltz, which was so popular in the New York Hippodrome this season. For the veranda impromptu dance the band offers "Girls of Baden Waltzes," "Mandy Jane Schottische," "Artists' Life Waltz," "Southern Roses Waltzes," "To Thee Waltzes" and "L'Estudiantina Waltz," half a dozen excellent dances.

After—or before, as you will—perusal of "The Awakening of Arkansas" in this month's NATIONAL, Len Spencer and Ada Jones in the vaudeville specialty, "Return of the Arkansas Traveler," add the finishing touch.

If you require absurdities for amusement get "Grizzly Bear" and "When You Marry a Girl for Looks," "Ain't You Coming Out Tonight?" and "If He Comes In, I'm Goin' Out," in double-disc records.

Jose Mardones, called "the greatest living basso," and Eugenie Bronskaja, the celebrated Russian soprano of the Boston Opera Company, are announced this month as being under exclusive contract with the Columbia people. Mardones is liked particularly in the title role of "Mefistofole," and his record this month includes its prologue, also the well-known "Piff Paff" from "Les Huguenots."

* * *

The Edison list for August is especially replete with "vacation" music to suit the summer time taste. "Mr. Editor, How Do You Know?" the query put to the editor of a ladies' department in one of the newspapers regarding his profound knowledge of boudoir secrets, is one of the most amusing records I have heard for some time.

The tale of Finnegan's "Night Trip to Buffalo" has been so popular as a two-minute record that it has been put on the Amberol list. Most Edison owners know how Finnegan dreams and wakes under rather extraordinary circumstances; those who don't will want the whole story, told by the Premier Quartette.

While Billy Murray's talent is so diversified as to adjust itself to almost any sort of selection, he is generally preferred in something humorous. "The Morning After the Night Before," then, is Mr. Murray at his best.

Has anyone yet tried lulling his young son or daughter to slumber by means of the phonograph? I do not know that I have ever seen the talking machine put to the test, but "Mack's Lullaby" on the August list has a suggestive title, and a charming air.

A new Scotch artist, J. Scott Skinner, makes his appearance in the Edison circle with "The Birlin Reels." One of the other good instrumental selections is the "Austrian Army March," played by the United States Marine Band Orchestra. with which we are already familiar and "Knights of Columbus March," a vigorous band number rendered by the New York Military Band. Then there is "Belphegor March," by the National (London) Military Band and in classical music "Ballet Music from 'Le Cid,'" played by Victor Herbert and his orchestra.

Among the Grand Opera Amberol Records are some of the best grand opera artists—Jorn, Polese, Carmen Melis, Marguerita Sylva and Marie Delna; besides Hebrew selections by Paskal, and Swedish records by Asplund.

* * *

Two very important contract engagements are featured by the Victor Company this month—that of Fritz Kreisler, the master violinist, who has recently completed a triumphant American tour, and John Barnes Wells, the well-known church and concert singer. The Victor owner will want at least one of Mr. Kreisler's records: "Hungarian Dance in G minor," Brahms-Joachim, "Gavotte in E major," Bach, "Swanee River," Foster, or "Aus der Heimat," Smetana.

Mr. Wells sings "In Maytime" and "Beloved, It is Morn," in a delightfully clear tenor.

Victor Herbert's "Mlle. Modiste" is handled by the Victor Light Opera Company in excellent shape. The record will doubtless be a favorite with Victor owners who are collecting the "Gems" of the Light Opera Company.

Harry Lauder's two selections are "Jean MacNeill" and "The Blarney Stone," both admirably recorded.

"Sadie Brady," a waltz song by Jack Norworth, is sung in his own fascinating tenor; in "Rosa Rosetta" he is joined by Miss Bayes. Those who have missed the Bayes-Norworth records of the past few months will want Record 16508—a medley of the hits of this popular couple arranged by the Victor Orchestra.

A novelty selection is "Big Bass Viol," by Stanley and the Peerless Quartet. On the reverse face of the record Golden and Hughes tell the story of "Epitaphs" ("Two Darkeys in a Cemetery") in their own inimitable style.

Elida Morris, well known in vaudeville, is to sing a series of duets with Billy Murray. "Angel Eyes" is a promising beginning.

While the Grand Opera stars are touring Europe in the summer season their records are naturally in particular demand. The Victor people have selected some especially good material for their Red Seal records: The third act duet from "Madam Butterfly," rendered by Caruso and Scotti; a "Trovatore" aria by Madam Gerville-Reache; both English and Italian ballads by McCormack; a "Pagliacci" record by Zerola, and that old-time d'Hardelot favorite, "Because," Evan Williams.

The Turbulent Romance of Oil

by W. C. Jenkins

PETROLEUM AS A NATIONAL WEALTH PRODUCER

THE production of petroleum would be valueless without a market, and in order to find an outlet for the vast amount of oil pumped from the various fields the Standard Oil Company has sent its agents into every known land to introduce the products and to stimulate trade. For over thirty years it has found a foreign market for sixty per cent of the manufactured products of the crude output of oil in this country, and this in face of the competition from the great oil fields of Europe which are as extensive as those of America. Persia, Burma, Ceylon, Galicia, Bulgaria and Roumania have extensive oil fields, while those of Russia alone are nearly as large as the known fields of the United States. With this great competition to contend with, the Standard sends the American product into those countries and sells it at a profit. In Burma the Standard is in competition with the great oil monopoly of that country. This monopoly gets its product into India free of duty while the Standard pays a tariff on every gallon it sells there.

The money drawn into the United States through channels created by the Standard Oil Company exceeds three hundred thousand dollars a day for every day of the year. During the year 1909 the value in gold of Standard Oil Company's exports amounted to $112,000,000. Its total exports since organization have reached the stupendous sum of $2,450,000,000. Surely the Standard has been no insignificant factor in creating the great wealth this country enjoys.

Aggregation of capital has brought to the Standard Oil Company its greatest advantage in the development of a foreign trade. In its contest on the Continent, and especially in Russia, with the great oil interests of the Rothschilds and of prominent English capitalists, its success has been largely due to its great financial strength.

In order to carry on its great export trade the Standard owns two hundred tank steamers besides many sailing ships. The company gives employment to seventy thousand men and maintains nearly four thousand distributing stations in the United States.

Not the least turbulent period of its existence is found in the harassment given this mighty giant of the Twentieth Century by present-day legislation. For ten years past no organization has been so set upon by politicians, no branch of commercial life so stigmatized, as the Standard Oil Company.

In 1870 the Company was organized with a capital of one million dollars, and acquired the business and properties of Rockefeller, Andrews and Flagler. This company was no insignificant concern—its refineries were not only the largest in Cleveland but in the entire country, and its business embraced fully ten per cent of the entire petroleum industry of the United States. The new corporation attracted at once large capitalists who had confidence in the organizers, and the venture was launched with not only ample funds, but practically an unlimited credit.

A strong financial position gave the new corporation an advantage in the general struggle for existence which was being encountered by every refinery in the United States. Refineries had been built without rhyme or reason; it was apparent that the law of the "survival of the fittest" must prevail, and the purchase by the Standard Oil Company in 1871 and 1872 of various properties was the natural and inevitable result of the prevalent condition. The refineries acquired by the Standard Oil Company were utilized to every advantage possible. The best were kept in operation, being connected by pipe lines with the other Standard refineries, and it was discovered that control of the various plants under one management would result in greatly reduced expense. Here was the beginning of the Standard's remarkable era of large volume and small profits.

In the purchase of the various refineries the Standard imposed no restrictive covenants which would prevent the owners from again entering the business, hence there was no apparent desire to possess an exclusive control of the industry.

With the new refineries and a consequent increase in production, the Standard found that a market for the output was lacking. The only available channel was foreign trade, but before anything could be accomplished it was necessary to add to the shipping facilities at the seaboard and to acquire new markets abroad. The Long Island Oil Company, with a refinery, warehouses and extensive dock property at Long Island, was purchased late in 1872. In 1873 the Standard purchased a controlling interest in the Devoe Manufacturing Company, another Long Island refinery company with some trade established in Europe and the Orient. This marked the commencement of the great export trade which has since been acquired by the Standard.

LOADING CASES INTO BULLOCK CART IN FRONT OF WAREHOUSE AT KALIMAS, WEST SOERABAJA, JAVA

From 1875 to 1881, Standard Oil interests bought a considerable number of refineries engaged in the manufacture of illuminating oil. With but few exceptions these purchases were paid for in cash. During this period the Standard acquired a number of pipe line properties and various plants which manufactured lubricating oils.

In 1882 the Trust Agreement was devised as a simple and effective means of holding and administering the common properties and of furnishing the common owners with marketable tokens of their respective interests. These interests were varied in nature, the properties widespread, located in many different states, the laws of which were in some cases restrictive as to the rights of corporations, and the

VACUUM OIL COMPANY'S TANK AT OPORTO, SPAIN

trusteeship was formulated as a simple method of providing an administrative supervision. The total amount of trust certificates issued in 1882 by the trustees was seven hundred thousand shares of seventy million dollars par value, which was the total appraised value of all the stocks and properties transferred to the trustees. Under this organization the Standard was conducted until 1892, when the liquidation of the trust was begun. In 1899 the present holding company came into existence.

To ensure an adequate and constant supply of crude oil for the refineries it early became indispensable for the Standard Oil interests to own pipe lines. In 1873 they proceeded to acquire pipe line properties, partly by purchase and partly by construction. By 1877 about seven hundred miles of pipe lines were under the control of the Standard, all in the state of Pennsylvania.

The acquisition of these properties has often been criticised and declared to have been an attempt to control production, but in the last analysis there would seem to have been no existing reason why the Standard interests should not purchase these lines in order to ensure their own supply of crude oil, which was liable to fail at any time on account of the diverse interests involved in such a multifarious ownership, or because of incompetent management. Most of the owners lacked capital to keep pace with the development of the oil fields, and unless the pipe lines were extended promptly to take care of the production of newly opened wells, much oil would go to waste to the great

FORWARDING STATION AT STETTIN, GERMANY

loss of the producers and a corresponding loss to the refiners.

The acquisition and construction of pipe lines by the Standard Oil interests in Pennsylvania during the late seventies and early eighties required rare foresight and large capital. The company was compelled to reach out in every direction and by the acquisition and construction of refineries both for illuminating and lubricating oil, also the extension of their marketing and expert facilities, to carry their products in all markets of the world.

The Standard began the production of crude oil in 1889, and in 1898 its percentage of the total production amounted to thirty-three per cent. From that date its percentage was continually reduced, and by 1906 had declined to about eleven per cent. Among those controlling productions are several of the Standard's most important competitors in refining the crude as the Gulf Refining Company, The Texas Company, The Pure Oil Company and the Crew-Levick Company.

Since the beginning of the business there have always been refiners of oil competing with the Standard. The greatest development and growth in competition, however, have occurred in more recent years, and especially since 1898. There are ten large refineries which were erected by competitors prior to 1890 that have been operated continuously down to the present day. By 1895 this number had grown to thirty-eight, and in 1906 there were in actual operation 123 independent refineries. The illuminating oil refined and sold in the United States by competitors of the Standard increased from 1,015,463 barrels in 1899 to 1,752,433 barrels in 1906—a gain of 736,970 barrels or 72.6 per cent, while the total domestic sales by the Standard increased only 6.5 per cent during the same period.

LOADING A LIGHTER ON THE RIVER, KALIMAS, JAVA. THE WAREHOUSES OPPOSITE ARE SUGAR GODOWNS

A still greater increase appears in the exports of illuminating oil refined by competitors. These increased from 1,371,783 barrels in 1900 to 2,406,518 barrels in 1906, or about one hundred per cent, while the Standard's proportion of the export trade declined from 90.8 per cent to 86.3 per cent during the same period.

Most of the stronger competitors have established as adjuncts to their refineries a system of pipe lines leading from the Atlantic Seaboard or the Gulf to one or more of the interior oil fields where they connect with systems of gathering lines. The Gulf Refining Company, The Texas Company and the Pure Oil Company are concerns operating in this manner. Thus it will be seen that the Standard possesses in no sense a monopoly of the oil industry of this country.

There has been a persistent effort to inform the people that the Standard is a lawbreaker and that its methods are incompatible with the welfare of the people. Had there been as substantial an effort to give the people all the facts, there might be less sympathy aroused today by the muckrakers who find misguided support in attacking such institutions as are "big enough to stand it." Truth, however, offers no apologies; it seeks no defense and demands no favors; it simply asks a hearing.

An effort to define the limits from which hostile criticism of the Standard Oil Company has come would be only another method of attempting to set boundaries to the tides. The government, in its action against the company, set up the claim that continually since its original organization has the Standard Oil Company been an offender, and three distinct periods are mentioned. The first period began with the organization of the Standard Oil Company of Ohio in 1870 and continued to 1882. It is asserted that during the years 1871–72–73 all but three or four of the competing refineries in Cleveland were forced to sell because the rebates and preferential rates which the Standard obtained from the railroad companies made it impossible for them to compete.

LOADING BULLOCK CART WITH OIL IN FRONT OF GODOWN AT MACASSAR, CELEBES

The second period began with the formation of the so-called Standard Oil Trust in 1882, and continued until 1899. It is charged that from time to time during this period other properties, belonging to concerns engaged in various branches of the oil business in competition with the Standard, were acquired, and their property on stocks transferred to corporations owned or controlled by the trustees, and that between the years 1888 and 1892 all the various interests represented were by transfers of property and stocks vested in twenty companies. It is further claimed that notwithstanding the dissolution of

TANK STEAMER "IROQUOIS"

the trust in 1892, following a decision of the case in the Supreme Court of Ohio, the liquidating trustees continued to manage the affairs of the separate corporations in the same manner as provided under the original trust agreement down to the formation of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey in 1899.

The third period began in 1899 with the organization of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, a holding company, and continues to the present time.

In January, 1899, the charter of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey was amended, and its capital increased from $10,000,000 to $110,000,000, of which the outstanding $10,000,000 were declared to be preferred stock, and the remaining $100,000,000 common stock. Of the shares of common stock, $97,250,000 were then issued in exchange for the shares of the companies and limited partnerships which had been held by the trustees of the trust. The 1899 organization and those which preceded it are characterized as institutions formed to restrain or monopolize the oil trade.

It is undoubtedly true that during the first period of the Standard's career it received allowance or concessions on freight charges from the railroads, but it is manifestly unfair to judge past performances by present condition, and whatever was done should be considered in relation to the standards, conditions and laws of those days. It was a time of intense struggle between the trunk lines for every kind of traffic, with alternating short periods of agreed rates and poolings. The schedule rates were merely nominal, and railroad transportation was bought and sold like any other commodity, the question

FORWARDING STATION AT STETTIN, GERMANY

PETROLEUM PLANT AT ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND

of rates being a matter of agreement between the railroad and the shipper. One of the prime factors in successful business at that time was favorable contracts with the railroads; without this asset no one could possibly expect to succeed. Naturally the shipper who furnished a large and steady volume of traffic asked and obtained lower freight rates than were given his smaller competitors, and while the Standard Oil Company lost no cards in such a shuffle, there is record of the fact that other refiners received substantial concessions on freight rates, some of them quite as large as any obtained by the Standard.

There is an entire lack of any evidence that the purchase of any refineries or the abandonment of business by any competitor was due to any special advantage in railroad rates enjoyed by the Standard. Those refiners who went out of business did so because of a realization that their properties, being of the early primitive class, were not fitted to compete against the newer and better class of construction that modern ingenuity had created.

The particular offense with which the Standard Oil Company is charged is that, its organization being a holding company under the laws of New Jersey, that fact constitutes it a trust and that it is therefore in violation of the Sherman Act of 1890. If the Standard Oil Company alone offended against the Sherman Act, as many assume, it might with propriety be held up to public scorn and indignation; but a careful compilation has disclosed the fact that in the United States there are at least 1,198 corporations similarly organized, em-

BENZINE FACTORY AND FORWARDING STATION AT DÜSSELDORF bracing a large percentage of the great business interests of the country.

Section 1 of the Act provides that:

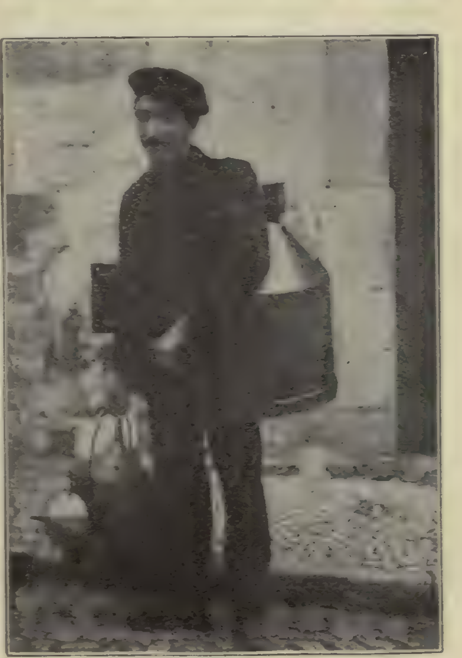
> "Every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states or with foreign nations, is hereby declared to be illegal. Every person who shall make any such contract or engage in any such combination or conspiracy, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be punished by fine not exceeding five thousand dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both said punishments, in the discretion of the court."

The Sherman Act has been on the statute books for twenty years and has been constantly violated in every state of the Union. It has been held in abeyance by every administration since its passage, apparently because of a full realization that its application would be drastic; it could only be put in force at a tremendous cost to commercial interests, while a panic such as the country has never seen would be an inevitable result.

There have been prosecutions under the act, and verdicts in favor of the government secured, but the fact still remains that the dangerous consequences of any effort to punish all who violate its provisions are well known to the commercial interests of the country. Under the Sherman Act every corporation which combines two or more possible competitors in trade that extends beyond the borders of a single state is subject to all the penalties of the law. What corporation of any importance endeavors to confine its business to its own state? From the United States Steel corporation with its $950,000,000 of capitalization and its eighty-nine subsidiaries down to the small concern with ten thousand dollars capital—1,198 in all—every one seeks trade not only in its own state, but wherever business may be profitably obtained, and in doing so it places itself in prima facie defiance and under the ban of the Sherman Act.

In the 1,198 holding companies, representing a capitalization of $10,612,372,489, there are 8,110 component parts, and it is of more than passing interest to inquire what would happen if these various holding companies were to be divided into their component parts. What a ban would be placed on American progress, what a demoralization of markets, what a turmoil of credits, and finally, what an effect upon thousands of innocent stockholders in every part of the United States!

There has never been any wholesale attempt to enforce the law. Random suits at the call of prejudice or to advance political ambition have been instituted, but the general policy of each successive administration has been to ignore quietly the violations of the act. The Attorney-General of the United States and the several district attorneys have witnessed the violations time and again without raising a voice of disapproval, and even the last administration, which characterized itself by its attack upon corporations, declared that an attempt to enforce the Sherman Act would bring widespread financial disturbance and ruin to many. The present administration has signified its intention to await the decision of the Supreme Court in the cases now pending, but has declared that general prosecution will follow if the present cases are decided in favor of the government.



AN OIL PEDDLER IN PORTUGAL

The Roosevelt administration in several messages urged the repeal of the Sherman

Act, but nothing was done. A suggestion of the present administration that a Federal Incorporation Act would remedy the evil has not met with general acceptance. It is shown that any act which would still leave the corporations exposed to the dangerous Sherman Act would be of doubtful value. Hence, it is urged that the first step should be to repeal the law. It is almost inconceivable that over a thousand corporations have for years been carrying on trade in the various states in open violation of the Sherman Act without any concerted effort on their part to bring about its repeal. What a host of stockholders are interested in these various properties, and in what a dangerous position are their interests!

The Standard Oil Company is at the present time before the court on the sole issue of whether it is right or wrong to be a holding company. It contends that for thirty years it has practically been a unit of the same people and interests, and that all or nearly all the subsidiary companies have been of its own creation and necessary to the extension of its interests in the various states. In this sense the Standard is not unlike a thousand other corporations except in magnitude. The principle of organization is the same, and if the law is generally applied, the entire "holding" corporation structure of the United States must shiver into fragments.

The modern corporation is of such magnitude, its functions are of so gigantic a nature, it is so new in American commerce and its possibilities are so startling that in an attempt to regulate it, legislative blunders are inevitable. The corporation has grown in proportion much faster than the men who have assumed the responsibility of regulating it have grown in commercial intelligence, and hence we find much confused legislation, and a great Babel of tongues. The corporation is far in advance of the politician, and nothing but a general campaign of education will place the general public in possession of the true facts.

The corporation in business is no modern institution. The Romans formed ecclesiastical corporations, and the idea was carried to England, where the instrument which created the corporation was originally granted by the King. Later it was granted by Acts of Parliament—a separate act for each charter. In America the state constitutions require that in all possible cases the legislative body pass general acts whereby, by simply filing a prescribed instrument, persons may form a corporation without applying to the legislature for permission. The state creates the corporation, which possesses powers only such as the state permits.

BULK PLANT FOR REFINED OIL AT VENICE, ITALY

The Dutch East India Company, organized in 1602, was the first great joint stock company whose shares were bought and sold. The first record of a corporation in America was in Colonial times, when the Colony of Connecticut in 1731 chartered "The London Society for Trade and Commerce." In 1795 "The Connecticut Land Company" was organized, and dissolved in 1809.

The formation of corporations was not popular until the middle of the Nineteenth Century; in fact, but few were organized until fifty years ago. The modern corporation having stock and stockholders came into general prominence since the days of Blackstone and Kent, and can only be governed by modern laws. Today the corporation is an absolutely necessary form of business organization, and its use is constantly increasing and extending. There are but two forms of business combinations available for the conduct of a commercial enterprise, namely, partnership and a corporation. The one is easily entered into and as easily dissolved; the other is formal and permanent. The corporation is a part of evolution and progress; it is the commercial force of the age, and facilitates the transaction of great enterprises; today its functions embrace all of the business world. Society has developed far beyond the bounds where its needs can be satisfied by individual exertions.

It is generally conceded that corporations, like individuals, should be regulated. The laws of too many states permit the formation of corporations with practically no legal supervision and without any regard for consequences. It is because thousands have been induced to invest money in the stocks of such worthless concerns that the general prejudice against the corporation prevails, and a general tirade against the Standard Oil Company or some other big corporation finds willing listeners notwithstanding the acknowledged benefits which are possible only through such combinations of capital.

The men who control the Standard Oil Company are human beings, and it is perhaps not strange that in the fierce heat of competition their powerful organization has handicapped weaker competitors. The magnitude of its business, however, does not constitute a monopoly, nor its effort at magnitude an attempt to monopolize. Success and magnitude of the Standard Oil Corporation are not evils which threaten the public welfare. The real evils are the political efforts to destroy the fabric upon which the prosperity of the country is based.

The Standard Oil Company, it must be admitted, has achieved wonderful success, yet it has made glaring errors. Its policy of silence maintained for so many years when its methods were being severely criticized in legislative halls and by editorial writers cannot but be regarded as a most unfortunate mistake. Its capitalization, which represents less than one-fifth of its assets, is, in the minds of many financiers, open to serious criticism for the reason that the dividends paid seem abnormally high, and invite the complaint that the company is making outrageous profits.

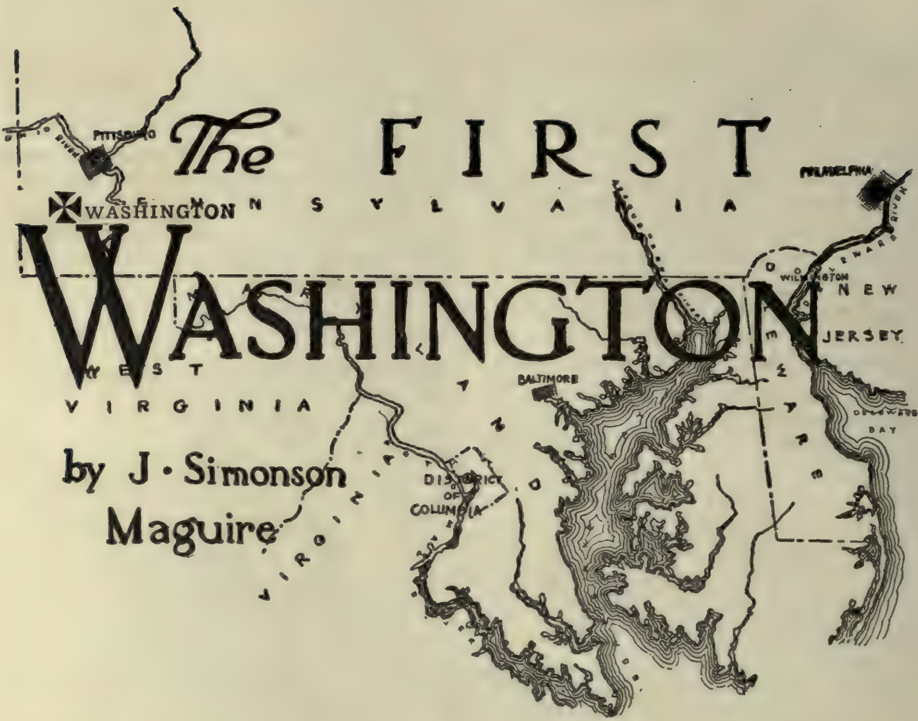
The capitalization of the Standard Oil Company is $110,000,000; on this capitalization it pays dividends of forty per cent, which seem excessive. Its assets, however, are in the neighborhood of six hundred million dollars, and if the company's capitalization had been equal to its assets, the dividends paid would be simply normal, and no criticism or complaint could have arisen.

It is customary to think of the Standard Oil Company as the property of a few men, and this erroneous opinion has been held by officials of the government. The stock of the Standard Oil Company is held by six thousand shareholders. The business has been built up, it is true, by a few of the pioneers in the oil industry, and its present magnitude must be regarded as an evidence of their rare skill and ability. If they have sought to obtain as much of the world's trade as they could, they have done only what every successful merchant has done and must do to achieve success.

Truly the Turbulent Romance of Oil is a story of serious importance to every householder and business man, for linked with the struggle to supply the markets of the world with an invaluable product, is the greater and more vital question of corporation rights, reaching to the very heart of modern business.

The FIRST WASHINGTON

by J. Simonson Maguire



THE naming of towns and streets in honor of men who have been prominent in public life is typically an American custom. Born amid the expiring guns of the Revolution, Washington, Pennsylvania, was the first town to be named in honor of the chief actor in that heroic struggle for freedom. Not even the National Capital itself can claim this distinction, for it was founded some years after Washington, Pennsylvania. No less than twenty-nine states now have their Washington and a dozen others have Washington in combination with some other word or words, but all must give first place to the thriving city in the fertile lands of the Great Horseshoe Belt of Pennsylvania.

Following the close of the Revolutionary War, the first wave of immigration passed over the Alleghany Mountains and spread over the valley country between the Monongahela and the Ohio rivers. It was not an unknown section, for reports of its wonderful fertility had come back from surveyors and the hardy pioneers. George Washington himself as a young man traversed this section on his surveying expeditions and at the time of the Braddock campaign. The rush of homesteaders to the new section following the acquirement of these rich lands from the Indians was the first land stampede in the history of the country. George Washington was among those who took a large tract of land at the time of this boom. Although on a much smaller scale than the scenes enacted when Oklahoma and other Western lands were later opened for settlement, the land boom in southwestern Pennsylvania was full of stirring excitement as the settlers made their resistless advance. The central point of this new section was Washington, Pennsylvania, founded in 1781.

President Washington was not allowed to forget the town that was named for him, for in 1794, just after he had successfully put the affairs of state in order, the memorable Whiskey Riots of western Pennsylvania broke out, and the hot-bed and nest of the plotters was at Washington, Pennsylvania. The Bradford House, in which lived David Bradford, the ringleader of the rioters, is still standing.

For many years Washington, Pennsylvania, held its prestige as the largest and most important town in the "New

IN THE RESIDENTIAL SECTION

West." The great surveying parties for the Northwest Territory made Washington their winter headquarters, where they spent their time making maps of the great western area for the information of the world.

Among the first purchasers of lots in the town was Robert Fulton, the steamboat inventor. Before the advent of railroads Washington was an important stage town and was visited frequently by notables of their times. Henry Clay stopped here often, and Lafayette halted here on his second visit to America. Louis Philippe and a band of French refugees stayed for some time in Washington during their exile in America. General Grant also visited friends here frequently, after the Civil War.

Washington was a point on the famous "underground railway," and many slaves were passed through secretly on the way to Canada in the stormy days preceding the Civil War. In this town is the former home of Captain Philo Norton McGiffin, who attained celebrity in the war between China and Japan by his bravery and skill as a commander in the Chinese Fleet at the battle of Yalu.

The town was the early home of James G. Blaine, of T. M. T. McKennan, at one time Secretary of the Interior under Fillmore, and also of Dr. F. J. LeMoyne, at one time a candidate for Vice-President on the Abolition ticket, and a noted Abolitionist of his day. Dr. LeMoyne also inaugurated cremation in the United States and built the first crematory in this country in which on December 10, 1876, the first public cremation on this side of the Atlantic took place. The event caused a widespread sensation, and was witnessed by spectators from distant points. The LeMoyne crematory still stands.

* * *

As a center of influence and education Washington has been widely known throughout the country. As early as 1781 the educational movement which resulted in the origin of Washington and Jefferson College was inaugurated. Strange as it may seem in this day and age, the demand for schooling and education of an advanced character was for the purpose of furnishing ministers of the Gospel rather than men of business or other professions. Three separate schools were founded by three Scotch Presbyterian ministers. These schools were modest log cabins, built near the homes of the ministers. They were not rival institutions of learning in any sense of the word, for the students went cheerfully from one to the other to relieve the ministers of the continuous burden of teaching them in conjunction with their daily tasks incident to parish work.

Later a Baptist minister and an associate minister joined these pioneers in the founding of an academy at Washington, for which they obtained a charter from the state in 1787. The library of the institution was begun with a gift of fifty pounds from Benjamin Franklin, and the academy was housed in the upper rooms of the old court house, where it was later burned out and suspended. But a college education was not to be denied this thriving community, and the Jefferson Academy was

WASHINGTON (Pa.) FEMALE SEMINARY

organized at Canonsburg, seven miles distant. The successful opening of this new academy resulted in the reopening of the Washington Academy, and soon the friends and patrons of higher education became divided in the support of the two institutions. The wisdom of uniting these two colleges was early conceded, and after repeated efforts of one kind and another covering a period of sixty years, the union was brought about under the name of the Washington and Jefferson College, located at Washington.

During its memorable career this college has graduated four Cabinet Ministers of the United States, eleven United States Senators, twenty-six moderators of the General Assembly, Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., ten Governors of States, eighty-two United States Congressmen, eighty-one Presidents of colleges and universities, one hundred and forty Judges, which, with other professions not mentioned, total 4,615 graduates. Thirty-one of the alumni have occupied the highest office attainable in the Presbyterian Church, Moderator of the General Assembly; two other alumni have been called by the Protestant Episcopal Church to be bishops, one in Chicago and the present occupant of that office in New York. It has productive funds amounting to $630,000 and real estate valued at over $400,000 and stands well up in the list of successful colleges of the country. The Washington and Jefferson Academy, a preparatory school for boys, is located on the grounds adjoining the college.

At the time when higher education for women was still a debated question, a group of enterprising citizens in Washington, feeling that their daughters should receive educational advantages as well as their sons, organized an association to provide for a permanent school known as the Washington Seminary. Among these pioneers in the cause of higher education for women were F. Julius LeMoyne and Alexander Reed. So enthusiastic were these gentlemen that the Seminary was opened in 1836 before a new building could be erected, and it was not until a year later that the first seminary building was completed. The first principal was Mrs. Francis Biddle of Philadelphia, who remained in charge until 1840. Then for thirty-four years the Seminary was under the able management of Miss Sarah Foster (Mrs. Hanna) a pupil of the distinguished Mrs. Emma Willard. The scholarship and personal qualities of Mrs. Hanna set a standard that has been maintained throughout the long administration of her successor, Miss Nancy Sherrard, and short but not less successful terms of later principals.

MAIN STREET DURING A CELEBRATION

From its opening Washington Seminary has grown slowly, but steadily, both in members and in character and range of

ORIGINAL WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON COLLEGE

opportunities afforded. It is one of the few schools in which the Bible is scientifically taught from a literary standpoint. Its certificate admits to the leading women's colleges of the country. In addition to the College preparatory course and regular course there are also studies in music, art and elocution. The proximity of the Seminary to Pittsburg with its famous resident orchestra, musical advantages and art exhibits, affords the opportunity of hearing the great symphonies and soloists, and seeing the work of the great artists. Washington Seminary numbers her almunæ by the thousands. Among those who have devoted themselves to literary pursuits perhaps the best known is Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis of the class of 1848.

* * *

Washington is located on the headwaters of the Chartiers Creek, twenty-five miles southwest of Pittsburg and thirty miles northeast of Wheeling, West Virginia. The town is composed of two separate boroughs, Washington and East Washington, with an aggregate population of twenty-five thousand. The main line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad passes through Washington and it is also the terminus of a branch of the Pennsylvania system. The Washington and Waynesburg Railroad connects Washington with Waynesburg thirty miles to the south.

The borough was incorporated in 1810, just one hundred years ago, and its limits have been extended from time to time until today it has over thirty-four miles of paved streets and a built-up residence section of beautiful homes. The Washington County Court House is one of the finest rural court houses in the state, having cost over one million dollars. A Federal Building, two hospitals, a Y. M. C. A. building, a modern high school, and eight public school buildings form a part of the public buildings of the town.

The strength and stability of the financial institutions of Washington have been responsible in a large degree for the substantial upbuilding of the community. They have been able through periods of panic and distress as well as during the more prosperous times to afford accommodations to growing industries and capital for investment. The result is that Washington has never gone backward through the failure of financial enterprises, nor been handicapped through the failure of the banks to furnish money for legitimate and proper investments. Washington has two National Banks and three Trust Companies, all of which are directed by the business men of the city. The First National is the oldest, having been established as a state bank since 1836. The Citizens' National Bank was organized during the period of oil excitement in the county and has had a most phenomenal growth. It ranks first in the county and is seventh in the state in its ratio of capital to surplus. The Trust Companies were organized in the years 1901 and 1902, two of them being the out-

WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON COLLEGE

THE NEW $1,000,000 COURT HOUSE

growth of other banks and savings institutions.

The combined capital of the banks December 31, 1909, was $1,550,000. The surplus and profits account amounted to $2,235,074.64, and the total deposits were $8,610,981.24. Loans and investments totaled over ten and a half million, and the total resources were in excess of thirteen millions of dollars. The banks of Washington have paid out since organization almost two millions of dollars in dividends, and the total earnings of the banks in the aggregate for 1909 were over fourteen per cent. The financial enterprises have made phenomenal increases and show most conclusively that Washington is making advances. Since 1901, the period of highest prosperity in Washington for the preceding twenty-five years, the capital of the banks increased more than three hundred per cent, while the deposits increased fully one hundred per cent. In 1894, all the banks had deposits of $1,400,000. Today they amount to over nine millions, which is really a remarkable growth.

Since the oil days of the early eighties Washington has become a center of industrial activity and has located many thriving industries of steel and many other kinds of manufacturing. It is advantageously located, with the same freight rates as Pittsburg and Wheeling and enjoys reciprocal switching arrangements over a connecting railroad between the Baltimore & Ohio and the Pennsylvania lines. It enjoys a splendid water supply which is practically free from scale. Located in the center of the fuel district, Washington is destined to become in the near future the most important city of the bituminous coal fields remaining in Pennsylvania. It enjoys a low gas rate as well as having easy access to the virgin coal fields. It is equidistant from the Great Lakes at Erie and the Atlantic seaboard at Baltimore. The factories now in operation consume over five hundred tons of coal per day, giving employment to 3,500 men. During the past year Washington factories shipped from the town 130,520 tons and received 143,657 tons, and each year shows a substantial increase. The annual payroll amounts to $2,500,000. Among the more important of its manufactured products are charcoal iron tubes for boilers, glass table ware, wire glass, figured glass, clay pots, boilers, engines, paraffine, refined oil, tin plate and brick. Its building operations have been extensive, the number of residence and business structures having doubled within the past ten years.

Washington people are not unappreciative of their remarkable city. Their enthusiasm is contagious. The entire borough of Washington will give vent to this enthusiasm by an elaborate centennial during the week of October 2 to 8 in celebration of its one hundredth anniversary. Each day of the week is to be given over to a special program in charge of selected committees. Parades of the military, lodge and civic organizations, a G. A. R. camp-fire, band concerts and a barbecue will be features of the week, and exhibitions by a Wright aeroplane will be one of the great attractions for each day. Ample list of awards for prize exhibits of agricultural supremacy will give the occasion all the picturesqueness of a great fair, and the display of historical relics will be interesting and highly instructive. With such a program in which no part of the subtle entertainer's charm has been overlooked, Washington will be the mecca of thousands of people who will take this opportunity of a home-coming.

Through the efforts of a Centennial Committee a wide and broad publicity has been given to Washington, that will bring its sterling advantages as a manufacturing and residential city to the favorable attention of the people throughout the country. An active and energetic Board of Trade, recently organized, will carry on the work so ably started by the Centennial Association, and Washington—the first Washington of the land—will share anew in the prosperity of the future in even greater measure than in the past.

BRADFORD HOUSE (1910)
The Site of the Historic "Whiskey Rebellion"

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

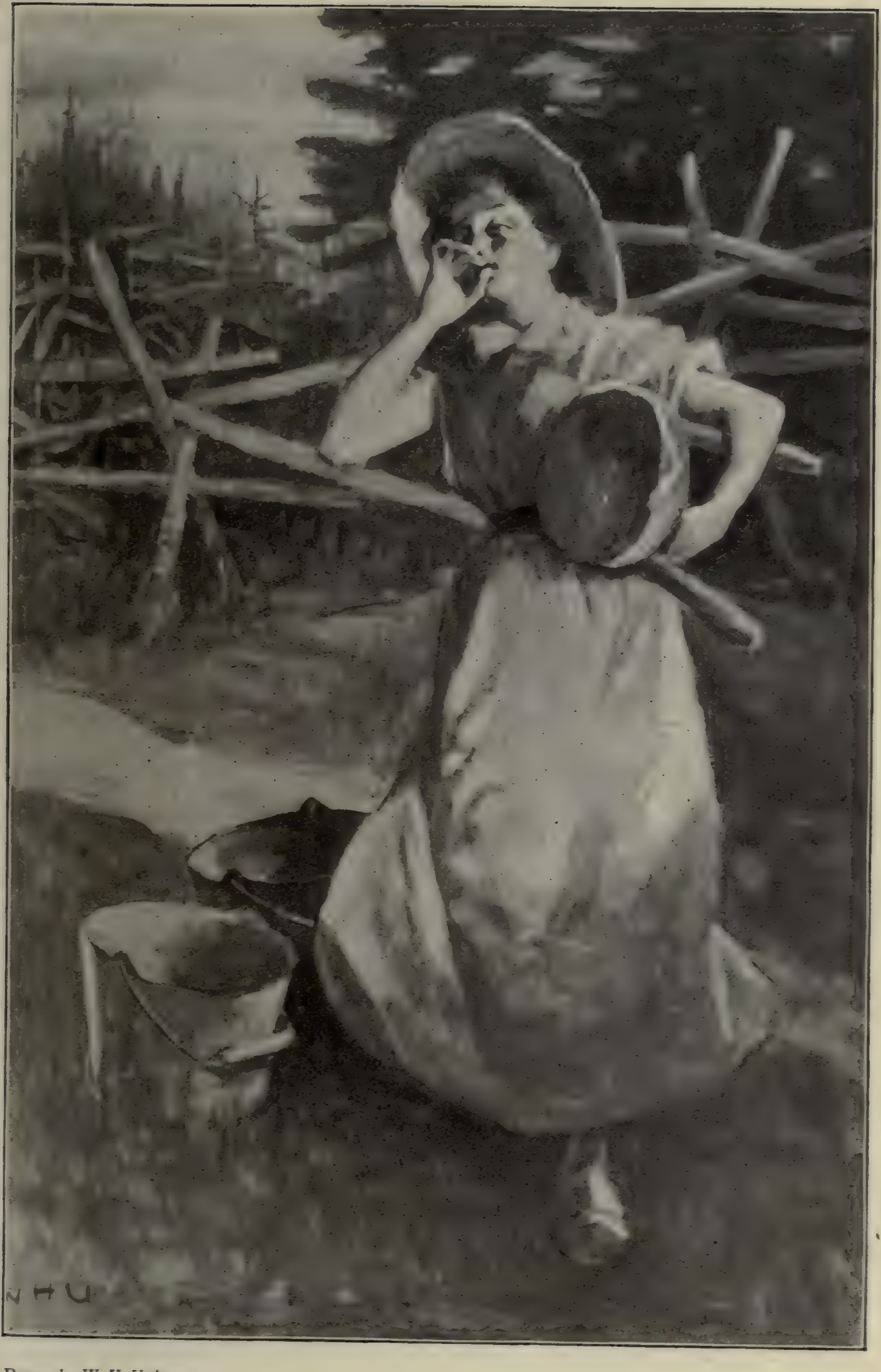
THE success of flying machines today is conditioned only upon unfailing power. The principle of flying through the air has been thoroughly and satisfactorily demonstrated, but the uncertainty of the length of the flight is still a perplexing problem. The great aviators at first pinned their hopes on the belief that some day a more perfect engine would be devised, only to learn by the experience of Charles K. Hamilton in his flight from New York to Philadelphia and return, that it isn't the engine but the oil used for lubricating that causes most of the trouble. Aviators and autoists alike are learning to give more consideration and study to the kind and quality of the oil used in order to obtain reliable results from their engines. Charles K. Hamilton in explanation of his breakdown on his trip back from Philadelphia writes the Vacuum Oil Company of New York as follows:—"I wish to let you know that the oil which befouled my spark plugs was not your oil. I used MOBILOIL going to Philadelphia and had no trouble. Owing to misunderstanding I was supplied there with some other oil, which caused the trouble resulting in my descent. Had I used MOBILOIL on my return flight, I should, undoubtedly, have made the trip home without a stop."

This incident calls to mind the old saying by Benjamin Franklin in Poor Richard's Almanac: "For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of the shoe the horse was lost, for want of the horse the rider was lost; all for the want of a horse-shoe nail." With suitable changes it could be applied to the aeroplane of today. For want of the right oil Hamilton landed in a swamp and broke his machine.

* * *

FOR over thirty years Walker Lithograph and Publishing Company of Boston have made a specialty of the production of maps, which are carefully revised several times during the year as changes occur in the localities depicted. It is almost startling to realize that a city like Boston is practically rebuilt every ten years, with the exception of those historic and cherished shrines of early colonial days, which make Boston unique among American cities. The business and residential parts of almost all American cities are constantly growing and developing, and undergo such transformations as render them almost unrecognizable even in a single decade, which makes constant revision of maps essential. Because of their correctness the Walker maps have been selected to be sold as the official maps at the Information Bureau of the National Education Association, and are very popular with tourists and all desiring perfectly accurate local maps.

Our frontispiece for the August issue is taken from one of the Walker Lithograph and Publishing Company's plates, and is most comprehensive, being revised almost to the minute of publication. It proved to be very useful to the teachers and other visitors to Boston, and aided them greatly in seeing the city without loss of time or inconvenience "hunting up information."



Drawn by W. H. Upham

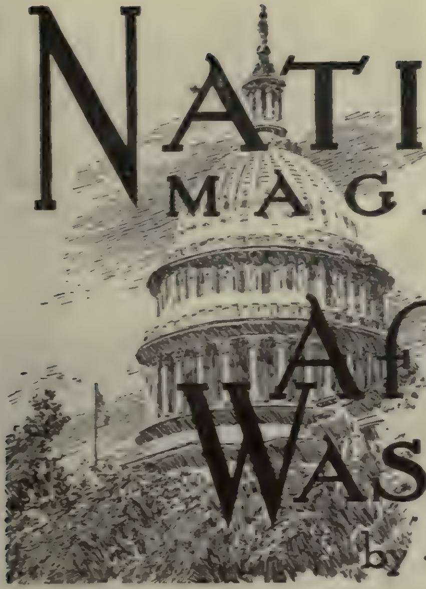
"THE MILK MAID'S CALL" ON THE OLD FARM

"A close stifling atmosphere seemed to surround me."

[See "The Great Coup." page 755.]

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1910



Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHILE the autumnal glow of October is transforming the parks and woodlands around Washington, there materializes a lively interest in the crop reports of the Agricultural Bureau and the results, past and prospective, of the congressional elections. Speculation is rife as to the ultimate complexion of the next House of Representatives, which will have an important bearing upon the presidential election of 1912.

Scouts from the outlying districts drop in at Washington one by one and relate their experiences and the exciting episodes of the contests in the insurgent districts where there is rebellion against the Republican leaders. The gray-haired Democrats of the Old Guard chuckle over revived hopes in once solid districts where the insurgence of Republican forces makes possible the addition to the roll-call of a new congressman's name marked with a "D," instead of the inevitable "R."

An unique congressional campaign is this,—for party lines have been somewhat hazy, and the issue of 1910 has been between the Insurgent and Regular Democrat and the Insurgent and Regular Republican, but Democratic cohorts, having had little expectation of the plums of public office, have not been so expectant or excited in years as right now.

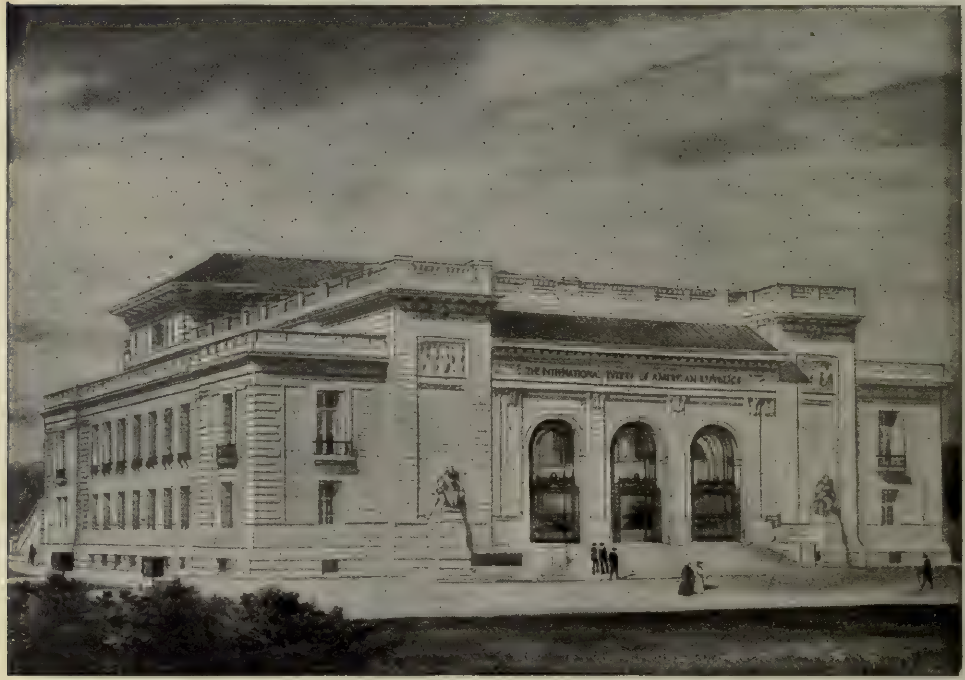
Nearly all the members of the Cabinet, heads of departments and members of Congress have been away from Washington, but the government machinery has been grinding steadily on. It may have been very dull, but never uninteresting, for the day was never so hot during the summer but that some distinguished person set foot in the Capital city.

* * *

CHOSEN by the Kaiser to improve German census methods, Dr. R. van der Borght, president of the Imperial Statistical Bureau of Germany, accompanied by Dr. C. Meisenger and a staff of officials, was in Washington to make a study of the American Census Bureau. Americans with whom he talked at the New Willard seemed a little more chesty than usual when he declared that the American method of conducting the Census is better than the German. The tabulating and sorting machines which reduce human effort to the minimum, furnishing absolutely correct and reliable results, were of especial interest to him.

"Your American census work," he said, "is carried on much more economically than our own, all due to Yankee ingenuity in making a machine that can supplant the human being. Your American census work may be regarded as a model, though this Census Building—ach Gott!" he cried, forgetting his English.

"We begin taking the German census in September of this year, but it includes only population. We do not take account of property and other details now, but in another five years a property census is taken, followed in five years by a census of some other branch; in this way our work is subdivided more than yours."



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS
Given by Andrew Carnegie and recently completed at Washington

The Doctor couldn't resist the impulse to pay tribute to the popularity of Americans in Germany, and relate incidents of the enthusiastic reception accorded President Roosevelt in Berlin. The similarity between the Kaiser and the ex-President is deeply impressed upon the German people, and the Doctor's glowing tribute to His Majesty the Emperor was uttered with true Teutonic fervor.

ON the same day, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Patel of Bombay, East India, were in Washington. They wore the native costume, and Mrs. Patel's thick dark hair, which was wound about her head in coils, was the envy of many of the Washington tourist ladies. The Patels belong to the Parsees, the most reticent of all Eastern peoples in matters of religion. Mr. Patel talked interestingly on the religion of the Parsees, which most people mistake for fire-worship. The basis of the belief, however, is not so very different from that of the Christian—"good thoughts, good words and good deeds."

Gallant reference was made by Mr. Patel to the intelligence of the Parsee women, many of whom study medicine and take responsible positions as house doctors. Most of them are well educated, and enjoy a variety of outdoor sports. Some of them have lost their standing as good Parsees, Mr. Patel said, by marriage with Europeans, which prevents their burial in the Parsee "tower of silence." No Parsee is buried either in the earth, the water or by cremation; his corpse is carried to the "tower of silence" where the birds of the air destroy all but the skeleton.

Now do you wonder why Washington is never dull when in the streets and hotel corridors people from all parts of the world are constantly coming and going? Indeed, what would a visit to America be without a stay in Washington?

RUMBLES of revolution among the Latin republics are clearly discernible; and the Nicaragua opera bouffé struggle made a slight ruffle on the placid sea of international relations.

In the Nicaragua embroglio a cablegram from an American vice-consul came near complicating matters. The dispatch indicated that the American government was hostile to Norway, and was aiding Estrada in his fight in Nicaragua by refusing to recognize the Madriz forces, but this was happily disproven before guns were drawn. Madriz representatives came to Washington offering to withdraw their man if Estrada would quit and have a regular quiet insurgent election as conducted in the United States.

The conditions in Cuba were discussed by Roque E. Garrigo, a member of the Havana bar, who insisted that had McKinley lived, Cuba would still have been under the Stars and Stripes. In common with other Cubans, he believes that freedom was given to his country before the people were prepared for it, and that the new government is honeycombed with graft. He declared that President Gomez is helpless to correct matters, and curiously enough for a lawyer, made the statement that if Cuba had less laws and less legislation, there would be peace. There is something wrong with the Cuban constitution, Mr. Garrigo thinks; it should be revised to make the cabinet responsible to the legislature for the management of affairs, not the President. He believes that all the attacks on Gomez are unwarranted, and that the abolishment of a good many of the present laws would establish better relations and business. Crops are good in Cuba, and an era of prosperity predicted is an indication of better feeling toward Americans—when more profitable trade relations exist.

GRA
THE
LEGION

RED CROSS CADETS
Ready for business at Washington, D. C.

THE discussion prior to the appointment of a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court recalls incidents concerning this now all important position. The first Chief Justice, John Jay—appointed in 1789, when forty-four years of age, by President Washington—was the youngest man who ever occupied this exalted place. He retired when John Adams became President, and later refused re-appointment. John Marshall was offered an associate justiceship by President Adams two years before he was appointed Chief Justice; in those days it was considered more important to be chief justice of a state than of the Supreme Court. The position is one that calls for the most confining brainwork, and one of the Justices, Rutledge of South Carolina, lost his mind after one term.

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MRS. FRED DENNETT

Wife of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington

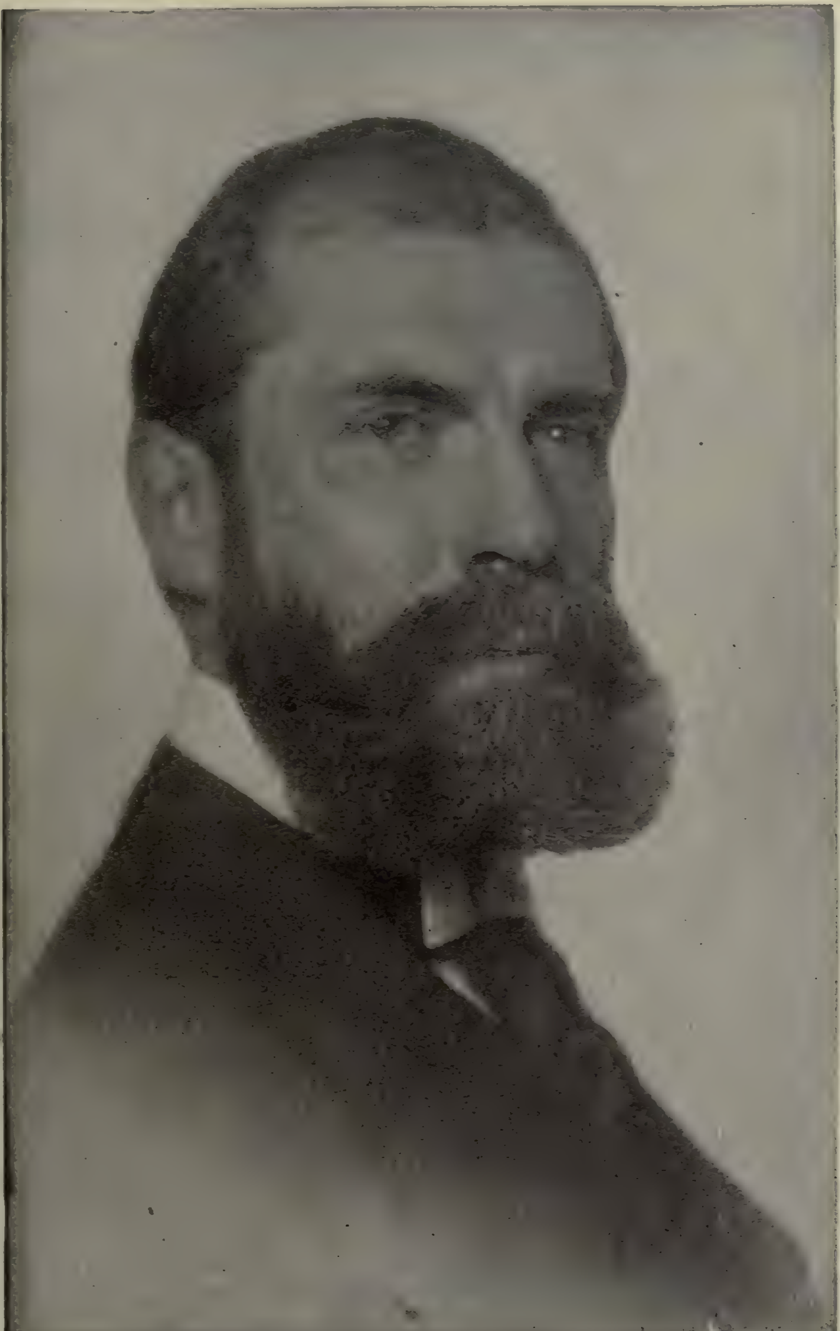
Much bitterness has been occasioned in some cases over the appointment to the chief justiceship, notably in the case of Judge Taney who was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by President Jackson to carry out the plan of removing Federal deposits from the United States Bank. The Senate rejected the appointment the following year, and Taney offered his resignation. Upon the death of Chief Justice Marshall, however, Jackson nominated him as successor, and after a bitter quarrel over the ratification, led by Henry Clay, Taney was inaugurated. The opening session of the Supreme Court in October is looked upon as an event that will involve important decisions bearing upon the great problems with which the public has been wrestling.

* * *

ONE of the problems which confronted Governor Hughes on his appointment to the Supreme bench was to find a house to live in. This is the initial imperative duty that confronts every public official who comes to Washington. Now house-hunting may not involve research in the realms of law, but it is a supreme necessity, and most people who settle once in the city are loth to leave it. There always seems to be something to talk about in Washington besides murders and gruesome newspaper tragedies; for your average Washingtonian can discuss with perfect propriety and unflagging interest the personnel of the new people going and "moving in" year after year in official life.

* * *

DULL in Washington! An army of workers is at the stately old Capitol going over the building from the tip of the dome to the basement. With paint and scrub-brush the entire structure will be covered, even to the finger tip of the



GOVERNOR HUGHES OF NEW YORK, WHO SOON TAKES A SEAT ON THE BENCH OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, MENTIONED AS CHIEF JUSTICE, SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE MELVILLE W. FULLER

Goddess of Liberty—three hundred feet from the ground to the crypt where President Washington wanted to be buried. The repairs on the dome call for thousands of gallons of paint, and forty-five men have been at work on it for months. Exposed to the sun and storm, the dome constantly suffers from cracks and leaks, and every inch must be thoroughly covered, for what would the world think were the legislators of the United States to meet under a leaky dome?

SENATOR CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW
The Real Peach, the Original Smiler and Picturesque After-dinner Story Teller

* * *

THE government ownership of railroads was discussed in Washington by Mr. Martin Sprosser of Geneva, Switzerland. He said that the Swiss government undertook the task none too soon, as the railroad value would shortly have been greatly enhanced. The transportation system of "Suisse" now belongs entirely to the government, and is no longer a matter of speculation in the stock market of the world. There is now talk of using electric power and utilizing the "white coal" of rushing falls to supplant the costly coal for fuel. The salaries of employes represents a vexatious problem; although the men are better paid then heretofore, and though this constant increase in salaries is said to operate against keeping up the betterment and improvement of the railroad lines it is far from reaching the American scale.

As the whole matter, however, is yet in an experimental stage, the results of government ownership in Switzerland will be watched with keen interest.

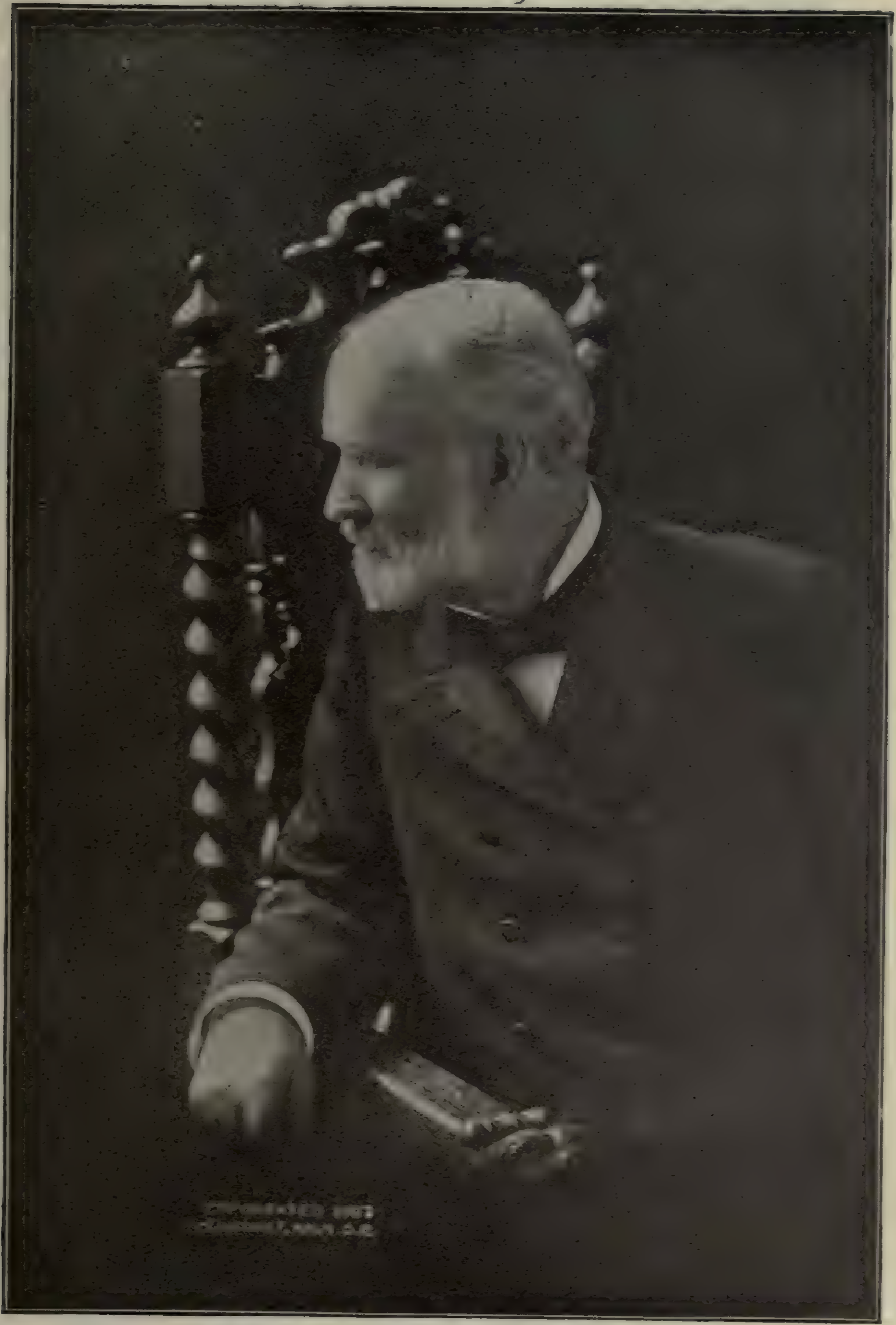
* * *

IN a recent speech by Senator Chauncey M. Depew on Hawaii, a laughable incident is told of the sedate movements of history which produce good-fellowship. Some years ago King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands was received by the United States Government with fitting ceremonials. In Chicago he was honored with parades, bands and reviews, and when night fell, the mayor found a King on his hands. Now kings were not in the Westerner's line, and though he desired to promote the commercial welfare of his city, time began to fall heavy on his hands. He didn't know just how he should address the royal visitor, nor what subjects would entertain him, so he made short work of an awkward situation by driving the King to his hotel and leaving him in the lobby as he remarked: "Afternoon, King. We've had a hard day, and I think you'd better go to your room and wash up."

At the jubilee of Queen Victoria the Queen of the Sandwich Islands was present, and demanded the fullest recognition of her rank as the equal of the rulers of the greatest kingdom. At the dinner, the Hawaiian Queen announced to Queen Victoria, "I am a blood relative." The English Queen gasped. "Oh, yes," said the Hawaiian, "my grandfather ate Captain Cook—I can boast of real English blood."

* * *

NINE out of every ten people that I met in Washington during the summer had the Agricultural Department on their



SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE JAMES WILSON
Whose department is the most popular of all in Washington during the summer months

MISS ANNA CASE
A new Soprano in New York, who is rapidly progressing on the road to Fame

sight-seeing calendar. More people visit this department than any other in the government, for the purpose of obtaining concrete information for personal uses. James F. Dougherty of Dublin insisted after a tour of the department offices, that what Ireland needed most is a department such as Uncle Jim Wilson runs on Thirteenth Street. Agriculture has for ages past been of supreme importance to Ireland, and yet there is no country in all Europe where the land is so neglected. With the richest land in the hands of grazers, it supports but a meager population, while the poor land among the mountains is parceled out in small lots among a poverty-stricken population. Such things as tree-planting, fencing, and soil culture are almost unknown in the Emerald Isle. Mr. Dougherty is said

MR. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU

Former Secretary of the Treasury. President of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York City to have extended an invitation to Secretary Wilson to make his summer home in Ireland; promising him—well—all the good things for which Ireland is famous.

* * *

TRAVELING through Virginia recently, I was reminded of the rapid passing of the old zigzag fence, that ancient cedar rail which antedates the days of the revolution and reminds us of the biography of Abraham Lincoln. Years have passed and the Virginia fence has gone through the various stages of abandonment and become as picturesque as the old New England stone wall, covered with vine and shrub. Now the manufacturers of cedar lead pencils have discovered that the rails used in these fences are an excellent grade of cedar, old and thoroughly seasoned. The scarcity of fresh cedar has placed a premium on the zigzag fence; millions of rails and fences from the South will soon be converted into pencils to be plied by the school boy and girl, the patron of the telegraph office, and indeed by almost everyone, in inditing communications that thrill with the activities of the times.

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MISS LUCY RUSSELL
Daughter of the new Minister to Persia

* * *

A GOVERNMENT employe recently returned from Porto Rico estimates that 90,000 children now attending schools on the island wear shoes, a condition wholly unknown not many years ago. It is believed by physicians that bare feet have been the cause of many anaemic illnesses, and with the increased use of footwear, many of the causes for the lazy indifference of the natives will pass away. In Porto Rican cities nearly all the people now wear shoes, and although leather shoes mould quickly and patent leather shoes become sticky, in that climate, canvas shoes with leather soles have had an extensive sale. Here as elsewhere in the world, the American boot, perfect in finish and fit, has enjoyed the best sale, and the English and foreign manufacturers have had to copy American shapes in order to hold their trade in the markets of the world.

* * *

FROM all reports at Washington, house flies had a hard year of it. The vigorous campaign inaugurated by Mr. Edward P. Hatch, Jr. of New York, some years ago initiated a movement of national proportions. Through the careful and scientific researches made by the Merchants' Association of New York, the house fly has been indicted and found guilty of spreading many infectious diseases heretofore accredited to other causes. It was found that the little pest would travel for miles after frequenting plague-spots rife with contagion, and disseminate his lading of infection through his wanderings in groceries, restaurants and private houses.

How the world does progress! Is this the fly of which mothers used to sing, "Baby bye, here's the fly?" Can it be the same fly of whom our school teachers said, "He takes the poison from the air"? All his once vanished virtues are now declared to be a fraud and a cover for malignant activities, and war on the fly has been declared.

One had to be very careful where he put down his hat this summer in order to escape the fly-paper scattered about. A simple remedy that seems to be effective is a spoonful of formaldehyde dissolved in a glass of water, the fumes of which mean death to the fly. The effect of these fumes upon human beings has yet to be determined. Screened out and hunted down with traps of all descriptions, the battle against the house-fly is bitter, and in the progress of sanitation his busy buzz is regarded as a danger signal.

KAESELER
POR

Courtesy of Book News Monthly

MISS ALICE FRENCH ("OCTAVE THANET")

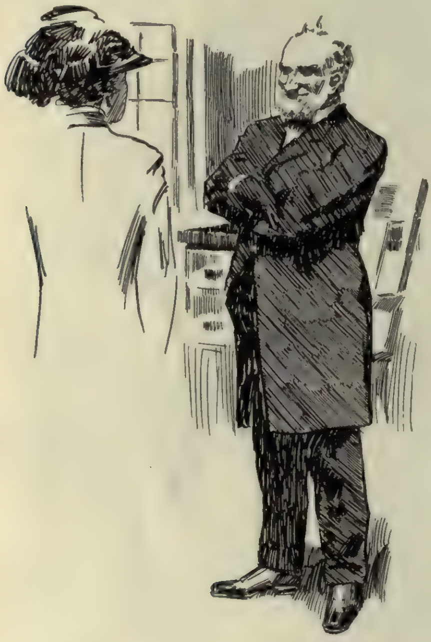
One of America's ablest and most popular novelists, whose latest work, "By Inheritance," deals with a subject of great national interest.

NATURALLY every congressman has the brightest boy that ever lived, and one extraordinary child had been taught to incorporate dutifully in his prayer a sentence expressing the desires of his heart.

One day Bobbie insisted that prayers were no good. A baby brother had arrived in the home, and an effort was made to impress Bobbie with the delight he should feel in having a little playmate, who perhaps was brought in response to his petitions.

"Naw," exclaimed Bobbie, in supreme disgust, "I been praying for a dog that could run around and follow me and bark and do something—not a red baby that squalls."

ILLUSTRATING the amenities of Washington, it was charming to see the gallant speaker as he received Mrs. Champ Clark and a lady caller shortly after hostilities in the Senate Chamber had ceased. Mrs. Clark was reared in the county adjoining that in which Mark Twain was born, and wished to see the autographed letter that the Speaker had in his possession. The young lady with her had urgent business; she wished Uncle Joe to take the "Chautauqua" platform, and Mrs. Clark remarked that her husband had enjoyed the work.


" I am just a plain politician."

"I am afraid that I cannot undertake it; all the energy I have is expended on keeping things going here. When these folks here are through with me, I may nurture such aspirations, but fear that I should not prove attractive," said the Speaker. "You see," he went on, "I am just an old-fashioned politician—I love to talk politics, but cannot seem to talk at all when a price is paid to hear me." When Mrs. Clark laughed he added:

"If you, Mrs. Clark, would like to have me go out and stump in Mr. Clark's district this fall, to help in his re-election, I might find something to say—but on a 'Chautauqua' platform I fear I should merely be listened to as a curious freak."

* * *

THERE is nothing like getting at all the actual facts, which is not always characteristic of investigations. Some interesting light has been thrown of late on a vexed subject of discussion by a report from a Committee on Railway Mail Pay, representing 139 railroads. In justice and fairness the main facts set forth should be given wide publicity. They claim that the compensation for railway mail service has been of late reduced as follows:

First, in 1907, pay was reduced on all routes moving more than five thousand pounds per day, as was the rate for furnishing and hauling railway post-office cars; this act produced an annual loss to the roads of six per cent of the total received for both classes of service.

Another act in 1906 withdrew empty mailbags from the paid tonnage, and certain supplies to be sent by express or freight, say one million dollars annually, while the space and facilities continued to be the same as furnished under the original conditions. In 1907 changes in computing average weights resulted in a reduction of four million five hundred thousand dollars a year, and another order reduced railway postal car pay $345,287 per annum. These reductions aggregated $8,600,000 per annum, or seventeen per cent of the total railway mail expenditure for the year ending June 30, 1909. During that same period there had been a large increase in the cost of labor and material used in railroad operation.

The outcry that the deficit in the Post Office Department is due to the increase in second-class mail matter has naturally suggested close examinations, with the following results:—

In 1907, when the railroads were having the higher rates for service, the postal deficit was $6,653,283. Two years later, in 1909, despite the decrease in railway mail pay, the deficit went up to $17,441,711. Although the railroad service had increased fourteen per cent the pay to the roads was the same as two years earlier. The most radical "corporation baiter" can hardly lay the increased deficit to this cause in the face of such statistics, which will bear the closest inspection. After all, there is nothing like having every fact down in black and white, and a few comparisons made. There seems no other way so sure in getting at the facts.

Probably few people realize the especial care required in mail transportation, and the fact that the postal car is practically a post office on wheels run for the benefit of the public. It will, no doubt, surprise many to learn that the rate per ton, a mile, earned in moving these cars is 1.1 mills, a much lower rate than would be received for ordinary empty cars, while the care required is far in excess of that required for most merchandise. Then, too, when mail cars have to be brought back empty free of charge, being used only one way, the earning capacity is simply cut in two. In fact, it is more profitable for a railroad to move empty freight cars in freight trains than to move postal cars in passenger trains, while the difference in payment for moving a loaded freight car, as compared with the rate for moving mail cars, is nearly as three to one, and this in the face of the fact that post-office cars are built according to government estimates and requirements, made regardless of the cost, which is paid by the roads. To obtain a fair comparison in mail, express and freight rates, it is necessary to consider all conditions; the average haul, the character and flexibility of the contracts and of the services rendered.

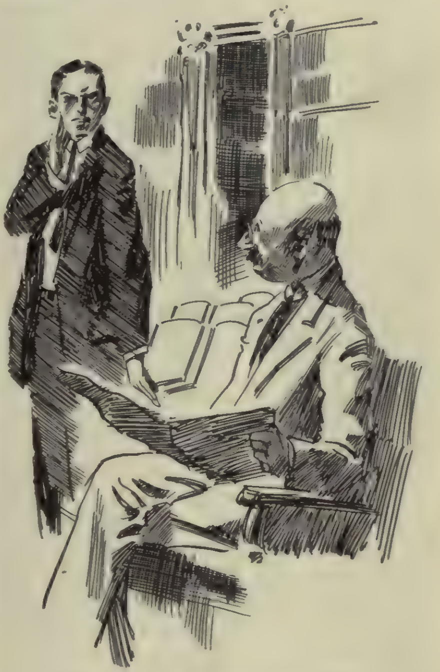
* * *

IT was a drowsy day in the Senate gallery. Senator Elkins was trying to fathom the five-hundredth or so amendment of his railroad bill. A long-drawn debate was going on and some of the elderly male spectators leaned drowsily on their canes, while younger listeners were propped comfortably against the wall, the end of a seat or any other available support, suggesting the last "owl street car" home. The prim, sedate lady from New England was nodding and snapping her teeth in disgust at her own drowsiness. One genial-faced soul in the corner was placidly reading a newspaper. The messenger stepped up and whispered:

"Reading not allowed in the gallery."

This rule is rigidly adhered to, for nothing is permitted to detract from the dignity of proceedings on the floor. Again the messenger had to counsel the gentleman who continued to break the rule. In sterner tones, he said:

"Kindly remember that reading is not allowed."



Reading not allowed in the gallery

This time the genial-faced visitor turned to the messenger:

"Bless your heart," he said cheerfully, "don't you see I'm not reading aloud?—I am reading to myself."

When explanations followed, his geniality suffered an eclipse; he put up his paper in disgust, and betook himself to some place where he could digest information as to the subject of the debate.

* * *

IN the prime of his life—an American citizen to the core—Professor M. D. Berlitz, the author of the Berlitz method of teaching languages, has had a much

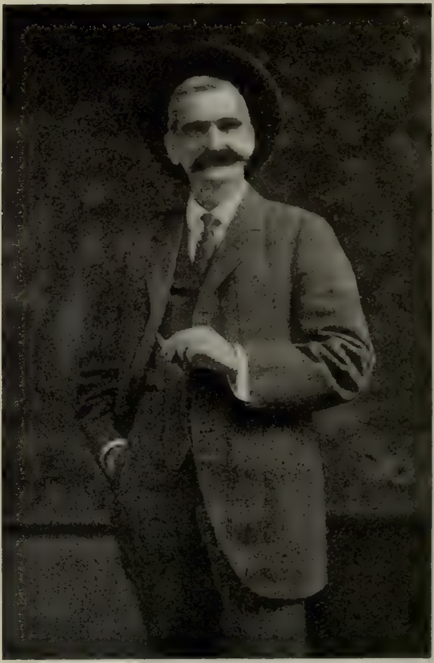
MRS. VON STUMM
A prominent Washington society woman of the younger set. Formerly Miss Constance Hoyt

coveted honor, a decoration, conferred upon him by King Alphonso XII of Spain.

The first Berlitz school was founded in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1878. Successful schools were opened in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington and other large cities, and later in nearly all the foreign capitals in Europe, so that today over three hundred schools with about ten thousand instructors and nearly one hundred thousand students are scattered over many cities of the world, teaching the Berlitz method.

Among the students are members of Royal and Imperial families, presidents, ministers, senators, lord mayors, and other prominent persons. Included in the honors conferred upon Professor Berlitz are the cross of the Legion of Honor in France, and grand prizes presented at nearly all of the great expositions.

It is noteworthy that the unique and effective methods of Professor Berlitz were adopted by the Congress of Modern Languages, held in Paris some ten years ago. The fact that an American has initiated a method whereby the languages of various countries may be readily acquired has aroused a determination in the hearts of United States citizens to become conversant with world affairs—a knowledge only obtainable through familiarity with foreign languages, and foreign languages have no terror to those familiar with the Berlitz method.



SETH BULLOCK
The famous United States marshal at Deadwood who has "slept under the same blanket with Theodore Roosevelt"

AS a part of the movement in the proper conservation of the mineral resources of the country, without unwise interference with agricultural development, Chairman Mondell of the House of Representatives Public Lands Committee, who has for years made a thorough study of the subject, introduced a bill to effect the separation of the surface rights from mineral rights on Government coal lands.

This bill for the agricultural entry of coal lands became a law June 22, 1910, and is now in full force and effect. The law is one of the most important Acts relating to the public domain that has ever been enacted by Congress. It makes possible the agricultural entry of seventy-five million acres of land on the public domain which have been classified or withdrawn as coal land.

In this day of high price of agricultural products, and consequent high cost of living, any legislation that opens new lands to the production of agricultural products is not only very helpful to home seekers but of general interest, and advantage, to consumers.

The separation of the surface from the coal on Government coal lands was recommended by President Roosevelt's Conservation Commission and has been endorsed by President Taft and Secretaries Garfield and Ballinger. Mr. Mondell's bill is carefully drawn to carry out this idea.

Not being in sympathy with the idea of Federal landlordism, Mr. Mondell believes that the people of the various states ought to have an opportunity to develop and settle their territory without undue interference from the Federal Government. At the same time he is of the opinion that the interests of both the Government and the settler will be best served if the settler is allowed to take the surface of the lands which contain coal, retaining in the Government the title to the coal disposed of under the provisions of law.

Mr. Mondell's bill for the agricultural entry of the surface of coal lands does not apply to Alaska and therefore does not raise any questions with regard to coal claims there. The drift of feeling in Congress is to meet and solve public land questions with due reference to preserving properly the resources of the country.

THE influence of the present administration is producing a new feature called the "cheerfulness cult," whose motto is "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Members claim that troubles are largely imaginary, that laughter expands the lungs, and cheers up the busy little phagocytes of the human body, "especially the polymorphonuclear and mononuclear" so that they devour disease germs at the rate of about a million a second. The "cult" spreads a little farther; members say that at least one out of each ten citizens will be happy.

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CONGRESSMAN FRANK W. MONDELL

The "cheerful man" I met recalled to my mind the old story of the sick king, who could be cured only by sleeping in the shirt of a happy man. This seemed easy to obtain, but no one could be found who would admit that he was perfectly happy, until the officers questioned a beggarman:

"Of course I'm happy—haven't a care in the world."

The officers instantly seized the beggar and began to disrobe him while he laughed:

"Do you expect to find jewels?"

"We insist on having your shirt."

"Shirt," laughed the beggar, "I have not worn a shirt for twenty years. No laundry bills for me."

The disconcerted officers brought the cheerful beggarman before the king, and his gaiety at once dispersed the melancholy of the monarch, so that he recovered from his disease and "lived happy ever after."

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MISS ELLA CLAPP

Daughter of United States Senator Clapp, from Minnesota. She is very talented, and a great favorite in Washington

DURING the last session of the House of Representatives a resolution was introduced desiring the President of the United States to consider the advisability of calling an international conference to limit the armament of nations, and establish an international naval police. Representative J. Sloat Fassett, of New York, and Congressman Bennet insisted that such an arrangement would put an end to the race among nations for naval supremacy. Congressman Fassett said: "It might mean the ending of war."

The high seas could be patrolled by an international navy in the interests of world peace, and it does seem that such a plan would obviate much trouble and expense, and cut down materially the army and navy appropriations that are growing every year.

* * *

BENEATH the softened lights of the House of Representatives, at the witching hour of one in the morning, over $20,000,000 was voted in appropriations during the night session for new public buildings. The measure was rushed through with the rules suspended. After many hours of work the vote was taken amid a storm of applause. The bill had been waited for with bated breath, for every Congressman expects to get some part of this appropriation for public buildings, and if he fails he cannot hope to stand well with his constituents. They are on the "anxious seat," when the "Pork Bar'l," as it is called, is about to be opened.

All day long the measure dragged and still no action seemed possible. After dinner the members came back eager to penetrate the staves of the "bar'l," and cut into the $20,000,000 melon. The ripple of laughter and whistles and shouts which followed the passage of this bill was in sharp contrast to the strident struggles and argument on the railroad bill.

* * *

A GREAT deal of interest centred on the Dolliver-Davis Vocational Bill during the latter days of the session. It has been enthusiastically endorsed by the *Farmers Tribune*, of Sioux City, Iowa, and many other leading papers, which view the question purely from an agricultural standpoint.

Census statistics reveal the fact that approximately twenty-nine million people are engaged in gainful occupations. Over ten million of these are employed in agriculture and about fifteen hundred thousand in professions. At the present time only a little over seven thousand students are taking the four years' course in agricultural schools and colleges, while over sixty-five thousand are attending professional and

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THE CABINET

Reading from left: President Taft, Mac Veagh, Wickersham, Meyer, Wilson, Nagel, Knox, Dickinson, Hitchcock and Ballinger

For two years and throughout various attacks on different members, the cabinet of President Taft remains the same as when first appointed, almost unprecedented trade schools and colleges. This situation suggests that if the country is to maintain its present high standard of living, and if the ever-increasing population is to be properly fed and clothed, industrial and agricultural education must be carefully fostered. There are but eleven thousand students, throughout the entire country, who even take the shorter college courses in agriculture.

Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. CHARLES B. LAW

Wife of United States Congressman Law, from New York. She is a charming hostess and entertains extensively

The purpose of the bill now introduced is to provide a complete system of vocational education, by means of an appropriation of $4,000,000 annually, to be laid out on agricultural and economic schools and on branch experiment-stations, connected with those schools. In addition the bill provides for an appropriation of $5,000,000 to maintain instruction in city high schools in trades and industries, home economics and agriculture.

This $10,000,000 would not become available until 1913, which gives ample time to prepare teachers and lay definite, effective plans for the work. The various states are required to duplicate the federal appropriation of $10,000,000 for these purposes, and agricultural and trade schools and branch experiment-stations are to be distributed as needed in given localities in each state.

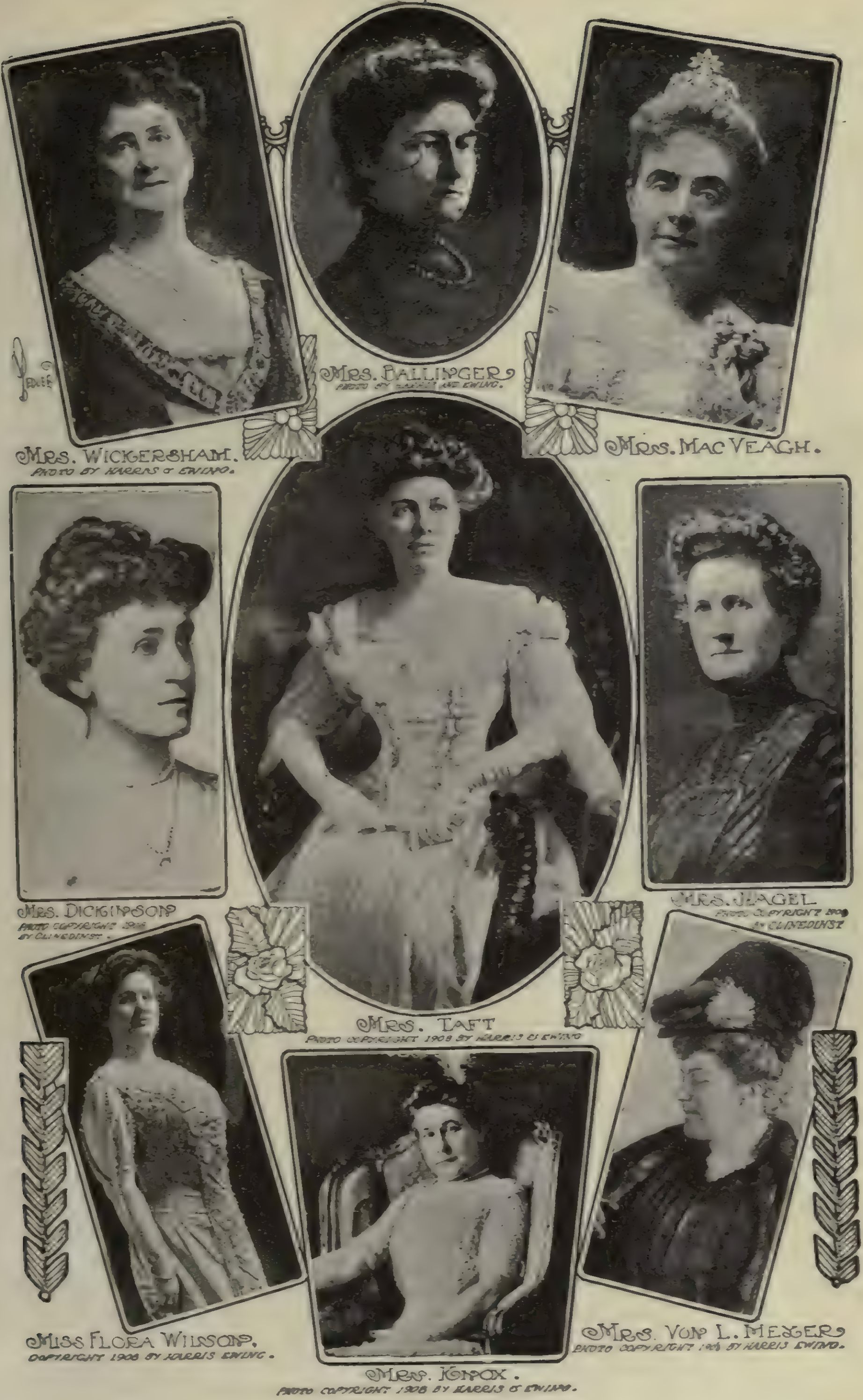
The sneer, "only a farmer," is a thing of the past. For years it has been admitted that agricultural education has never been given a tithe of the support or interest that it ought to have, and must receive. It has long been conceded that something should be done for farmer boys and girls, who have not time, opportunity or money to spend four years in a high school, and two years in a college agricultural course, in order to be ready to take up productive farming as a life work. Similar defects along especial educational lines are also recognized by almost all large labor and agricultural organizations, and the NATIONAL feels that a hearty, general endorsement is due this progressive measure.

* * *

AN energetic and shrewd Washington editor reveals the fact that many of the social leaders of that city would be able to quit society and become breadwinners if necessary. His list begins with Mrs. Taft, who is an accomplished pianist, and would find no difficulty in securing many engagements should she desire them.

Mrs. Ballinger, wife of the Secretary of the Interior, is an organist and singer, possessing a rich, well-trained voice, and continues to devote a great deal of time to the study of music. She was organist and conductor of the choir in her home church in Seattle, and under her leadership that body of singers became one of the finest in the city.

Miss Yvonne Townsend is also proficient in the tuneful art and is a composer of note. Mrs. Preston Gibbs has won an enviable reputation as a short story writer. Mrs. Leiter, whose social functions are



MRS. WICKERSHAM.
PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING.

MRS. BALLINGER
PHOTO BY HARRIS AND EWING.

MRS. MAC VEAGH.

MRS. DICKINSON
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MRS. TAFT
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MRS. NAGEL
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MISS FLORA WILSON.
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MRS. KNOX.
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MRS. VON L. MEYER
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THE LADIES OF THE CABINET

Seldom does a president's cabinet remain intact as long as that of President Taft's. Through all the strenuosity of his term the cabinet is the same as when first appointed.

among the important events of the capital, and who is the mother of the late Vicereine of India, Lady Curzon, has made a study of plant life and the flowers and horticultural methods of every country that would undoubtedly enable her to command a high salary in any school of horticulture.

Miss Marathena Harrison, the granddaughter of the great "William Henry," devotes several mornings every week to making arts and crafts. She has originated and designed many extremely taking ornaments. Madame Gude, the charming wife of the minister for Norway, is another noted pianist, having already played before many crowned heads of Europe. Senora Calvo, wife of the minister for Costa Rica, is an expert harpist, and her home is the favorite rendezvous for the diplomatic and musical circles.

Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR N. B. SCOTT

The popular West Virginia Senator who knows how to make the Senate pass Pension Bills

Madame Yanes, wife of the Secretary of the Bureau of American Republics, is an artist of considerable note.

Mrs. Albert Clifford Barney has also won distinction in art, having discovered a method of shadow dyeing silks and velvets.

THE worn appearance of the path to the Agricultural Department resembles that of the avenue leading to the house of the gentleman who had eleven daughters; suitors came so often that fresh gravel was laid down twice a day. The ladies of the United States have fallen in love with the Department of Agriculture, because of Secretary Wilson's now world famous cook book. The little pamphlet has also been a boon to many legislators in securing the favor of coy constituents. In the corridor of the long office buildings both in the House and Senate, are stacks of mail bags, many of them filled with these cook books going to voters and voters' wives. The scoffer may sneer, but is not every citizen of the United States entitled to something direct from the government which he supports?

The cook book is full of useful hints, and tells of toothsome dishes that bring a high price at hotels and stylish restaurants, and are made of portions of meat commonly discarded by even a thrifty housekeeper. A bride coming to Washington frequently has upon her schedule as the "one place that *must be* visited," a trip to the Department of Agriculture, because she "promised Mamma to get a cook book." The edition is running far into the millions.

* * *

IT had been a nerve-racking day in the Senate. A pension bill was under discussion; speaker after speaker arose, and prefaced his remarks with the statement:

"It is of no use to fight the war again."

Then another speaker, from the South, would promptly "take up the parable," and once more refer to the battles of the Confederacy with much emphasis and emotion. Then Senator Scott arose with the purposeful air of one who had something to say of more import than a rehearsal of old grievances. His very attitude compelled attention.

"Mr. President, over in the little place in West Virginia that I come from, there was a man living at the time of the Civil War; he enlisted and went off with his regiment and was killed in battle. His body was brought back and buried in the little graveyard at home, wrapped in the Confederate flag.

"This man had a son; in 1898, when the Cuban War broke out, this son enlisted in the United States army, went to Cuba with his regiment and was killed at San Juan Hill. His body, too, was brought home to the old town in the West Virginian mountains, where his father had been born and reared, and from which both had enlisted—one in the rebel army and the other in that of the United States.

"Both these men were brave and good. Each believed that his cause was just. There they lie at peace, one wrapped in the Confederate flag and the other in the stars and stripes. Why shouldn't we, in this chamber, take a lesson from them and bury these old, dead issues, and vote in favor of this pension bill, which is the nation's testimony of gratitude to the brave men on both sides who fought in the Civil War?"

At this point Senator Scott quietly resumed his seat. The Senators crowded around him with warm congratulations, and the bill was passed.

Since that speech, which was made some years ago, Senator Scott's interest in pension matters has never relaxed. Recently he made another effective plea for the old soldiers. His colleague was about to object and insist on continuing discussion on the railroad bill, when Senator Scott said:

"No, there is one more pension bill. It affects the interests of a few of these old soldiers, who are dying at the rate of one every twelve minutes. We have no time to lose. Other things are of less importance than this.'"

* * *

IT was impressive to see the messenger enter the Speaker's room with three new gavels, made of hickory, and solidly glued together. Gavel after gavel is worn out by Uncle Joe with the hammering needed to secure order in the House of Representatives. It seems hardly credible that in the Speaker's office physical force should be required to wield the gavel; as it is thought that only mental acumen is required.

The gavels are delivered in "blocks of three" to Speaker Cannon, and it may be computed that there are pretty strenuous times in the House when it is not safe to be without a reserve gavel. While the House gavel pounds emphatically, and discussion is brisk, all that is needed at the other end of the Capitol, in the Senate Chamber, is the gentle tap of a little piece of ivory, which is quite sufficient to maintain decorum.

* * *

THE political situation in Indiana has gained a great deal of interest among the political astronomers. The unanimous nomination of Mr. J. W. Kern, former candidate for Vice-President, as the party's candidate for United States Senator, is felt to have greatly augmented the chance of Democratic succcess in the Hoosier state. While the situation is a "little mixed," there is a general belief that Indiana will come back to its own, and be as glorious as in days gone by. In recent years, locality has counted for nothing in the selection of the cabinet. With the country closely unified by means of newspapers and railroads, and the many other facilities for communication and travel, state boundaries count for little.

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MISS FRANCES NYE

Daughter of United States Congressman Nye from Minnesota, and a niece of "Bill Nye"

THERE is crying need for a new patent office. No one disputes it, but no one has taken upon him the duty of a very urgent recommendation, with the exception of Mr. Moore, Commissioner of Patents, who certainly is the man most likely to know what is needed. The vast army of American inventors and manufacturers are entitled to some consideration, especially as the Patent Office is one of the few self-supporting bureaus of the government, and turns into the treasury each year a liberal surplus, after all expenses—including cost of caring for patents, supplies and salaries—have been paid. Seven million dollars lie in the Treasury today, representing the net earnings of the Bureau, every cent of which has been paid by the inventors.

Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. H. F. WHITE

Daughter of First Assistant Postmaster General

"I want a new Patent Office," said Commissioner Moore, who is intensely interested in the improvement of the office. "As it does not involve an appropriation out of the general tax revenues I can't see why it cannot be built. Money earned by the Bureau is right there for the purpose, and it seems that it could be put to no better service than in providing adequate accommodations for the prompt and proper transaction of the work for American inventors and adequate room for the housing of valuable records. It would be to the advantage of Uncle Sam to give the United States a building worthy of the genius of the inventors who have made his patent office the greatest in the world, and who have paid so handsomely for the protection given their output."

Great Britain and Germany have recently erected large fireproof buildings to accommodate their patent offices.

A structure of suitable size and architecture would be quite as effective an ornament to the Capital City as the Library Building, and the two are necessarily related, one representing the product of literary and artistic genius and the other the mechanical and technical ingenuity of American citizens, native-born or coming from other countries. Senator Daniel of Virginia has introduced a bill for a new patent office, and it is to be located just off the Congressional Library and is intended to be architecturally a companion building to complete the group of buildings composing so to speak a Court of Honor with the Capitol as the center. The cry has gone forth, "Let us have a new Patent Office," and Congress must hearken.

* * *

A NEW senator, who in debate displays all the self-poise and ease of a veteran, is Hon. C. I. Crawford of South Dakota. Always forceful and effective, although he keys his voice a trifle higher than most speakers, he is never asked to repeat a sentence because it has not been heard. In his recent speech in the Senate he announced that he should ask attention for only a short time, but he was kept on the orator's witness stand for over an hour. A senatorial debate reminds one of a gridiron dinner, because of the quizzing that goes on across the floor, when the "broilers" are all red hot, and each senator is ready for carving with his sharpest knife.

* * *

THE tall form of Secretary Nagel, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, is a familiar figure to representatives of various business organizations visiting Washington. This Department is vitally important to American exporters, and the Secretary's advocacy of a merchant marine has given new courage to the sturdy and indomitable advocates who are doing something to bring back the old flag to the high seas and overcome the prejudice that has prevented our sea-going development. Secretary Nagel insists that if we are to secure any prestige in South American markets, we must at least do as well as other countries in having a ship that is not bristling with guns enter foreign ports now and then. There is a mass of information accumulating in this Department at the Census Bureau that will make interesting history for the next decade, and upon these figures will campaign speeches be fired thick and fast as elections come and go.

* * *

THE Department of Corporations is busy these days assimilating facts and data for federal consumption. Commissioner Knox Smith insists that the railway terminals of this country are poorly planned in reference to exchanging freight with the steamboat lines, and thinks there will never be a full development of the waterways until there is more cooperation between rail and water transportation companies, with a view of sharing transportation charges.

* * *

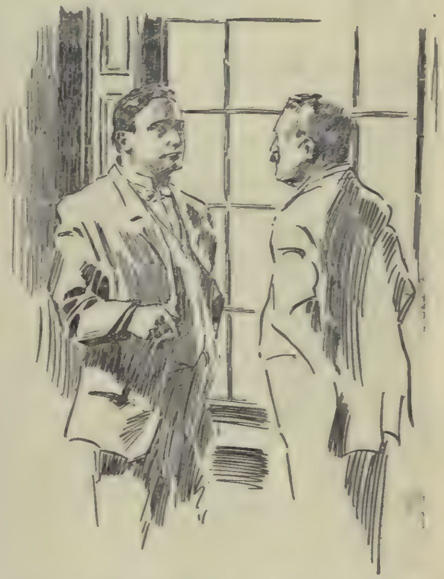
AT times the dull routine of senatorial debate is enlivened by an historical reference full of human interest. The telephone and telegraph clause in the railroad bill was being considered. Senator Bailey arose and delivered without previous preparation one of those classic little speeches, at once historical and picturesque; it told how the first government appropriation for telegraph wires was secured.

The heroic inventor was almost in despair; worn out with fruitless effort, he yet disliked to give up, and as a last resort went to the doorkeeper.

"Who is the best-natured man in the House, now on the floor?" he inquired.

"Mr. Carruthers of Tennessee," was the reply.

That kindly gentleman was called out and taken down to the basement of the Capitol, where the model of the telegraph was working from one part of the room to another. The good-natured Tennessean was interested and sympathetic. Returning to the floor he made a final attempt to secure an appropriation; although the door had almost been slammed in the face of the inventor, Mr. Carruthers fought the appropriation through conference. Forty thousand dollars was secured, which gave to the federal government the honor of having fathered so great an invention as the telegraph.



Senator Bailey talking with a friend in the Senate corridor

By the curious irony of fate it was decreed that one of the first messages sent over these very first wires from Baltimore announced the defeat of the kindly man who had secured the appropriation for the development of the telegraph. He and the doorkeeper—whose very name is now unknown—were practically responsible for legislation which aided an invention which has since girdled the world with the nerve-wires of commerce.

* * *

DESPITE the flight of time, John Burroughs, the lovable master of "Slabsides," never seems to grow old. His vigorous, alert and original mind gave a charm to that Sunday evening at Yama-no-uchi-Napanoch, the picturesque country home of Mr. Frank Seaman, that will never be forgotten by the guests. During the day the famous essayist had visited the old haunts at the head of the historic Rondout, and had rambled over mountains, and visited the Blue Pool, apparently as vigorous as when he saw those scenes thirty years ago. He leaped the little streams with all the agility of youth and never seemed to tire.

National Press Association

THE ABERNATHY BOYS

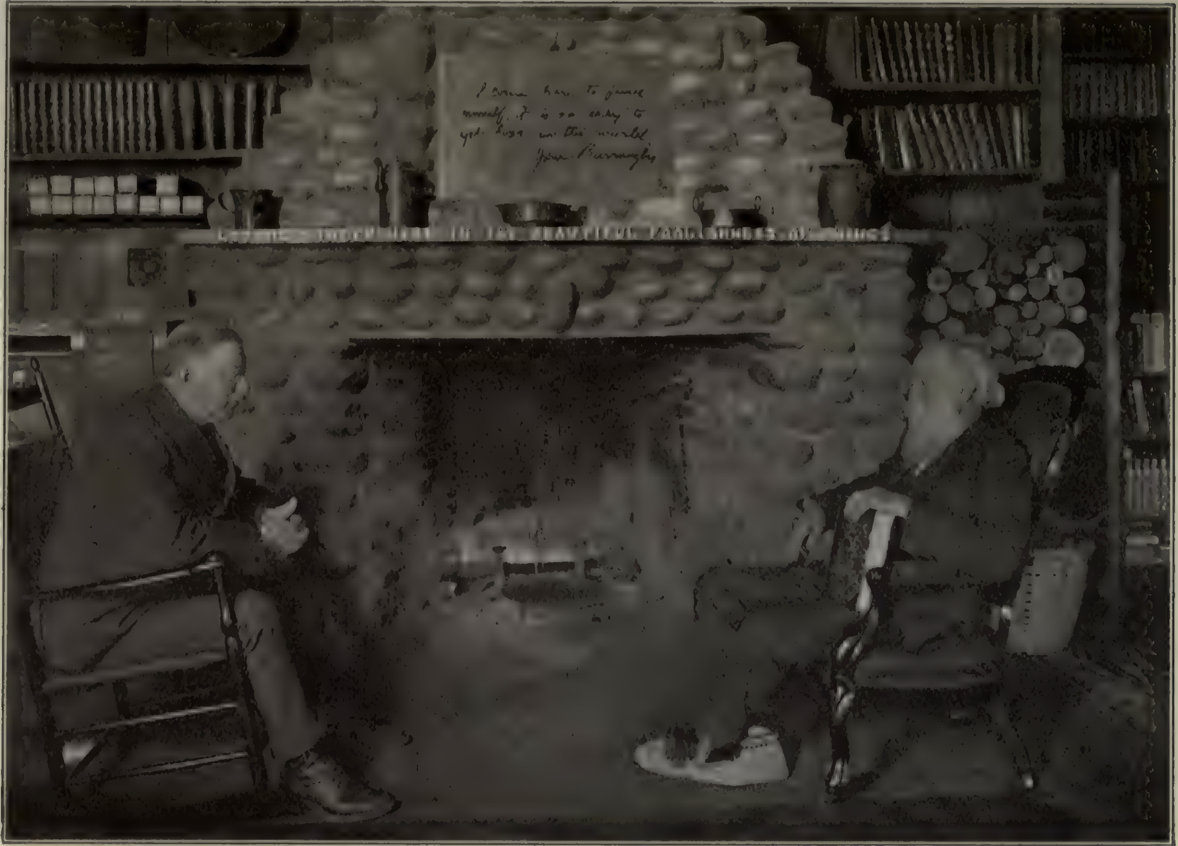
The young lads who rode from Oklahoma to New York and back to participate in the Roosevelt reception with their father, who was a "Rough Rider."

Trees and birds are living realities to John Burroughs, and this ardent affection for nature has preserved his youth, despite his threescore and ten summers. His description of those ideal spots of the long ago reads as fresh today as are the waters of the brooks that run through them. He reconciles man and nature, and in his eyes the inconsequential and commonplace become visions of beauty and meaning. In his writings, he alludes to a universal law in human achievements, exemplified in the constant trimming and pruning that must be done in order to secure the best fruitage, and this same practical thought, in many forms, is threaded through every chapter of his books like a scarlet thread on which his pearls of discovery, or theory proved true, are strung. Like Meredith, he believes that "it is only through nature that we can attain to real heights," and that she is not "all dust but a loving operation of the spheres" which it "is our error to despise."

He appears to recognize every leaf and squirrel as old friends; every bit of bark has a message for him, though to the untrained eye there may be nothing to distinguish that particular collection of atoms from its fellows. He has read so deeply in the book of nature that the slightest deviation from the truth at once attracts his attention, and he has little toleration for the modern "nature fakir." Looking at one time at a collection of stuffed birds, he was quick to note that a wood thrush was mounted as in the act of song, with beak pointing skyward; but the skilled naturalist knew at once that the taxidermist was in error, for the thrush sings with beak but slightly elevated. He also points out that a correct picture of a squirrel going up or down a tree trunk is seldom seen.

"Probably few have noticed that the position of the hind feet is the reverse in the one case from what it is in the other. In descending they are extended to the rear, the toe nails hooking to the bark, checking and controlling the fall. In most pictures the feet are shown well drawn up under the body in both cases." He assuredly has "the eye practised like a blind man's touch." He has little sympathy with the popular "sportsman-like attitude toward nature."

It may be, as Mr. Burroughs says, that the "large, generous way of looking at things," as seen in the writings of Scott


I come here to find
myself, it is so easy to
get lost in the world
John Burroughs

JOHN BURROUGHS, THE SAGE OF "SLABSIDES" SPENDING A WINTER EVENING BEFORE THE HEARTH AT "YAMA-NO-UCHI" WITH MR. FRANK SEAMAN and others, "kindles the sentiments more than does this minute way of the specialist"; but the reader finds his interest in every growing thing quickened as he reads, and finds himself, too, applying morals which the writer merely hints at, as when he says:

"Early in June the rye and wheat heads begin to nod. The motionless stalks have a reflective, meditative air. A little while ago, when their heads were empty or filled only with chaff and snap, how straight up they held them"—who can read this and not consider whether his own head be full of "chaff" or "wheat"?

Photo by *Apeda Studio* PIETRO MASCAGNI

Composer of the famous "Cavalleria Rusticana." He has written a new opera in which Liebler & Co. will present Bessie Abbott during the coming season. It is called "Ysobel," and the plot is based on the story of "Lady Godiva." This will make the first time that a foreign-written grand opera has received its premier in America.

Nothing is omitted in his observations—his description of the arbutus in the spring woods is a classic. Like the poets he regards the perfume as the very soul of the flower. "The painted trillium, the fringed polygala, the showy lady's slipper, are all more striking to look upon, but they do not touch the heart; they lack the soul that perfume suggests. Their charms do not abide with you as do those of the arbutus."

Fifty years ago John Burroughs visited these same scenes searching for the secret of the Catskills. At breakfast, as the sun was peeping over the Napanoch hills, selections from his books descriptive of that former visit were read. In his trip with Roosevelt through Colorado and the Yellowstone, his tours with John Muir and other nature-lovers, as well as his own solitary rambles, John Burroughs has given a contribution to natural history that will live as long as the wonders of nature entrance and inspire.

* * *

He has penned, I think, but one paragraph on the sometime-farmer-boy, but that one tells the whole story of human longing for the great, wholesome out-of-doors from which we have strayed too far. Mr. Burroughs is also a landscape gardener. His beauty-loving, keen eye takes in the romance, even of an old stone wall—all that went to its building—the gathering of the stones—the "torn and wounded appearance" of the ground from which they were wrenched—the plow that comes "equalizing and obliterating and writing another history upon the page." The "kind of rude human expression in them" is not lost to him, and he advises, "do not make the top level . . . . let it bend to the uneven surface, let it look flexible and alive . . . . a wall that undulates along

Courtesy of Boston Traveler
KING GEORGE V AND QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND

like a live thing pleases the eye." No one could hear his description of the building of a wall without knowing that Mr. Burroughs had done just such work with his own hands.

* * *

On the veranda of the log cabin on the hills we listened to the tinkling cow-bells "going down the lane," and the singing of the maidens, as they passed by on the road beneath, and the chimes of church bells that came faintly to us from the village nearby. Far off, just fading in the lingering twilight, was the vivid green of the hills, dotted here and there with twinkling lights in farm windows nestling amid the mountains. It was just such a setting as one would desire as a background for a memory of John Burroughs. So soothing, delicate and gentle a twilight picture brings human beings close to the heart of mother nature.

In the later coolness of the autumn night after we had entered the house, Mr. Burroughs sat warming his hands and called for a glass of buttermilk. While he quaffed it to the health of all present, one could almost believe that buttermilk possesses the qualities claimed by Switzer folk and prevents decay. Recounting the day's experience, recalling vividly various turns of the road, this rock, that tree, every sidelight of the beautiful Catskills, Mr. Burroughs was absorbed in recollection. By and by the old silver watch was pulled out—the naturalist's signal for an early rise in the morning.

Photo by American Press Association

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF THE NETHERLANDS

Queen Wilhelmina, Prince Henry and the Princess Julianna, taken after the first anniversary of the little princess.

* * *

IN connection with the discussion on second class mail rates, would it not be interesting to make a comparison, showing how much is expended for the transportation of government documents and government papers, generally sent without cost, as against the sum expended on periodicals, mailed on second class rates? Why not go farther and ascertain the proportion of government matter and second class printed matter read by the people? Compare the tons and tons of government documents, printed at Washington and sent out through the mails all over the country, with the total amount of all periodicals forwarded through the same avenue, and then investigate pound for pound how much of each is actually read by the people. Compute the advertising in the periodicals, actually read and answered by the people, and the amount of perusals and answers to government documents, distributed absolutely free.

Official matter may be of little value to the people until translated through the various newspapers and periodicals, however burdened these may be with advertising. The people do not complain of the free distribution of government printing and the franking right, because it is absolutely essential that vital information and records be printed and sent out, but they do query the right of the government to deny them a reasonable rate for their reading matter, which they are entitled to receive at the lowest possible cost, as representing an indispensable adjunct of free speech and publicity.

THE MOST REVEREND CARDINAL JOHN GIBBONS
Head of the Catholic Church of the United States

A second class mail denuded of the incisive, initiative, crisp force of the American newspapers, periodicals and the collateral merchandise revenue would cease to be the important force in the social and political life of the United States that it is today. If the question were put to a popular vote, there would be an overwhelming majority on the yea side for the continuation of present rates.

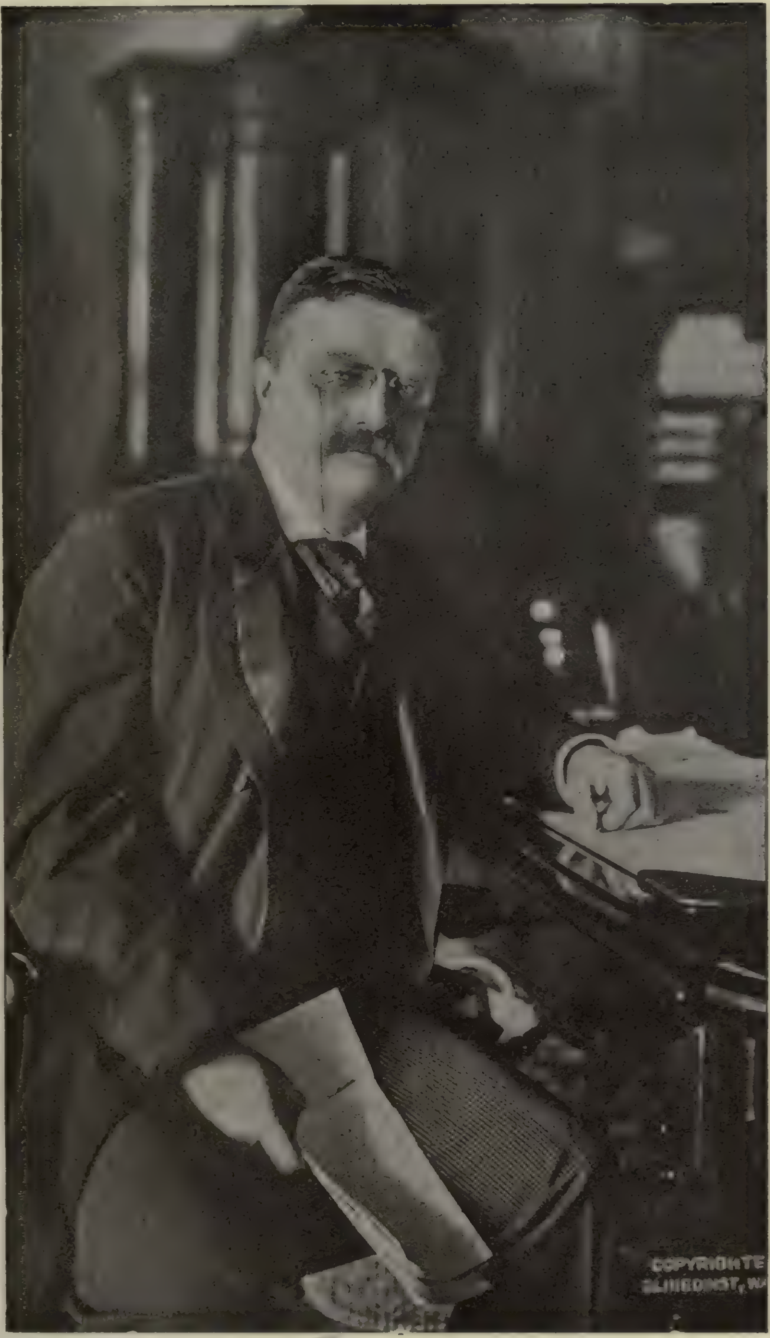
HON. WILLIAM M. BRAY
Member Wisconsin Legislature and head of the Conservation Movement in the Badger State

There is already a general belief that the Post Office Department will thoroughly investigate all along the line for sources of revenue with which to bridge over the deficit, rather than focus its attack upon the rates for periodicals, which allows a generous diffusion of information that is a spur to that national intelligence which plays an important function of free government and costs the government nothing. The periodicals have brought the people into a closer and more sympathetic relationship with federal affairs, and have enabled the government to secure its help, to float its bonds, prevent fraud, and save millions that must otherwise have been expended for official exploitation.

Any departmental action to restrict postal privileges along these lines will be resented in a way which will be widespreading and far-reaching. The people feel that for all their contributions to other departments of the government, they receive but little tangible return, and that they are certainly entitled to the small amount of outlay involved in the transmission of reading matter in the least expensive way to their homes. This they consider but a small return for the millions contributed to the general budget, in which such immense expenditures as over $340,000,000 for the army and navy, contrasting with $13,000,000 for agriculture, are never questioned.

Inexpensive reading matter is often the only thing that relieves the solitude of families dwelling in far off prairie villages, forest homes, and mountainous localities. It is certainly not wise to sweep away what has become an inherent right of the people, or to close a spring of information and interest which slakes their thirst. Correct abuses, economize; but let not the government, without thorough investigation, take a backward step that will check national advancement to cover a deficiency.

P. V. DeGRAW
Fourth Assistant Postmaster General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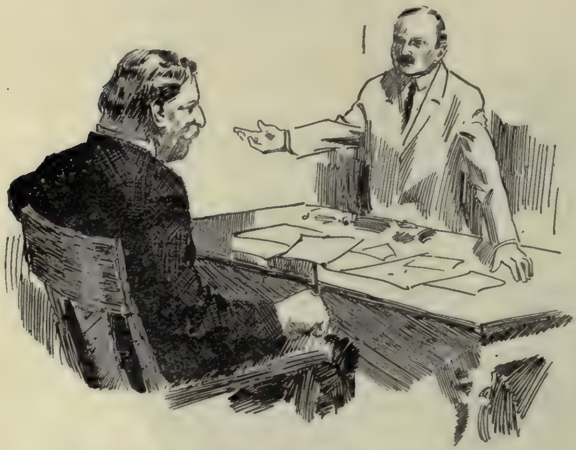
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, THE REPUBLICAN UMPIRE

Senator Crane and Senator Curtis, the Republican whips of the Senate, were there on the morning "size-up" at the Senate;



The "minute" sometimes lengthens to half an hour

Senators Brown, Burrow and Warner bunched their hits; Senator Scott looked over the score card with the President for a few minutes, and Senator Dick came to bat with a message from Ohio.

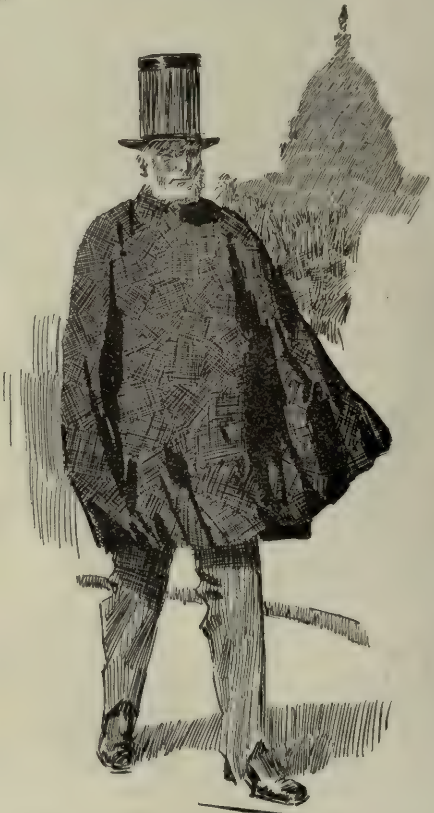
A Texas delegation had come with Congressman Sheppard; Congressmen Alexander of New York and Floyd of Arkansas were there, with Congressman James of Kentucky and General James Kennedy of Ohio, while many other Congressmen and Senators stepped in and out across the executive threshold; not forgetting that auburn-haired prince of insurgents, Victor Murdock—and he carried no club or mitts either. While President Taft has many critics, they seem to be all willing to talk matters over face to face, no matter how they differ with him on legislative points.

In the grounds outside a group of Mennonites waited; the men wore broad-brimmed, black hats, the women black sunbonnets; in contrast with these severe headgears the small children were bedecked with bright-red caps. They had brought a lunch with them and ate it under the elms before coming in to see the chief executive. The whole scene afforded a refreshing glimpse of republican life.

Every time I walk through the White House grounds I am impressed anew with the thought that this is my own possession, as it is the possession of every citizen of the United States; rich and poor alike have equal right to swing through the gates—their title is on record in the Constitution, that much-abused document which is the very trust deed of the American people.

* * *

THE old-time military cloak so often identified with stirring scenes in real drama is still worn by Senator Bacon of Georgia, who dons it to come to the Senate Chamber. Sometimes when he throws it carelessly aside, it looks as though one seat in the Senate had been suddenly draped in mourning. His cloak recalls



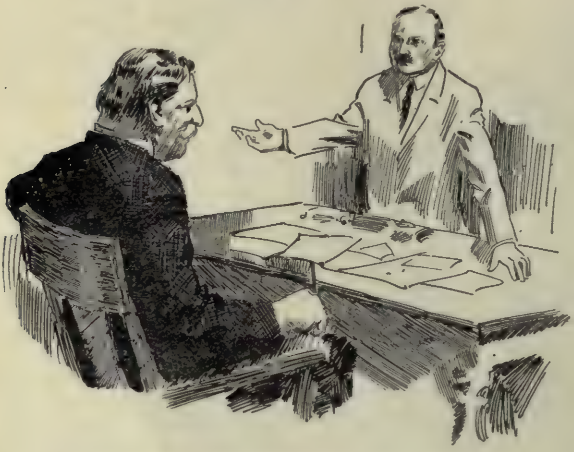
When cloaks and shawls were generally worn by Senators

Photograph by Harris & Ewing

SENOR DON FRANCISCO L. DE LA BARRA.

Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of Mexico to the United States.

Senator Crane and Senator Curtis, the Republican whips of the Senate, were there on the morning "size-up" at the Senate; Senators Brown, Burrow and Warner bunched their hits; Senator Scott looked over the score card with the President for a few minutes, and Senator Dick came to bat with a message from Ohio.



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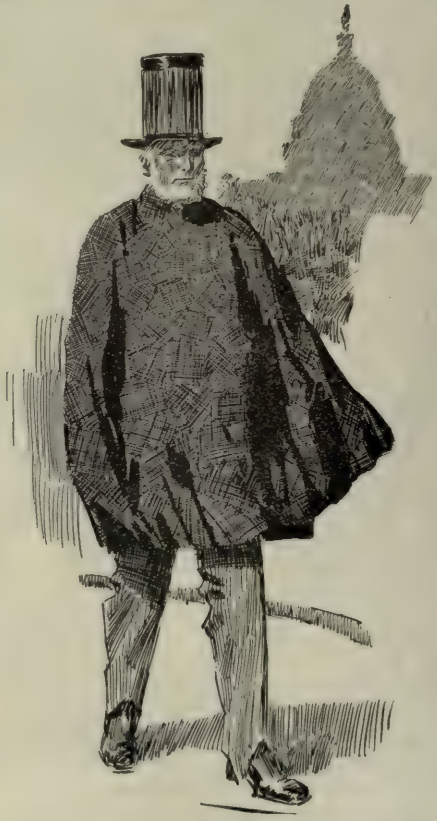

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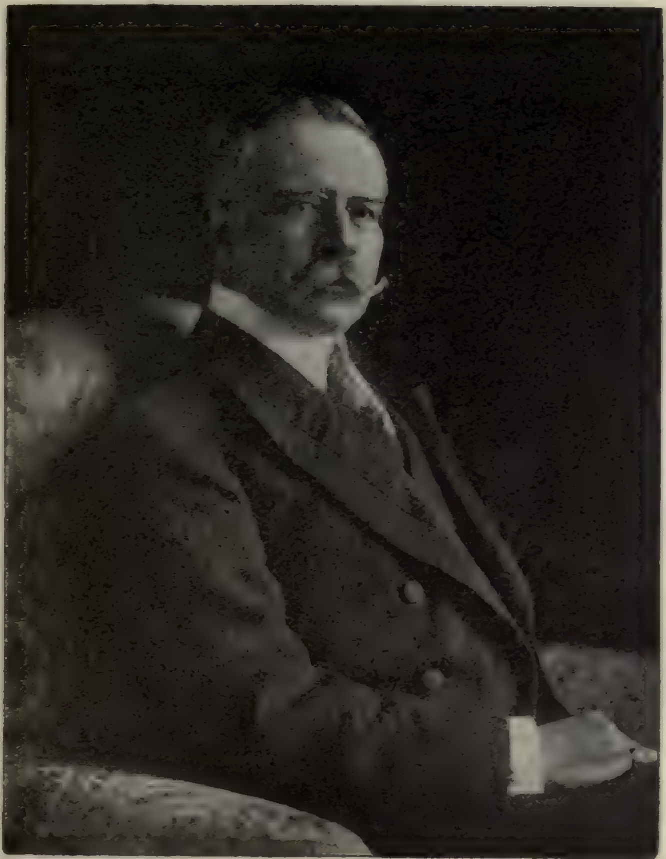

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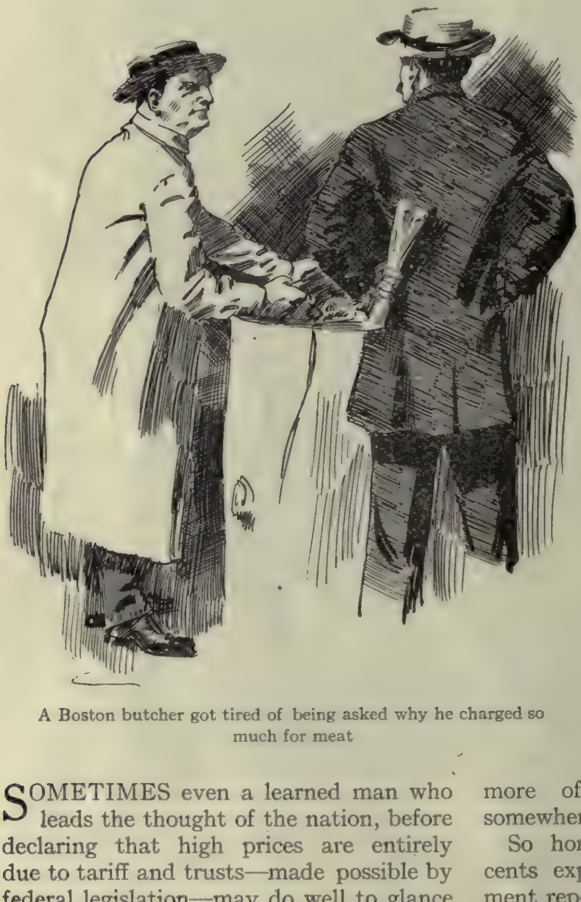
memories of the old days in Congress, when cloaks and shawls were generally worn by the senators. The cloak is always associated with the great orators, and reminds one of Webster, Calhoun and other great statesmen of the past, who generally laid them aside in what is still called "the cloak room."



A Boston butcher got tired of being asked why he charged so much for meat

SOMETIMES even a learned man who leads the thought of the nation, before declaring that high prices are entirely due to tariff and trusts—made possible by federal legislation—may do well to glance at statistics, and see whether the scarcity is all brought about by big men who grab the food and "hold for a rise." The man who finds fault with existing conditions and does not point out a "better way" has not necessarily proved himself a benefactor to his race. This homely form of patriotism is often practiced by those who never speak in public, "men of the scales and scoop," as Dickens calls them.

A few facts concerning the high cost of living—a subject which is becoming a little wearisome—have been staring some of the wailers out of countenance. A Boston butcher who grew tired of being asked, "Why do you charge so much for meat?" said to his home folk, "I'll find out why I do." He sent for government reports and soon discovered that the number of food animals has decreased five million since 1901, while the number of consumers has increased ten million. After he had digested these astonishing facts, he told his customers:

"I know now why meat's high. The thing is what to do to lower the price for both you and me."

"What can be done," said a customer, "if the meat's not being produced in the country?"

"Two remedies occur to me," replied the man of the axe and chopping block, "either to kill off the people until we have the right number to suit the meat produced, or else raise more hogs and cattle—which would you advise?"

"I'd be for shutting down on all immigration, and firing the foreigners back to their own countries," replied the customer.

"Come kind o' hard on the folks who are using 'imported' help. Now, I'd never do that. What I'd do would be to raise more of everything, until we came somewhere near having a plenty for all."

So homely commonsense, and a few cents expended to obtain some government reports, helped to solve for one man the weird problem of the high cost of living. The ratio of supply and demand still determines the price of any product, be it beef or butterfly nets, but the President of Princeton University, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, states that he has made careful inquiry, and adds:

"Unless I am very much misinformed, a great many persons who once devoted themselves to cattle-raising have gone out of the business because of the market conditions established by the Beef Trust."

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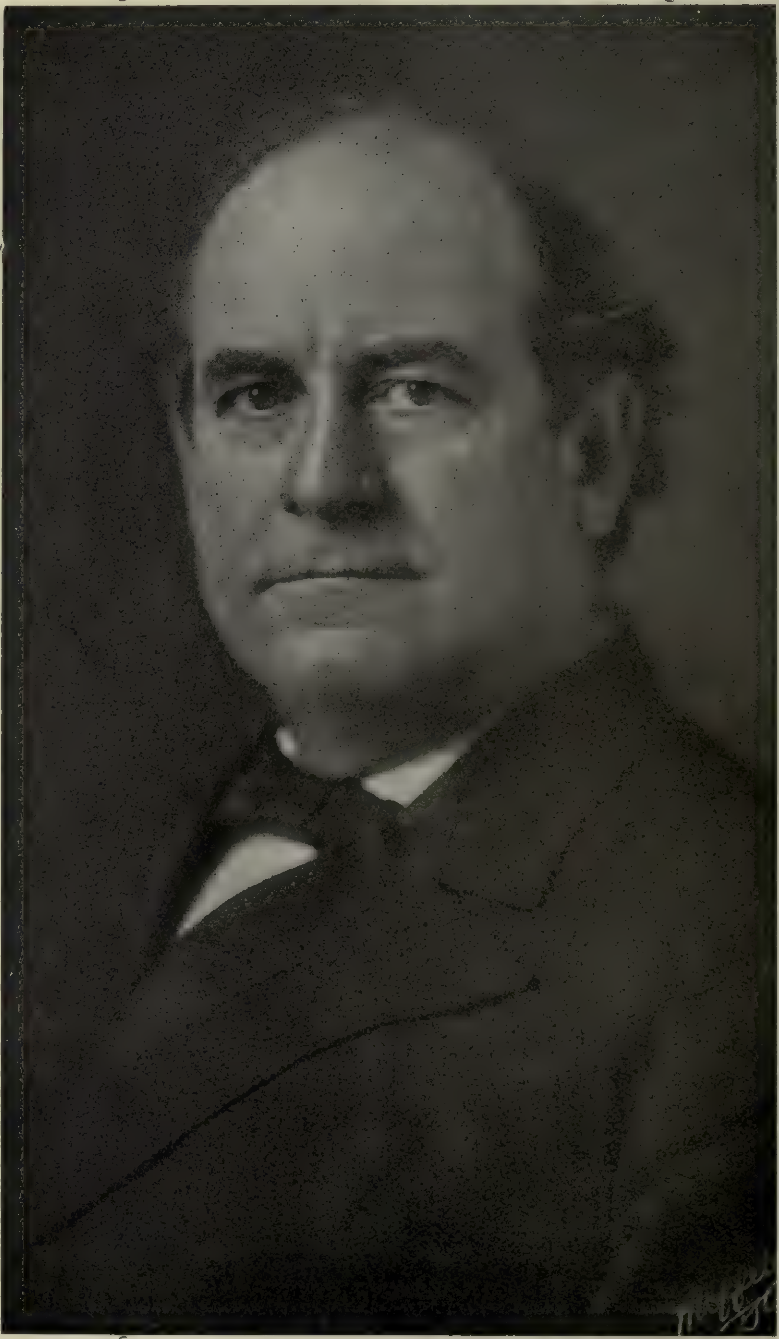
THE LATE PRESIDENT MONTT, OF CHILE, AND PRESIDENT TAFT

This photograph was taken of President Montt while at Beverly on a visit to the United States en route to Europe. President Montt died suddenly at Bremen, Germany, soon after landing. Before sailing he witnessed the attempted assassination of Mayor Gaynor at the New York pier



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, THE PEERLESS ONE

The GREAT COUP

By FRANK E. CHANNON

Illustrated By ARTHUR HUTCHINS

CHAPTER I

AN ADVENTURE IN THE FOG

I PRESSED my pocket electric light, and with difficulty made out the time. It was exactly seventeen minutes past eleven. I knew I was somewhere in the Kensington Gardens, but if my life had depended on it, I could not have stated what part. For three-quarters of an hour—ever since the abominable fog had shut down on me—I had been wandering about vainly endeavoring to grope my way out. The locality appeared to be deserted. Once or twice I had seen a blur in the nothingness, but it vanished again in another moment, and although I knew it to be a human, like myself wrestling with the fog maze, I hesitated to call out. It seemed so utterly absurd that I, Milton Brice, who, though not a Londoner, had at least spent a great part of my twenty-seven years in the world's metropolis, should be unable to find my way out from so well known a park as Kensington.

I set about with renewed determination to find the Netherwood Road. I had wandered from the broad driveway onto the grass; my feet told me that, but to make assurance doubly sure I knelt down and pressed my hand upon the turf, and from that kneeling position flashed again my little electric pocket bulb. It did not illuminate a radius of six inches. The fog seemed to smother it. I was struggling to my feet again, when I was somewhat startled by feeling a hand lightly touch me on the back, as a voice whispered close into my ear:

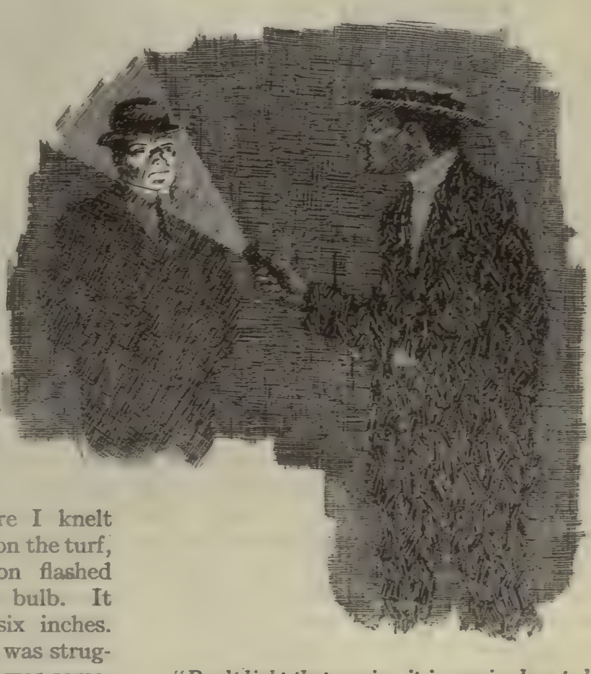
"Don't light that again; it is veerie close to."

I hastily faced the owner of the voice. His form I could scarcely discern, except to make out that he was a shorter man than I, and apparently more thickly built.

"What's the matter with lighting it, and what is very close?" I inquired.

"Follow me. I will show," came the reply, spoken with a slight foreign accent.

The fellow's mysterious manner rather amused me. An idea of Whitechapel footpads did for a moment flash through my



"Don't light that again; it is veerie close to."

mind, I will admit, but I dismissed it instantly, although my hand involuntarily slipped to my hip pocket and grasped the Colt that invariably nestles there.

"Go ahead," I suggested, "I've lost my bearings; I want the Netherwood Road."

The unknown snickered—an oily, unpleasant snicker—and again repeated: "Follow me."

I clapped my left hand on his shoulder, and my right again found my hip pocket, as I followed a pace behind him.

"You are late," he purred. "The fog, it detained you, yes?"

"The cursed thing held me up about three-quarters of an hour," I muttered. I knew the fellow, whoever he was, had made a mistake, and thought I was someone else, but what did it matter? He would lead me to some place where I could again find my bearings, and that was what I wished. I have often wondered, in the light of after events, what would have happened if I had refused his guidance.

Neither of us spoke for a full minute, and then I became aware of a blur of light shining through the dense fog, and we came to a halt outside what was evidently a door. My guide would have stepped to one side, but I held him in the grip of my left hand.

"You will go first," he suggested.

I can't to this day see what made me do it, but following one of those blind impulses that one sometimes feels, I let go my hold of his shoulder, and locating the handle of the door, turned it and entered a hallway.

A light was burning, and it was that which I had seen. At the far end, perhaps a matter of some twenty feet, a brilliantly lighted room was before me. Dense clouds of tobacco smoke floated in the heavy atmosphere from the pipes of more than a score of men.

I walked boldly along the passageway in which I found myself. Ten paces further and a burly form barred my way. He would have stopped me, I believe, but my companion of the park stepped between us, and spoke a few words. The fellow stood aside, and we passed on into the room. The fog had found no entrance here, and the electric light showed everything up in minute detail. I saw a long centre table at which were seated fifteen or twenty men, every one of whom turned, as my companion announced in a penetrating whisper:

"Monsieur St.——"

He did not complete the name. Two men arose in haste from the head of the table. One overturned his chair, as he struggled to his feet.

"Who the devil have you here?" he shouted.

The other fellow did something else. I saw his hand slip toward his side. I have seen that movement too often not to know what it means. In a second I had him covered by my Colt. The little man at my side took one startled glance at me, then, with a smothered exclamation, he sprang toward me and knocked my gun arm up. As he did so, a ball whistled past me and buried itself with a crash in the wall at my rear. I knocked the unknown over with a backarm swing, emptied the contents of my automatic revolver into the group in front of me, and turned and fled. The big man in the hall endeavored to stop me, but I fought my way past him, wrenched the door almost off its hinges, and in another second was racing wildly along in the fog again.

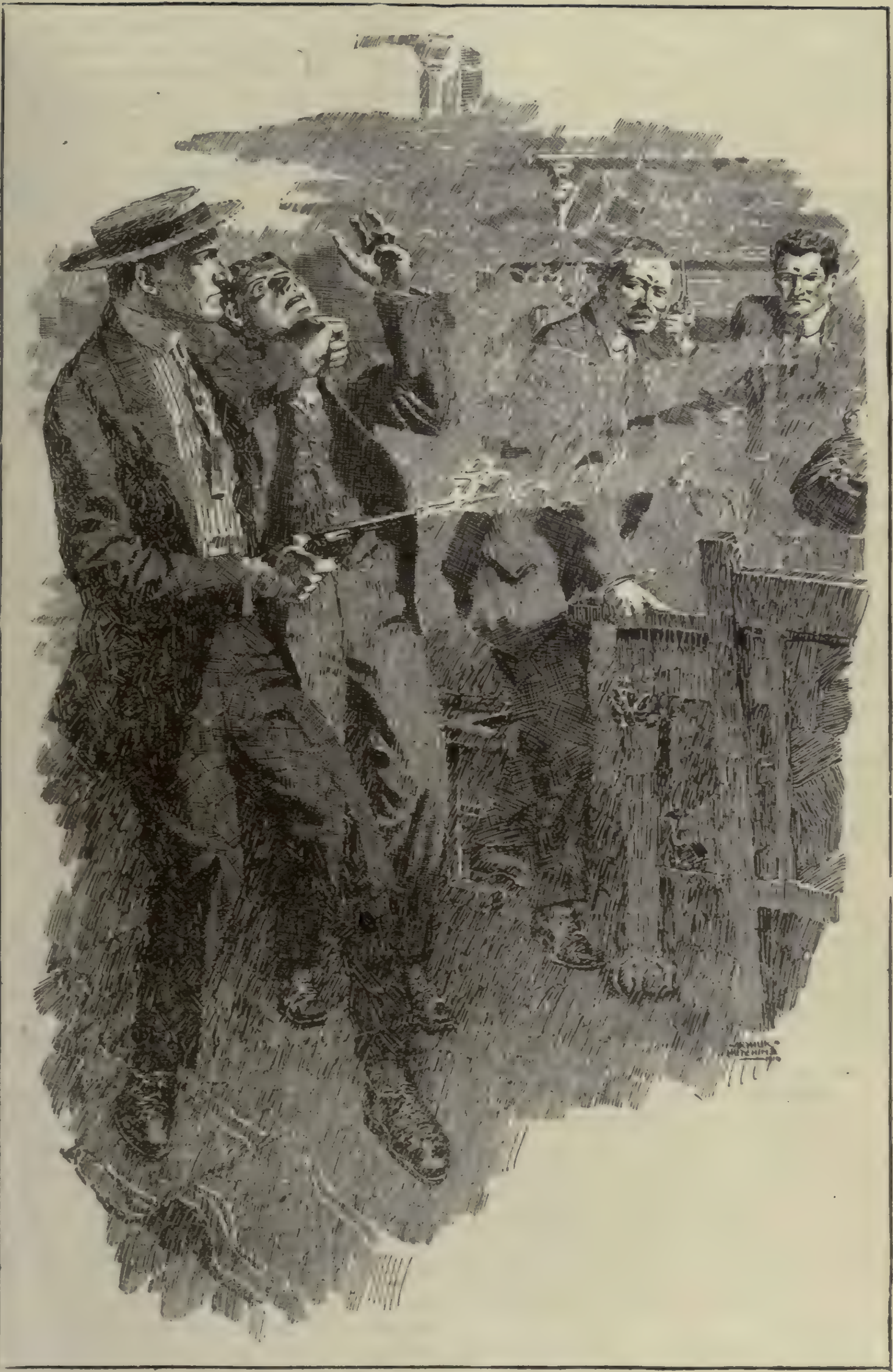
Behind all was silent as the grave.

I will admit I was somewhat rattled. The affair had occurred with such startling suddenness that I need not be ashamed to confess it, and when I stumbled up against the majesty of the Law, in the person of a Metropolitan Bluecoat, who shot the blinking rays from a Bullseye lantern straight into my face, and demanded: "'Eh, there, wot's hup?" my story was rather disjointed and wild.

Nothing, however, astonishes a London Bobby. He proceeded gravely to take out a note book, and ignoring my plea to come along and look into the matter at once, calmly took down my name, address, occupation, age, and a few other details, and then informed me that it looked rather "fishy."

"Fishy!" I echoed, regaining my senses and losing my temper, "why, you idiot, don't you believe me?"

"I ain't a-saying' nothin' 'bout that," rejoined the guardian of the peace, "an'



"Who the devil have you here?" he shouted

Hi should advise you to keep a civil tongue in your 'ead, young man, or I'll be charging you with disorderly conduct, but wot Hi ham a-saying is as all around 'ere is a respectable neighborhood. 'Ere's the Netherwood Road an' 'ere the Avenue, and nobody but toffs lives within 'alf a mile of w'ere you're a-standin'. By your own accounts you ain't run no more than two 'undred yards, so w'ere be you?"

He flung out his hand as he finished, with a convincing gesture, as much as to say: "See what a pack of lies you've been telling."

"However," he continued, as if relenting somewhat, "you can appear at Bow Street tomorrow at ten o'clock, and tell wot you got to tell to the Beake, and Hi'll file your complaint when Hi goes off beat, but if Hi was you, young man, Hi'd go 'ome to bed an' not say no more about it. Hit's my opinion as you've bin a-drinking more than is good for you."

I'll swear, I was so mad I could have punched the idiot, but that scarcely pays in London, so I turned on my heels and walked away instead.

The fog was breaking up rapidly now, and I found my bearings again. The motor busses were puffing past me once more, so I swung myself on one, and in another half hour was sitting in my rooms at "The Albert," thinking over the events of the night.

CHAPTER II

A SCRAP OF PAPER

It was not until it dropped from my hand onto the carpet, as I sat pondering over the adventure in my chair that I recalled the incident. Then I recollected it distinctly. As I swung that backarm stroke at the fellow who had met me in the Park, he clutched at my fist, in an endeavor to save himself, and as I shook him loose, something came away in my clenched fingers. It was a torn scrap of paper. In the after struggle, it had got jammed up between my cuff and wrist, and now, as I stretched out in the comfortable reclining chair, it rolled out and dropped on the floor, a little crumpled up ball of paper.

I leaned over, picked it up and smoothed it out on my knee.

I remained gazing at it for a full ten minutes. Then I folded it carefully up and placed it in my wallet. I could make nothing of it—absolutely nothing. I looked at my watch. It was twenty-three minutes after midnight. The affair had occurred less than an hour ago; it seemed like three. I slipped into my smoking jacket and took the lift down to the hotel lobby.

"Give me St. John's Wood 1883, N.," I requested, as I stood in one of the little telephone booths. The London telephone service is about as antiquated as the Constantinople street cars, and I consumed half an hour in wrangling with the operator before I was able to get Ward at his little St. John's Wood villa. Hugh Ward-Willet and I have been chums since we were old enough to scrap, but it was no very friendly voice that rasped into my ear: "Well, who's that—what the devil is it?"

I told him I wished him to stop at my hotel on his way down town on the morrow.

"'On my way down town tomorrow,'" he snapped back, "why, it's tomorrow now, you old duffer. What did you lug me out of bed to tell me that for?"

"I'm never sure of catching you in your office," I retorted, "and I want you to stop on your way there. Don't forget, now, will you—Good-night."

"Good-morning," he snarled, and rang off.

Then I went back to my room and puzzled over that scrap of paper until the rising sun shamed the electric light. I took a shower bath, shaved and dressed, and then ordered my breakfast in the commercial room. I was eating it when Ward came in.

Ward has an office in Paternoster Row. There is a brass plate outside which has his name engraved on it. The brass is never cleaned, and it is rather difficult to decipher the lettering, but it is there if one has patience enough to work over it. If one has no appointment with Ward he may sit in that little stuffy ante-room of his until he has counted every daisy on the wall paper and until the eternal scratch, scratch of the clerk's pen has nearly driven him crazy, and then when he timidly inquires, after having seen a dozen others walk in ahead of him, if it is not his turn now, the forbidding-looking clerk will calmly say:

"Mr. Willet has gone out, sir."

I simply mention this to show why I called Ward up on the 'phone after midnight, instead of going down to his city office.

"Do," said Ward, nodding, as he came toward me.

"Do," I responded, indicating a chair at my table.

Ward is a splendid fellow, and he and I always get along well together, except when we quarrel, but he has that forbidding, icy manner of so many Englishmen, and unless you know him well, you would think he held a grudge against you. You know the breed; they meet you in the club corridor, and pass you with a nod as they snarl between their clenched teeth, "Do." "What a nuisance it is to have to speak," they seem to say, and unless you know their ways, you think to yourself, "What a churl." It's their way—that's all—an unpleasant way, I will admit, but they ring true. The same fellow who scowls at you in a London smoking-room will unhesitatingly charge down on a lioness in an African forest to get you out from under her claws if you happen to be in that fix.

Again, I simply mention this to give you an insight into Ward's true character.

Ward said no, he had breakfasted and would not join me, and would I kindly hurry up and say what I had to say. I took him up to my room and showed him that scrap of paper.

"Can you make anything of that?" I inquired.

"Looks like a deucedly bad piece of penmanship, and as if the chap got wild because he could do no better, and tore it up," he said.

Then I related to him my adventure of the previous night.

"That's jolly odd," he observed, as I concluded. "Where's your revolver?"

I brought it out and showed it to him.

"You left all five shots behind," he questioned.

I nodded.

"Think you hit anybody?"

"Quite possible, but I couldn't say; I left in a hurry."

"Would you know the chap again—the one who took you in?"

"No, but I could swear to the other, the one who faced me and reached for his gun."

"Describe, please."

"Tall and thin; clean-shaven. Had a scar about two inches long on left side of his cheek."

Ward glanced up quickly at me.

"His eyes were set close together and his brows almost met," I went on.

"Hair and eyes?" questioned Ward.

"His hair was dark, but I couldn't swear to his eyes; I should say dark brown; he had lots of hair and it was brushed back without any parting."

"Should you say he was foreign?"

"Yes, most certainly."

"And you say the man who accosted you in the park spoke with a foreign accent, too?"

"Yes."

Ward was silent for a few moments. Then he looked up, and said abruptly: "Milton, have you ever considered that you speak with a most decided Yankee twang?"

"My speech probably tells my country," I retorted, "but no one save a benighted Englishman would ever call it a 'twang.' "

"Nevertheless, it is noticeable to me. Also the fact that you use with great frequency that little pocket electric light of yours; they are not much in vogue over here, you know."

"Go on," I said.

"I think the man your companion of the park was looking for is a countryman of yours, also that he carries a pocket light—your countryman does, I mean. I further think that he is of about your build, but that you bear each other no facial resemblance."

"Yes," I assented, "I see how you get all that, but to refer to your very considerate remark about the 'twang,' you must recollect that the unknown did not hear me speak before he accosted me."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain."

"Did not use explosive language of any

kind while you were groping around in the dark of the park, eh?"

"Well, now you mention it, I believe I do remember muttering a little."

"Remember what you said; be careful now," and Ward assumed his threatening cross-examination manner.

"Oh, I recollect saying, 'By Hunk, this is a dogblamed hole.' "

"How typically American," remarked Ward, with a withering smile. "Couldn't possibly have done better if you had tried to proclaim your nationality, could you?"

"Well?"

"Why, it's quite plain to me that the fellow was looking for a countryman of yours, who had an engagement with him at that time and place. The mistake was discovered as soon as the light shone upon your face. Consequently it is plain that he resembles you in form and speech, but not facially, agree?"

"Looks that way."

"Also the unknown probably has a pocket light. I presume from your frantic haste in getting me out of my bed last night, or rather this morning, that you wish to meet this unknown countryman of yours."

"I would rather," I muttered, "meet the fellow who pumped that shot past me. It came within half an inch of my left ear."

"Find one and you probably find the other," observed Ward, as he arose to depart. "I'll take this along with me," he added, annexing the torn scrap of paper. "You'll hear very probably from me soon. So long."

Something in Ward's manner made me tolerably certain I should hear from him soon. From my intimate knowledge of his character, I felt that he was on the scent of some trail of which I was ignorant.

Nor was I mistaken.

CHAPTER III

THE PUZZLE

It was just after noon when the bellboy brought a telegram to my door. Everyone "wires" in London, you know; it is quicker than the 'phone service, and the charge is only sixpence (12 cents).

"See *Standard* agony column third down," read the telegram. I walked over to the news stand and bought a *Standard*. It did not take me a moment to find what I was looking for.

"If the American gentleman who met with a hostile reception last night will be at the same place at the same time tonight, he will find an explanation awaiting him—Pocket Light."

This advertisement appeared to me to offer a very possible explanation to the enigma of last night, and I was therefore rather surprised when I kept my date with Ward at his office at four o'clock to find him still hot on the scent. It is so seldom that Ward is voluble, but today, for him, he was positively garrulous. I found him sitting at his desk, with a pile of books on the table at his elbow, and the floor littered with pieces of paper of various sizes. There were three or four people waiting to see him, but I evidently had the right of way, for the clerk showed me straight in.

"No callers," my friend instructed his office man, "and bring in Lily's Atlas," he added. He locked the door, as the man departed, and then swinging around in his chair, "Milton," he said, impressively, "you ran into a big thing last night."

He handed me a sheet of paper, I read the following rather mystifying, disjointed words:

July 31. Lofoden x x x Hohenzollern three days x x x last Edward and x x x x-ia and Albert. Letta x x x ormation as regards the x x x-s one. Meet him x x x ton Park 11 x x x straight to x x x.

"Interesting—very," I muttered, returning the sheet to him.

"There is one word there that even you must recognize—the Lofoden Islands—you and I once spent a very delightful week cruising around them."

"The Lofoden Islands!" I exclaimed, a sudden light dawning on me, "why, have you seen the morning papers—the—"

"I know," Ward interrupted. "It was a chance glance at the *Telegraph* that first started me on the right trail."

He was terribly in earnest for him. I never saw Ward so downright serious. "Milton," he continued, "you must keep that engagement with 'Pocket Light' tonight."

"It is the most extraordinary thing to me," I observed, "that he—that is, they, should seek to bring about an interview; do you understand it?"

"Not yet—not yet," he muttered, as he bent over the puzzling scrap of paper, and focussed his strong glass upon it. "There is something back of this attempt to get in touch with you that we do not understand. Now then, look here."

He flung open the atlas at the map of Norway and Sweden, and for an hour we two were buried deep in study.

"I think," I said, as I arose and straightened myself out, "that we had better get in communication with Scotland Yard; when I go there tonight a plain clothes man had better shadow me, eh?"

"No, no, not by any means," he muttered. "You can rest perfectly sure, Milton, that they have you watched; you haven't made a movement today that wasn't observed, and I'll be in the same boat now. If we put the police on now, it will scare them off. You're well able to take care of yourself, in fact, I should consider you a good man to put in a tight corner. It is full moon tonight, and no chance of any fog. Keep this engagement with the advertiser, but don't let him lure you away out of the Park; keep your gun handy, play the innocent, and get what you can out of him. I presume he will have some cock and bull story to palm off on you. Swallow it; take all he gives, and stay in the light."

"And you," I enquired, "where will you be?"

He whispered a few words in my ear, and I nodded.

"You see," he continued, "I recognized that fellow as soon as you described him this morning, but it wasn't until I commenced puzzling with this piece of paper you brought away that I even scented their scheme, and then, by chance, at luncheon, I stumbled on that paragraph in the paper. Then the significance of the broken words suddenly dawned on me, and I set to work. I have an important case in the Chancery Division tomorrow, but I've instructed Dudley, and he's going to argue the appeal for me. By George, we'll cap this game if I have to throw up every case I have. Your time's your own, I know, Milton, and as an American, you certainly have a jolly big interest in it. You're with me, old man, aren't you?"

"Hand and glove," I cried.

"Shut up—not so loud," he growled scowling. "Take things easy, old fellow. Now, get back to the Albert and kill time as you have been in the habit of doing. It's 5.50 now."

I took up my hat and was making for the door, when he stopped me. "No, no, not that way, here," he muttered, and led the way out by a rear door.

I found myself in one of those little alleys so common in the city, and after two minutes' walk came out on Fleet Street. It was a warm evening, unusually warm for London, and I removed my straw hat and fanned myself, as I walked. The newsboys were tearing out from the distributing rooms of the evening papers, yelling madly as they ran: "Hevening Star—Telegraph—Journal—Hextra—Special edition—President of France shot hat—narrow hescape!"

I bought one. The lad grabbed the half-penny and was off and away, when, as I turned around, I almost ran over a young lady who was endeavouring to cross the pavement. I am quite a big man, and the force of my hundred and ninety pounds almost knocked her off her feet. I caught her as she reeled, and stammered my apologies. A man in livery was equally as quick. He leaped down from the box of a waiting brougham, and was almost instantly at the lady's side. He scowled at me, as he respectfully inquired: "Are you hurt, my lady?"

"I'm all right now, Giles," replied the fair unknown, recovering her breath.

"Permit me to assist you to your carriage," I said, as I inwardly cursed my clumsiness.

She shot me an arch glance from a pair of deep violet eyes, as she answered in soft, musical voice, "I thank you, but Giles is here."

There was a rustle of skirts, a faint whiff of perfume, a slam of the carriage door, and she was gone, leaving me standing stock still, staring after her like an idiot.

The incident had caused a little knot of people to congregate, but I pushed my way through them and continued on toward my hotel. Somehow, I couldn't get the vision of those violet eyes out of my mind. They haunted me as I drank my tea and ate my cutlet; they seemed to look at me through the clouds of smoke as I enjoyed my evening pipe, and they were there with that arch look as I dressed to keep my appointment with "Pocket Light" in the park at 11.17.

CHAPTER IV

"POCKET LIGHT" KEEPS HIS ENGAGEMENT

It was a very different kind of a night to the previous one. Instead of fog, the air was clear, and bright with the light of a full moon. I took my position at eleven o'clock as near as I could judge to the place I had been in twenty-four hours ago. It seemed impossible I could have been lost there now; everything loomed up so plain and distinct. I seated myself on a bench well in the open, and waited. I had a good view on all sides. There were quite a number of people about, and presently the theatres closed, and the park began to swarm with men and women sauntering home. I looked at my repeater. It was eleven fifteen. As I glanced up, I saw a prosperous-looking gentleman approaching. He hesitated a moment, then with a smile on his face, advanced to meet me. He raised his opera hat.

"I beg your pardon," he said "but have I the pleasure of addressing the gentleman who was here at this time last night?"

"The same," I replied.

He bowed, and extracting a small case from his pocket, took out his card. I read: "James B. Allison." At the bottom of the piece of paste-board was written in pencil, "309 High Holborn, W.C."

He read my name carefully, as I gave him my card, then looking up with an attempt to frankness, said, as he extended his hand:

"Mr. Brice, I am sure you will pardon my bringing you out here at this time, but I was very anxious to make plain to you what, I am sure, must be an inexplicable incident to you."

I did not reply, and he continued:

"I am speaking, not only for myself, but for a large number of other gentlemen."

Again he stopped, as if expecting me to say something.

"Pray proceed," I said.

"It really is most extraordinary, and if the affair had not so nearly ended seriously, I should almost be inclined to laugh."

"I can assure you," I replied, rather stiffly, "that I do not feel the slightest inclination to give way to mirth."

"That I can readily understand, my dear sir—indeed, it might easily have ended tragically for some of my friends, at least—but perhaps, while I explain, you would prefer to step into our lodge room; it is here," and he waved his hand toward the road.

"Thank you," I returned, "but I prefer to receive the explanation here."

"Just as you like, but permit me to point out that had we anything of which to be ashamed, all that would be necessary is to let the matter drop. The fact that I have sought you out in order to offer an apology should in itself be a sufficient guarantee that my intentions are honorable."

A tall thin man, out at heel, passed close by us. He stopped, and touching his cap, wailed:

"Hey, governors, could you 'elp a poor chap along; I'm clean broke, and the cops won't let me sleep on the benches—just a copper or so—that's all."

I slipped my hand into my ticket pocket and gave the fellow a three-penny bit.

"'Pon my word, you fellows are becoming a regular nuisance around here," grumbled Mr. Allison, as he slipped a coin into the supplicant's hand. "Now, get along."

The tramp shot a keen glance at my acquaintance, and shambled away.

"As I was saying, Mr. Brice," resumed "Pocket Light," "the matter is very easily explained, and you can verify my words; I am well known in the city. Now for my explanation. Last evening we were engaged in initiating new members into our society."

"What society?" I questioned quickly.

"It is a new one, and one, perhaps, but little known—you may not even have heard of it. We call it the Order of the Lion and Eagle."

He stopped to note the effect of his words My face was expressionless.

"It was started a few months ago by some gentlemen in the city with a view of drawing together the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. You are, I think, an American, Mr. Brice?"

I bowed.

"In which case," he continued, "we may, I hope, have the pleasure of enrolling you at no very distant date, I venture. To get down to business, as you say in the States, I wish to tell you how this deplorable incident occurred last evening."

"That is what I came for," I said pointedly.

He ignored my rather hostile tone, and went on:

"A gentleman but recently arrived from America was expected by us last night, but the fog detained him, and one of our number was despatched to locate him. He found him, as he concluded, and brought him to the lodge room, but as you will very readily guess, it was not Mr. Brown, but yourself whom he conducted in."

"Mr. Brown, you said?" I questioned.

"Mr. Brown," he repeated solemnly.

"I must say," I replied tartly, "that you give your new members a noisy reception; is that your usual manner of initating a new comrade?"

He smiled in a deprecating way. "The reception was not nearly so dangerous as you suppose. I admit it is startling, and somewhat trying to the nerves, but I can assure you, Mr. Brice, that the pistol that our brother discharged at you was only loaded with blank cartridges."

I appeared to swallow the bait he was offering.

"It is a part of the plan for testing the courage and nerve of our new members; each one of us has to go through the ordeal, but I am able to promise you that, should you conclude you wish to join us, that part of the ceremony will be considered as having been passed."

"Thanks," I said dryly.

"I am afraid you do not approve of our initiation," he remarked, laughing.

"It is rather disconcerting," I observed, "and are you quite sure, Mr. Allison, that those guns are not loaded with ball?"

"Of course! My dear sir, do you really, seriously suppose that we should commit such an offense as to fire with real ball?"

"I thought—but, of course, I must have been mistaken—that I heard the whistle of the ball as it sped past me last night."

"Oh, that was pure imagination, I can assure you."

"But why shoot at me when it was discovered I was the wrong man?"

"They thought you were the right one."

"Pardon me, but I distinctly heard the man in front of me exclaim, 'Who the devil have you here?' "

"Oh, that is simply a part of the ceremony; it is intended to startle and disconcert the applicant."

"It most certainly has that effect," I retorted; "however, Mr. Allison, I am glad to have your explanation, for I was completely at sea as to the reason why I received such rough usage."

I started, as if to wish him good-night, but he evidently had something else on his mind.

"There is one other little matter," he remarked. "Suppose we walk toward the road as we talk; it is getting late, and I suppose you wish to get home."

We started across the grass toward the driveway. As we did so, we passed the tramp who had lately accosted us, fast asleep on a bench.

"Appears to have overcome his fear of the police and to have decided to sleep out after all," observed my acquaintance, bending a keen gaze upon the sleeper, "It is surprising how many of those fellows there are around—there is lots of distress, Mr. Brice, lots of it—but, as I was about to say, when you became alarmed at the manner in which you were being received, brother Kemp says you caught at his arm, and in so doing, he thinks you tore away a part of the letter of introduction of our new member—the one we were expecting, you know. It is a comparatively small matter, but the lodge rules require that these letters be filed with our applicant's papers, and we would like to comply in this case, if possible. Did you—that is, is it possible that you noticed a torn fragment of the letter after you recovered from your surprise? We could find it nowhere in the room or hall, although we searched carefully. I dislike to bother you about such a trifle, but I thought it—it possible—possible that you—you might have discovered the torn part after you left."

"I know nothing about it," I lied firmly. "It is hardly probable that I would have noticed it under such exciting circumstances. If I tore it away, as you suggest, it probably was lost either in the hall or outside."

I could see that he was plainly disconcerted. I was not sure if his face expressed relief or the reverse. He tried to turn the matter off by saying:

"I hope, Mr. Brice, that we may have the pleasure of receiving your application soon; I would very much like to interest you in this society of ours."

"I'll think it over," I said. "Good-night."

"Good-night," he returned.

I looked around, as he departed. The tramp had awakened, and was now leisurely slouching away.

CHAPTER V

TRAPPED

I was in communication with Ward several times during the next day. The astonishing disclosures against which we had stumbled necessitated very careful work. I was for going at once to the authorities and placing our evidence before them. It appeared to me there was no time to be lost. The diabolical plot was already hatched. A few days—a week or so—and the world would be shuddering in horror.

"You'll never convince them," Ward argued. "My dear fellow, you don't know the British official; he'd laugh at you for your pains. He is so thoroughly convinced of the stability of all things English, so amazingly slow to grasp anything new or unexpected, that he would unhesitatingly put you down in the crank class. I feel certain I am doing the correct thing in cabling to my agents in Berlin and Washington; they may succeed in getting the authorities to look into it. We have tomorrow and the next day in which to act, but we are watched, Milton."

"Think so?"

"I am positive. My dear fellow, you don't move from your room at the Albert but the information is sent to them. They are not deceived for a single moment by your sweet innocence. They have their spies everywhere. I tell you London is a hotbed of these fellows; all their plans are hatched here, although they never explode them in England, and the immunity from disaster has lulled the British people into a false sleep of security."

"Look here, Ward," I objected, "we can't stop this thing by ourselves. There's Scotland Yard, there's the Mansion House, there's the State Department; we'll go there and show what we know. They must see that we have run on a hornet's nest. If one place won't take notice, the other will."

"Yes, and by the time they have grasped the situation, the bomb will have burst. No, my boy, we'll stop the game first, and explain afterwards. We go down to Tilbury tomorrow night. I've got Mack and Luther, as I told you, and if we don't put a spoke in their wheel, I'll eat my hat. Of course, Berlin or Washington may act, but these fellows have their men everywhere, and so many things may happen. I'll see you at ten tonight."

He left me, but in half an hour was back again, with an afternoon paper in his hand. "Here—look here," he muttered, as he spread the news sheet out on the table. His finger was indicating the second item under the heading of "Foreign News." "Washington, D. C., July 19th. A newspaper correspondent of the *London News* was shot and instantly killed as he was entering the State Department here this morning. The assassin was captured, but would give no reason for his crime. The victim, Mr. Willoughby Hemmings, was well known in newspaper circles both in the United States and Europe."

"There's poor Hemmings gone—the first offering on the altar. He's the chap I cabled to put the affair before your Government—you know—I told you. I tell you, Milton, these brutes are everywhere."

"Look here, Ward," I cried, "I'm going to have my way about this thing; now you give way to me, old man, just for once. Tomorrow morning, as soon as office opens, we'll put this thing before the proper people. They must—by Hunk, they *shall* take notice."

"I'll yield the point, and we'll go down to Scotland Yard now if you like—there's no need to wait until tomorrow. Come along; you'll see I'm right."

I did. We saw Sir Henry Murry, the veteran chief. He thanked us for our information and promised he would look into it.

"But, Sir Henry," I cried, "it must be done at once if you are going to; it will admit of no delay."

"Rest assured, my dear sir, that our people have full information if anything is amiss," he said confidently.

"You see," muttered Ward, as we withdrew.

I nodded savagely. Nevertheless, I determined to get the ear of the State Department on the morrow, or at least, make the attempt.

It was ten o'clock that night when the bell boy knocked on my door.

A lady and two gentlemen, sir," he announced, handing in two cards.

One bore the name I had seen on the card in the Park the other evening. The other read: "M. R. Dangerfield, 57 Netherwood Road, W."

The lady had not sent her card up.

They are waiting in the reception room, sir," said the lad.

"I'll be down," I replied.

I jumped into my coat and followed close at the boy's heels. In the hotel reception room I found my acquaintance of the Park in company with a lady and gentleman. The lady's back was turned toward me, but Mr. Allison saw me and rose briskly, as I entered. He advanced, smiling, toward me, with outstretched hand.

"A thousand pardons for calling you up so late," he said. "I will explain in a moment, but allow me, Lady DeArcey, Mr. Milton Brice. Mr. Dangerfield, Mr. Brice."

I started as the lady turned around, and arising bowed to me.

"I have met Mr. Brice before, I think," she said, frankly.

"And the meeting was not particularly to my credit," I observed, for I found myself facing my lady of the violet eyes.

"I have the honor of being Lady DeArcey's brother-in-law," purred Mr. Allison. "We are on our way home from the Empire."

"Out so soon?" I questioned.

"Scarcely. I believe there are two more acts to wade through, but this 'Rejected' is too utterly impossible—we could sit it out no longer."

"Besides, there was our engagement with Mr. Brice," supplanted Mr. Dangerfield, speaking now for the first time.

"Your engagement with me!" I ejaculated in astonishment.

"Permit me—allow me to explain," interposed Mr. Allison. "Your friend Mr. Willet was to be here at ten, was he not?"

I bowed.

"This, then, will explain matters."

He produced from his inner pocket a letter and handed it to me. I recognized Ward's handwriting on the envelope. It was addressed to me, so I opened it. I excused myself to the company, as I turned aside and commenced to read:

My Dear Milton:

By a singular chance I have run against your acquaintance of the Park this evening. I met him at Sir Godfrey's this evening; I knew him instantly, and as I have some rather important matters to discuss with the Baronet, this evening—you will understand—."

I looked up. The letters seemed to be dancing and staggering about before my eyes. Why, no, it was I who was staggering. I clutched at a chair for support. The whole room was circling about me. I felt sick and dizzy. I endeavored to slide into a chair. As I did so, I cast a hasty glance about the room. It was deserted, save for my three visitors.

"I am sorry—I feel un—," I stammered, but I never finished the sentence.

Allison had drawn a step nearer to me. His breath fanned my cheeks. His little beady eyes were scrutinizing me intently. Lady DeArcey had seated herself again, with an almost bored expression upon her features. Dangerfield had crept up close behind his companion, and was gazing at me with eager interest. A close, stifling atmosphere seemed to surround me. I was almost choked. I tumbled weakly into the chair. My head sank forward on my breast.

My last recollection as my weary eyes closed, was of two faces peering, peering, peering into mine, and of the girl—that girl with the violet eyes—rising, in the same rather bored manner, and walking slowly over toward where I sat crumpled up in the chair.

"You—you infernal cads," I groaned.

Then a great blackness enveloped me. I could not speak, although for some moments I was aware of voices in the room. I knew that other people had come in. I endeavored with all my might to make my lips form some words. I heard the word, "fainted," repeated more than once, and I was conscious of a girl's soft hand brushing my temples.

Then all was a great nothingness.

CHAPTER VI

IN THE COILS OF THE SNAKE

"Look out there, Leon, the fellow's coming to."

"Bon, let him come."

"You should have put some cold lead into both of 'em, instead of carting 'em off in this style."

"Vaite, vaite, mon enfant, you see about as far before your nose as dis."

"Rot."

"Yes, they vould rot if dey was dead, but alive, ach, dat is verie different. Alfonso iss dead. Now is dare no von vot knows about de guns to—vot you call it—mount dem, yes. Dis fool iss off the navy of de United States—he vas. How to mount de guns knows he—also how to fire dem—ven he iss alive he knows, if he vas dead vot vould he know?"

"Well, what's the use of the lawyer fellow?"

"You vaite, you vill see dat also—he iss a lawyer—he is useful, den in de—vot you call—negotiations, yes."

"Look out, I say, he's opening his eyes."

"Are you sure you haf de irons vell fastened?"

"Bet your life."

"Here, vake up, you Mister—mister vot you call yourself."

I pretended to be still under the influence of the drug. As a matter of fact, I had been in possession of my senses for the last ten minutes. I moved uneasily, and heard the irons clank on my ankles.

"He ain't ready to wake up yet," asserted one of the men.

"Dare iss no hurry; he soon vill be. I tink, Jackie, dat it vas a very good trick dat I plan, eh? He iss so quick vid his pistol dare iss no chance to take him dead, so ve take him alive, vot? Alive he iss of use much, eh?"

"Oh, you're a smarty all right, Leon. How did you manage to get the room all to yourselves?"

"Ah, I haf friends everyvere—everyvere. Friends iss good to haf, vot?"

The continuation of this remarkably interesting story will be found in the November number of THE NATIONAL

THE GRAY SEA

By HENRY DUMONT

Gray is the sea with ancient woe.—
Though smiles illume her aged face
They cannot ever hide the trace
That marks a breaking heart below!

—*From "A Golden Fancy."*

DISTRIBUTING THE IMMIGRANTS

By ORMSBY McHARG

THE impulse to seek a new home in what is hoped to be a better country has altered the map of the world and done much to perfect the civilization of mankind.

Much has been said in the last decade about conserving the natural resources of the country, about replenishing the depleted supply of raw materials that go into the development of a country, and the discovery and use of methods which tend to increase what we are pleased to term the "bounties of nature."

Some thinking people, patiently listening, have wondered why we have not heard something about the conservation of men and women and little children.

Why have not the enthusiasts on the preservation of inanimate things looked somewhat to the preservation of the human race? Why do not the wealthy men who are engaged in philanthropic efforts to preserve the forests and mines for unborn generations, turn some part of their attention to the preservation of those who are so unfortunate as to be found in the unhealthy and overcrowded quarters of our cities? Why do they not take such people up and plant them in the good open air where they will have some chance in the battle of life? They are much more important than trees, and more precious than mines.

This is a purely practical problem, concerning our native people as well as the immigrant. There is a greater area in this country where no human beings are found than there is where there are no trees or mines.

The federal government has a manifest duty with respect to immigration. The whole nation has reaped the fruits of uninterrupted immigration. The people who have come to us have been men and women of intelligence, energy and ambition; it requires such qualities to break away from old friends and go upon a long, tedious and difficult journey to a new country.

Recently a disposition has shown itself in this country to correct the tendency of immigration in this direction. This disposition is marked on the part of people who have not thoroughly informed themselves as to conditions and the development of this country. Those whose observations have been confined to the large cities of the Atlantic coast, the mining districts of Pennsylvania, and an occasional large city in other parts of the country, advocate a rigid restriction of immigration, apparently, taking no account of how the vast undeveloped areas of this country are to be redeemed. Considering statistics as to our untouched land, it would appear that the immigrant, whom it must be admitted is our only source of supply for populating these regions, should come in, with reasonable restrictions as to physical and moral fitness. He should be excluded only when the country is fully settled.

It is absurd to talk about building a Chinese wall about this nation. There is no natural or legal right given to nations or to men to close a continent against the ingress of desirable men and women. We will do violence to our conscience if we attempt to carry out any such scheme. We must concede to the civilized nations of the world the right to insist that such of their people as wish to come here (proper and reasonable restrictions considered) shall be allowed to enter. The spirit of intolerance should not be fostered. The doctrine of prior occupancy should not be applied against men who come to share this great land with those of earlier arrival. None of us are native stock, strictly speaking. The immigrant has redeemed this country from a wilderness; he has opened up farms; built cities, and laid railroads. He has done everything necessary in the development of the country, and his assistance has been held indispensable in our efforts to gain commercial ascendancy.

This leads us to a consideration of the commercial value of the immigrant. It costs a given number of dollars to raise a child to a productive age. Multiply this by the number of mature immigrants coming in each year, and we have an enormous sum, all of which immediately goes into the wealth of the country. In nearly every case the immigrant comes possessed of some money, often running up into hundreds of dollars. These various sums of money total up into the millions. It must be admitted, however, that many of the recent arrivals are not as sturdy as the early immigrant. The sky scrapers of the city seem to offer a protection to a great many of them. The early comers sought the open, and played a very significant part in the development of the country.

This fact strongly emphasizes the need of systematic governmental distribution of immigrants, that they may escape the charge that they are no longer important in the country's development.

The real problem confronting the United States in regard to immigration is congestion in the large cities. Over sixty per cent. of the immigrants remain in one hundred of the leading cities. The federal government is the only authority that can regulate immigration. There is only a limited number of ports of entry where hundreds of thousands of wealth producers annually land. They should there be advised and directed as to where their energies can be best employed. Better yet, they should be advised before they leave their homes, as to what part of the United States the services of men and women of their equipment can be utilized. The immigrants would thus be well cared for and their congestion in the cities largely prevented. This congestion brings about a low standard of living on the part of the immigrant. The fault is not his, but rather the natural result of conditions. The federal government has evinced no disposition to exercise its power over the immigrant once he has landed. This tremendous factor in the molding of national character, and in the creation of national wealth, is thus allowed to become corrupted and weakened.

In the past Congress has legislated for the construction of railroads, and the courts have held such laws constitutional, on the ground that they were made to provide for the common defense and to promote the general welfare of the country. Can it be consistently contended that the most valuable agency for the real promotion of the defense and welfare of the country—the human being—shall be neglected, just because he is a human being? Must we be satisfied with the argument that the federal government has no police power, and that the instant a man is admitted to this country he shall pass beyond the control of the only authority that can prevent him from landing, namely, the United States government?

Congress generously appropriates for other broad general purposes.

Why should it not in the same spirit, for the common defense and the general welfare appropriate for the purpose of best directing this great source of wealth? It may be said that these people will not live in the country. Many of our own people are leaving the country and moving into the cities. Make the country attractive to our own people, and it will also appeal to the immigrant. To accomplish this end, the government should establish a great national agricultural school system for the purpose of educating its people to conduct the business of the agriculturist on scientific and business lines, so that the cultivation of the soil will call into play the activities of the mind as well as of the body. When this is done, and it is not theorizing to say that it can be done, a limited area of land within the purse of the immigrant, will suffice to provide him a better livelihood than he gained in his former home. There is nothing more potential in building character than for a man to look upon that which nature offers him if he will but toil for it, and in the way pointed out, the prize would be always in sight.

The government gives liberally to maintain two great national schools, having for their purpose the training of young men in the art of destruction. West Point and Annapolis are monuments in their lines. All praise to the splendid men turned out by these institutions.

In time of need they will organize the patriotism of the country into a staunch line of defense. The government can afford to educate for this purpose. Is it not equally important to teach its people how to save its resources, and assist them in working out new ways for increasing the productiveness of the soil?

A digest of the annual appropriations for the fiscal year 1910 offers a startling comparison between the money expended in the war and navy departments and that allotted to the Agriculture Department. The War Department appropriation shows a total of $201,900,000; the navy $140,000,000—a total of $341,000,000. Look at the appropriation for agriculture, and only a modest $13,000,000 appears. Comment is unnecessary.

The enthusiasm and patriotism with which the immigrant has assumed the obligations imposed upon him is a magnificent tribute to our government. The flag of this country has been bathed in the blood of the men of every province and nation of the civilized world. The immigrant has always stood for the integrity of the Union. and the nation's wars have proven his love for his adopted country.

The immigrants have furnished their share of the philanthropists of the country; they have amassed fortunes and have liberally spent them.. Their sons and daughters are doing their share to maintain the high standard imposed upon us by the founders of this government. In the face of this record, the present and the future, with respect to immigration, should be judged by the past. There is no better rule for passing judgment upon our fellowmen. There is nothing in this to cause us to desist from our demand that men and women considered undesirable by the dictates of the experience and the conscience of all fair-minded men shall be kept out of the country. We must demand that the mentally and morally sick, the vagrants, and all others who would tend to lower the American standard of living shall be excluded. This is not arrogating to ourselves any right which any nation of Europe might not exercise with regard to undesirable men and women leaving the United States to go over there.

We must keep this country a fit place in which to build homes. Let us make good Americans out of good imported men and women. We want this material to be as pure as the gold in our standard dollar. The materials we are receiving are going into the great American melting pot. Our national alchemy will subject them to the fire of many new experiences under strange conditions. We may have great faith in the outcome of this test, and I am going to predict that out of it will come a man stronger, nobler and braver than any of whom the historian has yet written. This new man will be the product of the mingling of the blood of Europe and America.

Advocates of restricted immigration hope to accomplish great results by establishing an educational standard for the admission of immigrants. The reasons advanced for such test are not entitled to serious consideration. They are based upon a superficial examination of the circumstances which constitute the cause of illiteracy on the part of the immigrant. The lack of an education is due in nearly every instance to the absence of a popular school system in the country from which the immigrant comes. It is not long ago that such charge could have been rightfully made against the immigrant from the north of Europe, yet no one will say that there was not just as much character and manhood in those countries before books were in common circulation as there is now. An impediment that goes no deeper than the lack of an education sufficient to meet the test proposed by the advocates of restricted immigration, can readily be overcome. The schools and colleges of the country show what the children of the immigrant can do when given a chance. The great trials of life which go to make character, produce a mental development rendering comparatively easy the task of acquiring an ordinary education. All that is needed is the public school and an opportunity to attend it. It requires no longer for the children of the immigrant to learn to read and write our language than it does our own children.

We must all honestly admit and face the real problem that results from the congestion of the immigrants in the cities. This necessarily is a national problem, which the individual state has not the power to handle. This is especially important if we are to benefit by the experience of other countries and the great cities of Europe. History discloses the fact that the degeneracy of the people of a country has always commenced in the cities, and the failure of civilization has come when the cities have grown to great size, and the rural districts have declined. The yeomanry or landholders of the various countries have been their backbone, saving them in many a crisis.

When this problem of congestion is solved the country is bound to face an era of marvelous growth. The return to the immigrant is going to be so great when he enters into this new and undeveloped region, that he will be perfectly satisfied, and he will be as great a force in the increase of the wealth of the country in the future as he has in the past. Under present conditions, entering upon the life of the city, he is the victim of bad sanitary conditions which break down his spirit and body and drive him into the sweat shops. He then becomes the plaything of benevolent political organizations. We want something better than that for him, and it is certainly here for him to be had. In seeking it he will enrich himself and the nation.

THE CLOVER

By NINETTE M. LOWATER

SWAYING and nodding gaily
  With every wind that blows,
The happy, red-cheeked clover
  Down in the meadow grows.
The rains but make it fairer,
  The winds but make it strong;
The bees which steal its honey
  Its fragrance bear along.
When stricken by the sickle
  It rears its head anew,
To meet again the sunshine,
  To drink again the dew.
The tender, hot-house darlings,
  Shielded from sun and air,
May shrink from its advances,
  And deem themselves more fair,
But all the world is dearer,
  And all the air more sweet,
Because the sturdy clover
  Grows gaily at our feet.

THE NATION'S HARVEST OF 1910

By THE EDITOR

When tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers therefore are the founders of human civilization.—WEBSTER.

A "SWING around the harvest circle" just before and during the time crops are gathered in various states of the Union has a fascination far excelling even a tour of Europe. It deals with the one basic resource of a great country, upon which immense industrial and commercial interests are founded; while in Europe one chiefly visits the ruins of ancient art and bygone glories. To pass through and inspect the great fields of the Republic, watching the growing crops and marking the titanic operations of the greater agricultural sections in harvest time, is an experience full of inspiring incidents.

The harvests of 1910 are estimated in the aggregate to equal in value those of the bumper year of 1907, although in some states there have been serious droughts and partial crop failures. The diversification of crops and farm industries has minimized the losses of the early days, when nearly all the farmers of any given section depended upon one staple crop.

In New England, although the hay crop has been heavier than any known for years, and the corn and some cereals excel even the yield of the fertile valleys of Ohio, the acreage is so comparatively small that it fails to give one any adequate idea of the great harvests which overflow the granaries and markets of the world.

In the fertile Connecticut Valley, Massachusetts claims for her green fields of broad-leaved tobacco an average crop of fine quality. In some orchards the irrigation plans that have been so successful on a large scale in the West have been adopted to good advantage. Think of irrigation in New England—irrigating from the brooks and rivers of which her poets have sung so sweetly in the golden age of New England literature.

In some of the remote fields, clustered about famous old battle grounds of the Revolution, men were swinging the old-fashioned scythes, calling to mind Whittier's picture of the hay field in "Maud Muller." Even here in the old farmhouse in the Berkshire hills by the his-

WHERE THE ENCAMPMENT OF GRAIN STACKS GATHER toric river, after "washing up" in the tin basin at the back stoop with water brought to us in the old moss-covered bucket, my farmer host was able to tell me just how the crop situation in Massachusetts compared with that in Oregon. When I spoke of my general interest in the crop reports, he witheringly informed me that the attention of the whole country was centered on farming. Did not the iron manufacturers of Pittsburg, the lumber men of the Northwest, even the cotton manufacturers, gauge their output on the agricultural harvest reports? Down at the post office and at the village store—everywhere—the main subjects of interest, from seed time until harvest is gathered, are the conditions of crops as compared with former years. Every day when rain falls the fact is carefully entered in a record of the weather that is kept as faithfully as a captain maintains the log of his ship.

WHERE THE PINEAPPLE PROSPERS IN FLORIDA

When you say "Vermont," it recalls besides green hills a farm measured by the number of cows that can be kept upon it; it may be a five-cow farm, a ten-cow farm, or a hundred-cow farm. Even in the dry and torrid months of midsummer the green hills of Vermont are refreshing. The farm population of the state has been changed but little since Bennington and Ticonderoga days, and a more steady, aggressive American stock does not exist. Vermont maple sugar retains the delicious flavor of the mountain maples and is a staple farm product. The farmers are typical in themselves, and now they are thinking again of breeding those incomparable Morgan horses for which Vermont was once famous.

The farmers of northern Maine have for some years been notedly successful potato-growers, a crop for which the "Aroostook County" of the old Pine Tree State is famous. Maine also leads in growing the best sweet corn in the world for canning purposes. Very few farms have been abandoned, and even in the old settled portions of the state the hay crop has been a "bumper" yield. There is something of romantic suggestion in stopping over night at one of the old farmhouses that have been owned by the same family for five or six generations, where, too, in some cases, the old farming methods are still employed.

The "White Pine Blight" in New Hampshire has been conquered after a rigorous campaign. Many of the so-called abandoned farms were cultivated with renewed vigor and spirit for hay this year. One young man, coming back to the old farm after spending several years in the great fruit districts of Colorado, has bought adjoining farms, organized an irrigation project and set out trees which he believes will yield better fruit than that of Colorado.

ALTOGETHER THIS LOOKS LIKE FRUIT "AS IS FRUIT"

Scattered throughout the state are "bee" farms, and prosperous-looking farms they are, too. For there is money in bee-keeping if scientifically handled, and the expense of conducting a bee colony is not great. The farmers have found that the most money is made by selling direct to the consumer, who is quite ready to pay a good price for real honey that comes in the comb from the farmer.

"Rhode Island and the Providence Plantation" is what they still call Rhode Island; yet this tiny state has more people to the square mile than any other commonwealth in the Union, and has also more timber to the square mile. There is an aggressive agriculture in "Little Rhody," and the small farmer flourishes among the irregular fields enclosed in stone walls, and the "summer" people take all his corn green from the stalk. The Italians are making use of land which was always thought to be worthless.

THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD YIELD

In Connecticut the harvests of 1910 indicate an increasing interest in old-time farming as an occupation. Thousands of summer people who annually spend three or four months at the little towns scattered on the soil where their forefathers dwelt feel a filial duty in restoring to crops the lands on which their forbears were reared. The production of corn and the yield of many cereals are being constantly increased on land passed by long ago as "worn out." The Connecticut peach orchards are becoming famous, and Mr. E. H. Hale of Glastonbury is an enthusiast when it comes to proving what Connecticut soil will do for the horticulturist.

In New England it is evident that, in farming, the East must begin all over again, and must set a new pace. The old-time methods will do no longer; it is a question of proper equipment and fertilization, as in the South. The terrible drain of the large cities has made it extremely difficult to obtain help for farm work. Many young men will take the hazard of sleeping in city parks or in basement lodgings rather than work on the farms, and it is for this reason that the great problem of today is to eliminate the drudgery of farm work and make it more inviting to the twentieth century lad. From what will the cities be recruited when the brawny boys from the farm are no longer available?

Long Island's great stretches of jack pine and sandy soil suggest Cape Cod. Here were the whilom wastes dotted with great fields of corn, tall and thriving, and although the grain crops were lighter than usual, there was evidence of more poultry and truck farming, for the great markets in New York City give a decided advantage in profits to the neighboring farmers. Portions of Long Island are now largely

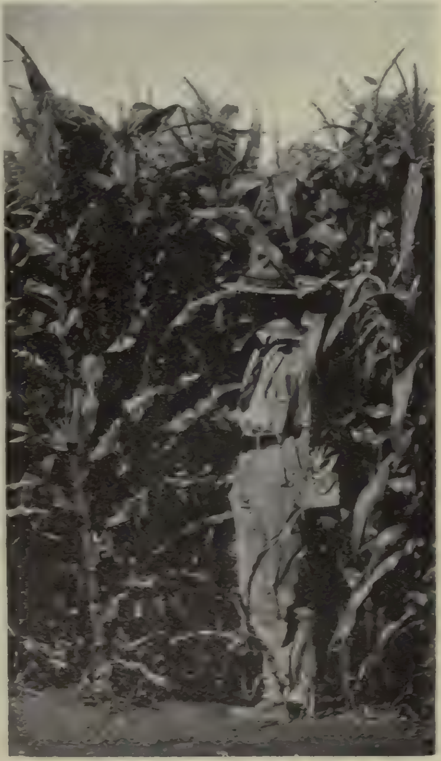
THEY ARE PLANTING ORCHARDS IN MONTANA

populated with New York commuters, who have brought down city methods and dreams of chicken farming within the regulation "ten-foot" backyard lots. The stations farther out have retained some of the good old-fashioned Indian names—here is Lake Ronkonkoma, here Peconic Bay—and the stretches of sandy field about them seemed a fitting place for Indian corn to thrive. One station bore the sign "Good Ground," but it would be difficult to convince an Illinois farmer that the spot was appropriately named. Along the eastern end of Long Island, across to Shelter Island, which in form looks like a crab; over at Sag Harbor, made famous by the late James A. Hearn in his play of that name; the harvest crop on Long Island did not seem quite so promising, the lack of rain being very apparent in the dusty fields and dry crops.

Shooting across New Jersey in railroad trains recalls quaint scenes of the New Jersey farmer. Her sandy soil promises a good crop of "Jersey Sweets" and other garden vegetables, to say nothing of the orchards and vineyards in the Vineland country, where unfermented grape juice was first prepared for an appreciative public and made Jersey vineyards famous.

THE TREES ARE SMALL BUT THEY BEAR BIG FRUIT

Great seed farms nestle behind the gay wall fences of "Billboard Avenue," through which the railroad trains pass—for billboards and summer boarders are a crop in New Jersey that never once fails.



THERE'S GOOD CORN TO BE GROWN IN OKLAHOMA

The old familiar complaint, "failure of the peach crop," has largely lost its force, for Delaware produces so many other crops that her farmers boast of their fields of grain and market vegetables that lie between the tide-water rivers. There was an air of peach prosperity throughout Delaware and more new barns are planned.

Soil survey is the topic of interest down in Maryland, where every county is being surveyed by the Department of Agriculture and State Board. The old theory of "worn-out" farms is proving a myth. Along the shore I expected to hear of a revival of the old colonial rule for fertilization—"a herring for a hill of corn"—but while the corn fields seem to have attained

THESE HORSES SHOW THE CONTENTMENT OF A FINE PASTURAGE

astonishing proportions, the herring are now kept for food, and manufactured fertilizers are sold in immense quantities. In the vicinity of the old plantation of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, there are many large dairy farms, and the early garden truck production has attained enormous proportions.

In the land of zigzag rail fences, good old Virginia, the apple orchards in Albemarle County, the home of Jefferson, were shown with just pride. The red soil of the state shows more diversification of crops than ever before, although tobacco and corn are still cultivated in goodly quantities; and don't forget the peanuts, raised among the rows of corn—the baseball game and the circus could not go on without "Fresh roasted peanuts, five a bag!" The great truck garden district near Norfolk appeared to have had a prosperous year, and Virginia ham!—it makes one's mouth water to speak of it.

The great valleys of West Virginia were blossoming with unrivalled harvest. It was interesting to find, among the coal-ribbed mountains of the state, that the great army of miners and workers in industrial plants were developing small farms of ten and twenty acres each, and the interest manifested in these little cultivated spots shows a popular movement toward intensive farming that is not indicated elsewhere. West Virginia is one of the few states entirely out of debt.

The mention of "blue grass" always suggests Kentucky. There may be more fascinating views than that seen in riding over the "blue grass section" of Kentucky in June-time, but it has never been portrayed. The great tobacco fields of the state show even an increased acreage, and a steady fight is made against the parasites by using jimson weeds as traps, a strategy suggested by the Department of Agriculture.

One thinks instinctively of "The Hermitage," the home of Andrew Jackson, sur-

THE STEAM THRESHER AT WORK

IN SOME PLACES IT'S JUST SHEEP AND THEN MORE SHEEP

rounded by many thrifty stock farms, in Tennessee. The mountaineers in the east of the state are conducting agriculture very much the same as they did in the early settlements of the state before even Davy Crockett came that way. In the western and central parts of the state, however, stock-raising and small farms have increased in the past five years more than at any time since the war.

The handiwork of the irrepressible Agricultural Department was very visible in North Carolina, for the development of new crops has been a marked feature of the year. The new cotton mills established have interfered with getting farm help, but there has been a remarkable development of corn and stock-raising.

The old-time average of eighteen million bushels of corn per year has, during the past ten years, jumped to about fifty million bushels for 1910 in South Carolina. For generations the only crop raised was cotton; now corn is the thing. Here it was that an Iowa farmer came down and raised corn on a new plan. Weeds were allowed to grow with the crop until it was a foot and a half high, then the weeds were destroyed and fertilizer applied after the corn was well under way. With a stunted stalk the fertilizer forced the yield into the ear. The weeds did not choke out the corn; the experiment was a success, and seems to mark a new departure in corn cultivation.

AMID THE GOLDEN SHOCKS OF GRAIN

Georgia always suggests watermelons as well as cotton, and the melons of 1910 will long be remembered by jubilant growers.

It was Governor Brown of Georgia, recently defeated by

Secretary Hoke Smith in the primaries, who insisted that in Georgia and all throughout the South the farmers should be rebuked for wasting their corn stalks, which if collected would make enough fodder for a million cows, and would mean an untold amount of money in beef and by-products. Governor Brown heartily endorsed the instalment of shredding machines so that every inch of the stalk might be utilized for feed. He estimates that there are probably a ton and a half of stalks to every acre of corn, and with five million acres in Georgia, the waste would easily feed a million head of cattle.

While traveling through the state I came across one of the township correspondents, appointed by the Agricultural Department of Washington, who send in monthly reports regarding the crop conditions in their counties. The details of the comprehensive system employed by the department in gathering crop information from all over the country are interesting. There are thirty thousand township correspondents scattered all over the Union, whose duty it is to go carefully over the territory and submit each month concrete information as to the condition of all kinds of crops. In addition to this branch, three thousand "county correspondents" send in reports separate from those of the township men. A state agent makes a further report direct from his agents, and an organization in direct communication with the department, comprising seventeen traveling "field agents," goes about the country and makes separate reports for groups of states. Special cotton correspondents are also employed to furnish accurate information concerning the cotton yield. Five different reports are sent to Washington each month, by five different sets of correspondents. This safeguards the government crop reports for accuracy in local crop reports, and keeps

IN THE TOBACCO FIELDS OF THE SOUTH

the great crop account and cost estimates for the millions of American farmers. These records are sent to the Agricultural Department. Mr. Olmstead of the Bureau of Statistics, and Mr. Murray, his assistant, and a board go over all the five reports from five distinct groups of correspondents, and from all the figures a crop report estimate is distributed to seventy thousand post offices throughout the country every month.

NUTS ARE NOW RAISED FOR HUMANS AS WELL AS SQUIRRELS

In Florida, land of the palmetto and pine, farmers were especially thankful that the white fly which had for so long been a trouble to them, had at last been extirpated. The orange orchards and fields were being cultivated, but it is in the winter season that the Florida land gives its greatest profit with the enormous yield of tomatoes and early vegetables, although large areas of cotton and other crops are harvested in the fall.

More soil has been surveyed in Alabama, under the campaign of Professor Milton Whitney of the Agricultural Department, than in any other state. The work is done in connection with the State Agricultural Department, and the keen and active interest in the farming interests of Alabama has shown remarkable results in the products of that state. The increased acreage in corn was also an evidence of the promotion of diversified farming in the South, and Alabama agriculture is asserting itself in profits.

Riding on the train through Mississippi and looking out on the rolling cotton fields which were cleared years ago by negro and prison labor, the old days of immense plantations were recalled. The plantations are now being divided into small farms; the influx of Northern farmers into the Yazoo Valley and other districts has done much to promote the adoption of new methods of farming, and the schools are taking up farming as a vocation worthy of the high respect of plantation days. The depredations of the boll weevil in the southern part of the state have convinced the farmers that the only way to get rid of the pest is to stop raising cotton and use the land for other crops. The records show an increase in corn production during the present year, though heavy rainfalls, in contrast to the drought of the Northern states, have somewhat lessened what would otherwise have been a great crop of cotton. The burnt clay roads in the Mississippi Delta were proving almost equal to macadam roads, at a cost of about one third, and these good roads have had a magical effect on the conditions of farmers. The ride from Greenville, Mississippi, over a burnt clay thoroughfare was a revelation.

THE GREAT CROPS AND GRANARIES OF THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

The rice fields were just being harvested in Louisiana, and the yellow fields reminded one of wheat. Rice farming requires great care, and the large areas of bottom lands cleared during the past year have presented an immense field for experiments in flooding the land with water pumped by gasolene engines. The sugar-cane plantations certainly looked prosperous, owing to copious rains, although some of the fields had been drowned out. In a good many parishes—as the counties in Louisiana are called—the increased acreage in drainage has been marked, and the cut-over timber lands are being utilized as soon as the logs are cut.

Going north through the state of Arkansas the yield was generally reported much better than last year, and the increased acreage and deadening of timber for new fields of cotton in the Delta district has resulted in a greatly increased acreage. The cultivation of alfalfa has proved very profitable, and the varied agricultural advantages of the state have maintained a record for quality and quantity of production that is resulting in an influx of many new settlers.

The boll weevil has been a scourge in Texas, but when you speak of Texas you must consider an empire with conditions in one section entirely different from those in another. Texas farmers seem to have a variety of troubles. The ticks have been a pest for years past, but it has been found that by removing the cattle to distant pastures from July 1 to September 1, according to a suggestion of the Agricultural Department, the ticks will be starved out. The "tick fever" has been a very serious infection in Texas. Like the boll weevil, the insect is supposed to come from Mexico, and a very rigorous quarantine is maintained along the Rio Grande. The government is providing a great barbed wire fence marking the boundary between the United States and Mexico, along the Texas, Mexico and Arizona frontier, so a fence of barbed wire is likely to play as important a part in peace as it did in conflict in the Spanish

War. The crude petroleum wells at Beaumont provide a good spraying material to prevent ticks from annoying the cattle, which were being actually soaked in oil.

The general crop reports are favorable and the steady tide of immigration from the North continues. The installation of telephones and the advantages of rural free delivery have expanded the general information which the Texas farmer formerly chiefly gained at church, or when he "went to town" and attended barbecues.

Great fields of corn in the new state of Oklahoma were somewhat withered by hot winds, yet it was an inspiration to walk through the lanes with an Oklahoma farmer and catch the hopeful spirit with which he faced the withered harvest. Crop conditions for the present year were estimated at about 57 per cent, but from the cotton plantations in the southern districts to the corn fields in the north of the state the agriculturists were hopeful for better times next year. Keen interest was manifested in homebuilding, and the schools and churches erected indicate that a partial failure of crops cannot stop improvement in Oklahoma.

AS TEMPTING AS THE LIPS OF A TEXAS BELLE

A BUNCH OF CELERY FROM FLORIDA WHITE AS THE LILIES

On my way to Kansas I met a man who informed me that thousands of acres had been destroyed by hail. Thousands of acres!—prospects looked dark. When I arrived on the scene of disaster, the thousands had dwindled down to about 200 acres. Hail is surely one of the most destructive elements, but its damage is relatively unimportant, as it is generally confined to limited areas. How hail ever reaches the ground through a rush of hot winds and an atmosphere of intense Kansas heat is a mystery not yet solved.

The hot weather had been especially oppressive this year, and the corn was somewhat withered. There were trees around the homesteads, and a general improvement in farming facilities was visible. Every city and town seems to have its Chautauqua Association, and during the interim just before or after harvest there were few Chautauquas that were not well patronized. The sand-clay roads were proving an unquestioned success, and promise to solve the Kansas problem of good roads even in counties where crushed rock is not readily procured.

The one great specter which the Kansas farmer dreads above all other scourges is drought, a statement that is true of nearly all other American farmers.

Water is an essential factor in crop growth, and the annual supply of water required to grow the crops of the country is estimated to be equal to the volume of ten Mississippi rivers at high water mark.

Farming acreage had increased noticeably in Nebraska, but conditions appeared less favorable than last year. On the great plains of the Platte and all over the state the harvest hands were busy in the great fields, spread out like a checker board with squares of yellow interspersed with the deep green of corn and brown of parched pasture. There seems to be a sociability in traveling over cultivated lands not felt in touring the wild waste of country or even the majestic but lonesome scenic splendor of the Rockies. Wherever you see a growing field, you know that there man has sown and there man will reap, and that there exists the very sustenance of life that makes it possible for man to exercise a natural social instinct.

On Nebraska dairy farms as everywhere these days, instead of the milk being skimmed, in the old crock or jar in the cellar, it is instantly put into a separator and the gasolene engine set in motion. The cream is sent to market and sold, while the skimmed milk is fed to the calves and pigs. This milk diet agrees with the young pigs, and now no farmer feels that he is progressing unless his spring pigs are sold in the fall in the form of plump porkers.

"PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT ARE NOT TO BE COMPARED"

Mining, sheep-raising and Yellowstone Park are the advantages called to mind when one speaks of Wyoming, but the visitor finds great areas of grain-raising land being utilized and more being developed. The reports for the next few years promise to show a tremendous farm development in the valley, among the rugged mountains of Wyoming, where a touch of water soon brings out a rich verdant field in sharp contrast to the yellow steeples of rock.

Here it was that I found a real concrete fence-post, proving its worth as a substitute for wood, and nearby were several small cement cottages which would have delighted the heart of Thomas Edison, who believes that the future habitation of man will be under a cement roof. The wide distribution of gravel and stone throughout the country makes it possible for every state to have its concrete fences, and if cured they are more durable and satisfactory than the best wooden fence made.

Sugar beets represent one new agricultural crop in Colorado—and the crop did look handsome. The great fields of alfalfa and the fruit orchards of the Centennial State make a certain ensured revenue from the valleys and plains of Colorado, of even greater value than the mineral wealth of the state. The "Rocky Ford Canteloupe" is today known all over the world, and the great irrigation projects will add many thousands of acres of arable land. In Colorado the sun come down in blistering rays, but plenty of water will work miracles in crop production.

The great grazing areas of the new state of New Mexico are being rapidly transformed into farms, and the indications are that within a very short time New Mexico will develop a much larger total agricultural acreage than is contained in many of the other older states. The experiments of California and Texas are watched here with keen interest.

Arizona, now anticipating the real distinction of statehood, has an agricultural ambition that surprises all who may pass through on the railroad train. The great Salt River Valley near Phoenix and other irrigation projects in the state will soon develop into areas that will be a source of land profit. The experts at Washington insist that there is scarcely an acre of land in the United States on which the plow can pass, that cannot be made to yield some crop that will provide sustenance for human kind.

SWINGING THE SCYTHE IN THE GOOD OLD WAY

Ever since the settlement of the Mormons in Salt Lake City, Utah has been known as the one great object lesson in irrigation. As the water scurces are being utilized, the once waste places are becoming wonderfully fertile, and the settlers become rich with the fruitage of the soil. The rural population of Utah is constantly increasing under the stimulus of the irrigation area now being opened, and few crop failures are ever reported in this state.

When the stranger arrives in Nevada, and asks about agricultural products, he is greeted with a smile. But there are good farms in Nevada, although the state may have been chiefly famous in late years as the place where the unhappy benedict goes to seek relief from marital bonds—or where Jeffries and Johnson fought their world-famous battle. Aside from all this, Nevada has large areas that respond to the magic touch of water from irrigation.

The importance of the citrus fruit products in California is increasing every year. Great fields of wheat are giving way to vineyards and orchards. The magnificence of California agriculture is indescribable; all over the state the beauty, the immensity, the variety of the yield bear out the title an old farmer gave me when I spoke of the state—"God's own country." Over thirty millions a year are produced in citrus fruits alone, and, nowhere, are the farmers and fruit-growers more efficiently organized in marketing their crops. They label their goods, and stand back of the label as any manufacturer would of his marketed products.

THE SPHERES OF FRUIT FAIRLY SHOWER THE TREES

One can never think of Oregon without recalling the "Hood River Apples." The new pear district at Medford and other fruit districts indicate what will follow with the removal of great timber tracts. More small farms have been opened the past year than ever before, and the young farmers are made welcome. The mild climate of the state has attracted many thousands of new settlers, and there is never fear of drought—in winter time, at least when the winter mists begin and the roses bloom till Christmas.

The state of Washington has long been

famous for the fertility of the reclaimed "Palouse Country," and to see these wastes of sagebrush land turned immediately into great fields of wheat by means of dry farming without irrigation represents a wonderful achievement. The crop in Yakima Valley and Wenatchee told the story of irrigation. There has been a great development in fruit-raising and diversified crops, as the lumber is cut away and water procured for dry land.

Idaho also promises a tremendous increase in all kinds of products when irrigation projects under way are completed. Sugar beets here have been very profitable this year. The hundreds of thousands of acres of land opened through new irrigation projects represent future sustenance for thousands of people. The immigration has steadily increased, and the Snake River and every stream passing through Idaho are being harnessed for irrigating ditches.

In Montana the agricultural development has been more marked than in any state throughout the Northwest. The Bitter Root and other valleys have shown a large increase in orchard acreage. Many thousands of young men are here making a start in life with fruit farms, which are supplanting sheep ranches. The great wheat fields of Judith basin and the valleys are a more inspiring sight than copper mines at Butte.

Through North Dakota was found the worst devastation by drought of any place visited. Hot winds did the work—the great fields of wheat withered in the blasts, but even with an alarming loss of wheat and flax, the farmers will not be entirely without resources and revenue owing to the diversification of crops. The great bonanza fields in the valleys have been cut up to some extent; the Red River valley enjoys a great crop, this year escaping the floods of years past, and the North Dakotan knows that good crops come without fail every other year.

WHERE THE CORN IN FULL TASSEL REIGNS IN SPLENDOR

. "JUST POSING FOR A PICTURE BEFORE CRATES ARE PACKED"

On the prairies of South Dakota, the corn area of Iowa has been extended and corn was doing well, although the grain was scorched. One farmer friend had found a new insect.

"Why," he informed me, "I sent that darned thing back down to Uncle Jim Wilson, and got a letter back from the Department without even a postage stamp on it, telling me what kind of a critter it was, and what to do to get rid of 'em.

"And I saved my trees, too," he exulted, as he took me through an expanse of highly-cultivated fruit-trees. "No, sir, there's not a bug or anything else you can't find out about from them high-hat fellers down at Washington!"

Though Minnesota was formerly a great wheat state, her corn crop has gradually grown to proportions surpassing the wheat production in value. The early settlement of Scandinavians in Minnesota has developed good farmers and highly cultivated farms, and their development is similar to that accomplished by the Germans in Wisconsin. General conditions indicate a corn crop of about the average for the past ten years, with a very slight increase in acreage. The one thing that a Minnesota farmer now talks about without cessation is conservation, and then—conservation.

The early spring encouraged Iowa farmers to utilize every bit of inactive pasture and newly tiled slough for seeding at the earliest possible date. While an increased acreage resulted, figures show that the yield of corn in Iowa has not increased in forty years—thirty-two bushels appears to be the average acre yield limit.

The increased yield per acre has been more marked in the Southern states than in the original corn states of the Middle West; but with the total crop rapidly approaching four billion bushels, corn is still the most valuable of all crops raised on the farm—and Iowa is a great corn state.

[*Continued in Advertising Section*]

Two Lives—Found

By SETH BROWN

To find a thing which was never lost.
To remember something that was never forgotten.

THE postman left Mrs. Britton a letter —a business communication. It read:

> "Your request for particulars regarding the probable outcome of the action, Jane V. Britton et al. vs. The Upper San Juan Mining Company, is duly received, and in reply will say, of course no opinion regarding the outcome of litigation is conclusive, but in this case we feel justified in affirming that from the deposition already taken it appears quite improbable that anything can be realized on your claims.
>
> "Should future developments justify a more favorable report, we shall be glad to advise you, and will keep you posted regarding future developments.
>
> "Yours truly,
> "SMITH, BAXTER & GRAHAM, Attys."
> (L. B. B.)

The letter was typewritten—one of the cold, chilly epistles which leave a somber feeling—especially when the subject is the death knell of defeat—blasted hope.

The writer must have had the same idea, as he penned these words at the bottom:

"I am dreadful sorry. L. B. B."

Jane Britton held the letter for some time. She seemed to look beyond it—backward and forward.

The babies were still asleep. It was raining, chilly. The makeshift of lodgings—three rooms—had only one advantage—they were cheap.

Jack Britton had been a good husband. Made good money, invested most of it in style and good living and left his widow a beautiful flat, two little girls and an interest in a mine.

The letter revealed the unreliability of the mine—money all used by promoters, with little chance to enforce an accounting.

Jane had a sale—piano and furniture reduced to cash, and now the cash was nearly gone.

She never grieved over Jack. His life was good and true, and Jane believed him to be all that a wife could expect.

The only man she had known.

The firm of Smith, Baxter & Graham, attorneys, was reliable, important—expensive.

If there was no prospect of receiving anything from the mining company, why prolong the litigation and incur additional expense, which Jane could not pay?

At least the case might be stopped—dismissed and costs avoided.

Jane's experience in legal matters was limited. At thirty-eight she had learned few business lessons from either her indulgent aunt who raised her, or from her husband who was a good producer—and spender.

"I want to see Smith, Baxter & Graham," was her request at the office of this worthy congregation of legal talent.

"Which member of the firm, please," asked the brisk young law student in charge of the outer office.

"Why, let me see," and she referred to the letter and said, "Mr. L. B. B., I think."

"Certainly, Madam, you want to see our Mr. Louis B. Baxter. Kindly be seated. What is the name, please?"

"Mrs. John Britton."

"Just a moment. I'll see if he is disengaged," said the budding disciple of Blackstone, who mentally observed, "More grist for our divorce mill."

* * * * * *

Louis B. Baxter was sometimes referred to as the silent member of the firm.

A man who studied, worked and never gossiped.

His cases were always ready for trial—and generally won when there was a fighting chance.

His counsel was sought by big corporations and always respected.

But he was silent—almost tomb-like.

If he ever had a family no one ever heard of it and society was to him an unknown world.

"Good-morning," was the usual extent of his conversation, and he viewed with suspicion anyone who tried to draw him out on any subject foreign to business.

If he had a heart it was well concealed in his two hundred odd pounds. His holidays were spent in the woods—alone. He occupied quarters in a good hotel—alone.

At fifty he had concealed his past, and his confidence was not possessed by anyone.

If he had a fad it was fine waistcoats, double-breasted.

In marked contrast to his stern aspect and almost painful precision was a bunch of flowers, always kept fresh in a vase on his desk by an old lady who came in, changed the water and refreshed the vase each morning.

She came and went silently.

There was the same amount of sentiment about Baxter as could be discovered in Kent's Commentaries—possibly not as much.

He was well satisfied with himself and everyone else—if they would only confine their remarks to legal subjects—straight to the point.

Once—only once—he was caught whistling by the red-headed office boy. Upon being discovered Baxter acted like a schoolboy, smiled clear across his round, chubby face and revealed a dimple which had never been seen before or since.

* * * * * *

"Is this Mr. L. B. B.?" was the hesitating question which Mrs. Britton asked, referring to the firm's letter.

"This is Louis B. Baxter, Madam," accepting the letter from the demure little woman.

"Oh, yes, I remember, the case against the San Juan Company. A bad set of thieves, and—"

Baxter stopped short. His eye fell on the little post-script about being "sorry."

How did he ever permit such levity to creep into a letter. A legal communication?

He looked at Mrs. Britton, then at his flowers and said the most unheard-of thing—for Baxter.

"Sit down, please, and we will talk it over."

There was little for her to tell. Gradually she told her story—almost unconsciously.

Twice Mr. Louis B. Baxter found it necessary to arise and readjust his flowers.

"Yes, I understand. Pardon me, but I think it's a damned outrage."

"How much money did your husband invest?"

"Oh, yes, fourteen thousand."

"They shall pay you every cent. You can sign a receipt now for five hundred and I'll deposit the amount in your bank, and the balance will come along later—just how fast I don't know, but you can come in any time you need more and I'll fix it. Good-day."

He almost pushed Mrs. Britton out of the office.

Baxter was confused—and so was Mrs. Britton.

Of course there was a gratified sense of having money for two new coats and two pairs of much-needed shoes, rent, groceries and other things, but through it all there seemed a mystery—something so unlooked for and so kind.

Certainly she was fortunate to have a good lawyer—even if he had been selected from the telephone directory.

But he was a real kind-hearted gentleman.

* * * * * *

If Mrs. Jane V. Britton, widow of the late John C. Britton, could have seen her attorney ten minutes after she left his office, she would have seen him in a new light.

He shut the door and walked the office.

A knock at the door brought the response "keep out."

The "case" was a delirium.

"Those scoundrels can never be brought to terms by law, but by God they will settle—somehow."

But how? The chances were even more slim now than they were when Jack invested five hundred a month in their wildcat scheme.

"Give me Ridgewood 469."

"Is this Sidney Fay?"

"This is Baxter of Smith, Baxter & Graham. I want to talk with you personally about that San Juan Mining Case."

"Yes, I represent the plaintiff, and as I remember it you are retained by the defendants."

In ten minutes more, Baxter and Sidney Fay were engaged in a purely professional consideration of the case in the latter's office, with the result that it was made clear to Baxter that all the bars of defence were up secure. Their legal position seemed safe. All the money had been used for salaries, expenses and prospecting, and vouchers were on file ready for the court's inspection.

It was the same old story. Nothing new but the setting. A crook—acknowledged—had used the supposed good names of other crooks—respectable men—to rob friends of the respectable men.

"Say, Fay, between you and me, who got the money?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Baxter, I really don't know. I am the attorney and of course you know attorneys don't get too much when the pie is cut."

"Do you object to telling me who was the inside promoter of this company?" asked Baxter.

"You know full well I can easily draw out that fact in the evidence, even if you have a good defence as to the action."

"Well, sure, I don't mind telling you that Colonel Jameson, of the Third National, was deeply interested."

"Thank you, Fay. Good-day."

Colonel Jameson was a client of Smith, Baxter & Graham, in a foreclosure suit. Colonel Jameson, high and mighty in finance, church and state. Colonel Jameson, clean limbed, immaculate, spotless. A pillar, a gentleman—and apparently a rascal.

Next morning Baxter called a meeting of the firm. A hurry-up message and a cab was sent for Smith, the senior member, who seldom came to the office.

"Gentlemen," said Baxter, "I want consent of the firm to withdraw as attorneys from the case of R. L. Jameson against the heirs of C. D. Casser. My reason is simple. Our firm stands for good law, good practice and decency. Jameson is a rascal—been fleecing his fool friends on a fake mining deal and doing it under cover. He has not appeared in the matter except in an advisory capacity. I have just learned that his advice has brought to him upwards of two hundred thousand dollars.

"With your unanimous permission I desire to have our firm withdraw from his service. His conduct has been uncovered, and he is likely to have to defend himself criminally for his connection with this mining fraud."

Baxter spoke seldom. But when he did—everybody listened. After a brief consultation he was told to "go ahead and use your judgment."

Then Baxter commenced to analyze, to look into this case. Did the fact that a trim little woman, loving and—no, nothing of the sort. It was simple justice.

His letter to the Honorable Richard L. Jameson, familiarly known as the "Colonel" of the Third Nation, read as follows:

Dear Sir:

Kindly meet me in my office Tuesday morning at 10 A. M. on an important matter. If not convenient, 'phone this office Monday.

Yours truly,
Louis B. Baxter,
For Smith, Baxter & Graham.

On Monday the 'phone announced that it would be convenient for Colonel Jameson to meet Mr. Baxter, and within ten minutes a message was on its way to the home of Mrs. Britton, with a note:

If possible meet me in my office at 11 A. M. Tuesday. Send reply by messenger.

Yours truly,
Louis B. Baxter.

The messenger handed Baxter this reply:

Dear Mr. Baxter:

It will be possible for me to come but will have to bring the girls. There is no school this week and I don't want to leave them alone. If you don't mind I will bring them with me, but they will be very quiet.

Yours very truly,
Jane V. Britton.

Girls in a law office would certainly be a novelty. Somehow Baxter was glad of it, and he turned the flowers around and went to lunch.

All that afternoon Baxter was queer. What was the matter? Could it be that—no, surely not.

That night Baxter went to the theatre—strange thing for Baxter.

At ten the Honorable Jameson was face to face with Baxter.

"Mr. Jameson, I wanted to tell you that the firm of Smith, Baxter & Graham desire to withdraw from the foreclosure action of R. L. Jameson *vs.* heirs of C. D. Casser, and therefore I am handing you herewith all of the papers in the case, except the pleadings which we have prepared for filing.

"It is needless for me to say that there will be no fees charged for our services already rendered."

Jameson, "Colonel" Jameson, was a client of no mean importance. In prestige and dignity he was unsurpassed.

It required a full minute for him to gather himself sufficiently to ask, "Sir, what do you mean? Why this insult?"

"Well, I'll tell you frankly why. You are entitled to the information—after we have closed our relations—but not before.

"Just at this moment I want your receipt for these papers," and he handed the Colonel a receipt and pen.

"Oh, very well, I'll have Fay look after the case, but whatever may be your motive for such unusual, unbecoming and unprofessional conduct, rest assured you will have reason to regret your actions."

He arose to go, placed his hand on the door. It was locked, and the key was in Baxter's pocket.

"What does this mean, sir? Some cheap shyster lawyer's trick?"

Calm Louis B. Baxter. Poor fellow the other Baxter was trying to get out. It was a fight between the cultured attorney and the brute force scattered around among his two hundred odd pounds of flesh, bone and muscle.

The cultured attorney won.

"Mr. Jameson, the reason I locked that door was because I did not want to be disturbed. I have a personal matter which you will be interested in, and I want to secure the benefit of your ideas, because it directly affects you, but if you prefer to leave, I will not think of detaining you for a moment, and I will take the matter up with your attorney, Mr. Fay, who represents your interests in the Upper San Juan Mining Company matter."

"It's a lie. I have nothing to do with that company. Did Fay say I had?"

"Just a moment, Mr. Jameson. The only point I want to settle with you now is, do you want to go, or shall we talk about this mining company matter just a bit, before you leave?" and Baxter unlocked the door.

"Oh, I have no reason to fear anything, but of course my curiosity is aroused by such a reference, and I shall be glad to know what you have to say."

"All right, Mr. Jameson, but as this matter directly affects a client of mine, I hope you will pardon my asking her to hear what I say to you."

"Show her in, the more the merrier, so far as I am concerned."

"Excuse me just a moment, Colonel," said Baxter as he disappeared.

In the outer office sat his client between two girls of five and eight. It was a pretty picture.

Oh, how much good the five hundred had done! The coats, the shoes, and the mother looked different.

Baxter came unobserved. Mother was telling the oldest, Grace, how much she wished that her brother had studied for a lawyer, "it was such a noble profession."

It was necessary for Baxter to prepare his client for the interview. He took a seat in front of his "clients"—somehow they all seemed to be clients now. While he was explaining—in long-sounding legal terms—little Jennie went over and leaned against his knee. Strange to say Baxter's arm was around her—before he thought.

"Mother says you got us the money for our coats and that you are the bestest man she knows."

"There, dear, don't interrupt," said mother.

But the arm was tightened a little around Jennie, and somehow she was in Baxter's lap pulling away at that bull dog fob of his.

Mother was uneasy—and so was Baxter.

Her eyes said things, and a grim look came into Baxter's face which brooded no pleasant things for the Honorable Jameson in the next room.

"Mrs. Britton, I say to you frankly that a lawsuit is a bad thing. It can be drawn out indefinitely, appealed and carried upon error. I don't want a lawsuit in this case, and have sent for you to help me in a different action. All I want you to do is to sit still and say nothing. Bring the girls, and I will do all the talking. Come on."

Baxter let Jennie to the floor in a most clumsy but affectionate manner, and they all marched into the august presence of the Honorable Richard Loftis Jameson, President of the Third National Bank, capital and surplus $1,600,000, established in 1884

As they took seats a queer expression came into Mr. Jameson's eyes.

Jameson always liked girls. All good men do—and some bad men.

Baxter, the brilliant attorney, the man who held juries spellbound by his eloquence, his arguments, his absolute logic, Baxter, the cold, haughty man who never was known to smile but once, Baxter, the man on whose honor and judgment hundreds of people had relied, Baxter, who had never been known to lack for words at the right time and whose vocabulary was greater than any other attorneys, Baxter, the imperial, inflexible, stood before this group—speechless—dumb.

But for Jennie, it would have been a Quaker meeting. She said, "Mr. Baxter, do you have any little girls at your house?"

That thawed the ice, and Mr. Jameson saw a chance to relieve the tension by saying, "No, my dear little daughter, your friend Baxter has no little girls. He is not even married. He is a bad old bachelor."

"That's too bad," said Jennie, and everyone was at ease—partially. Jameson and Baxter both smiled at each other. They were now on safe ground. If not friends, they were at least friendly.

"And a little child shall lead them."

There was no set speech. All that Baxter had prepared, the denunciation of Jameson and his methods, left him. What he said was short, logical, true.

"Mr. Jameson, the reason I was obliged to sever my connection with you was because I am the attorney of these clients, and I could not present the matter to you as I felt was right and best while in your employ.

"This is Mrs. Britton, the widow of John C. Britton. He invested all his savings in the Upper San Juan Mining Company.

"I learned that you were interested in this company through your attorney, Sidney Fay.

"I also know that the evidence will show everything regular, but somehow I felt that you, as an honorable man, would want to join me in trying to get this money for Mrs. Britton—and the girls.

"Can you think of any method, Mr. Jameson, whereby this can be brought about?"

How different this speech from the one Baxter had been conjuring up during the past thirty-six hours.

There was a pause. Jameson and Baxter were thinking hard, each in his different way.

Jameson had much good in him. He could "trim" the lade in 'change, but somehow this was different.

"Has—ah—has Mrs. Britton any other means?" was his inquiry.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Jameson," said Grace, "Mr. Baxter gave us the first five hundred dollars from the mine the other day, and we have had such a good time ever since. Did you lose any money in the mine, Mr. Jameson?"

Another "little child" was leading them, expressing a true and trusting thought which would melt and thaw out the good in any heart.

"I'm sorry if you loosed your money in the mine, cuz papa put all his in and we lost it all and papa, too," was Jennie's contribution to the financial dilemma.

Jameson, the dignified, the honorable, the bank president, the man who had held a "corner" on cotton for four weeks against odds of great magnitude. Jameson, whose mansion and horses and money made him a king, Jameson in the presence of a kind, loving thought—was a reed shaken by the wind.

His head dropped, lower, lower and then—"here, Mr. Jameson, use my handkerchief" was the loving expression of Grace.

Another fight. On one side the brute, the money, the power. On the other side the good. And the good won.

Jameson straightened. His head went up—erect.

"I say, Baxter, I have some influence with these mine people, and I will say to you, Mrs. Britton, you will get every cent—with interest. Figure it up, Baxter, and come over to the bank and I'll fix it up.

"And say, Baxter, can't you follow this foreclosure matter? It will be a favor to me if you will."

"With pleasure, Mr. Jameson," replied Baxter.

"Well, I must go. Got a directors' meeting, you know.

"I'm very glad to have had the pleasure of meeting you, Mrs. Britton, and the dear girls, too."

The dear girls did not know that a tragedy had been enacted—but Mrs. Britton understood. Every move, the self-restraint of Baxter mixed with the nobility of true courage, the awful strains on Jameson, and the victory of the good in him—nothing had escaped the eye of the modest little woman.

As Mr. Jameson arose, she also arose.

She did not comprehend the details, but she was a woman and she knew.

Her voice was a trifle unsteady, and there were tears in her eyes as she clasped the hand of the wealthy banker—a man revealed.

"Mr. Jameson, you have been very kind to me and mine. Won't you let Grace and Jennie kiss you good-bye?"

Jameson, the brave, the mighty.

How good it seemed to be good!

How sweet and pure those kisses!

"Good-bye, good-bye. I must go. Directors' meetings are very important you know. Good-bye."

The little party was almost over.

Almost, but not quite.

There was something left and something good.

Two lives—found.

No words were necessary—and few were spoken.

Baxter had a case on in Chancery that afternoon, and must be off, but he would "drop around."

No, he could put it off.

And he walked over to his prize flower-vase and divided them—almost equally—but not quite.

Abruptness was one of his legal tactics. It won many a case at bar.

With an excuse to show the children some pictures the party was separated—by twos. Two were looking at pictures—on paper. Two had seen the picture of each other's true worth. One of the latter two had presented his case.

The office observed the most remarkable event in the career of Louis B. Baxter, Esq. He took a woman and two little girls out to lunch.

TO HUSBAND AND WIFE

Preserve sacredly the privacies of your own house, your married state and your heart. Let no father or mother or sister or brother ever presume to come between you or share the joys or sorrows that belong to you two alone.

With mutual help build your quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friends to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, no, never, speak of it outside; but to each other confess and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Renew and renew your vow. It will do you good; and thereby your minds will grow together contented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will be truly one.

—From "Heart Throbs."

A Gypsy Elopement

by Charles C. Lofquest

"CHA-A-ARRRL-LEE!" yelled Sheriff Cameron to his sleeping son, as he sprang out of bed. "Don't you hear poundin' on the door downstairs?"

Even as he spoke the sounds of heavy rapping shook the little county jail building. The sheriff stumbled sleepily to an opened window, blinking out into the moon-bright night. Somewhere in the row of houses opposite the county square a clock tinkled the hour. Everything was peaceful and still. Then the heavy knocking was heard again, made doubly loud by the stillness of the night.

"Get up, son!" Sheriff Cameron called peevishly.

Charley struggled suddenly out of bed, separating himself awkwardly from the blankets.

"Hello, dad, did you call?" he yawned, stretching a pair of strong arms to the ceiling, and adding, "What's up, eh, dad?"

"Anything at all," grunted the older man through his frowzy beard, "so long as it gets up the sheriff when everybody else is snoozing sweet."

He continued grumbling as he and his son, who was deputy sheriff, proceeded down the stairs. Sheriff Cameron had lighted a kerosene lamp, and this he poised at a perilous angle over his head as Charley swung open the door. In the pallid stripe of light slanted from the lamp stood a tall man.

"What's up, Zibe?" asked Charley, recognizing the man as a farmer from an adjoining township in the county.

"Same ole nuisance," said the man. "Folks out Roscoe way want you to chase a dirty mess of good-for-nothing gypsies that has camped in the valley off the Wolf Road."

"Huh, why can't your own constable do the job?" grunted Sheriff Cameron.

"He's out of town, and ain't worth

much anyhow," explained the other. "You see, sheriff, the gypsies went through some horse-juggling this morning, and Aleck Willis had a fuss with one of the cut-throats, and like as not would've been kilt only for some of us. Then one of the Levings widow's horses disappeared, and there was a lot of fussin'. The gypsies denied they took the animal, and, sir, b' the time it's dusk what does them greasers do but rig up a camp!"

"I suppose they've got to stay *somewhere* during the night, Zibe," remarked Charley with a smile.

"Yes!" admitted Zibe readily. "But this bunch live in a piggy litter of yellow-and-green wagons, and is the dirtiest, most thieving crew that has gone through our section in a long time. We ordered them to get out, but they refused. The boss of the bunch seems to be an old fellow who calls himself Nikodemus Mace."

"Yes, I know old Mace," nodded Charley. "He comes through these parts every summer with his tribe. They're English gyps, and he's got a big pair of earrings, ain't he?"

"Sure!" answered Zibe. "Big rings in his ear-flaps, that's him, and talks the queerest kind of talk—calls himself a Rom or something of that sort. We told him to move his crowd, and he said he would stay as long as he pleased. He said their kettle wasn't in our way, and the *sky* and *wind* didn't belong to us. 'Well, the land does,' I told him. 'By the contrivance of a pen—yes,' he said, 'and how do you use it, always plowing and combing all the *nature* out of it.' Think of such rot talk! Well, he claims one of our boys eyed one of their girls, and that that started the fuss."

"Insulted a gypsy woman?" asked Sheriff Cameron.

"Yes, Sheriff!" exclaimed Zibe. "As if any of *our* boys would throw eyes at any of them begging gypsy shes! And when we asked Mace about the horse he said none of his tribe had taken it, and just walked off and left us standing there."

"Old Mace winded all of you in the argument, eh?" smiled Charley.

Zibe was not so ready to admit this.

"Well, folks decided to have that crowd chased right out before something worse happened," he said, "and they sent me to fetch you—and here I am."

"How many are there, Zibe?" asked Charley.

"Twenty or more."

"Suppose you might take care of yourself in that crowd, son?" gaped Sheriff Cameron.

"Sure, dad, I can handle old Mace," said Charley. "I'll saddle Jess and ride out to Roscoe with Zibe, and you can go back to your sleep."

II

The gypsies so objectionable to the villagers had sought refuge for the night in a tree-fringed dip of land outside of Roscoe village. Six house-wagons stood V-shaped in the bottom of the dip, their shaft-poles vacant, but a score or more horses, tethered by long ropes to the hitching chains, browsed on the slope. Some distance from the wagons a tent had been carelessly raised, in front of which blazed a big log-fire. Overhead, full and silvery clear, in its background of bluey night, shone the moon, casting down a wan radiance over the vagabonds' camp.

Squatting in a circle about the fire, their saffrony faces flushed by its glow, sat the gypsies, idling with cards and chattering excitedly. Back of the men huddled the women and children. Up on the slope, in the pall of the night, sat a gypsy girl alone, singing and stromming a guitar. Her voice arose occasionally in tremulous vibrato, when the buzz of talk about the fire would stop, as the wanderers sat silent under the spell of the song.

"There's no use of talking, Juke," exclaimed a sharp-featured old man, with large rings in his ears, to a square-shouldered young gypsy reclining at his elbow, "I would rather list to that gurl Sylvia of mine a-singin' a real old Romany love-gillie, than to please your gorgeous curiosity by tellin' you your fortune."

The old gypsy had been amusing himself by reading the younger man's palm. But he pushed the other's hand away and sat nibbling his pipe after the girl's song had died away in the soughing of the summer wind through the treetops. As he stared fixedly into the fire, his wrinkled face exhibited an agitation which he was struggling unsuccessfully to conceal. The song, sung in the ancient old language of the gypsies, moved him deeply. Finally he pressed a bottle to his quivering lips. "Merely a toothful, my tiny tawny, to brush from my mind the muck of trouble of this day," he observed, winking his viper eyes.

But the young man was thinking of other things.

"Now, Mace, you has the seein' eye, so tell me all, do the lines of me hand say I'll marry her that I wants?" he insisted.

"The fiend's gun-powder's in you, Juke," smiled the old gypsy, seizing the extended hand. "Well, give's your hand and I'll pen you an honest fortune. So—Yes, devilkin, your palm speaks, but not as you would have it talk."

"Doesn't it say I'll marry the girl I wants?"

"Ah! It says you're thinkin' about a little gurl, and dreamin' of gettin' yourself a yeller-and-gilt drag, bigger and sweller than any in our tribe, and goin' away from us all with her. But hark to the wail of the gillie Sylvia is singin' now!"

Distinctly over the drone of voices around the fire again swayed the girl's song. It held the old man and the younger in silence until it drooped mournfully into a monotoned coda, and only the staccato quavers of the guitar were heard. Then an infant squalled, and the song and music were heard no more.

"A Romany tune in the mouth of a gurl like Sylvia puts a fellow in a dither, sure," declared one of the gypsies.

Mace was taking a long nip at his bottle, after which he consulted his snuff-box.

"Yes, there's more than mere sound in Rom music," he called across the fire. "Sometimes I'm sorry I taught Sylvia the old songs and the old tongue. That song reminded me of me wild, spriggish days at the horse-fairs at Howden and York, and many, many nights, too, with just such a roof of stars as this. Rot me! But then the police was downy ones, and the traypsin' Rom's life a piece o' all right. But now it's hawks everywhere, police, sheriffs and constables run the bloomin' earth, and Ameriky's bleedin' worse than England. They're chasin' us here now worse than ever they did in England."

"Mace, I've heard you say as Sylvia isn't your daughter, but you've never said who's chavi she is," said one of the gypsies.

The old man grinned mockingly.

"Ah! haven't you, eh?" he exclaimed. "What a wise pryin' goose you are, Loveridge! Well, maybe I've never told you that, seein' as how it's none of your bloomin' business; but, mark you, Sylvia's a child of Kama-duvel."

Nikodemus Mace liked to mystify the younger men with snatches of the old Rom language.

"Meaning what?" asked Juke, suddenly interested.

"Meanin' her mother were me wife Starlina's sister, and her father nobody in particular, a nimble-jerry I've heard it said, who hounded the lamb-fairs in England, and ha'n't a gill o' Rom blood in his skin. Her mother died when she was a month old, and we had her ever since."

"Sylvia's not to be blamed for her father," returned Juke warmly. "She's a good girl."

"There you stuck the truth in the gizzard, Juke," nodded Mace. "But she's much too good for you, me boy, and you better quit thinkin' of gettin' her. I've other plans for her—there's Boswell, a tidy trader o' horse-flesh, who has his cap set for her."

Juke sprang up angrily, glaring about the fire, searching the faces that peered up at him.

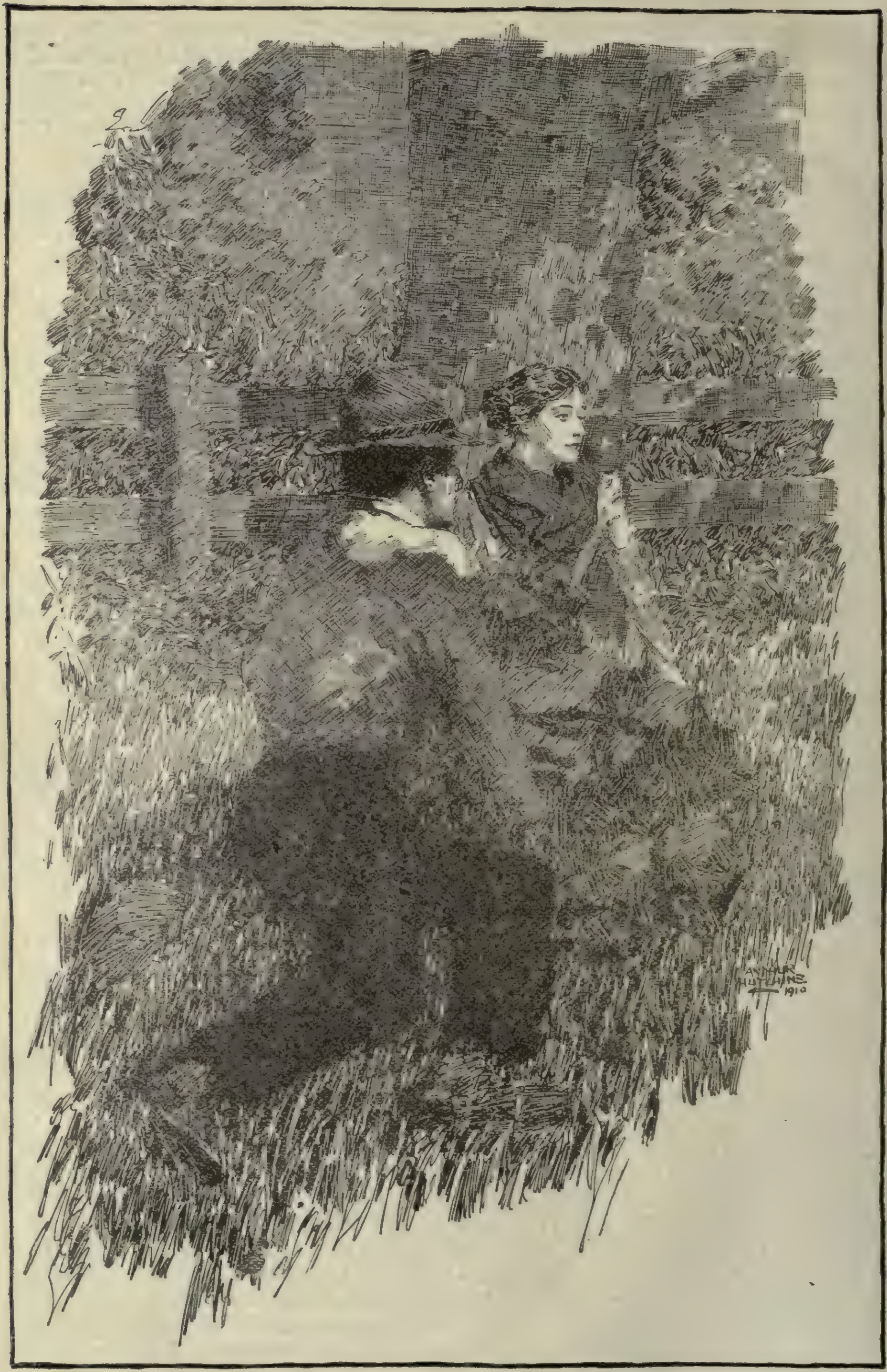
"Who—who told you that I want Sylvia?" he gulped.

"My eyes have seen what they've seen," leered Mace, who was by this time quite tipsy. "But she's for no navvy like you, Juke. I'll never give her to you."

"Oh, you won't!" was all that Juke could gasp.

Old Mace's eyes were fastened craftily upon the young fellow, and a dry laugh rattled in his throat. For some time he had been watching the attachment growing between Sylvia, his adopted daughter, and Juke, wondering how to nip the affair.

"No, you can't have Sylvia," he



ARTHUR HUTCHINS 1910

"*Lord, but it must feel fine to be good. Think of it, Juke, to be square*" chuckled. "I suppose you've been teasin' her to have you, but she'll do what her old father says and take Boswell, even if he has only one eye. Forgettin' which, I will say I've seldom seen man fight better than you did today, Juke, for Sylvia."

"Now who told you I fought?" wailed Juke angrily.

"I seen you, Juke, me own naughty eyes feasted on the sight o' it all! I was a-sleepin' off a handful o' liquor along the road above. The noise awoke me, and I opened me eyes just as ye planted your fist under the farmer sap's nose. I seen Sylvia crying, and you fighting cheese-fair style, and in a minute I sees what had happened. The farmer had spoken insultin' to Sylvia, hadn't he? Sure! Then you and Sylvia started back for the place, and the farmer run for his friends. Sure! That's how it all begun, only I can't drive it into me head how the widow's horse is missing."

"Nor can I," remarked Juke, walking away. "I'm off for a spot down the road where there's a line o' span-new clothes."

"Watch out for the farmers, me tiny tawny," warned Mace, "they may be prowling about for trouble."

Juke entered a wagon where a single candle glimmered. In a short time he slipped out unnoticed. He carried a bundle under his arm, and started off up the slope. Half way up he hesitated abruptly, turning to gaze down upon the familiar group lolling lazily about the fire. He watched a coil of smoke corkscrewing into the sky and heard the murmur of voices, the straining of the horses at their ropes, the cries of an infant. Then a misty cloud slipped over the moon, and the scene before him became a nebulous mystery out of which issued only dream voices. Presently he pushed forward again, calling to Sylvia who had left her seat under the trees: "Let's take a walk 'long the road."

"Oh, Juke, it's gettin' late," she called back.

"Just a bit of a walk, eh?" he begged as he reached her side.

She trembled slightly as she halted, drawing her scarf tight about her throat. Juke urged her again and again, while she stood in a reverie, glancing over the strip of meadow that divided them from the village.

"All right, Juke," she finally consented, "just a bit of a walk."

III

Beneath a huge tree which cast its thick limbs over the narrow road Juke and Sylvia paused. They had walked a good distance from the camp, but no word had been uttered.

"Let's sit down under this tree, Sylvia," said Juke.

"No, we must go back to the place, or they'll be suspectin' wrong has come to us."

"But I want to talk to you," persisted Juke.

"It's time for the chalo and chi to be back," she rippled. "Come, I'll beat you to the vans!"

"Sylvia, gurl," said Juke slowly, "you must hear what I got to say to you this night. I've told you many times b'fore—"

"Don't, Juke, if it's that," she begged.

"Yes, gurl, it is that, and will be until the everlastin' everlasting. You know as how I loves you, Sylvia, and only want you to love me back just a triflin' bit, and I'll be the happiest Rom as ever kicked out knees 'fore a fire. Won't you love me just a bit?"

He moved closer to her and tried to draw her nearer to him, but shrank back as he felt her tremble.

"I like you, Juke," she answered very slowly. "Yes, 'spites your ways, you are better than the rest o' Mace's tribe. But I hates your ways."

"What ways?" he asked, although he knew only too well.

"Oh, the stealin' and drinkin' and loose livin'," she said. "Other Roms don't live like Mace and his tribe."

"Sylvia," he pleaded, "you knows as how I would do anything for you."

"That isn't it!" she burst out. "Such jibbin' is mighty flowery, but bleedin' cheap. Lord, but it must feel fine to be good! Think of it, Juke, to be square. Oh, I hates old Nikodemus Mace and his spook-eyed wife, Starlina. I hates the whole mumply tribe, and I wisht I were away from all of you, Juke!"

She began to cry, softly at first, and then more vehemently as her cup of bitternss swelled over. Juke sat dazed, too astonished for words, the Romany in him horrified by the girl's confession of rebellion against their race.

"Yes, I've often wanted to run from all of you," she sobbed. "It's rakkerin like a Gorgio, perhaps, Juke, but I've sometimes wisht I wasn't born a gypsy girl. It's so soft and downy for everybody 'cept the Rom. And the other gurls have so much of the things that make life worth livin', and we're driven around and jawed by all the coppers in the land. But then I shouldn't talk so, either, because I've the big sky and the wind, and everything that lives off the earth and walks free on it. So, after all, I love my black blood!"

"Sylvia, gurl," said Juke, "b'fore you spoke I was going to beg you to cut loose from Mace's camp with me this very night. Let us go away together. We'll get a wagon of our own and live as the Rom should live. Mace will never let me marry you. He's picked one-eyed Boswell for your husband. All I asks is the chance to work for you."

"You mean to run away—and never go back to Mace?" she asked.

"Never!" he whispered. "Will you come?"

She gave him no answer, but breathed more rapidly.

"See, Sylvia," he went on, holding up his bundle, "I've got what I own here, and am ready to go now. Mace will never give you to me. Let's go now and start for Belsom where we can get a license and be lawfully tied to each other tomorrow."

"Where did you get the money, Juke?" she questioned him excitedly.

"Never you mind, Sylvia, I've been savin' my cash, and I sold a horse today—"

"Oh, then it were you, Juke, as took the widow's horse!" she cried, a startled note of anguish in her voice.

His head fell, but he did not answer.

"Was it you?" she asked.

"Yes," he confessed rather sullenly. "But I did it because I wanted to marry you. I sold the horse to a tin pedler for eighty-two dollars, and nobody'll ever know who did it."

"And when they came and asked, you played so innercent," she reproached.

"But, Sylvia, that's the last horse I'll prig. Come with me, and we'll start living square."

"Oh, Juke," she said, "you must give the widow woman every cent you got for her horse. Will you do that?"

"But, Sylvia, we won't have much—"

"I would rather have you honest, Juke," she said, looking into his eyes. "I couldn't live off a cent o' stolen money. How could we live square if we start wrong? No, we must go down to the widow's house, and slip the money under her door so she'll find it tomorrow—shall we?"

"Yes, this very night!" he answered.

He folded her in his arms and kissed her damp cheeks. She did not try to escape him but hung motionless in his arms.

"And you'll come with me, Sylvia, dear?" he asked.

"Yes," she whispered, laying her head upon his shoulder.

His face sank into her soft tresses, a great joy throbbing through him. A cool wind fanned the leaves above him, and all the world seemed ineffably wonderful and harmonious and sweet. Then he kissed her lips again and again.

"Oh, Juke," cried Sylvia, freeing herself from his embrace, "my poor guitar! I left it under the tree."

IV

Deputy Charley and Zibe, after an hour's riding, were nearing Roscoe, their horses well winded.

"Seems tough to chase out the whole drove at this time of the night," Charley called to Zibe. "Hark! What was that—a pistol shot?"

Both men had straightened in their saddles at the sudden bark of a pistol shot.

"That wasn't fired far from here," yelled Zibe. "Must be them gypsies cutting loose again."

"Let us hustle and see what's doing," called back the deputy.

Charley stirred his tiring horse with his heel, and as they galloped toward a turn in the road he pulled his pistol out. Then they heard loud shouts, and in another instant a second shot rang out.

As Charley's horse rounded the turn in the road he caught a glimpse of a crowd of men held at bay by a single man who stood, pistol in hand, in the middle of the road. The men were thronging frantically back into the gateway of a house that stood back from the roadside. The moonlight fell on the man in the road. He stood with one arm slanting out, pointing a revolver, and with the other held to his side a girl whose hands were clasped about his neck.

"That's the gypsy that hit Aleck Willis," shouted Zibe as the deputy galloped away from him.

"Drop that gun, young feller!" commanded Charley, reining in his horse between the crowd and the man in the road. "Come, drop it—quick!"

Charley's tone was sharp but persuasive. The man, however, did not stir, keeping his gun pointed. Charley thrust his pistol into its holster, and, leaping from his horse, strode over to the armed man, seizing him fearlessly by the collar.

"Drop it!" he drawled slowly.

The man looked at the deputy towering at his side, then gazed at the girl. She laid her hand on his outstretched arm. At once the weapon fell out of his hand.

"Thanks!" smiled Charley, stooping after the gun. He arose quickly, pulling off his hat rather clumsily when he saw that the girl was looking at him, and bowing as he asked, "Who are you, pal?"

The crowd, emboldened by the presence of the deputy, began to circle about excitedly.

"He's a gypsy thief!" cried one of the farmers.

"Keep still!" shouted Charley, shoving the men nearest him away. "I'm asking this young feller his name."

"Juke," came the sullen answer.

"Well, Juke," continued Charley easily, "what does this shooting mean?"

"These mumply farmers tried to jump me," responded Juke.

"You were breakin' into Widow Levings' house!" shouted one of the crowd.

"No! No!" screamed the girl to the throng, "that's a bleedin' lie!"

"He stole the widow's horse, too," called someone.

Charley turned impatiently to the crowd.

"Wait a minute, boys," he said. "Let us hear what this young feller has got to say about it. Go ahead, Juke."

Sulkily Juke explained how the farmers had accosted him as he was walking along with Sylvia. He admitted he had struck one of the farmers that morning, but claimed the man had "said something" to Sylvia. This man was in the crowd that had rushed Juke later at the house.

"When they came at me, more than twenty to one like," explained Juke, "I was afraid Sylvia might get hurt, and pulled out me gun and shot in the air to frighten them."

"Very good—so far," nodded Charley, "but how about this horse?"

Juke stepped back uneasily, scowling blackly at the deputy who still had him by the collar. The young gypsy was very loth to answer this question.

"And what was you pryin' under Widder Levings' door for?" called a farmer.

"You took the horse, didn't you, Juke?" said Charley.

Sylvia and Juke were exchanging glances. Had Juke been as proficient in the Rom tongue as old Mace, Sylvia could easily have told him what she wanted. But even so—he knew.

"Remember, Juke," she said softly, "we're going to be good—square!"

Charley glanced down curiously at the girl, wondering what she could mean, and marking the effect of her words upon the young gypsy.

"Yes," said Juke, "I took the horse."

"Now, young feller, why did you take the widow's horse?" went on Charley confidentially. "Did you know you're liable to go to jail for that trick?"

The young gypsy nodded his head.

"But Juke's promised me to quit stealin' horses, or anything," put in Sylvia.

"When did he promise you that?" asked the deputy, clearly interested.

"Why, only a bit of a time ago—he took a solemn oath."

"Keep still, Sylvia," Juke warned the girl. "Don't tell this bloomin' hawk anything."

Charley smiled at Juke's remark and directed himself to the girl.

"If Juke promised, like you say he did, how did it happen both you and he were caught a few minutes ago prying under Mrs. Levings' door?"

"We were a-trying to slip the money Juke got for her horse under the door," exclaimed Sylvia.

"What!" gasped Charley blankly.

"Oh, that's too thin for me!" roared Zibe.

"Yes, sir, every cent of the eighty-two dollars!" declared Juke.

"But why—why?" smiled Charley.

"Because Sylvia here asked me to," explained the young gypsy.

"Oh," muttered the deputy, a great change in his tone.

"You see, Sylvia and I are tired o' Mace's tribe," continued Juke, "and we were goin' to leave the drags and start out fresh for ourselves. I took the horse this mornin' b'cause I wanted enough money to marry Sylvia and start out right. But she wouldn't have it. She wouldn't go with me unless I agreed to give up all bad livin', and gave back the money I got for the horse."

"Ah, so it was to be a regular wedding, with an elopement and all that," said Charley.

"We have to run away," said Sylvia, "for old Mace, he wants to marry me to Boswell, who has horses, but I hates him."

"And a ring and all," spoke up Juke. "I mean right by Sylvia."

"I should think you would with a girl like her," retorted the deputy. "But why didn't you remember that when you took the horse, and particularly when you admit knowing people are liable to go to jail for stealing?"

Sylvia faced Charley in a sudden paroxysm of terror.

"You ain't goin' to lug my Juke off to jail, are you?" she cried.

"Stealin' horses is certainly something for which folks have to go to jail," answered Charley, evading the direct question.

"And then I'll have to go back to Mace," she moaned, "and all our dreams of marryin' will be gone—gone!"

She broke into sobs and could get no further, throbbing out the rest of her misery on Juke's shoulder. Charley's mouth tightened, and he turned to the group of farmers.

"Boys," he drawled, "think of these two penniless roamers trailing through the night up here to slip back a paltry few dollars under the door of a woman worth a cold hundred thousand in fat farm land!"

"Well, it didn't belong to 'em," ecclaimed one of the crowd.

"Very true, Jewett, and the law is the law," nodded Charley, watching the gypsy pair. "And I ain't going to quarrel with the law. But sometimes we want to be kinder than the law as she is printed in books for lawyers to split hairs over, ain't that so? Right now I'm askin' myself if I ought to stop this wedding. It seems a shame to spoil the romance, don't it?"

Charley's words, spoken with all the sincerity within his verge, caused some muttering and excitement among the farmers. Several, however, frankly announced their approval of what the deputy said.

"I've got a proposition to make to you fellers," went on Charley. "Let us give this pair something good to remember Roscoe by—let us allow this lad Juke to go his way, and not stop his wedding, eh?"

Somehow none of the farmers answered at once. Their blood had run very hot against the gypsies, and then Juke had confessed to stealing. But—

"There's nothing like giving a man a chance," remarked Charley earnestly. "This feller Juke's had a fierce life, but he loves this girl, and she will help him to do better. Well, you've heard him admit takin' the horse, and how she wouldn't stand for it, and got him to promise to put back the money. On his own confession he goes to jail, but does it take years in prison to convince him it's bad to steal? Hasn't this little girl saved him already? Then why, if she's willing to give him even herself, shouldn't we give him a chance? If he goes to the pen, he may come out with a poisoned soul to this girl—providing she would wait for him. My heart says to give him a chance —don't yours, too, boys?"

Not a man in the crowd answered, yet somehow Charley knew the farmers agreed with him. Resentment had given way to sympathy and charity for the two young wanderers. The unexpected twist that affairs had taken piqued the crowd, itself held that essence of romance with which every heart is quick to sympathize. Charley turned again to Juke.

"Juke," he said, "we are doing this because we think your heart is right, and because we want to help you to be something for the sake of that girl. Will you swear to be square if we give you this chance?"

"I swears!" exclaimed Juke solemnly.

"Then take your Sylvia, boy, and follow this road straight to Belsom," said Charley, pointing with his arm. "Don't forget, Juke, take good care of Sylvia."

"Oh, I'll never harm her!"

"The money—those eighty-two dollars, Sylvia," said Charley, having called her back, "I want you to keep. Take it as a wedding gift from me. I'll square it with Mrs. Levings."

"But—but it's under her door," explained Sylvia. "We got it under before the crowd came, and besides we want to start fresh."

Charley and the farmers watched her trip after Juke and saw her take his arm. Clear to the turn in the road, they followed the gypsy pair striding on into the night—on into the new life.

"Now, boys," said Charley, "we'll tell Mace to get along in the mornin'. Wouldn't be right to chase them in the middle of the night—come on!"

IF WE HAD THE TIME

If I had the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
  With my better self, that stands no show
  In my daily life that rushes so,
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal—
  I might be nerved by the thought sublime,
        If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and take in my life a part,
  To look about and stretch a hand
  To a comrade quartered on no-luck land,
Ah, God! if I might but just sit still
And hear the note of the whip-poor-will,
  I think that my wish with God would rhyme—
        If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you
How much for comfort my word would do;
  And I told you then of my sudden will
  To kiss your feet when I did you ill—
If the tears aback of the bravado
Could force their way and let you know—
  Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,
        If we had the time!

—*Richard Burton, in "Heart Throbs."*

The Presidential SKIRMISH for 1912

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

ALREADY the political skirmish line has been "far flung" for the presidential battle of 1912, and the developments of congressional primaries elections are receiving the attention of close political students. The great uncertainty about political opinion is that it must be gleaned in isolated sections; what may be an almost unanimous sentiment in one community may not extend even across a boundary line that separates one county or even one city ward from another.

Without assuming to be in any sense a political prophet, but simply to guage public sentiment, I started on a tour as far as Nebraska to make a few casual observations.

In this prosperous state, every dollar of the four hundred millions produced each year comes directly from the soil, and generally not a mining or timber interest yields a vote there:—the question directly concerns the farmer. The division in the Democratic lines and the late defeat of William J. Bryan in the Democratic State Convention, has improved the Republican outlook decidedly. Governor Shallenberger and Congressman Hitchcock are aggressive fighters and the control the Nebraska Democratic party machinery, precipitated a hot contest. In the district of Congressman George W. Norris, who presented the resolution for a change of the rules to dethrone Speaker Cannon, decided evidence of rampant insurgency was missing. In the Phelps County Convention, Norris was even endorsed by the standpatters; his sincerity in opposing the rules as a matter of principle rather than personal enmity, was appreciated. The County Option question has quite absorbed all other issues in Nebraska, and when Congressman Norris's own convention endorsed the standpatters supporting Taft, Cannon and Aldrich, it looked as though things were becoming somewhat confused. The tentative inquiries to ascertain just the extent and scope of Nebraskan "insurgency" didn't seem to evolve answers that could be crystalized into any specific declaration outside of opposition to anything with which the names of Aldrich and Cannon were associated without any specification other than that they are assumed to represent predatory interests.

Nebraska has no man for presidential honors aside, perhaps, from Mr. W. J. Bryan, who has a faculty of getting right up when his enemies are satisfied that he is down.

Your Nebraska farmer loves his politics; it's a part of his life. He must have an opportunity to talk matters over, and in these days of telephone and rural free delivery, he is likely to be more thoroughly informed on national affairs than his city brethren who hastily read scraps of politics, baseball contests and prize fights in the cars to and from their offices, taking their information in tabloid form. But the farmer does think and talk over matters with his neighbor, which his city cousin is far from likely to do, and he tenaciously

Ex-Governor
Joseph W. Folk
of Missouri

Senator
LaFollette
of Wis.

Senator
J. P. Dolliver
of Iowa

Senator A. B. Cummins
of Iowa

A QUARTETTE OF WESTERN STATESMEN WHOSE FRIENDS ASPIRE TO HAVE THEM HEAD A PRESIDENTIAL TICKET stands by information handed him by public men who have his confidence.

* * *

Across the northern state line in South Dakota there seemed to be a general mixup with nothing in the skirmish of presidential import. No presidential candidates in that direction, and the main interests centered in crops and local contests. Here, as elsewhere, the three-cornered contests complicate matters and issues rest chiefly on personalities.

GOV. A. O. EBERHART OF MINNESOTA
Who is identified as one of the strong leaders in the Conservation movement

Over in Minnesota there was a peculiar combination of sentiment, but the one great topic that consigned all others to oblivion was conservation and the Conservation Congress held in September. The Taft administration was endorsed by many Republicans with qualifications and Congressman Tawney, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, seems to have plain sailing in his district. The death of Governor John A. Johnson removed from public life the most likely Democratic presidential candidate for 1912. His successor in the gubernatorial chair, Adolph O. Eberhart, is Nebraska born, of foreign parentage, a representative of the many Scandinavians of the Gopher State. He started life on a farm, raised corn and hogs, was for a time a school teacher, and is today a prominent figure in the public life of Minnesota. An earnest Republican, fortified with an abundance of practical common sense, Eberhart is looked upon in the Gopher State as a 1916 presidential candidate provided he makes a successful fight this fall. There is no mistaking the presence of an insurgent element, although in every case there is a qualifying clause not altogether denunciatory of President Taft. But the spectre of Cannon and Aldrich has been utilized to good advantage by the insurgency elements in Minnesota. Going northeast to Duluth, where the famous Mesaba range is located, and among the growing industrial cities, the sentiment against the tariff bill is not so pronounced as in the agricultural districts. President Taft's speech at Winona a year ago, pronouncing the Payne Bill the best tariff measure ever passed, is the very thing with which they were prone to take issue. But this issue is evidently losing importance because the general prosperity of the state and the statistics sent out from Washington have set the people to thinking, and they are now wondering out that way whether there has not been some well-meaning but positive deception in the pictures presented them of the disastrous burdens of the present tariff bill.

Senator Knute Nelson, backed by his Scandinavian vikings, is strongly entrenched. Senator Clapp, following the insurgency banner as a matter of conviction and a very clearly expressed sentiment on the part of his constituents, is now beginning to feel the lack of organization. Whatever else may be said of the regular Republicans, they are organized, and as a rule they stand fast, even if defeated in the primaries.

John Lind has long been acknowledged as one of the strong men among the Democrats. He refused a nomination for the governorship, but it was hinted that should ever the Democratic lightning strike that way, at the Democratic National Convention, John Lind's name would be mentioned.

* * *

In Iowa the situation was decidedly reactionary with the Progressives now in the saddle. The initial victory of Judge Walter I. Smith in the Ninth District was looked upon as a sign of changing sentiment, but when Senators Dolliver and Cummins rallied their forces, the Convention at Des Moines still showed the stronghold of insurgency, as now recognized, to be at present in the state of Iowa.

Many farmers and business men with whom I talked were at heart not in sympathy with the insurgent movement, but they didn't like the old machine. The intensity of the popular sentiment made them wary of getting into discussions and arguing with their neighbors. For when they start a political argument in Iowa, there is no watching of the clock—there were harvests to be gathered, and other farm work to be done, so the regular Republicans and standpatters seemed to take their defeat philosophically, realizing that not so long ago the silver sentiment and greenback craze were strong in Iowa, and that while there might not be any direct comparison, the symptoms were identical. General Weaver, a greenback candidate for President, came from Iowa, and even the conservative late Senator Allison was almost swerved from his moorings by Hawkeye sentiment, in the fervor of free silver.

The issue in Iowa seems to be a question of men rather than of any new principles. It began clearly as a fight against the old machine, and when that old machine was unhorsed by the younger men, it was realized there must be some live issue to hold the organization together. Senator Cummins has long been recognized as one of the ablest members in the insurgent ranks. Formerly a railroad and corporation attorney, he is familiar with all the ins and outs of corporation legislation. A man of magnetic powers and a good speaker, he holds a strong personal following, rather than representing any distinctive policies.

Senator Dolliver is a convert to insurgent ideas. He has long been conspicuous in national politics; as an orator he has few equals. His prominence as a candidate for vice-president with McKinley in 1900 and again with Roosevelt in Chicago in 1908 has made his loyal followers in Iowa feel that he has the real presidential ability. No Senator has been more outspoken in his criticism of the present administration. At his home in Webster County there are many ardent enthusiasts who believe that he will some day occupy the White House, and have the distinction of being the first President chosen from west of the Mississippi.

If the Republicans lose the state of Iowa and Mr. Porter is elected Governor, it is felt that Iowa will become a recruiting station for a presidential nominee, on the Democratic ticket, but Governor Carroll won his fight in the primaries and Iowa Republicans even in bitter factional contests are always responsive to an appeal for fair play.

Among the congressional delegations there has been a lively hustle. The old-time method of proving a capacity for obtaining building appropriations and federal funds will no longer suffice. In fact local appropriations always have a sting in them. This year they must prove that they have not been inoculated with any friendships for predatory interests or have even looked askance at Aldrich or Cannon. And beneath the surface there seems to be a growing conservative sentiment that will no longer be satisfied with mere general abuse of the old leaders. Constructive legislative ability promises to be in demand if the crops fall off and prices go lower. The Iowa farmer feels but little concern in the tariff proposition; he knows that he has that which the people must have—something to eat—tariff or no tariff, and the question of the consumer's attitude does not concern him so much as it did in the days of low prices. Prosperity is manifest on every hand. Humble homes have those things which were luxuries a few decades ago, and automobiles have supplanted the old farm-wagons drawn by the plow-horses. The cities are developing manufactures and the aggressive spirit manifested in the larger municipality is reflected in all the other towns of the state.

* * *

Crossing the boundary into Missouri, one finds insurgency on the wane. There the Republicans have a closer fight with the Democrats, and are more harmonious. Missouri has already three possible candidates for the Democratic nomination for 1912. Governor Folk has already begun his campaign by building up a strong organization. It is said that he kept out of the senatorial contest, in order to present a solid front at the Democratic Convention. Governor David R. Francis is making a vivacious campaign for Senator and firmly disavows presidential ambition. As Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland, Governor Francis has long been a conspicuous figure in public life, and was long ago regarded as a prospective nominee for the presidency from Missouri, but this may be held in check in deference to the prospects of Governor Folk.

Courtesy of the Boston Traveler

HON. CHAMP CLARK OF MISSOURI

The third of the possible candidates in Missouri is the indomitable Champ Clark, leader of the minority in the House of Representatives. Champ has long been recognized as an astute and quaint politician, and he is now keeping his hands off and tending strictly to business with his eye on the speakership if the Democrats should carry the House. He hails from Pike County, and has a constituency out there much like that of Uncle Joe over at Danville. They believe in Champ, and woe unto the party or organization that sends speakers to advise them when it comes to voting for a congressman.

* * *

In Illinois the same old fight is on. The Lorimer investigation has quite torn up the state organization of the Democratic party, and the Republican factions are largely divided on the waterways proposition. Real insurgency as it exists in the other states doesn't seem especially a live issue among the Republican voters in Illinois. The state that furnished the new party nominee in 1860 does not seem to be prolific in Presidential timber at this time. Uncle Shelby Cullom, who has always managed to keep in touch with the right side of things ever since he came on to Washington as a young man with Lincoln's name on the back of his note as endorsee for three hundred dollars, still remains a power in Sucker politics.

The situation in Uncle Joe's district and in the other Illinois congressional districts would seem to indicate that there will be no difficulty in Uncle Joe's re-election, and this home-folk endorsement, coupled with the fact tha the has held the Speaker's chair longer than any other man in the history of the country, and his plucky campaign in Kansas has made him the towering figure in Illinois today, despite the vigorous opposition to him in the surrounding commonwealths.

There was a general consensus of opinion that, were he younger and his present vitality fully realized, Uncle Joe Cannon would be a formidable candidate for the presidential race in 1912, for his qualities as a fighter and his indomitable courage have set in motion a growing sentiment against what Uncle Joe calls "insurgentitis."

* * *

The scene of the most active political skirmishing has been in Kansas. The appearance of Uncle Joe in the state aroused a great deal of interest and solidified some regular party sentiment. But your average Kansan resents above all things any interference from outside. His life has been one continual political campaign, and he wants to be let alone. The days of Sockless Simpson and Pfeifer are recalled in the earnest and enthusiastic interest manifested in every meeting or gathering in political matters, but the fate of the Populist party indicated that new organizations are difficult to build. No Kansas man has yet been presented as a presidential possibility — but Senator Bristow's friends insist that he knows already a thing or two about life at Washington.

An interesting story of "the Kansas way" of taking up life's work was told while the hot prairie winds were blowing and we were hearing the speeches of the Chautauquas. He was young and had just graduated from law school. His resources were exhausted, but he bravely swung forth his shingle and waited. But no clients stopped on that side of the street. His office rent was due and his clothes were becoming shiny, but he went to his office with a regularity that would indicate a thriving practice. He was deep in an imaginary case, and when the authorities were all noted and argument prepared, he started forth downtown and thrashed the Mayor's son, whom he met in the street.

The act aroused the righteous indignation of the townsmen and he faced an angry court. But in his testimony, he was able to include a sharp attack on the Mayor and his administration; he quoted law from Lycurgus and Solon, and gave them the page, number and chapter every time.

The case was continued and sent up to a higher court; at last it reached the Supreme bench, and the young man made the most of his opportunity to show his ability as a lawyer. He lost the case but paid his fine cheerfully, for he had established for himself a practice which assured his future.

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HON. DAVID R. FRANCIS OF MISSOURI

President of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition and Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland—a vivacious candidate for United States Senator and always a presidential possibility

The sentiment in Kansas today seems to be that in order to do things, you must attack somebody in something. Senator Bristow has been a relentless fighter in his public career and has kept his constituents busy following his attacks on Eastern interests—a plan of campaign that never fails to elicit hearty co-operation and fervor among some Kansas people. The prosperity of the state in recent years has completely wiped away the memory of the "grasshopper famine." The Kansan is direct in his views, has plenty of initiative and is forcefully set in his way. He thinks, and he knows he thinks—and his prejudice against Eastern men and methods and some Western ways is second nature. The boys and girls in school have pursued their education between "vacations" spent in good, hard work; they have traveled far and have had no small part in producing the authors and poets of the country, not to speak of strong and representative business men.

Courtesy of Boston Traveler

GOV. JUDSON HARMON OF OHIO
One of the probable Democratic nominees for President

* * *

When you mention Wisconsin, the real home of the original insurgency spirit is called to mind. Ever since Robert Marion La Follette gave up his career as an actor and forgot his well-learned Shakespearean lines to become governor of his state, he has had an organization well-nigh impregnable. It is said that Senator La Follette never makes lasting friends; but certainly he has a faculty of making new ones. The old organization of game wardens scattered over the state has been disbanded; but La Follette has with customary vigor gone in to win the battle which he feels will not only bring him a re-election as Senator but make him a strong and powerful figure as a presidential possibility. This is the zenith of La Follette's ambition—to be the President of the United States. While a socialist in many of his beliefs, he has accomplished a wonderful work in Wisconsin in transforming public sentiment. A relentless fighter with no such word as "compromise" in his lexicon, he had a delicate situation in trying to decide between various aspirants for gubernatorial honors. There was also much difficulty in centering upon any one man for the opposition, an advantage which Senator La Follette put to good use.

The universities have been turning out thousands of young lawyers and business men who naturally affiliate with their alma mater, but the college men coming on are pushing the older fellows out of the way and practicing the same tactics on the insurgents as they themselves used on the standpatters, so there is a new element of insurging insurgents in Wisconsin that is giving Senator La Follette a great deal of trouble. While no one can deny the strong hold he has had on the people, his political strength is the result of careful and constant nursing, and requires patronage to keep it in good condition. The elimination of the old-time convention where men met men and battled for supremacy in personal contest, is greatly regretted, and is now being revived in some of the gatherings which, though perhaps always lacking in official form, are a decided influence in shaping sentiment.

In Wisconsin such a convention was held, in which the old-time spirit was manifested—it was christened a Taft movement, and elicited the keen resentment of the La Follette following. Then La Follette's newspaper is demonstrating the difficulty which confronts any editor who strives to maintain public office, for a newspaper gives a public man the opportunity of making a crop of new enemies every edition—his attacks upon one man are likely to be resented more acrimoniously by the victim's friends than by the principal himself.

Underneath the surface there is a determination to put Wisconsin fairly and squarely in the regular Republican ranks, but it is felt that this would not be advisable until Senator La Follette has had an opportunity to make a strong showing in the skirmish for the nomination in 1912. The plans to organize a separate political party, incorporating the ideas of progressive insurgency or insurgent progressiveness does not seem to meet with popular favor, but in the lineup the division seems to be rather on economic than on political issues. In Wisconsin, the great brewer state, the County Option Law has proven a most worrisome interference with the development of a distinctively insurgent party. In traveling over the country, one finds a feeling among all parties that there has been entirely too much politics in recent years, and the strenuous task of saving the Republic is becoming wearisome.

* * *

In Oklahoma things seemed to be all going one way, following the insurgent Democratic banners of Senator Gore, until it was found on investigation that his charges against Vice-President Sherman were founded on hearsay with third parties. This has been a serious setback to the development of insurgency in the West, for the people incline to think that if Senator Gore was so badly mistaken in his sensational charges that implicated officials high in public office perhaps the system of insurgency was founded more on rumor or hearsay than on concrete and specific facts.

A Democratic stronghold Oklahoma will remain, but a factional fight there is developing over the removal of the Capital. While it is not thought that Senator Gore's action will defeat him, nevertheless it has rather punctured the effect of one subject of discourse which has been a potent factor in the development of insurgency.

SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE
An Indiana candidate for presidential honors

* * *

The center of interest in Michigan seems to be the contest between Senator Burrows and Congressman Townsend for senatorial honors. Traces of insurgency are not so apparent as in surrounding states, and Senator William Alden Smith is spending a serene summer at his home in Grand Rapids. The members of Congress are, as a rule, well entrenched, and the division among Republicans in the state will come with contests growing out of the senatorial struggle rather than propagation of the insurgency idea. Congressman Townsend, as the original author of the Railroad Bill, is making a hard fight, and Senator Burrows, as one of the old guards who has seen long and useful service, is well prepared for battle. So here it may develop a faction of insurgent proportions later.

* * *

Evidence accumulates that Indiana is once more to be a conspicuous storm center of significance in presidential calculations. The state is now considered very close, and there is a red-hot insurgent fight led by Senator Beveridge. In Senator Hemenway's old district, which includes Posey County, there were ringing words of endorsement for the regulars and the Taft administration, but Indiana has always been a peculiar state. It is getting back to the time of Hendricks, Harrison and Gresham, when the Indiana name attracted electoral vote-getting opportunities at the national party conventions.

Courtesy of the Boston Traveler

W. G. HARDING OF OHIO
Republican nominee for governor

Your Hoosier is a shrewd character; he knows that to pile up a majority one way or the other would not be as likely to win favor at the National Conventions as to make Indiana as it has been for many years—an important fighting ground in presidential elections.

Senator Beveridge has been assured of the assistance of Colonel Roosevelt, but unless he recruits very strongly from the Democratic ranks, there is little hope of holding the Hoosier State for the Republicans.

The regular leaders are apparently doing the best they can, but it is difficult to discover any infectious enthusiasm among them. The Marion Club and the Columbia Club and the other old-time organizations at Indianapolis that figured so conspicuously in days gone by are places in which politics is the topic of discussion. The former Vice-President, Mr. Fairbanks, was at home from a trip around the world, and was busy in building a new home in Indianapolis and enjoying life with serenity. The intimate friend of the late President McKinley, he has figured conspicuously in many a hard-fought presidential campaign, and may be drafted into service before the fight in Hoosierdom is finished. For it is felt that Senator Beveridge must be numbered among the presidential possibilities; like Senator La Follette, he has expressed himself as "willing." A remarkable speaker, with every quality of leadership, young and aggressive, it is felt that Indiana will have a name to present at some future Republican Convention; whether it will be in 1912 or not depends largely upon the result of the insurgent contest against Taft.

General opinion in Indiana seemed to be drifting more favorably to the Taft administration. Senator Beveridge's idea of a permanent tariff commission, which movement was originated in Indianapolis, has been quite popular. Governor Marshall of Indiana is also insisted upon as Democratic timber for President; his administration has raised the fond hopes of his friends, and Tom Taggart, the former chairman of the Democratic Committee, is keeping in the shadows.

* * *

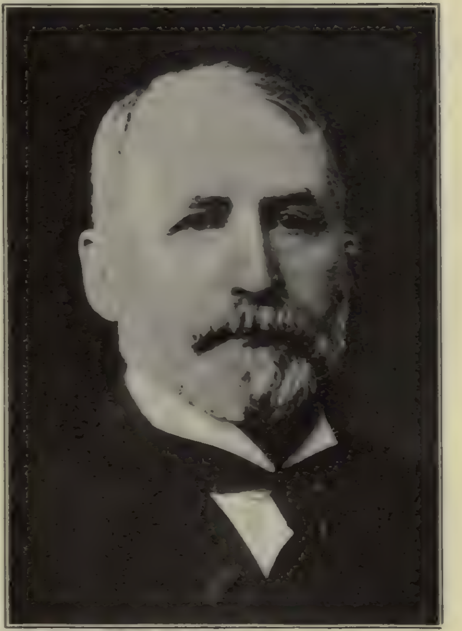
The home state of President Taft has furnished many interesting developments. Ohio politics have always been of the live-wire sort. The fact that Governor Harmon is a most likely candidate for the Democratic nomination has spurred on the Ohio Republicans to get busy in a way that nothing else could have done.

The State Convention at Columbus was altogether one of the most interesting conventions of the summer. There was a large attendance of delegates—something over a thousand—and they all wore badges and came with the old-time spirit in the old-time way, when McKinley and Hanna and Foraker were having their great struggles for supremacy. The hotel lobbies were crowded, and excitement ran high, especially when James R. Garfield, the son of a President, threw down the gauntlet as the champion of insurgency.

But the insurgency didn't insurge long in Ohio. The response to the mention of the names of President Taft and Senator Foraker shows why Ohio has become, indeed, "mother of Presidents." The loyal, enthusiastic, hearty and uncompromising following of Ohio men for their leaders has long been a phase of American politics not surpassed in any other state.

Your Ohioan knows what it means to have an Ohio man in the White House. State pride is always strong. He's discriminating withal, and while he wants to know "who" he's never going to let a good record or a good act pass by without a favorable endorsement, which, in the case of President Taft, had an old-time Ohio ring to it. After a bitter fight and three ballots, Warren G. Harding secured the Republican nomination for Governor. He was formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the state, and the loyal follower of Senator Foraker. He edits one of the most popular papers in Ohio, which commands a large local circulation and makes the home-folks enthusiastic over the honors of their fellow-townsman. A strong speaker and intrepid campaigner, he hates sham and demagogy with all the fervor of his soul. There is not much insurgency blood in his veins: he is regular in his party affiliations, but independent in his views and convictions, and enthusiastic friends insist that if Warren G. Harding is able to defeat Governor Harmon, he should be considered a candidate for nomination whenever there is an open race for the presidency in years to come and Ohio is called upon for another presidential candidate.

The vote at the primaries has made Senator Dick the inevitable candidate of the party for the Senatorial honors. The Primary Law in Ohio prevails except for state officers, and this arrangement is thought to be an advantage in maintaining the old-time convention and giving life and color to state political campaigns. Congressman Nicholas Longworth made the ringing keynote speech of the Convention and was a strong candidate for the governorship. Altogether the Ohio Convention was one not soon to be forgotten. From the galleries ladies looked upon the amphitheater with the same enthusiastic interest as though they were actually participating in the deliberations. Senator Burton was chairman, and although he felt that the team had gotten away from him once or twice, during the excitement in balloting, he insisted upon being fair, even to the extent of seeing the imperturbable



Courtesy of Boston Journal

JUDGE WILLIAM J. GAYNOR

Mayor of New York City

Boss Cox of Cincinnati throw his vote on the last ballot to the successful nominee.

As soon as the convention was over the delegates, with drooping collars and somewhat fagged brains after a hot and arduous day, dashed with their grips from the check-room and made a mad rush for the outgoing trains, not taking any chances on the street car strike in progress, feeling that their duty in choosing a leader had been conscientiously performed. The platform upon which the eyes of the country centered was a compromise, and the Regulars seemed to have stolen much of the thunder of the Insurgents and to have utilized some of their ammunition.

In the 1912 Republican National Convention Ohio will have the honor of naming one native son for the presidency in the person of William Howard Taft, and the state will be an important battleground in the 1910 campaign in its bearing upon the presidential contest of 1912. Throughout the state there seems to be little doubt of President Taft's renomination, and though the Congressional situation is somewhat complicated, the insurgency spirit is not so disturbing to the administration as in the Middle Western states farther west.

* * *

It is difficult sometimes to draw the line as to where political interest begins or ends. For instance, the western part of Pennsylvania close to Ohio and the northern part of Kentucky have practically the same politics. Pennsylvania politicians have on their hands an interesting situation. There has never been any doubt that the Republican organization in Pennsylvania is more strongly entrenched than that of any other state in the Union. An insurgency movement has been inaugurated under the name of the Keystone party, but it doesn't seem to have made any great headway thus far in the campaign. Congressman J. K. Tener of Charleroi, the nominee for Governor, is making a vigorous campaign, and the unequivocal endorsement of the administration of President Taft has not given much chance for a display of insurgent activities.

So Pennsylvania will likely jog along in the good old way, with a Republican majority, although the fight with the Keystone party and Democrats is being pushed in the hope that factional division will eliminate the impregnable administration majority customary in Pennsylvania.

* * *

Down in Delaware the reports of the peach crop have made everyone feel good — and the old-time factional fight that existed there for many years between Addicks and his enemies has almost been obliterated. The Republicans of the state seem to have determined to get together and stay together.

The old-time Democrats feel sure of their position with such a leader as Judge George Gray of Wilmington. Judge Gray's national service in the Senate and on the bench and in the Paris Treaty Commission have made him a conspicuous national character, and at Democratic national conventions in the past the Judge has been a popular but an unwilling candidate. There are many situations which might develop that would call for a man of just the ability and quality possessed by the Delaware judge who has served so ably on commission appointments during the Cleveland, McKinley and Roosevelt administrations, and who has made a notable judicial record.

* * *

For many years it has been conceded that the pivotal state in determining presidential elections has been New York. When you speak of New York nowadays, you must remember that it is the home of Colonel Roosevelt, whose influence as an ex-President has never been excelled by any man retiring from the executive chair. While there had been little to indicate the Colonel's political preferences in the campaigns of other states, he early stated that he is interested in his own state. From the far West to the far East and all over the country there is a strong confidence in Roosevelt and Roosevelt's views. His policy in hearing and conferring with both Insurgents and Regulars has indicated that the avowed purpose of his work is not only to unite the party, but to strengthen it with all the progressive policies necessary to carry out its pledges and keep faith with the people. It is significant that he has not given utterance to the slightest expression of criticism of President Taft or his administration — a man and an administration for which he was largely responsible—and his rebuff at the hands of the legislature on not passing a primary bill and making Vice-President Sherman temporary chairman of the Republican State Convention indicates he is not to have everything all his own way in New York State. The results in the California primaries show the influence of Roosevelt to be stronger the further west you go. In all his plans, he knows just how to whet public interest by withholding personal purpose in future campaigning, but his tours will prove interesting to show how strong an influence may be maintained without public office or patronage—and only a remote suggestion of favors yet to come, should he again participate in a presidential race as a candidate.

The people of the country joined with Colonel Roosevelt in his unequivocal endorsement of William Howard Taft in 1908 that resulted in Taft's election. While it is true that the political barometer covers a wide range of sudden changes, a brief study of Colonel Roosevelt's political career indicates that he has been above all else a believer in regular and efficient party organization. His promise of support and speeches for Senator Lodge of Massachusetts has served to help quell incipient insurgency in the Bay State. His speech-making tours in September and October are significant indications as to the occupations of ex-Presidents. Why should he not, after having served seven years in the executive chair, do whatever he can to further the policies identified with his public career? There is the same scramble as in the election two years ago among Congressmen for just a line of endorsement from the Colonel which seems to work wonders with constituents in the West.

The situation in New York reveals clearly that Mayor Gaynor is conspicuously in the foreground as one of the strongest candidates for the Democratic nomination for President in 1912. The dastardly attempt at assassination has only served to accentuate the popular belief in his character and ability. His very independence and indifference to criticism have won for him the admiration and support of the people all over the country. Judicial and courageous, Mayor Gaynor stands in the front rank of Democratic politics. Colonel Roosevelt himself is looked upon as the only other presidential possibility in the Empire State. There are those who insist that he should and will become a candidate.

The same thing was also said in 1908 when a renomination for the second elective term or the third term, as some insisted on calling it, was within his grasp, and today he remains one man who put aside an assured re-election as President. Perhaps a senatorial toga would prove attractive — but Theodore Roosevelt stands out in the zenith of his fame as a world-citizen of almost immeasurable power and influence.

* * *

During the harvest days when farmers were gravely concerned as to the fate of their crops — when there was lack of rain in some districts of the West and too much in the cotton fields of the South — it seemed an ill time for a wayfaring magazine man to go forth in search of information on the skirmish line of the presidential race of 1912. Of course, there is a conviction among his friends that President Taft's renomination is an inevitable sequel to the record he has achieved; but the outbreak of insurgency throughout the West indicated that there were presidential bees buzzing out that way, and that one of the purposes of insurgency was to break down the Taft administration, through the influence of Roosevelt, in order to open a free-for-all fight for the presidential nomination for 1912, as well as to push forward the aggressive policies which they represent.

Political situations have been always of intense interest to Americans, especially when made through the observation of one pair of eyes—no matter whose they may be. In traveling about the country, dropping in at conventions, discussing the situation in a hotel lobby or holding a chat over the fence with some farmer, I make no pretence of having actually gauged public sentiment, but an effort has been made to review experiences in the field and to give as nearly as possible in a composite form as a sort of ensemble, the impressions of an individual who has traveled over all the ground.

It should be said, in this casual and discursive review of political sentiment in various states, that there is one element which keeps the old-time politicians of both parties guessing—and that is the real sentiments of the individual voter, who takes no part in politics except to vote;—in other words, the independent voter. There are many reasons why this class is not outspoken, especially among those whose business relations might be seriously affected by any discussion of their wonted party or factional affiliations. There are now more young voters than ever before; what they will do at the last moment no man can safely predict, but the tendency to insurge against insurgers, to call a new deal in the new deal is already showing itself.

* * *

In the 1912 skirmish the sense of humor is ever present. During a discussion of the presidential situation, an Ohio man whose enthusiasm over national politics is second only to his devotion to the great national sport, announced that the situation resolved itself into baseball form. "Nine on a side!" he exclaimed, "with Teddy Roosevelt and Bill Bryan as umpires." On a piece of paper he drew up his sides and carefully placed his players. Here is Colonel Roosevelt without mask or pad, standing near the batter, watching the "big stick" in the hands of his friend Bill Taft, who is the man at the bat. On the benches waiting their turn are Dolliver, Beveridge, Cummins, Bristow, La Follette, Uncle Joe Cannon, Harding and Eberhart with mutterings that suggest some of the scenes among the Detroit team. While they wait for the contest to begin, they take a survey of the "outs" who are already noticeably "on the job." Carrying the catcher's mitt, Judge Harmon stands coolly waiting for the balls to come along from Champ Clark in the pitcher's box. Mayor Gaynor has taken his place as shortstop, Judge Gray, David Francis and Governor Folk are on bases, with Marshall John Lind and Porter in the field. The game is on, the crowd has assembled on the bleachers, and to the cheers of some thirty million voting fans, the great national game of politics goes merrily on. Sum all the issues up in a fair, impartial way—it is a question of "ins and outs"—and the man at the bat must watch out for the curves and inshoots—to say nothing of "spit-balls" or rather "spite-balls"—which have put "out" many a strong nine on the political diamond.

It is impossible to review the situation without a hearty appreciation of the splendid quality and integrity of American citizenship. Honest and earnest in their different views, the sober voting men of the country seem to feel now more than ever that it is time to call a halt on the indiscriminate assaults made upon our public officials. No matter to what extent they disagree with personal views, the Federal officials are the chosen representatives of all the people, and they cannot be assaulted without a reactionary effect upon the people who elected them. The dire work of the assassin's hand is partly the result of the indiscriminate abuse piled upon public officials; and the encouragement of any creed which makes every man feel that his personal grievances become public wrongs is only cloaked anarchy. Whatever the election results—the majority have a right to have their men respected as representing the sovereign will of the people as expressed at the ballot-box. The excitement over personal differences is waning, because the people realize that there are issues involved that cannot be rightly solved by merely pulling out one man and putting in another. The sentiment of progress is crystalizing in principles that far transcend the political ambitions of any man or faction—insurgent or regular.

WHAT CHARM CAN SURPASS A WHITE-FLECKED COTTON FIELD?

The Yield

FOR years it has been the policy of the NATIONAL to keep close to the fundamentals of the nation's greatness, and of these the prosperity of country life is greatest. To get every possible angle on the crop situation this year the governors of every state were written or telegraphed to individually, for their own personal resume of the situation, and by "nite" wire or letter, from State Capitol, recreation camp or the momentarily important strategic campaign-point, have come the letters of the governors telling of the crop conditions and prospects. More weight is gaining each year in that phrase "The Governors" —like a fourth department in the evolution of our government, the more mutual, fraternal, concerted actions of our governors are influencing the national policy. There is a certain gratification in further formulating this progressing idea in national affairs, and we know the readers of the NATIONAL will appreciate the efforts in gathering these articles by "The Governors of the United States."

In FLORIDA—Farmers are Jubilant

STATE OF FLORIDA
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

TALLAHASSEE, August 20, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—Florida is producing one-half the phosphate, one-half the turpentine and one-half the long staple cotton of the United States. Through its thousands of train loads of vegetables and fruits it is sending joy and happiness throughout the various portions of the United States. Although not a corn producing state, fifty to one hundred bushels of corn per acre is often produced. Florida is a great cattle, timber and fish producing state. It is the most healthful state in the Union, it has within nine thousand square miles of the area of all the New England states put together. Florida is rapidly increasing in population wealth and education. You know that Boston, Massachusetts, to New England represents many features worthy of the highest civilization. Yet many of your people leave those favored regions to find health, wealth and happiness in Florida. Many New Englanders are numbered among our best citizens. The fact that they continue to reside in our state and do not return is enough said.

ALBERT W. GILCHRIST, Governor.

by the Governors

of the Year

In COLORADO—Crop Values Greater than Products of the Mines

STATE OF COLORADO
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER

DENVER, August 10, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—In reply to your letter of the 5th inst., will say, that in the irrigated sections of our state the crops were never better. As high as seventy-two bushels of wheat to the acre have been reaped. In the Eastern portion of our state, under what is called dry farming, the crops have suffered much from the want of rain, but the corn and hay are fine and winter wheat produced a good crop. Sugar beets contain more saccharine matter this year than ever before, and the potato crop will be exceedingly large. The fruit crop will be more than an average yield. All those who used the smudge pot, at times of frost in the spring, will have a bountiful yield. The value of our agricultural and horticultural products will be fully as much as those of last year, when they were four times as large as the mineral product, although this state is the leading mining state in the Union.

JOHN F. SHAFROTH, Governor.

In DELAWARE—The Best Year in Delaware Agriculture

STATE OF DELAWARE
BOARD OF AGRICULTURE

DOVER, August 12, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—Governor Pennewill requests me to reply to your letter of August 5, and I may say that Delaware is in a prosperous condition. The wheat crop is about ten per cent better than the past ten years average; the corn crop with seasonable rains from now on will be twenty per cent better than the ten years average, and other grain crops are as good as usual. While peach orchards have decreased in number and extent, the bearing orchards are now well loaded with fine fruit and prices for early apples have been high. The apple industry is increasing rapidly, and the crop this year will be fifty per cent greater than any previous crop grown in the state. The pear crop is also good. Strawberries yielded about 20,000,000 quarts and brought the growers $1,400,000 at the farm, or nearest railroad station. White potatoes and sweet potatoes show an increased acreage, and white potatoes have yielded a phenomenal crop, but the price has been only seventy per cent of the price of last year. However, the farmers have received more money than they received last year from this crop. Other vegetable crops are good and prices are fair. Upon the whole this promises to be the best year in Delaware agriculture, except possibly one or two years, a quarter of a century or more ago, when peaches brought extraordinary prices.

WESLEY WEBB, Secretary.

of the United States

The Yield

In NEW HAMPSHIRE—Leading in Comparative Crop Conditions

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

CONCORD, August 11, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—The crop statement for August 1, 1910, issued by the National Department of Agriculture at Washington, showed New Hampshire leading the whole country as to comparative crop conditions with a rating of 125, the ten-year average being taken as 100. That proves New Hampshire's right to be enthusiastic over her general agricultural prospects at this time. Our hay crop is the largest in years, a third greater than that of 1909, and most of our other staples, corn, oats, potatoes, apples, small fruits, etc., promise well.

In recent years the New Hampshire farmer has learned a great deal—and has applied that knowledge intelligently and with success—about preserving the fertility of his acres, about diversifying his crops, about producing them with economy and marketing them with profit.

Many agencies are co-operating to improve New Hampshire agriculture. Our state board of agriculture, composed of practical farmers, has worked effectively for the re-occupation of abandoned farms and the better cultivation of those not abandoned. It holds educational institutes in all the counties of the state and does such practical work as the testing of fertilizers, etc.

Our State College of Agriculture and its Experiment Station take high rank among the similar institutions of the country. The farmers' order, the Grange, is nowhere better organized or more successful than in New Hampshire. The railroads are helping along the good work through a well-organized industrial department.

New Hampshire is advancing every year, surely and steadily, as an agricultural state as well as a manufacturing state, a vacation state, a forest state, a dairy state and a granite state.

HENRY B. QUINBY, Governor.

In NEW YORK—Big Crops of Hay, Wheat and Oats

STATE OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

ALBANY, August 13, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—I have received from Governor Hughes a copy of letter to him dated August 9, requesting statement as to agricultural conditions in New York.

This year we have harvested tremendous crops of hay, wheat and oats. The crops not yet harvested are most of them promising well.

R. A. PEARSON, Commissioner.

by the Governor

# of the Year

In OHIO—Fruit Prospects Bad—Grain Fairly Good

STATE OF OHIO
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

COLUMBUS, August 11, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—Received yours August 9, addressed to Governor Harmon, same referred to this department requesting general prospects 1910 Ohio crops. Ohio farmers have little cause for complaint. Wheat crop fairly good, oats better than expected, corn good condition—doing well. Continued drought in some sections will cause slight damage, but on the average, 1910 corn crop is optimistic.

Severe frosts have reduced fruit prospects. Perhaps not more than half the average crop will be gathered this year. High prices are encouraging and increasing in meat supply animals. Low price of wool is somewhat depressing.

Intense interest in improved farming is prevalent in all sections of the state. Maintenance of soil fertility is becoming a paramount issue with progressive farmers. All agricultural meetings have increased attendance this year. "Back to the Farm," seems to be the drift.

Tobacco growing is increasing in acreage. Sugar beet industry is returning large profits to the growers. Dairy interests are rapidly developing. Ohio farmers are learning the value of good roads and good drainage and rotation of crops.

Health. Success.

A. P. SANDLES, Secretary.

In TENNESSEE—Cotton is Fruiting Poorly—Late Hay Good

STATE OF TENNESSEE
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

NASHVILLE, August 17, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—Your letter to the governor has been referred to this department for reply. We are enclosing our last crop report which we think will give you the information you ask.

"Excessive rains throughout the state have prevented proper cultivation of both corn and cotton. Cotton is late and fruiting poorly. Late corn is in need of cultivation, but with normal conditions will yield well and make the crop for this year an average one. At least fifty per cent of the clover hay crop has been lost or greatly damaged. The late hay crop is very promising. The wheat crop is good, and from reports received in this office, is above the average."

JOHN THOMPSON, Commissioner.

# of the United States

The Yield

In NEW MEXICO—Apple Crop will bring $800,000

STATE OF NEW MEXICO
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

ALBUQUERQUE, August 13, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—Agricultural resources of New Mexico are advancing more rapidly today than at any period since the Spaniard discovered the first irrigation system in America in operation in the Rio Grande Valley more than three centuries ago. Five years ago the most liberal estimate gave New Mexico only a million acres of irrigationable lands. Today the most conservative estimate places the irrigation acreage at three million, while lumping everything will probably add half a million acres more.

In 1909 our apple crop brought less than a hundred thousand dollars gross. This year, a year of short crops, it will bring eight hundred thousand dollars net. With the acreage of young orchards now growing this crop alone will be producing two million dollars net in three years. Ten million acres of public domain has been filed on within the past five years, practically all by prospective farmers. Dry farming has already claimed half a million acres of land, which ten years ago was considered valueless.

New Mexico has twenty-two completed irrigation systems, seventeen under way and more than four hundred applications to appropriate water for irrigation on file with the engineering department, such an application covering about four million acres. Immigration to the irrigated districts in particular is growing more rapidly daily. It is substantial land. Permanent developments of this land industry has just begun, but it is now plain that within ten years it will place New Mexico in the front rank of irrigated states. Above in response to yours to Governor Mills of New Mexico.

W. J. MILLS, Governor.

In KANSAS—Her Wheat First to the Market

STATE OF KANSAS
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

TOPEKA, August 11, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—The stacks and shocks of grain that dot the fields of Kansas everywhere bear witness that the state has again harvested an excellent wheat crop, and the threshers at work in nearly every neighborhood testify that the farmers are busy converting their golden grain into the coin of the realm. They are already realizing on their this year's crops, and Kansas being the first of the principal wheat-growing states to reach the markets the growers have whatever benefits go with such conditions. The oats crop was unusually good, and the acreage unusually large. Barley and other small grain crops were good averages, and alfalfa, the king of forage plants, is keeping

by the Governors

up to its standard of three to six cuttings a year, depending on soil and locations. Corn is the only crop of major importance in Kansas that has not reached maturity, and the pessimists of a few weeks ago have been driven to seclusion by soaking rains throughout nearly all portions of the main corn-growing territory. In some parts of the state the crop promises extra heavy yields, and the acreage is considerably increased over that of the year before.

With her large diversity of products, in connection with increased dairying, Kansas is no longer dependent for success upon the outcome of a single crop. Under her present mode of farming, Kansas may be relied upon to yield good results, in the aggregate, whether the season be wet or dry, for out of her well arranged assortment an abundance is assured. I can see no reason why the values of this year's crops and live stock should not aggregate at least as much as those of 1909, which was $532,685,245, or the largest reported in the history of Kansas. This outlook, with the 100 million dollars of deposits in the state's banks, suggests something of the material conditions in Kansas, and that general prosperity still makes the state his headquarters.

W. R. STUBBS, Governor.

In CALIFORNIA—Crops will total $232,500,000

STATE OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO, August 18, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—General agricultural conditions in California are good. Farmers and fruit growers pleased with crop yield and prices. This promises to be a banner year for them. There has been no failure and no general shortage in any crop, except prunes, this shortage in prunes is due to local conditions. All grain crops are good, in some instances exceeding exceptions. Barley yields "bumper" crops in most districts. Garden and field vegetables good, and canned output will be large.

Sugar beet yields promise to be very satisfactory and larger than last year. Potatoes, beans and onions above average. Nuts and other miscellaneous crops generally good. Citrus below last year, but far above normal, deciduous fruit, grape shipments 200 cars ahead of this time last year and situation very satisfactory from growers' standpoint. Raisins may be a little short. Wine grapes promise good returns. Fruitgrowing and canning active. Output will lie above normal. Values conservatively estimated: Grain, $62,000,000; hay and alfalfa, $33,000,000; beets and other field crops, $32,000,000; citrus fruits, $28,500,000. Orchard pruducts, fresh, dried and canned, $47,500,000; table and raisin grapes. $8,500,000; wine and brandy, $21,000,000. Total, $232,500,000. Prepared and sent at request of Governor J. N. Gillett. California Development Board.

The Yield

In ILLINOIS—Crops will exceed 1909 Record

STATE OF ILLINOIS
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

SPRINGFIELD, August 8, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—The latest report of the Illinois State Board of Agriculture was issued May 4, 1910. Its information is gathered by correspondents of the board, usually representative farmers, living in all parts of the state.

Last year, the reports show there was raised in Illinois 20,533,822 bushels of wheat, which sold at one dollar per bushel, and of corn, 265,940,893 bushels which sold on an average of sixty cents per bushel.

The reports coming into the State Board of Agriculture at the present time indicate that small grains will yield larger results this year than last. For the present harvest oats is yielding 60 to 80 bushels per acre, wheat 25 to 40 bushels per acre and the reports show that the corn crop in every county in the state is to be larger than usual.

The prospects for the farming industry in Illinois are exceedingly favorable, as both grain and live stock conditions are excellent at the present time.

Our Agricultural Experiment Station and our Farmers' Institutes have for years been introducing to the notice of Illinois farmers improved methods of agriculture and of stock breeding and raising. To this cause, I have no doubt, is to be attributed some of the advancement made and that it will, therefore, be of a permanent character.

Altogether the future of the agricultural interests of our state seems unusually bright, and the present prosperous times for the farmers of Illinois bid fair to continue for some time to come.

C. S. DENEEN, Governor.

In KENTUCKY—Too Much Rain reduces Prospects

STATE OF KENTUCKY
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, LABOR AND STATISTICS

FRANKFORT, August 19, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—Your letters of August 5 and 16, directed to Governor Willson, have been referred to me on account of the absence of the Governor, who is on his vacation.

In regard to the agricultural conditions of the state of Kentucky, I would say that this has not been a very favorable season taken all together. The rainfall has been very great, accompanied by cloud bursts and high water in many places. The wheat crop during harvest and just preceding harvest did not look very favorable, but the damage which was thought to be very large proved to be exceedingly small. Many

by the Governor

large yields have been reported this month, ranging from twenty-six to forty-two bushels. The acreage for Kentucky of wheat for 1909 was something like 550,000 acres, approximately, and the yield being something less than eleven bushels per acre. I should think that the yield this year from what reports that I have should increase this average to at least eleven bushels.

The corn this year in our state has been very backward, having received too much rain and a heavy frost in April, caused much to be replanted and gave it a very late start. With seasonable weather from now on, the crop should make a fairly good yield. The acreage of the state in 1909 was about 1,334,153 acres, with an average yield of twenty-seven bushels per acre. The acreage for 1910 at first was larger than that of last year, but on account of the above reasons, I think it is about the same for 1910.

Oats this year have been unusually good, and was about the only crop that received heavy damage from the rain. The acreage for the year 1909 was approximately 31,247 acres. The acreage for this year, I think, will somewhat exceed this.

Very little barley and rye is raised here.

Tobacco is not in good condition, and many crops will only make an average of fifty per cent of a full crop. There has been too much rain. The acreage of the burley tobacco was increased very materially over that of last year.

There have been but few successes with alfalfa on account of the rock lying too close to the surface.

Hemp is grown in only a few counties in the central part of the state.

Trusting that this is some of the information desired, I am,

M. C. RANKIN, Commissioner.

In MINNESOTA—Corn Crop Best on Record—Hay Short

STATE OF MINNESOTA
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

ST. PAUL, August 20, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—The crop conditions in Minnesota are beyond all expectations. There will be a fair crop all over the state, although prospects were exceedingly dark in the months of June and July. The corn crop is perhaps the best in the history of the state. Certain sections have suffered on account of the drought, small grain is in good shape in low places, southern Minnesota will on the whole have the best yield in years, and especially in the southwestern part of the state. It must be said that the crops are most prolific, the wheat is of the best quality, but the hay crop is short. Send you by mail copy of my seed corn proclamation.

A. O. EBERHART, Governor.

The Yield

In MAINE—Hay Crop is Most Valuable

STATE OF MAINE
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

AUGUSTA, August 13, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—The general outlook for agriculture in Maine is encouraging. Prices of farm products are high, and the value of farm lands has very largely increased within the past few years. Estimates obtained by the Department of Agriculture give the value of the leading farm products in 1909 as follows: Hay, $18,515,724; potatoes, $16,192,170; oats, $4,314,185; apples, $2,657,523; field corn, $1,063,152, and milk produced, $15,000,000.

The hay crop in 1910 in all parts of the state was exceptionally good, and small grains are above the average in yield and quality. The corn crop in most sections, with the exception of sweet corn, is looking good. The acreage of flint corn is considerably larger than that of 1909. The acreage of potatoes throughout the state is nearly as large as last year, but the present indications are that the yield will be slightly reduced. A large acreage of beans was planted and these are almost invariably looking strong and vigorous.

Orchards are receiving more care and more apple trees have been set this season than for several years past. While there is a fairly good crop of apples in some sections of the apple belt, the crop for 1910 on the whole will be light. The cold, damp weather during the month of June hindered much in the pollenizing of the blossoms, and the June drop was very heavy, so that the present outlook is much below what was anticipated early in the season.

BERT M. FERNALD, Governor.

In UTAH—Some Loss in Yield, but Quality Good

STATE OF UTAH
EXECUTIVE OFFICE

SALT LAKE CITY, August 17, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—Replying to your request of the 9th instant for a brief statement concerning the general agricultural conditions in this state, I beg to advise you as follows:

"Agricultural conditions in Utah at the present time are fairly good, and taken as a whole, prospects lead to the expectation that our 1910 farm yields will nearly reach the normal production. Excessive warm weather, extending over an unusual protracted period, coupled with a deficiency of rainfall, effected grain and hay crops to a limited extent; and had it not been within the means of the Utah farmer to overcome

by the Governor

unfavorable dry weather conditions in a large measure with irrigation, considerable shortage would have been experienced in these two crops. The quality of the grain is so good that the loss in yield will scarcely be felt.

"The present season has been most favorable for successfully demonstrating the growing of grain in several sections of the state without irrigation, in a year of unprecedented scarcity of precipitation. It is gratifying to state that wherever our arid land farmers have followed the advice of the Utah State Agricultural College staff in reference to summer-fallowing for the conservation of moisture, as well as in the matter of fall seeding, there have been no crop failures in grain.

"Utah's 1910 contribution to the Nation's grain wealth will be approximately as follows: Wheat, $5,500,000; oats, $2,200,000; barley, rye and corn, $1,100,000. The hay crop, chiefly alfalfa grown by irrigation, will yield the farmers close to $9,000,000; potatoes, $1,500,000; sugar beets, $1,725,000; vegetables and small fruits, $8,500,000. This year Utah will send to states east of here 1,000 carloads of peaches, 350 carloads of apples, 40 carloads of prunes, and 25 carloads of pears, of an aggregate value of $1,000,000. The canning industry of the state will put another $1,500,000 into the pockets of the farmers. Of the fruit crop it can be said that it is thirty per cent better and cleaner than any other crop ever grown here, possessing in a higher degree the flavor, superior texture and the rich coloring that have made Utah-grown fruit world-famed. The honey and alfalfa seed crops are also important ones, inasmuch as the bee products for the present year will reach 25 carloads, valued at $50,000, while the alfalfa seed crop (about 85 carloads) will give to the farmers $370,000."

WILLIAM SPRY, Governor.

In RHODE ISLAND—Advance in Oats and Hay Crop

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

PROVIDENCE, August 17, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—The general condition of the crops in this state for the year 1910 is favorable, and there is every indication that the yield of corn and potatoes will be especially good. Oats and hay crops will be considerably in advance of the crop of 1909, and there is every prospect of an average fruit harvest, the present condition of the apple trees gives indication of a larger picking than in 1909.

The estimated farm value of the potato harvest is $600,000; corn, $360,000; oats, $27,000, and hay, $1,270,000.

A. J. POTHIER, Governor.

The Yield

In WASHINGTON—Forging Ahead in Dairy Products

STATE OF WASHINGTON
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

OLYMPIA, August 18, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—Replying to your letter of August 9, I would say that the general agricultural conditions throughout this state are most excellent. The wheat crop in the eastern portion of the state is not so good as last year and is perhaps somewhat below the average, but the good prices prevailing will make up for the deficiency in quantity in the half bushel.

Washington is rapidly becoming one of the great deciduous fruit and berry sections of the Union. Our crop of each this year is very large and the quantity exceedingly fine.

During the last few years Washington has been rapidly forging to the front in dairy products. The hay crop, both timothy and alfalfa, is excellent. We have many large condensers in the state and they all are running full time with orders for their output booked away ahead.

As a whole, our people are prosperous and contented.

M. E. HAY, Governor.

In MONTANA—Harvesting Three Weeks Earlier than Usual

STATE OF MONTANA
EXECUTIVE OFFICE

HELENA, August 17, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—This has been a year of light rainfall in Montana, but drought has not effected crops to the same extent as in the Canadian provinces on the north and in the states to the east. The Department of Agriculture in giving crop conditions in Montana July 1 stated that the condition of spring and winter wheat was only six below normal and estimated that the total yield of grain would be ten per cent greater than last year. This is because there is an increased acreage in the principal crops which offsets the slight falling off in the average yield per acre. Since July 1, harvesting has been in progress, being three weeks earlier than usual, and the quantity of grain threshed has exceeded expectations in many cases. Such is the fertility of Montana's soil that a half crop equals a full crop in some other states.

In irrigated districts such a thing as a crop failure is unknown. Water is furnished by unfailing mountain streams and is rarely scarce, though an increasing demand emphasizes the necessity for preventing its waste, of conserving it and using it in an economical way. Only a small part of the irrigable lands of the state are now under ditch, and the area of irrigated lands will be greatly increased in the near future.

by the Governor

of the Year

Farming without irrigation—termed dry land farming—has passed successfully through a year of unusually light rainfall. Crops planted on new breaking or where the soil has not been prepared and the crops planted and cultivated in accordance with approved Montana dry land farming methods have failed in some cases and in others have been short. In sections where dry farming has been followed for years the crops are lighter than usual, but on the whole, are good. At the experiment farms of the state and of the railroads dry farming has been uniformly successful.

In brief, Montana has passed through a trying year for the farming industry with flying colors, has increased her yield of grain over last year and has demonstrated by the success of actual tests on lands of like character that millions of acres of virgin soil, sufficient to provide homes for hundreds of thousands of settlers, may be profitably farmed without irrigation, when properly cared for, even in a year of abnormally light rainfall.

EDWIN L. NORRIS, Governor.

In OKLAHOMA—Corn Damaged; Fruit and Cotton Fine

STATE OF OKLAHOMA
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

OKLAHOMA CITY, August 19, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—Wheat and oats crop well above the average for the preceding ten years. Corn crop badly damaged by drought, probably not more than one-third crop in western part of state, but average in the eastern part.

Cotton best for several years unless too much wet weather will be bumper yield, and fruit largest year in history of the state. Broom corn above the average. Altogether Oklahoma has reason to rejoice.

C. M. HASKELL, Governor.

In LOUISIANA—Sure of Sugar, Rice and Corn

STATE OF LOUISIANA
BOARD OF AGRICULTURE AND IMMIGRATION

BATON ROUGE, August 13, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—Yours of the 5th inst., to Governor Sanders, has been referred to this department, and we beg to say that the sugar, rice and corn crops of our state are fairly good, but owing to the boll weevil situation we do not know what to say of cotton; however, we are sending you under separate cover all of our crop reports since January 1. Hope they may be of some service to you.

CHAS. SCHULER, Commissioner.

of the United States

The Yield

In SOUTH DAKOTA—Outlook Bright for Corn—Hay Short

STATE OF SOUTH DAKOTA
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

PIERRE, August 19, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—South Dakota as compared with her sister states in regard to general crop conditions is, I believe, very fortunate.

The hay crop, owing to the extended drought, will be quite materially shortened.

Harvesting of all small grains is now completed, and from present indications, it appears that the yield will be quite satisfactory in every way. The quality of the grain is excellent and although the tonnage will possibly be somewhat less than that of last year, the producer will, nevertheless, receive better returns.

The outlook is very bright for a splendid corn crop, and with fair weather continuing to mature the same, it will give us a greater yield than ever before in the history of the state.

Stock on the range is in excellent condition and huge shipments are now being made.

R. S. VESSEY, Governor.

In WISCONSIN—Lack of Rain reduces the Yield

STATE OF WISCONSIN
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER

MADISON, August 12, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—During the months of May, June, July, there was no general rain in Wisconsin, an occasional local shower saving the growing crops from complete destruction. On sandy soils and high lands the loss was heavy, especially in hay and pasturage. Upon deep well fertilized soils, normal crops of wheat, rye, barley and oats were harvested, and corn and potatoes retained sufficient vigor to respond to the rains that have recently fallen.

It is now estimated that the crop of small grain in Wisconsin is 85 per cent of normal and hay 80 per cent. Of crops now growing, present indications warrant the following estimates: Corn, 75 per cent; potatoes, 50 per cent; tobacco, 65 per cent; sugar beets, 80 per cent.

The latter estimates are based upon the expectation of favorable weather conditions for maturing crops.

J. O. DAVIDSON, Governor.

by the Governor

# of the Year

In NORTH CAROLINA—Corn Crop is the Best

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

RALEIGH, August 12, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—Governor Kitchin has transmitted your letter of the 9th inst., asking information as to condition of crops to this office for reply.

The small grain crops (wheat, oats and rye) just harvested were very good in most localities; a larger amount of these crops has been produced than in any year in past time.

The tobacco crop in the greater portion of the tobacco district has been injured by the late cool spring and continued wet weather.

The cotton crop has improved very much since July 1, but the cool wet spring and generally continued cool weather to July 12 has retarded growth everywhere and caused some land to be abandoned. The crop will hardly equal that of last year in amount unless the first frost shall be delayed beyond the usual time.

The corn crop as a whole is perhaps the best in the history of the state, although it is not good in some localities. The Agricultural Department for the past three years has called particular attention to this crop, and the farmers are aware of its importance in their work, and that it can be produced here cheaper than it can be bought elsewhere. There are over five thousand boys interested in the "Boys Corn Club." The Agricultural Department pay premiums of fifty dollars in each of the ten corn districts to stimulate this work. Many of the contestants exceed one hundred bushels in the production on the acre they cultivate.

The attention given to agriculture has improved very much in the past two years. No state in the Union now offers better inducements in this line.

The fruit crop of the state is very good, although in some of the mountain counties it was destroyed or badly injured by the late frosts. In quality and quantity the fruit of the state is not excelled by that of any other state of the Nation.

W. A. GRAHAM, Commissioner.

In NEVADA—General Conditions are Good

STATE OF NEVADA
EXECUTIVE OFFICE

CARSON, August 25, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—Governor Dickerson absent on campaign tour. General harvest conditions in Nevada this year are good. Increased area of irrigation land over last year. Prospects for next year even better, although mining is the principal industry. Agriculture and stock-raising increasing rapidly.

JAMES D. FINCH, Secretary to Governor.

# of the United States

The Yield

In ARKANSAS—Cotton will reach One Million Bales

STATE OF ARKANSAS
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER

LITTLE ROCK, August 9, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—Without additional rains there will be in the neighborhood of 900,000 bales of cotton picked and ginned in Arkansas this year. With an exceptionally late fall the crop should reach 1,000,000 bales. Arkansas has raised more corn and better corn this year than ever in its history. It is indeed poor land and poorly cultivated that will not produce forty bushels to the acre. Although this is not considered a wheat-raising state, there will be a large crop marketed this year by Arkansas farmers who have produced on an average twenty-five bushels to the acre. Oats have produced as high as eighty-four bushels to the acre on an Arkansas farm. A big crop has already gone to market; it is the potatoes, cabbage, peaches and melons, with the best crop—apples—from the "Land of the Big Red Apple" yet to come. Late frost killed the summer peach crop in the valleys, but there was an enormous crop left on the hillsides and the whole world, in August, feasted on the luscious Arkansas peach. The cantaloupes and melons going out in cars by the hundreds greatly increased the value of the fruit crop and this value will be doubled by the time the apples from Arkansas orchards have all gone to market. In addition to this, Arkansas raises two crops of Irish potatoes annually, shipping out hundreds of cars of each crop. The rice crop, too, is unexcelled. It will bring the state this year more than $2,000,000.

G. W. DONAGHEY, Governor.

In VIRGINIA—Crops will double the Value of 1909

STATE OF VIRGINIA
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

RICHMOND, August 15, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—Virginia has about twenty-five millions of acres of land, of which in 1908 only 3,301,500 acres were cultivated. Making due allowance for swamp, mountain, and forest land, it is safe to say that the state has ten millions of acres of arable land lying idle. This is largely due to the fact that before the war large plantations were the rule. We are making vigorous efforts to put every acre of idle land in cultivation.

There has been a great agricultural awakening during the last few years, and better and more scientific methods of agriculture are rapidly taking the place of the old-fashioned ways.

by the Governor

of the Year

Our crops are yearly increasing in value, having more than doubled in the last ten years. To illustrate: In 1900 our crops were worth $87,304,000, this year they are conservatively estimated at $182,000,000, and this we expect to double during the next four years.

Where improved methods are used our average production of corn has grown from twenty-three to forty-one bushels to the acre; and the boys' demonstration work shows an average of sixty-five bushels. The increase in the value of the corn for this year over last will be about five millions of dollars.

Crops of more than 125 bushels of corn, forty-two and one-half bushels of wheat and five and a half tons of hay to the acre have been produced, and demonstration work is being done in twenty-nine counties and will be extended until every one of the hundred counties is covered.

We have as good fruit land as any in the United States, and this industry is being rapidly developed and extended. Our fruits will prove this statement.

The state ranks high as a potato producer, and our cattle, for which large blue grass sections are specially adapted, are valuable and rank high in home and foreign markets.

It is impossible to give the general agricultural conditions of a great state in two hundred words, and this is submitted as a very brief and imperfect outline.

WM. HODGES MANN, Governor.

In NEBRASKA—An Abounding Harvest, all but Corn

STATE OF NEBRASKA
Governor's Office

Lincoln, August 19, 1910.

National Magazine:—With the single exception of the corn crop, Nebraska's harvest this year is abounding. While the corn crop will be short in bushels as compared with the ten-year average, the enhanced price will bring the net returns to the farmers fully up to the average of that period. Under diversified farming Nebraska is rapidly forging to the front as the greatest cereal producting state. No longer is it a "single crop" state. Nebraska is yearly adding more and more to the world's wealth. This year, 1910, will show Nebraska's total production of grain, livestock, dairy products and poultry to exceed four hundred millions of dollars. The total of manufacturers will exceed four hundred millions of dollars. The total manufacturers will exceed two hundred millions. While corn is yet Nebraska's chief crop, her people are no longer dependent thereon. As a result of this crop diversification Nebraska, despite the corn shortage of this season, is still on the top wave of agricultural prosperity.

ASHTON C. SHALLENBERGER, Governor.

of the United States

The Yield

In OREGON—Crops are Yielding Handsomely

STATE OF OREGON
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

SALEM, August 22, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—The state of Oregon is enjoying a bountiful harvest this year and crops of all kinds are yielding handsomely. We have an abundance of grain, fruit, hops, alfalfa, vegetables and other products, prices are exceptionally high. Our wool clip has been a large one with a fairly good market price, and the installation of a large meat packing plant at the city of Portland has stimulated the livestock industry in all parts of the state.

Oregon is also coming to the front as a dairying state, and handsome returns are being received from investments along these lines. We have plenty of room for more settlers and any man with a few hundred dollars and a willingness to work can make a good living in the state of Oregon, and soon own his own home and live independently.

JAY BOWERMAN, Acting Governor.

In WYOMING—Crop Rather Below the Average

STATE OF WYOMING
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

CHEYENNE, August 22, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE: DEAR MR. CHAPPLE:—I have been taking a little vacation, which accounts for the delay in answering your letter, concerning the general agricultural conditions in Wyoming.

We have had quite a dry season here and our crops are considerably below the average. In some sections of the state local rains have fallen at opportune times, while other sections have suffered much more severely from the drought.

The dry farmers in the southeastern section have been fairly successful. The Central part of the state seems to have suffered most, but crops under irrigation have come out fairly well, which will probably bring the total average of the state up to about eighty per cent. We are developing our agricultural industry rapidly, and with our abundant water supply, fertile soil, favorable climatic conditions, vast areas, will soon be placed under canal systems insuring abundant water for irrigation purposes, thereby vastly increasing our agricultural production.

The live stock industry has always been our principal business here. Consequently, the production of alfalfa and various kinds of hay is the first consideration of our farmers. Doubtless our live stock will be shipped out rather closely this fall, and it is fortunate, indeed, that we have improved our ranches rapidly in the past few years, thereby increasing the hay production to such an extent as to enable us to carry most of the stock through the coming winter safely.

I fear this letter will not reach you in time to prove of any assistance in the prepara-

by the Governors

of the Year

tion of your proposed Harvest Number, but trust you may be able to say a few words for Wyoming, as the interesting articles in your splendid magazine are eagerly read and greatly appreciated by all our people.

Wishing you continued success, I remain, yours truly,

B. B. BROOKS, Governor of Wyoming.

In PORTO RICO—Twenty-four Per Cent. Increase in Shipments.

PORTO RICO
GOVERNMENT HOUSE

SAN JUAN, August 24, 1910.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:—The following figures showing shipments of products from Porto Rico during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, tell the story of its progress.

The value of products exported to the United States during the year was	$32,095,645
To foreign countries	5,864,574
Or a total of	$37,960,219

These figures, upon comparison with the corresponding figures of the previous year, indicate an increase of twenty-four per cent in the aggregate value of Porto Rican products sent to other countries.

As there is a large amount of sugar and coffee in store awaiting transportation and sale, the prospects for the coming year are that there will be a corresponding increase shown when the statistics for that year are available. This prophecy is also based upon the fact that larger areas are being devoted to sugar cane, tobacco, and fruit cultivation. The majority of the citrus fruit groves are now coming into bearing. New canning factories are being erected which will increase the output of canned goods. Bountiful rains also assure a record cane, coffee and fruit crop.

Of all our oversea possessions Porto Rico is the best customer of the United States, having purchased over $27,000,000 worth of goods during the past year. Porto Rico bought as much from the United States as Bolivia, Chili, Colombia, Costa Rica and the Dominican Republic combined.

The total trade of Porto Rico, including goods purchased from and sold to the United States and foreign countries, has increased from $17,502,103 in 1901, to $68,595,074, in 1910, practically a four hundred per cent increase in ten years. The figures referred to do not, of course, take into account products raised and consumed in Porto Rico.

Porto Rico's balance sheet at the end of the fiscal year just closed, and every indication for the future, promise that, although the past year has been one of the most prosperous years it has known, a still better record will be made in 1911.

GEORGE R. COLTON, Governor.

of the United States

Heart Songs

HEART songs; Oh, sing them, son of mine,
While youth is in your veins,
Before the red leaf decks the vine,
Before the autumn rains.

Heart songs, although a peasant's lay,
Compel the souls of kings
And speed this gray earth on its way
Toward eternal things.

Heart songs; although we mock the air
And flount the halting rhyme,
Yet God is with them everywhere—
Behind them all the time.

Heart songs; aye, heart songs will remain
Handmaidens of the soul,
When things attesting Time entrain
With Heaven's closing scroll.

Heart songs; yet, like a rain fed stream
They riot in my breast,
But voice is down the ways of dream;
Ways centering in the West.

Songs sweeter than all flowers that blow;
Heart songs, not songs of brow;
I could have sung them long ago—
I cannot sing them now.

When I am through with bloom and blight,
And with the toys of men,
And bathed in some celestial light,
I know I'll sing them then.

—*Sol. L. Long*

Almo Gordo, N. M., Oct. 12, 1907

The Gas Problem in New York City

By W. C. JENKINS

AN emergency call in the crowded city is imperative, and nothing must delay the saving of lives and property. The ringing clang of the ambulance or the successive blasts of the fire engines whirling along at breakneck speed bring the busy life of the city's streets to a full stop that they may have safe passage. Emergency service is being constantly improved and developed, and a new department installed this past year in New York City has won the especial admiration and appreciation of the visitor and resident alike.

This new servive, operated by the Consolidated Gas Company of New York without cost to the consumer, consists of an emergency crew working under the direction of the Fire Department, whose duty is to shut off the gas mains to prevent explosions so that the firemen may work more securely. The skilled workmen who make up the crew are equipped with the latest and most useful appliances—including a helmet not unlike the sea diver's save that the emergency operator carries a supply of oxygen in a metal tank strapped on the back of his neck, which enables him to work in a gas-filled room or cellar thirty or forty minutes; and like the sea diver he is securely fastened to a stout rope held by his companions to draw him to safety should he stumble into an unseen opening or become otherwise disabled.

The emergency corps is not confined to following fires, but is often required by private consumers. Sometimes within a minute the caller over the telephone has been instructed intelligently what steps to take pending the arrival of the swift motor wagon with its crew and apparatus.

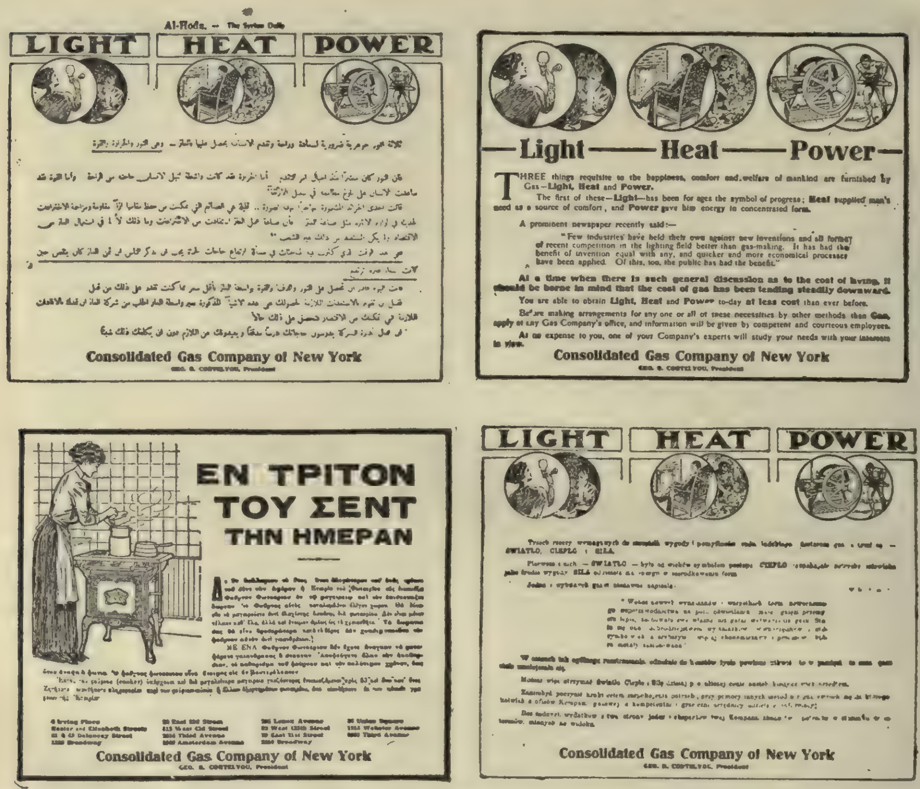
During recent years the Consolidated Gas Company has introduced many important innovations which have been adopted by gas companies throughout the United States. The demonstration system was first introduced in New York City nine years ago, and quickly became popular. As an experiment, a few women were hired by the gas company to visit the homes of its customers. Today twenty trained women employed by the Consolidated Gas Company teach in three hundred homes each day hygienic methods in cooking and the economical use of gas.

* * *

It has been ascertained that gas consumers in the United States waste $33,000,000 worth of gas each year through ignorance and lack of intelligent diffusion of the illuminant. In almost every home and office may be found evidence of a woeful waste of gas through glaring faults of light distribution, and to reduce this enormous waste the Consolidated Gas Company has equipped appliance display rooms which are visited daily by hundreds of persons. The effect of various artificial illuminants on color is shown, and a demonstration is given of how light is wasted through absorption by different colored wall papers.

A campaign of education has also for some time been carried on in the press by the Consolidated Gas Company, and in the list of newspapers used are twenty-one foreign dailies and several weekly and semi-weekly foreign publications—written in Arabic, Croatian, Greek, Yiddish, Slovak, Slovenic—as well as in all the principal languages. These steps toward educating the public to a proper understanding of what can and what cannot be expected of a public-utility company are bearing fruit among the hosts of gas consumers in New York.

It is interesting to follow the history of gas manufacture in New York since its beginning in 1823. At first it was made from whale oil, resin or imported coals of various kinds. For several years the price charged was ten dollars a thousand



Al-Hoda. — The Syrian Daily

LIGHT HEAT POWER

Consolidated Gas Company of New York
GEO. B. CORTELYOU, President

—Light——Heat——Power—

THREE things requisite to the happiness, comfort and welfare of mankind are furnished by Gas—**Light, Heat** and **Power.**

The first of these—**Light**—has been for ages the symbol of progress; **Heat** supplied man's need as a source of comfort, and **Power** gave him energy in concentrated form.

A prominent newspaper recently said:—

> "Few industries have held their own against new inventions and all forms of recent competition in the lighting field better than gas-making. It has had the benefit of invention equal with any, and quicker and more economical processes have been applied. Of this, too, the public has had the benefit."

At a time when there is such general discussion as to the cost of living, it should be borne in mind that the cost of gas has been tending steadily downward.

You are able to obtain **Light, Heat** and **Power** to-day **at less cost** than ever before.

Before making arrangements for any one or all of these necessities by other methods than **Gas,** apply at any Gas Company's office, and information will be given by competent and courteous employees.

At no expense to you, one of your Company's experts will study your needs with your interests in view.

Consolidated Gas Company of New York
GEO. B. CORTELYOU, President

ΕΝ ΤΡΙΤΟΝ
ΤΟΥ ΣΕΝΤ
ΤΗΝ ΗΜΕΡΑΝ

Consolidated Gas Company of New York
GEO. B. CORTELYOU, President

LIGHT HEAT POWER

ŚWIATŁO, CIEPŁO i SIŁA

Consolidated Gas Company of New York
GEO. B. CORTELYOU, President

A GROUP OF ADVERTISEMENTS USED BY THE CONSOLIDATED GAS COMPANY OF NEW YORK IN ITS NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

cubic feet, and in addition there was a charge for rental of the meters and fixtures. In the course of thirty years, the cost had been reduced to three dollars per thousand cubic feet. In 1860 the New York Gas Company had 496 cast-iron retorts under fire, six holders of 1,500,000 cubic feet capacity and about 120 miles of mains. The company had 15,000 customers and 4,100 street lamps. This was the extent of the development in thirty-seven years.

In the early days of the industry in New York City the companies received no revenue from by-products. There was no coal tar sold and the ammonia liquor was run into the river. The first sales of tar and ammonia were made in 1868.

The advent of the Welsbach burner in 1885 gave a new impetus to the manufacture of gas in New York. Previous to its invention five candles to the cubic foot of gas burned per hour was a very good average. Today it is quite easy to get twenty-five candles when the gas is burned in a perfectly constructed Welsbach burner, and though various modifications of burner and mantle have been proposed, the invention of Auer von Welsbach may be regarded as the most successful of all the original ideas.

The total number of gas meters in use in the Consolidated Gas Company system at the close of 1909 was 777,323. During the year the emergency department responded to 1,582 night calls and 1,818 day calls. The work done during the past two years to prevent the freezing of services shows marked results by the following comparison: frozen pipes in 1907, 44,000; 1908, 12,206; 1909, 2,069.

* * *

The gas companies of New York have been apples of discord to quarrel over many times since the different franchises were first granted. A complete history of these disputes would include daring enterprise and selfishness; large statesmanship and blundering legislation; wise forecast and weak expedience; patriotic purposes and underhand methods; openness and intrigue; success and failure.

The manager of a monopoly or a corporation enjoying and using a valuable franchise carrying great powers which the people think belong to them is placed in a position which is calculated to develop the bad traits of human nature. The people or their legislators improvidently granted in the past huge powers which are often beyond the reach of a reasonable or proper regulation. There has been in New York, as in many other American cities, undisguised hostility on the part of the people toward public-utility companies, and many corporation officials think it is impossible to please them. They must earn dividends for their stockholders and they have grown to disregard the public and its interests. It is perhaps not strange that many leading citizens have demanded that corporations of a semi-public character shall adopt a higher and a better standard of service to the public and to their method of fulfilling the trust due to investors. It is apparent that men who realize these facts and who understand the attitude of people are now directing the affairs of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York City, as well as many of the biggest corporations in several other great American cities. Only such men can ever secure for a corporation popular admiration and respect.

An interesting question discussed in New York at the present time is: What is a reasonable profit which a public-utility company may earn on its investment? There are many who assert that six per cent is sufficient, while a more liberal element maintains that eight per cent is not unreasonable. It is interesting to inquire what would have been the effect on industrial effort if state constitutions had provided that the builders of railroads, lighting plants and water works should be content with six or even eight per cent profit on their investments. Who would have dared to take such great commercial risks, knowing that if the enterprise were successful only a small per cent of profit would be allowed? Had such a proposition been adopted, the immense railroad and public-service corporation development of this country, with profits of millions of dollars to the people to thousands to the corporations, would have been impossible. Even at this day nothing could retard the development of cities and states to a greater extent than to put such a rule into practice.

In dealing with the subject of rates or charges, the valuation of the investment of the corporation upon what it may receive a reasonable return, has, since the days of public-utility commissions, become a matter over which there is much dispute. As a basis for such valuation the Supreme Court in the Consolidated Gas case threw considerable light on the subject. The Court established the proposition that it is the present value of the investment and not the original cost upon which the shareholders are entitled to a return. A very important question in the Consolidated Gas case was the basis upon which land owned by the company should be valued. The original cost, of course, was much below the present value. The Supreme Court held in effect that no right existed in the gas consumers of New York to use the land upon which the generating and distributing plants of the Consolidated Gas Company are established at any other valuation than such land could be leased or sold in the open market at the present time. Hence the increase on value of land, which is estimated to be $7,000,000, belongs to the stockholders, and they are entitled to receive returns upon this added value the same as on any other asset.

Another important question was decided by the Court—namely, that the franchises must be included with the tangible assets in order to determine the present value. There has recently been much dispute as to whether a corporation can attach any value to its franchises when determining its total assets in order to arrive at a reasonable rate for services so that fair returns on the total investment may be secured. In the Consolidated Gas case it was held that franchises are not mere personal rights or licenses; they constitute easements, an actual interest in the soil, and, as the court remarked, "cannot be taken or used by others without compensation." This decision should end some of the iridescent dreams of a great host of corporation enemies.

A public-utility commission must not only see that exorbitant rates are not charged to the consumer, but should protect the stockholders of corporations against those who would confiscate the property of public-utility companies. Nearly forty years ago the highest court of the land decided that the state legislatures could regulate the price of gas and could delegate such authority to the city councils. Some years later this decision was modified by a requirement that reasonable prices judicially determined were essential to such regulation. This being the law of the land it is incomprehensible that the public in many cities should so persistently rail at the consolidation of companies for the purposes of economy, or should clamor for competition. What would be a fair price if one company does all the gas business of a city would be far too low if the business were divided between two or more companies. Menaced with the constant possibilities of clashes with opposing companies, public-utility corporations existing under such conditions must be rated as hazardous for invested capital instead of being a safe investment for banks and estates.

To supply a city of nearly 5,000,000 people with a commodity so necessary as illuminating and fuel gas requires most effective management if pleasant relations are to exist between distributor and consumer. It is certain that differences will arise and that anger and distrust will test the explanatory power of the corporation officials. It is also inevitable that there will be an undercurrent of dissatisfaction; but if there is a general belief that a public-service corporation like the Consolidated Gas Company so conducts its affairs that the majority of its patrons have no complaints to offer and the minority has its troubles investigated and speedily adjusted, something approximating perfection is attained. It is no exaggeration to say that the Consolidated Gas Company approaches this ideal a great deal nearer today than it ever has in the past.

* * *

Because of differences in many details and conditions in different cities only general legislation with reference to the corporations is possible. This necessitates the exercise of much judgment by the officials of American cities, in whom a wide discretion is vested, and a liberal attitude must be shown on the part of corporation managers. When the Public Service Commission was created to supervise the New York corporations, it was an innovation, and the policy of the commissioners was of great concern not only to the public but to the public-utility corporations. At first the complaints which came to the commission from gas consumers in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx were particularly numerous, and many of them were couched in language that clearly indicated a very hostile feeling toward the corporation. Those from Brooklyn were not so numerous. During the past year, however, these conditions have been reversed and a remarkable change in the manner of the murmurings that come from patrons of the Consolidated Gas Company is noticeable. It is very apparent that the company is using every possible means to serve the people faithfully and honorably, and greatly improved relations between the corporation and its customers have resulted. Perhaps the hostile feeling against the company four or five years ago culminated in the demand for a reduction in the price of gas; at any rate the reduced rate proposition would not have been pushed so vigorously had the pleasant relations of today existed when the subject was first agitated.

While the people may abuse the corporations, few ever reflect that the stoppage or interference with a great public-utility company for a single day would seriously affect and embarrass the entire community in which it operates. Take, for instance, the possible suspension of operations by the Consolidated Gas Company for a single day. What a disturbance of affairs in New York. and what hardships would follow to thousands of families! For eighty-seven years gas has been manufactuerd in the city of New York. First it was exclusively used as an illuminant, but during later years its use for fuel purposes has become so popular that practically every householder relies entirely upon gas for cooking. The sudden suspension of the supply would cause not only great privation but would bring the wheels of industry to a standstill and deprive thousands of employment. Of course, no one imagines that there will ever be a time when gas will not be ready to burn the moment the jet is turned. The oldest resident cannot recall a single instance when the gas companies of Manhattan and the Bronx were out of commission. There are no tales of hardships handed down from parents to children which were caused by a shortage of gas. During the entire history of gas manufacture in New York City there is no record of a failure in the supply. There can be no cessation; it is out of the question. The harvest may fail; the country may be at war or passing through a financial crisis, but gas must be supplied without interruption. Coal may be scarce or plentiful; the price may be high or low, yet the amount needed must be secured somewhere and conveyed to the Consolidated Gas Company's works. Had the people of New York known how near they approached a gas famine in 1902 there would have been widespread alarm. While the public was not aware of the exact situation the officials of the gas company were gravely concerned. The mines had closed down, caused by a strike in the coal regions, and before the strike was settled the gas company was reduced to a two weeks' supply of stored domestic coal, and was compelled to import from Wales at an immense cost.

It will take 810,000 tons of coal and 90,000,000 gallons of oil to furnish gas to the consumers of the Consolidated Gas Company in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx during the present year, and require 20,250 cars—which if in line would make a train 127 miles long—each carrying forty tons to convey the coal to New York City. Under the surface of the streets and alleys of Manhattan and the Bronx is the largest gas main in the world, a part of the system which comprises 742 miles of mains and nearly 1,000 miles of service pipes.

* * *

In 1906 the Commission of Gas and Electricity issued an order fixing the price of gas sold by the companies operating in Manhattan and the Bronx at eighty cents per thousand cubic feet. This order became an act of the legislature, both of which were contested by the Consolidated Gas Company and a suit was begun in the United States Circuit Court against the Attorney-General of the state of New York, District Attorney of New York County, the city of New York and the Commission of Gas and Electricity upon the ground that the statute and order were in violation of the United States Constitution.

In June, 1906, an injunction was granted by Judge Lacombe which, pending the action, restrained the state and city officials from acting under the law and the order of the commission. The effect of the injunction was to restore the price of gas in Manhattan and the Bronx to the dollar rate and also to prevent the enforcement of penalties for violation of the law. The difference in the amount collected between the old rate of one dollar and the eighty-cent rate was turned over to the custody of the court pending the final determination of the action. For nearly a year after the injunction was issued the case proceeded before a special master appointed to take testimony, make all needed computations and fully ascertain the facts. On December 20, 1907, District Judge Hough filed a decision and opinion in favor of the gas company. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States and the decision of the lower court was reversed. Pending the suit the difference between the eighty-cent and dollar rates, which was paid by gas consumers, amounted to nearly eleven million dollars. Of this $10,417, 121 was refunded to consumers in 1909.

As the eighty-cent rate was in effect during the year 1909 it is interesting to analyze the earnings and profits of the

Consolidated Gas Company during the year. The earnings of the company from its gas business during 1909, after deducting the reserve for renewals and contingencies, amounted to $1,894,253.53. To this, for the purpose of determining the earnings applicable to the value, should be added the surplus earnings of the Astoria Light, Heat & Power Company, and the interest received on the investment in that company, $855,314.63, making the total earnings for the year 1909 $2,749,568.16. This is equivalent to 3.73 per cent on the value of the tangible and intangible property, employed in the manufacture and distribution of the gas sold by the company.

The court held in the eighty-cent gas case that it was possible that a practical experience of the effect of the act by actual operation might establish the fact that the company could not obtain a fair return on the value of the property employed in the gas portion of its business, and if so it should have an opportunity of presenting its case again to the court.

The idea held by many persons, and even suggested by the court, that the reduction in rates would result in an increase in consumption has been exploded, for a comparison of the average sales of gas per meter in use in 1909 with gas at eighty cents, with the average annual sales per meter in 1905, when gas was one dollar, shows that there was no difference in the average sales per meter. What additional sales were made were due entirely to the increased population and the consequent installation of additional meters, as the percentage of increase in the number of meters in use and the percentage of increase in sales are identical. It is apparent that the company has failed to realize the advantage which it was claimed it would realize in the more liberal use of gas at the reduced price. Whatever increase in business the Consolidated Gas Company may enjoy in the future will be due entirely to the increase in population of the city; no increase can be expected from the reduction in price. To hold its own in the average sales per meter, the company will have to promote to the greatest possible extent the use of gas for other than illuminating purposes.

The vigorous business methods introduced into the Consolidated Gas Company by President George B. Cortelyou have shown the people of New York that he considers their confidence one of the company's most valuable assets. He believes that a big corporation rightly conducted is entitled to the friendship of those whom it is trying to serve. These facts are put plainly to the people of New York: "Your gas company invites just criticism and suggestions. It is eager to render the most efficient service at all times, and asks your co-operation. It will treat you fairly always."

This manifestation of interest in the consumers' welfare has won the Consolidated Gas Company a host of friends. Whatever matters may come before the people or the Public Service Commission pertaining to the Consolidated Gas Company will, while the present degree of harmony prevails, be considered and treated without prejudice or animosity.

* * *

A conspicuous feature of the modern methods of corporation management, as exemplified by the Consolidated Gas Company is the interest the company manifests in its employes, which is well worth the consideration of other corporations.

The company maintains for its employes what is called the Mortuary Fund. Each member pays fifty cents a month, and at death his beneficiaries receive the sum of $300. Toward this fund the company contributes one-half of the amount paid in by the employes as dues.

There is also a Friendly Aid Fund for the benefit of the employes—into which each employe pays thirty cents a month. For this amount the member is entitled during sickness or disability to $6 each week for twelve weeks in any one year. The company also contributes one-half of the amount paid in by the employes as dues, and also pays the salaries, expenses and medicines of the physicians who attend the sick members of the society. Membership in these organizations is wholly voluntary.

Employes who give thirty-five years of service are, if incapacitated for further work, entitled to be placed on the superannuated list and receive a pension for life. The company also pursues a liberal policy in the matter of vacations or absence on account of sickness.

It would be difficult to find a clearer or fairer analysis of the present day corporation problem than that expressed by George B. Cortelyou, president of the Consolidated Gas Company, who said:

"In the industrial life of today, 'the old order passeth.' With the increase of population and diversification of trade and commerce have come new conditions in the business world, and the producer and the consumer must realize, if they have not already done so, the necessity of readjusting their relations toward each other, as the volume of business grows and the complexities of industrial life multiply. Between what we call private business and that of the public-utility corporation there has naturally developed a much clearer definition than was the case formerly. To the corporation which has been granted certain privileges to be used not only for its own profit, but especially the public benefit, have come new obligations, or, if that be not a strictly accurate statement, then let us say there has come a new sense of responsibility.

"I am convinced that not a little of the misapprehension in the public mind is wearing away and that with greater publicity as to the details of manufacture, both of the product itself and the appliances through which its use is made available, and with the business management of companies grounded in the old, old principles of integrity and fair dealing, our public utilities will become such in fact as well as in name.

"You put the people in a position to be just and fair when you are frank with them. They know that men cannot be expected to engage in any industry, that capital is not attracted to business undertakings, unless a fair profit is assured, and unless initiative and inventive genius and business sagacity shall have ample room for their expression and for their reward. Great as is America among the commercial nations of the world we shall yet stifle her growth and injure her producers and consumers alike if we put too severe restrictions upon these elements essential to her prosperity. Let there be the safeguards of regulation or supervision, or whatever may be the designation of that official oversight which honest men need not fear and which, if intelligently and fearlessly exercised, will do justice to corporation and citizen alike. But let it be clearly understood that supervision does not mean management and that you cannot put unjust burdens or unjust limitations upon the corporation and at the same time exact the best service and the lowest rates. Speaking broadly, I firmly believe that, in the first instance, the public is much more concerned with the character of service it receives than with the precise rate it pays for such service; and I wish that in the proper regulation of our corporations this consideration might receive greater weight.

"What I am saying is certainly plain enough to admit of no misconception, but I will put it in another form to make misunderstanding impossible. What the public wants and must and will have, are efficient service, fair and impartial treatment, and such degree of publicity of corporate business affairs as will leave no reasonable men in doubt that the relation between the corporation and the public is one consistent with the rights of both. I believe that immeasurably the greatest immediate benefit that can come to public-utility corporations will be through taking the people into their confidence. When they have done this they have impregnable ground from which to defend themselves against unjust attack.

"Then there is the employes' part in the business. Good business management presupposes such regard for the welfare of employes, such recognition of their loyalty and efficiency as can properly be given, and the encouragement of such friendly competition as shall draw out the best in the individual worker, make him realize that his work counts, that he has his place to fill, and that, while he may be only a part of a great machine, still a portion of the business success and the public regard are due to his own efforts."

A SONG OF THE SEA

O GIVE me a song or a tale of the sea,—
Of waves running high and of winds blowing free!
With a gale on the quarter, the reefs far to lee,
At the helm of a good ship is where I would be.

Far, far from the shadow that darkens the shore;
Released from the spectres that knock at the door
Of my heart and awaken sad mem'ries of yore,
Shall I be if I roam the wild seas evermore.

Then out where the green fields roll unfenced and wide;
Away where all sorrow is flung overside;
Far over the shelt'ring horizon to glide
In the path of the moon,—there is where I would bide!

So, give me a song or a tale of the sea,—
Of waves running high and of winds blowing free!
With a gale in the rigging that whistles with glee,
On the deck of a good ship is where I would be!

By Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

First Aid to the Injured

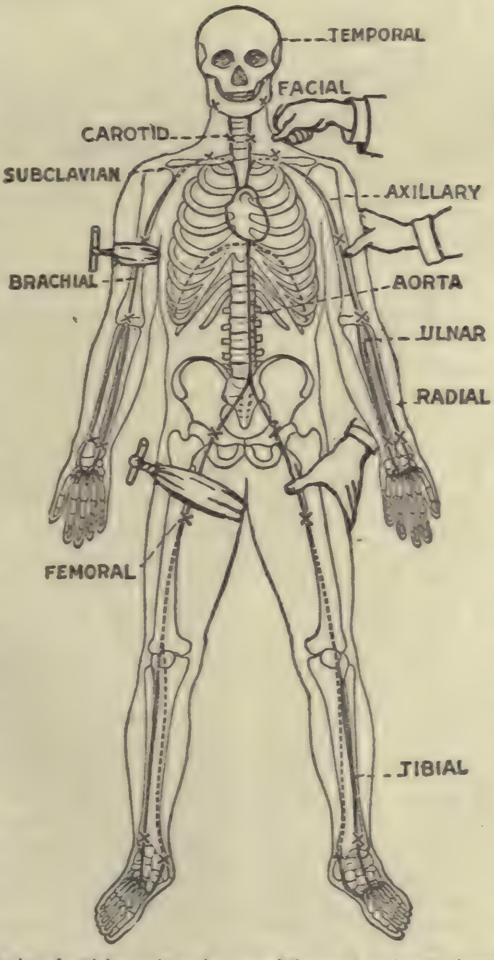
By H. H. HARTUNG, M. D.
Boston, Mass.
Major Surgeon, Medical Department, Coast Artillery Corps, M. V. M.; Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, American Medical Association, Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, Instructor in First Aid to the Injured to the Boston Police Department, Metropolitan Park Police and the Fall River Police Department.

PART I

SINCE the earliest days of civilization and Christianity, and even previous to that period, we find evidences of knowledge of First Aid to the Injured. The old story of the Good Samaritan, in ancient biblical history, is one of the oldest evidences of First Aid to the Injured on record. Even the American Indian, who was dependent entirely upon his own resources, has left behind him evidences of his knowledge of First Aid methods, and while they were crude, yet they were in many instances efficient.

In modern times, on account of the large increase in the use of railroads, electricity and complicated machinery, we are daily reminded of the terrible and appalling loss of human lives, and the crippling and maiming for life of many others. In many instances, of course, such results are unavoidable, but in others the loss of life and limb is due purely to carelessness and might be avoided. Most of the railroads and factories are now installing every possible protection and safeguard for the protection of the public and their employes in order to minimize accidents as far as possible.

Statistics prove that more people are killed and injured every year in the United States than in any other country in the world.



With these facts before us, is it not well that the public at large should have some knowledge as to what to do and how to do it, in cases of accidents and emergencies, while awaiting the arrival of a physician in order to prevent loss of life and to alleviate human suffering as much as possible?

First Aid to the Injured is intended to instruct laymen, such as policemen, firemen, automobilists, factory foremen and superintendents, railroad employes, soldiers and others, who are being constantly brought in contact with injuries and emergencies, what to do in the interval while awaiting the arrival of a physician.

Editor's Note: This series of articles written by one of the most eminent physicians in Boston should be read and re-read. To remember just how to do things in an emergency often means the saving of life. Be prepared, is the watchword of modern times.

It is not intended in any way to supplant the professional services of the physician, and if such a view is taken of the subject, then the value of First Aid is entirely lost. In all instances of severe injuries the very first First Aid rule laid down is to send for the nearest physician at once and notify him of the nature of the injury, so that he may come prepared to treat the case properly. The greatest value of First Aid is in those cases where accidents happen in places at some distance from large centers, where sometimes it means waiting an hour or more for the arrival of a physician, and in the meantime, unless someone is present who is capable of rendering intelligent First Aid, the results are oftentimes fatal. Every person of course is not capable of rendering First Aid; some persons are so sensitive and susceptible to the sight of blood and the suffering of others that they collapse and are soon in a condition requiring First Aid treatment themselves. First Aid requires a cool and collected mind, intelligence, quick thought and resourcefulness.

The story of the tramp is recalled who in his better days had attended a medical school for a short time. He found a fellow tramp alongside the railroad tracks with one leg cut off, bleeding to death. Instantly it recurred to him that he remembered that by applying pressure to the main artery of the leg he could stop the bleeding, so he pulled off his suspenders and improvised a tourniquet, put it around the leg, stopped the flow of blood and saved the life of his companion.

During the Nineteenth Century various societies were formed for the instruction and rendering of First Aid by St. Johns of England, St. Andrews of Scotland, and later the various Red Cross Societies of the different European nations, and they all rendered valuable service in the Franco-Prussian War, the Crimean War, and the Boer War. In the United States various societies have been organized along similar lines to those of foreign countries, among them the Boston Society of Instruction in First Aid, the New York First Aid Society; and recently the American Red Cross, with our President Taft as president, and Miss Mabel Boardman, have started to spread the good work all over the country. In many of the large cities, police and firemen are instructed in First Aid, and in the writer's experience many instances have come to his notice where First Aid has been the means of saving life. Where I have had the pleasure of giving these lectures, each pupil is given a copy of my book, "First Aid to the Injured," and the lectures follow the text of the book. In writing this series of articles, I will endeavor to follow along the lines of a course of instruction in First Aid to the Injured, and will bring out the most important subjects which one is liable to meet with in everyday life.

* * *

Circulation of the blood, bleeding and its treatment, application of a tourniquet.—The blood vessels, which carry the blood to the different parts of the body, are the heart, the arteries, veins and capillaries. The heart is about the size of the fist doubled up, located on the left-hand side of the chest. In a perfectly normal healthy adult the heart beats on an average of about seventy-two times to the minute. In most people, particularly those not too stout, the heart may be felt and seen beating on the left side of the chest, between the fifth and sixth ribs, about an inch and a half below and to the right of the left nipple. This is an important thing to remember, because in many cases of serious injuries the person may be unconscious and pulseless, and by being able to know the exact location of the heart beat, you can determine whether the person is dead or not.

The knowledge of knowing how to stop bleeding in cases of severe injuries where a leg or an arm is cut off is, in the writer's opinion, one of the most important things in First Aid, and for that reason one should know whether the bleeding comes from arteries or from veins, as the treatment differs essentially. Always remember that blood coming from the arteries is bright red in color and that it spurts out with each beat of the heart, while in the case of blood flowing from the veins it is much darker in color and instead of coming out in spurts, it flows out slowly and steadily.

How to stop bleeding.—Bleeding from any portion of the external part of the body can be stopped either by direct pressure on the cut or bleeding vessels by means of a clean, sterilized compress, such as are found in all First Aid packages, or by means of the tourniquet. Such First Aid packages as I refer to are those used by the United States Army, manufactured by Johnson & Johnson, and can be obtained at any drug store or direct from the manufacturers.

Don't forget to notice whether the bleeding comes from the arteries or the veins; if from the veins and small arteries, all that is needed is compression as above suggested. When, however, a leg or an arm has been cut off and the bleeding is profuse from both the arteries and veins, then the proper thing to do is to apply a tourniquet between the cut and the heart, as far up on the arm or leg as possible. In emergency anything that comes to hand may be improvised for a tourniquet, such as a handkerchief, necktie, suspenders, garter, rubber tubing; in fact, anything that may be tied and firmly twisted and yet is not so stiff and hard as to cut into the skin. By referring to illustration No. 1, you will find the name and location of the most important blood-vessels and the proper place to apply pressure and the tourniquet. To more fully illustrate the treatment of bleeding from the legs, should a leg be cut off, the dangerous bleeding would come from the arteries, and the proper treatment would be to compress the main artery by means of a tourniquet; but suppose you had to treat a case where a varicose vein of the lower leg had broken and the person was bleeding very profusely, would you apply a tourniquet in this case? By no means; as the blood is coming from the veins all that would be necessary would be to apply a compress firmly over the ruptured blood vessel and bandage firmly.

Internal bleeding occurs from the nose, mouth, throat, lungs and stomach. Nose-bleed is usually the result of some injury to the mucous membrane of the nose, following a blow on the nose, sometimes from blowing the nose too hard and sometimes without any known cause, usually from one nostril, and generally stops of itself; sometimes, however, it is very profuse and even dangerous.

Treatment.—Unloosen all tight clothing about the neck, elevate and throw back the head, expose the patient to the cool fresh air, telling him to take long breaths; raise the hands above the head; make applications of cracked ice to the nose and back of neck; application of any cold object to the back of neck, such as a chain, keys, etc. Various solutions may be snuffed up the nostrils, such as alum and water, one teaspoonful of alum to a glass of water, vinegar and water, or witch-hazel and water are also useful. Sometimes a stiff piece of paper, folded together and pressed firmly against the gum, under the upper lip, will control the bleeding.

Bleeding from the lungs may come from a broken rib puncturing the lung, but it is as a rule very slight and requires no treatment, except to have the broken rib attended to by a competent surgeon. Bleeding from the lungs usually occurs in cases of consumption, where the blood vessels in the lungs become involved in the diseased condition. Blood from the lungs is coughed up and is usually bright red and frothy.

Treatment.—Make the person lie down, with head raised by a pillow; keep him in a quiet and darkened room. Cold may be applied to the chest by means of ice bags, also allow the person to suck cracked ice. Notify the person's family and send for the usual medical attendant if possible.

Bleeding from the stomach occurs either as a result of ulcer or cancer of the stomach, and the blood is vomited up, instead of being coughed up, as in bleeding from the lungs. The amount of blood vomited is usually a pint or more, whereas in bleeding from the lungs, the amount is small. Color is usually very dark, sometimes black and looks like coffee grounds. The treatment of this condition is practically the same as from the lungs, except that the ice-bag should be applied over the stomach instead of over the chest.

(*Continued next month*)

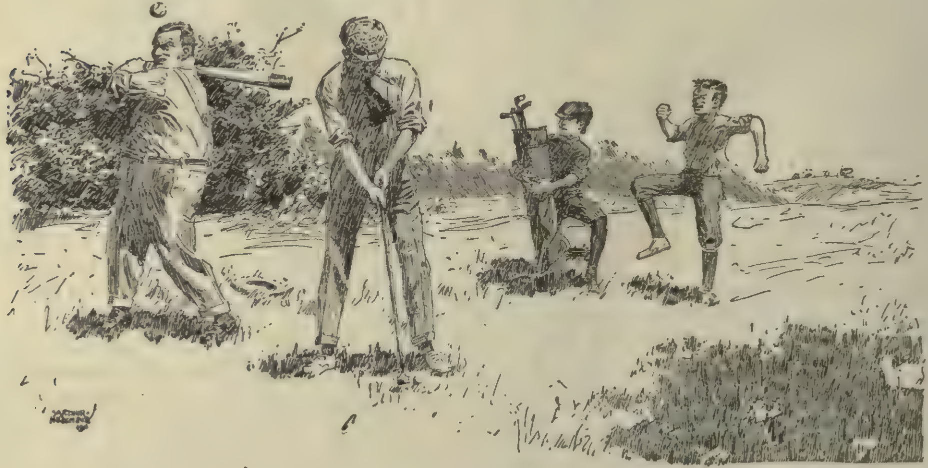
The Golfer and the FAN

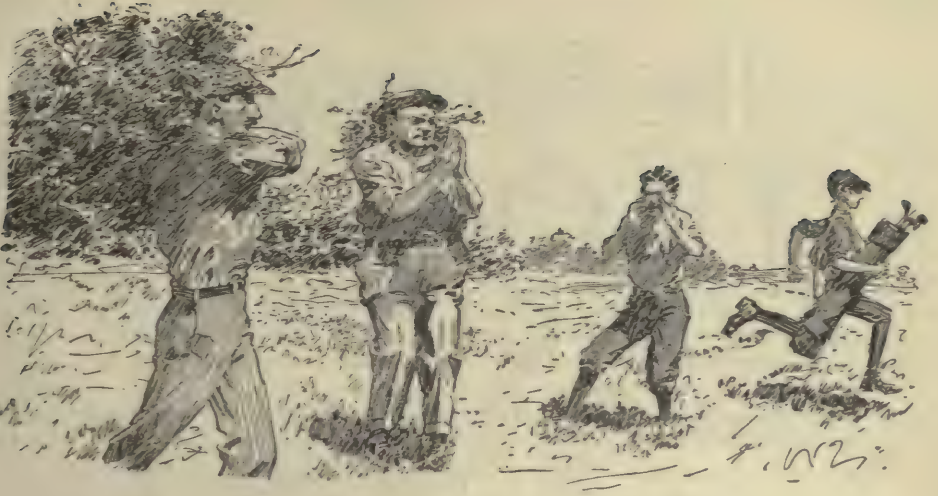
by Bennett Chapple

A GOLFER and a Baseball Fan were arguing like mad
On the respective merits of each game—both good and bad.
"Look here, I tell you what I'll do!" cried one, with heat aflame,
"I'll take a baseball and a bat, and beat you at your game!"

"Agreed!" the other acquiesced. "Select your bat and ball;
I'll meet you on the clubhouse green—we'll settle it for all."
Upon the tee the warriors met, and at the battle call
The Golfer swung his driver—and the Batter struck his ball.

Across the tufted course each flew, o'er bunker and o'er hill,
One caddie chased the baseball, and another chased the " pill."
They came at last to the first hole; the Golfer putted true;
A croquet mallet served the Fan to send his ball in, too.



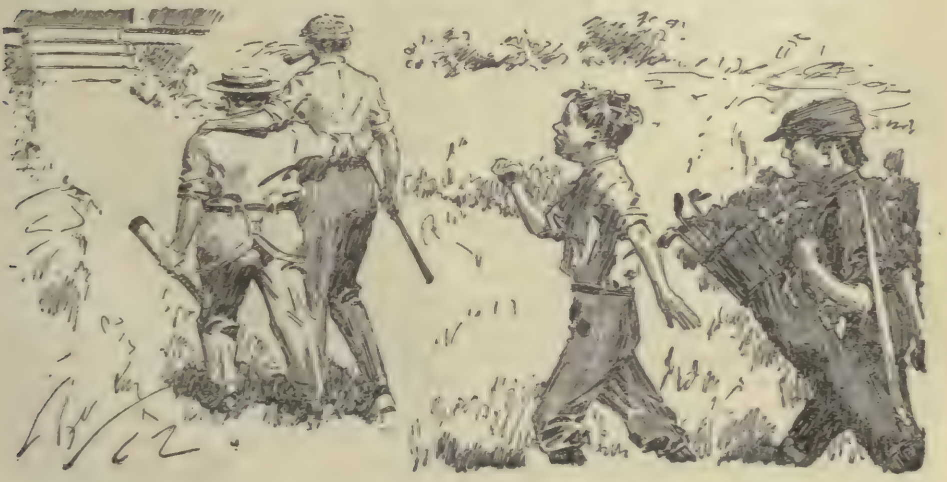


A crowd attracted by the match had gathered in their wake,
To give advice a-plenty—which the players did not take.
A "foozle" here, a foul tip there, quite evened up the score
Until the last hole of the course was reached; they hollered "Fore!"

The Golfer made a mighty swing, and drove his pillet far—
It rolled up to the last hole's "lip," and needed but a jar.
The batter now threw up his ball. A whack—a mighty shout—
The baseball landed in the hole, and "touched" the golf ball—out!

* * *

Into the clubhouse then they went; a toast drank one and all:
"Oh, here's to Golf, but drink we first to th' good old bat and ball!"



The Pilfering TROLLEY CONDUCTOR

His Varied Stunts to Beat the System

by J·Bernard Lynch

Author of "Trolley Tales"

NOTE:—It is neither because I wish to glorify the pilfering conductor, or convey the thought that the rank and file are lacking in honesty that I presume to discuss the street car man's various methods of misapplied genius, but rather to impress my sincerity of purpose in depicting every phase of street car life, as an ex-conductor.

I should feel guilty of great injustice if I did not state it here as my honest belief that the dishonest conductor is the rare exception.

With the street car man there can be no compromise with honesty: he either is, or he is not. And that the average conductor is honest, is a fact I am willing to attest to with the assurance of one who has truly pulsed the undercurrent of street car life.

"DANDY DAN'S" INVENTIVE GENIUS

DURING my first year of service I formed the acquaintance of one of the cleverest pilferers that ever donned a conductor's uniform. His career as pilferer extended a brief eight months, but, brief though it was, it was regretfully remembered by the company—a regret that they were unable to discover his genius at an earlier date.

In the lobby where the conductors congregate he was known as "Dandy Dan," and in many ways the title good-naturedly thrust upon him by fellow-workers proved to be wonderfully appropriate.

He was of inventive turn of mind, and his patent—used in many cities, to good advantage—while considered the most marvelous of its kind, will never receive the approbation of street-car companies, or the applauding voice of posterity.

In appearance it was a small box-like affair, in which was concealed a bell, toned and regulated to the same pitch and sound as the cash register bell.

When anticipating a heavy trip "Dandy Dan" would purposely neglect to turn back the dial hand of the cash clock at the end of the line, and, before making the run, would insert his invention behind the cash register, so it was concealed from view. Then, by means of a short piece of dark twine, he would connect it with the cord that operated the cash clock.

With the knowledge of long and varied experience he knew the spotter rarely, if ever, glances at the cash clock; that he is generally satisfied all is well when he hears the cash bell ring for each fare collected.

After a large number of passengers had boarded his car "Dandy Dan" would condescend to ring up a few fares in a legitimate way—just for effect—then, deciding that the company had all that was rightfully their portion, would lock the cash clock so it would not register, and then proceed to collect a few odd nickels for himself.

It was always at this interesting period of his operations that he found exquisite pleasure in gathering in the shiners, for to judge by his expression, joyful, there was valued appreciation for the opportunity for doing business on the profit-sharing plan.

With the little contrivance working to perfection, and other like conditions favorable, he was seemingly a zealous and hard-working conductor, so happily enthused over the collection of nickels that he found it difficult to restrain the desire to make all of the passengers pay him twice.

Each and every yank upon the bell cord brought sympathetic response from his little invention in the form of an imitation tinkle of the cash clock bell, and it might be well to add that each and every time the company was five cents to the bad.

"Dandy Dan" had often declared a passionate fondness for music—where there was a pleasing "cord"—and often did he state it as his honest unbiased opinion that there was more harmony in the tinkle of his own little bell behind the cash clock, than there ever was, or ever will be, in a board of directors' meeting.

Every time the little bell rang its musical tribute to "Dandy Dan's" ingenuity, he was five cents to the good. The little invention melodiously responded to the tune of two thousand dollars—all told—then the company discovered his passion for bell harmony and advised him to go elsewhere to finish his musical education.

CROCKER'S MEDIUM—A BROKEN "CHORD"

There was another conductor who, unlike "Dandy Dan," displayed an utter disregard for harmony in his endeavors to secure unauthorized dividends. Because of his unique method for obtaining results in the pilfering game he was christened "Crocker of the broken cord."

Although unpardonably stupid in many things, he was blessed with the redeeming gift of originality. To credit one with being both stupid and original may appear strange, but Crocker was such a strange mortal it does not matter.

To this extraordinary individual nothing appealed so strongly as a crowded car. First, for the very good reason—as he was wont to express it—"a large number of passengers has a tendency to make me think and act quickly," and for the added reason, which, by the way, he never cared to admit, that he was unable to steal in the open without being called to account for the transgression. Be that as it may, Crocker was foxy and knew a much better way to make good, even though it might be deemed somewhat spectacular.

Crocker's exclusive reputation had made him an interesting celebrity and for the purpose of observing just how gracefully he could perform his register cord stunt, I made a trip with him.

When I boarded he was silently viewing the prospects for a successful roundup. Not until the car had become crowded and standing room at a premium, did he begin his slow, methodical collection of fares.

After the car had attained its highest rate of speed on the down grade and a dozen fares had been taken up, I saw him stop suddenly, glance furtively around, then with quick, sly movement reach for the signal bell.

In answer to his rapid manipulation of the cord three sharp bells sounded on the front platform. This is the conductor's signal to the motorman for an emergency stop, and the driver, fearing some grim and terrible catastrophe, made the stop unusually abrupt.

From the sudden application of the reverse power and pressure of the brake, the car momentarily seemed to rise in the air and then it came to a standstill with a nerve-racking jerk.

The passengers, not expecting any such extraordinary behavior on the part of a peacefully-moving street car, did a flying wedge and centre rush movement towards the front door. According to Crocker's reckoning, this was the psychological moment, when everyone was excited, or ought to be, and where he was enabled to get in his fine work.

Reaching for the register cord he gave it one sharp pull, breaking it close to the clock in such fashion that would not permit of its repair outside the company's register department.

Before starting an eventful trip of this kind, he would manage to cut the cord half-way through, at the place he desired it to break, so plans would not miscarry at the crucial moment.

With the clock out of commission he proceeded to punch all fares received on his day card. This is ordered by the company when the register is disabled but the circumstance is generally attended by considerable loss, for of this incident, or accident, the astute pilferer never fails to take advantage because he considers it a rare and safe opportunity for making good.

"Just my wretched luck, confound it!" said Crocker when he reached the rear platform. Notwithstanding, I was clearly unimpressed, for I knew he was chuckling to himself and blessing the broken cord with silent thought.

Of course Crocker would punch every fare received on his day card honestly and accurately, but would as positively manage to lose that day card and substitute a new one, which he took particular care did not contain as many punch holes. On one occassion when the original day card totaled a hundred punch holes, he substituted one with only twenty in making returns, and, on reaching home he did not concern himself why he happened to be four dollars to the good.

Twenty-eight cars with disabled cash registers were turned in within the period of four months, then the passengers began to notice that every time they rode with him something happened. Soon after, they entered complaints with the company against Crocker, whom they declared had an unpardonable weakness for giving his driver three bells and upsetting everybody in the car, without any reason, real or imaginary, for so doing.

Just about this time the company officials also noted his weakness, or strongness, for putting register clocks out of commission, so they assigned several spotters to his car, to learn if there was any method in his seeming madness.

It took the inspectors just two days to discover why it was that the harmony of a short trolley ride had to be disturbed by a broken cord.

One day later, Crocker received the company's twenty-three signal for an immediate departure, by way of the path where goeth all the unrighteous.

"SHADOW" PRINCE OF PILFERERS

The craftiest and longest-lived pilfering performer in the inglorious galaxy of register clock manipulators, was a chap we will call "Shadow," because it seems fittingly appropriate in view of the fact of his strong aversion for the bright light of honest inquisition, and for the reason that for two long years his method of procedure remained—to the company and its school of skilful spotters—a secret deep and fathomless as the bottomless pit and as evanescently elusive as a winter moonbeam.

"Shadow" was indolently indifferent to opportunity, honest or otherwise, while the bright sun of day cast its effulgent rays athwart the atmosphere, and what is an equally interesting fact, he never found pilferetical inspiration while the car was noisy with the plaints of disgruntled passengers, or the click of the trolley on "crossed wires."

He liked solitude and was conservative, and went flitting about his peculating stunts only when the shadows of night had lowered to cover his operations.

His two years of success in escaping detection was perhaps due to the fact that he was a man of technique; in other words, an expert watch and clock maker. Two things had impelled his donning of a conductor's uniform, because he found it pleasantly remunerative, and for the more important reason that he needed the money.

One day, or rather one night, he lingered too long and lovingly over the cash clock, which resulted in the repair man in the car house finding traces that indicated that someone, unknown, was trifling with its inner organs.

His suspicions were promptly reported to the division superintendent, and, after a consultation of officials extra spotters were employed for the purpose of learning the identity of the presumptuously inquisitive one who wanted to get, literally, on the inside of things.

After two weeks of energetic endeavor, the spotter shylocks reported: "nothing doing."

Greatly perplexed, the officials appealed to the repair man, and then, he too, hit the trail. After three days of careful cooperation with the station starter, he found the light of several clues pointed "Shadowward."

As a result the officials started to unearth "Shadow's" shining record. Among the references that had been given them one was found that stated in glowing terms that "Shadow" was an expert watch and clock maker, with this added intelligence: "We cheerfully recommend him to anyone whose clock should need attention."

After absorbing this startling bit of news, the officials looked wise, exchanged significant winks and forthwith got busy. And, as a result of their generous attentions, "Shadow" was granted a perpetual audience of four spotters on every trip for a whole week.

Notwithstanding that their efforts were applied with the utmost secrecy, the conductor—perhaps, by some indefinable instinct—had become aware that he was a sudden source of interest to the company's operators, for he went about his duties with added cheerful equanimity, and with his usual smiling face a veritable sunburst of happiness.

There were times while passing leisurely through the car, that he would stop suddenly before the cash clock to gaze at it with tender, thoughtful expression, and the spotters, experiencing a feeling of happiness and with eyes that could not conceal their deep and kindly interest, would give him rapt, sympathetic attention.

It was usually at this interesting period that "Shadow" would exercise the happy prerogative of changing his mind and proceed to the collection of fares, as if he never knew, or didn't care that there was such a thing as a cash clock. And then the spotters, realizing that their fondest hopes had floated off into immaterial vapor, would frown their disappointment with dark, baleful glances, and with mental unanimity assume "Shadow" was an aggravating individual.

During the second week the number of spotters was increased to eight, and "Shadow" appeared to display proportionate appreciation for the extra consideration bestowed on him. They rode with him for four weeks, watched him closely at the end of the line, and even went so far as to stolidly sit out the five minutes' wait between trips; but they might have enjoyed a quiet smoke in the woods and learned as much there, for—as it was afterwards proven—"Shadow" never bothered his clock at the end of the line except to set it back for the return trip.

The company finally issued an order for the recall of the extra spotting squad, and soon after, "Shadow" got busy with the clock again.

The lay mind might perhaps conceive the idea that the company's easiest method to solve the problem would have been to discharge "Shadow," but those familiar with their procedure in a case of this kind know it is policy to first discover the man's system, to protect themselves against a repetition of the offense by other men.

Without losing interest in "Shadow" the company decided to give over the solution of the vexing problem to the register man, who declared he felt it in his bones there was something amiss, and experienced an equal certainty he could learn just what that something was.

One eventful evening the register man boarded "Shadow's" car at Grove Hall station. After glancing stealthily up at the cash clock and making note, mentally, of its whole number or continuous reading, he took up a position on the front platform. Several spotters, presumably acting under his orders, also noted the reading of the cash register and left the car.

The situation began to take on an interesting aspect, but "Shadow" appeared sublimely indifferent and went merrily about the collection of his fares as soon as the car had started upon its journey.

Gradually the number of passengers grew less with each succeeding stop, until Franklin Park was reached and the two remaining passengers inside the car had alighted. It was "Shadow's" custom to inspect the front platform when the car had reached the park, but on this evening did not deem it worth while and, as a result, did not see the register man standing there at attention behind the drawn curtains. He thought he had again found the blessedness of absolute solitude and upon his face there came the expression of satisfied self-content. The register man, noting this, seemed somewhat satisfied too.

As the car started upon its fifteen minute run to Mattapan "Shadow" stood motionless on the platform lost in blissful reverie, and gazing dreamily off to the murky, moving shadows of the wood.

The register man, peering from under the curtain, impatiently registered a few inarticulate cuss words, when he realized that, instead of getting down to business, "Shadow" was peacefully enjoying the kaleidoscopic panorama of nature's budding beauty, and lending an indulgent ear to the bullfrog's rasping roar of welcome to Spring.

After satisfying himself that the motorman's attention was centred on the scintillating beams of the headlight on the track ahead and that the opportune moment had arrived, the conductor moved quickly inside the car. Stopping before the cash clock, near the front door, from his hip pocket he drew a small leather case and spread the contents upon the cushioned seat. The register man from his point of vantage looked enviously but with disapproval upon a fine collection of watch and clock making tools.

For a moment the conductor regarded the register with a stern, professional air, then with the aid of several small pointed tools, he succeeded in prying it open. This accomplished, he began the operation upon its delicate organic parts with business-like method.

Keenly alive to the situation, the register man realized he would be unable to view the interesting spectacle from the front platform without having his presence detected, so awaiting his opportunity as the car slowed down for the regulation full stop at Morton Street, he jumped quickly off the front step and swung stealthily on at the rear platform. After noting that his act had passed unobserved, he crouched in kneeling posture and with eyes glued to the glass of the door, intently watched the efforts of the man within.

In another brief interval the car had attained its highest rate of speed and then "Shadow's" movements became more animated. As the car plunged into the deep darkness ahead, the conductor also plunged —into the deeper and darker mysteries of the cash clock. The impressive silence was broken only by the whirling of the motor, singing soothingly underneath; the intermittent blue flashes of "juice" from the feed wire above and—the unimportant whispered imprecation of the register man as he painfully shifted from one tired knee to the other.

"Shadow" took the clock affectionately by the hand, looked smilingly up into its face and then proceeded to tickle it with such delicate and artistic touch that out of sheer good nature it consented to move back two hundred fares in his favor.

Then, as if with sudden, joyous appreciation, he sought to outdo the bullfrog's welcome to spring by singing several welcomes to the several springs within the clock. A particularly vivacious rendition of his favorite song—"There are moments when one likes to be alone"—enlivened the somnolent summer atmosphere. The exultant strains floated airily out through the open door of the car and lingered insinuatingly about the ears of the crouching register man.

As the car started upon the last half mile of its journey, "Shadow" placed the final artistic touches on the clock with the result that it again presented a sober, innocent face. His excellent collection of trifling tools was calmly stowed away, and then with joyous confidence he addressed the empty air.

"Ten dollars in ten minutes," he noted aloud, "I guess that's going it some!"

The register man—who also thought it "a going sum"—saw "Shadow" approaching the rear platform and suddenly decided that he must be going some too.

The car, as it coasted down the incline, was bowling along at a merry pace, and the register man, when he realized the danger of leaping from the platform at that moment, hesitated. Then when he saw the conductor peering out at him, his eyes flashing an ominous glint, he speedily chose the softest place in the muddy embankment, and jumped.

A few minutes later he arose with a labored effort and painfully limped off in search of the nearest telephone.

For "Shadow" there was an unusual welcome awaiting upon his return to Grove Hall. Several officials hastened to pay their respects—in no uncertain tones—and then to the superintendent, they ordered him to report at once.

With retort courteous and bowing low, "Shadow" left the car.

To the conductors' lobby he hurried, to make up his receipts for the day while from his handsome face there exuded a grim, ironical smile. And he still smiled grimly, as he deposited the receipts in the company's safe.

Then after viewing the car house and environs with an amused air, he walked leisurely off; but not toward the "super's" office. "Shadow" had no particular liking for inquisitive division superintendents, and he hated painful interviews, so "Shadow" vanished.

"HAPPY'S" UNHAPPY FATE

The pilferers' stunts, as a rule, do not impress the street-car officials as very humorous, yet I have in mind an instance where they smiled broadly at the plight of one misguided conductor, whom they succeeded in beating at his own game.

This man—nicknamed "Happy"—had toured the states, and had played the role of green conductor in every city of importance, for the sole and unrighteous purpose of reducing the profits of street-car companies.

His method was the forcing of the cash clock on late trips, and he operated at the end of the line when there was no one about to observe his movements. After blinding the scruples of his driver with the lure of lucre, he would post him as sentry outside the car, and then proceed to beat the clock out of one hundred fares, or more.

At that time, the whole number of continuous reading of the cash registers never exceeded 999, after which the registration of another fare brought it back to 0.

If the whole number of his clock happened to be 500, and he felt the need of extra money, he would start registering fares at the rate of eighty a minute until the reading reached 999, then 0, and continuing until it was 400; 100 less than the original 500. By accomplishing this, he had 100 fares less to make returns for and in consequence five dollars richer.

The third night he operated on the clock it rained heavily and gave to the vicinity such a lonesome aspect that he did not consider it necessary for the driver to stand guard outside. To a five-minute perusal of the newspaper the motorman settled down instead, and "Happy" started to put the clock through its paces. It was during this peaceful interval that a stockholder, living nearby and passing near the car on his way home, overheard the register bell sending forth its joyful tidings.

With ear to such sounds attuned—the result of constant effort to prevent conductors beating him out of his full share of dividends—he paused to listen with surprise and wonder. He had always entertained the unjust belief that conductors performed on the clock only when they felt obliged to, and if allowed to exercise their own discretion the register would grow rusty for want of use, so he felt certain something was amiss.

He approached the car silently and peered inside, and the scene made him stare aghast. The motorman had cast aside his paper and was jigging the rollicking step of the sailors' hornpipe, while the conductor, smiling indulgently upon his efforts, played him musical accompaniment on the cash clock bell.

The stockholder gazed with awe on what he thought to be a weird and unusual spectacle, and after deciding both men were crazy and liable to be violent at any moment, he fled wildly toward home.

Visions of dancing motormen and foolish conductors, dissipating their weeks' salary on the cash register, that night disturbed his wakeful moments, but with the sober second thought of morning the men did not appear so irrational, and he hurried to the division superintendent to tell him his suspicions.

The superintendent, after making note of incident, replied that he had known of men who had been similarly affected, but advised the stockholder not to concern himself further in the matter as he would have several specialists on the scene that evening to effect a cure.

That night, as was customary, the driver went outside to attend his duties as sentry, and "Happy," as was his wont, went inside to attend the clock.

He first noted the continuous reading was 150 and then turned to watch the whirling register hand, as it made record-breaking revolutions in response to his deft manipulation of the cord. So engrossed in the effort did he become, that he did not hear his driver's cry of warning or see the three spotters as they filed silently in and sat down.

A moment later he thought he detected a light sound nearby and turned to note the cause. Three pairs of eyes returned his astonished gaze, then his hand dropped quickly from the register cord.

It took him but a minute to recover his composure, but in the brief interval realized the continuous reading had been forced only to 800—and unless the operation was completed, he would have 650 fares to pay for. The mere thought of such a calamity made his breath come in labored gasps, as he demanded:

"Where in the name of Caesar's ghost did you folks spring from?"

"The gloom without," replied one of the trio, sotto voce. "It's a nice evening, isn't it?"

"Is it?" returned "Happy," acidly.

There were a few moments of breathless silence, and for "Happy" a little gloom within. Then he spoke:

"Say," he said, "this car don't go."

"Don't go where?"

"Don't go anywhere!"

"It may not go anywhere but the sign reads, 'Dudley Street.' "

There was another momentary silence. Then when "Happy" thought of the 650 fares, his voice arose in angry exclamation:

"Say, if you three guys don't get off this car, I'll throw you off!"

"Just try it!" said one of the men testily.

"Happy" might have made the endeavor had not the driver hastened in to remind him they were two minutes behind the starting time, adding in an undertone it would be an easy matter to make up the loss of the 650 fares at the end of the line on the next trip. This timely suggestion appeared to have a reassuring effect upon the conductor, for without demurring further he gave the signal to start.

That his three passengers were spotters and especially assigned to put the quietus on his pilferetical maneuvers, was a thought that did not occur to "Happy." It is probable that, had any such suspicion been entertained, some grim expedient would have been adopted for making up the loss of the 650 fares, before starting; but with the confidence of past successes he did not consider it possible that his hand could be called so early in the game.

As the car neared Grove Hall, the smiles of the three passengers grew more expansive, and "Happy," unable to detect any humor in the situation, glared contemptuously.

The car slowed down at Grove Hall, the station's starter boarded, and after taking the reading of the clock, smiled joyfully. He told "Happy" they would be pleased to see him in the office and smiled again. The conductor hastened to comply, and the spotters, with an effort to make the affair more merry, smiled him a farewell.

The receiver looked up as he entered and beamed upon him with an expression gleeful, and then "Happy" said it was funny that everybody appeared happy save he.

When the division superintendent with a broad grin attempted to tell him a funny story, the excess of mirth got on his nerves and made him mad. In angry tone he told the "super" there was nothing very humorous about being fired and having to pay for 650 fares. Unhappy "Happy" said it was no joke.

THE STUNTS OF THE MELODIC QUARTETTE

The foreman of the Forest Hills' car barn possessed an unsatisfied longing for music—male quartette melody especially—and it was this weakness that assisted directly, or indirectly, in making possible one of the biggest frauds ever perpetrated against the cash clock system.

This station, once noted for its talented street-car men, boasted of a band of twenty pieces, but getting the men together for rehearsals proved such a strenuous undertaking that the leader resigned, and its disorganization soon followed. The musical muse, however, had to have an outlet somehow, for something seemed to exist in the Forest Hills' atmosphere that impelled everybody to expression joyous in song.

Two quartettes were organized to supply the crying need and to voice the music of the soul in melody divine. One quartette composed of men scrupulously honest, the other of conductors not so honest.

With a view to harmony the discriminating foreman worshipped at the shrine of the latter, and delighted in their rendition of old and new songs in the dusk of the still summer evening.

"Sing me the old songs," he would implore, "I like the old songs best." And, anxious to please, to his wishes they would accede generously. Like the wail of a lost soul their mournful strains would burst forth to greet long-suffering hearers, and to mingle with the clanging bells of incoming cars, while, alone in appreciation, the foreman would stand as one transfixed—smiling in rapt admiration or lending his uncertain voice to swell the harmony.

Enjoyment of the twilight hour with song soon became a habit with the foreman, and noting this, the unscrupulous quartette decided to benefit thereby.

All cash clocks not in use at the car house were given to the care of the foreman, and these he guarded carefully to prevent their being tampered with or spirited off for base purposes. Unto his trust did he remain faithful until one evening that the unscrupulous quartette sang his favorite songs in the carhouse yard. The call of his loved strains he was unable to resist and hurried out to join them. In his haste the locking of the storeroom door was overlooked, and in consequence, the vast array of cash clocks remained unguarded and accessible to those wishing to learn their undiscovered mysteries.

This seemingly insignificant matter of neglect on the part of the foreman was a thing the quartette had been looking forward to with a deal of pleasurable anticipation.

The quartette sang the old songs with a pathos that awed the neighboring tomcats to silence, and, as usual, the impressionable foreman was moved to reminiscence. While they sang, they conveyed signals to three conductors among the audience, which were answered by gestures full of meaning.

The foreman did not notice. His thoughts were above things commonplace, as he sought to recall—in all their departed glory—the dim vistas of the past when to him the world was young and full of joy. He did not sing; he bubbled too full of sentiment to even whisper.

While he contented himself listening to the quartette's inharmonious harmony and to gazing with unseeing eyes into the nothingness of memory, the trio of conductors, appreciative only of the situation's practical possibilities, detached themselves from the group of onlookers and hurried inside the car house.

Toward the storeroom they proceeded—where the cash clocks enjoy their temporary rest from service. At a cash clock that looked lonesome and least likely to be missed, one of the men gazed long and lovingly, and then it started to walk.

The quartette's echoing chorus, "How Can I Bear to Leave Thee," penetrated the car barn and was borne to the ears of the intrepid trio, with the result that their movements became more animated as they hastened to get beyond sound of the pathetic strain. Even the cash clock appeared visibly affected, for its speed increased perceptibly as it headed for a convenient rear window of the car barn.

All four reached the window simultaneously, then the conductors obligingly helped the cash clock through and over the rough places in their speedy journey across lots.

Toward the tall grass of the wood the cash clock was guided, and to the hot pace set in the two mile run the cash clock kept uncomplainingly until the party reached the grove at Hyde Park. Here the journey ended near a narrow lane—convenient to where the car stopped at the end of the line.

Without further ceremony they dug a shallow grave, placed the clock in face downward, refilled the excavation with earth, and for the purpose of identification they erected a headstone of broken boughs and brambles. After these brief obsequies, they boarded a car and returned to the car house.

The quartette, upon their arrival, were heroically endeavoring to sing "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder," so the trio called them off from further infliction on the neighborhood and then the entire seven repaired to a nearby furnished room to discuss the prospects.

Plans were perfected so that each man

running on the Hyde Park line could substitute the stolen clock for the regular car clock, and use it upon which to register fares. To facilitate matters, they had secured a key that would unlock the regular car clock so it could be removed from its fastenings, and the pilfered register attached instead. This plan was suggestive of a brain unusually fertile, for every detail had been perfected to prevent detection, and to have all fares registered on the stolen register revert to the treasury of the little company of seven.

Next day they began to do business. One of the seven had charge of a car on the line and used the clock for three trips. A day later, two of the seven also used the stolen clock, one in the morning and one in the evening, and that evening the treasurer reported the day's profits as $38.00.

The gross receipts at the end of a week amounted to $360.00 and then a dividend was declared for each of the seven stockholders.

A few days later the company's auditors reported a falling off in the receipts of cars running on the Hyde Park line—a week later, an increased shortage. Suspecting a "leak," the officials delegated a small army of spotters to the Forest Hills station to locate the opening where the receipts were falling through.

From that time on every car that left the Forest Hills station had a spotter aboard. The honest conductors soon realized that their movements were being closely watched and wondered why the efforts of the entire inspection department should be centered at that station. An atmosphere of mystery hovered everywhere like an unseen but potent factor, and the varied apprehensions of the men were discussed in guarded whispers.

The seven schemers alone appeared undisturbed. They continued to do business with an appalling boldness, and through the days of rigid inspection and suppressed excitement remained as placidly calm and cool as the cucumber on ice.

The spotters gave their attention to the registration of fares on crowded cars—especially at stations where the most cash fares were collected—but neglected to inspect the woods at Hyde Park, so daily burial and resurrections of the stolen cash clock continued uninterrupted.

Three months elapsed, the loss of the cash clock had not been discovered, and the "leak" assumed such large proportions that it alarmed the officials and impelled the spotters to redouble their efforts.

If a conductor using the pilfered clock suspected a spotter on the car, fares greatly in excess of the number actually received would be registered, for the purpose of cajoling the inspector into the belief that he was unnecessarily apprehensive. This plan for allaying suspicion had the desired result, for the spotters continued to report that all fares taken on the Hyde Park line were being faithfully registered, while the little company of seven made rapid progression in adding to their bank account.

From early spring to late fall, the fraud remained undiscovered; then there came a climax surprisingly sudden to all concerned.

It was September and again the twilight hour of song. To enjoy the cooling breezes, and to give vent to their harmonic outpourings, the foreman and quartette had assembled in the car-house yard.

The quartette had improved with age, and from their blending voices the mournful strain had entirely disappeared. The acquisition of added wealth sometimes impels one to sing more joyously and often, and to this may be ascribed the reason that the songs of the quartette rang unusually joyous.

To the task of singing "The Last Rose of Summer," they applied themselves assiduously, with a depth of feeling that moved the susceptible foreman to tears and held spellbound scores of passing pedestrians.

Responding to encore, they started to repeat the chorus when out of the gathering shadows there came a small boy. Haltingly first, then with boyish impetuousness, he went toward them holding in his arms a sad and submissive-looking cash clock. Every one of the spectators started forward—staring.

For a moment the quartette gazed with awe and wonder, then their recognition became instantaneous and complete. It was the cash clock they had been using with such pleasing results! As a keener sense of the situation's grim possibilities dawned upon them, their song died into a whisper followed by a silence that to them, at least, seemed rebukingly unkind.

"Where did you find it?" gasped the foreman of the small boy.

"Buried in a hole, up in the Hyde Park woods," was the startling reply.

The station's starters and several uniformed inspectors hurried to the scene, while upon the precocious youngster the quartette and their three accomplices cast glances of savage, hostile resentment.

"This," said one of the starters, dramatically holding the clock aloft, "explains the long-continued peculations on the Hyde Park line. Let us find the conductor, or conductors, possessing the key to fit it, and we shall know the guilty ones!"

Seven at least there were among his hearers that agreed with his theoretical summing-up, but the seven also concurred in the thought that the starter was monotonous and an awful bore because he employed needless eloquence in declaiming facts that to them was a story old.

Seven heads bowed in sorrowful silence with the thought that the cash clock—unfortunately for them—had arisen to its final resurrection, then as the last lingering glow of sunset shone down to bathe them in a repentant light, they marched slowly and sadly toward the bank of Stony Brook, into its black depths to hurl a key—the key that would have unlocked to the company the mystery that so long perplexed them.

That unguarded cash clocks will sometimes stalk surreptitiously off into parts unknown the foreman has not forgotten, and the unscrupulous quartette still sing for him the old songs; but unto their melody has returned the longing strain—more infinitely pathetic than ever before.

* * *

There have been, and are now, other methods employed by the pilfering conductor in his dishonest efforts, but as they must all stand rigid test under the vigilant eye of the spotter, and for that reason sooner or later detected, they cannot be classed among the truly clever devices.

The biggest and most successful schemes to defraud have been those directed against the cash clock system—and the beating of the ticket system on long distance trolley lines that use "markers."

There is the pilferer whose success is dependent upon a rapid collection of fares, and an equally rapid manipulation of the register cord; for the purpose of disconcerting the spotter in his effort to keep a correct tally. This man operates on the assumption that the hand is quicker than the eye, and his length of existence depends on how speedily he can work and how well he can "cover up."

The long-service man that knows his regular riders and who is competent to decide when there is safe opportunity, manages to pilfer at least a dozen fares a day without being discovered, while the conductor who is obliged to take recourse to the time-worn subterfuge of ringing part of his fares on the signal bell—for want of knowing a better method—soon finds himself without a position.

The exchange of eight-cent checks and the swapping of transfers are methods by which the petty pilferers operate, but the net results are small, and the clever man, for that reason, does not care to avail himself of the opportunity.

Fraud by means of the transfer system has never been very remunerative or successful save in one instance, where several dishonest transfer men, co-operating with a number of conductors, sold them transfers for three cents each, which the conductors turned into the company as cash fares. On lines that have installed two clocks—one for cash fares and the other for transfers—this method to defraud is impossible.

In hiring conductors the green man is preferred by street-car companies, because he remains longer immune from the malady of "short arm"—(lack of enthusiasm in reaching for the register cord). This same green man from the country, overburdened with the sense of duty and the fear of being reported for stealing, will, in ringing up his fares, place himself on the short-end decision, with the result that in making up his returns for the day he finds he has been beating himself.

The more experienced man makes the company take the burden of doubt on the money question, for when he hesitates on the register cord the stock-paying dividends are decreased materially.

There are three types of pilferers: The man, who, though honest in all other things, revels in the opportunity to rob a corporation; the conductor who steals in obedience to lifelong custom; and the one that pilfers to square accounts for being laid off for what he deems insufficient cause, or for being called "short"—unjustly—in his cash returns.

Street-car officials, everywhere, are studying the question of how to lessen the opportunity given the conductor to steal; but despite their partially successful efforts the clever pilferer manages to find a way.

"When" cry the officials, "shall we be able to entirely prevent the pilferings of the dishonest conductor?" And the derisive voice of the pilferer echoes in answer: "When?"

INDIAN SUMMER

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

TIS Indian Summer's richest, latest day;
  A soft mist veils the sky's enchanting blue;
And, to the wind's caress, the maples sway,
  And bronzed oaks murmur, as they lightly strew
Upon the ground beneath, their gorgeous leaves,
  All russet-green and ruby-red and gold,
So bright, my heart, sad as the south wind, grieves
  To see their glories sinking in the mould
And every gay and gladsome thing seems taking
  A lingering leave of grove and field and sky;
Bluebird and robin, lawn and plot forsaking,
In croft and orchard sweet lament are making
  For roses dead and loveless winter nigh.
The bees are hovering o'er the lonely flowers,
October's gift, despite its chilling showers,—
Brave asters that have lived through frosty eves,
And still with faintest purple tint their leaves
Amid the mountain fern that yet retains
Its fragrant breath through all the autumnal rains,
And meek immortelles that, till snows appear,
Will mourn the buried splendors of the year;
While squirrels haste with nuts and acorns brown
That every waft above the wood brings down,
And—waif of June—a golden butterfly,
The last, the loveliest, is flitting by.
So calm! so fair! yet, with tomorrow's morn,
Wild winds will blow till all the groves are shorn,
And soft mists vanish, and the mountains rise
Cold and severe in melancholy skies.
Now fades the sun from hill and stream and dell,—
O saddest Indian Summer! fare thee well!

Interesting Achievements in Banking

By JENKIN A. MARKHAM

IN these days when the subject of banking is engaging the attention of the people of several states, the history and remarkable achievements of well-known banking institutions cannot fail to be of interest. There are many banks that have successfully passed through every financial crisis and have weathered every stringent money gale without difficulty. These institutions have no need of guaranty laws, and, in fact, are not demanding their enactment by state legislatures. Nor are the depositors in these banks clamoring for the passage of such laws. Their present satisfactory condition is the result of years of careful management, liberal treatment to their customers and the acquisition of a degree of confidence that in itself insures success.

Every state has its time-tried and honored banking institutions, and the course in times of financial disturbances is eagerly watched by other banks.

The biggest bank in the southwest is the American Exchange National Bank of Dallas, Texas. This bank was originally organized as the Exchange Bank in April, 1875, W. E. Hughes, president, John N. Simpson, vice-president, and Royal A. Ferris, cashier. It was a state institution, and had a capital of $60,000.

In February, 1887, the Exchange Bank was liquidated and the National Exchange Bank organized, with a paid-up capital of $300,000.

In January, 1897, the Mercantile National Bank liquidated, and A. V. Lane became officially connected with the National Exchange Bank.

In April, 1900, the National Bank of Dallas liquidated, and E. M. Reardon joined the National Exchange Bank. In April, 1902, the capital was increased to $500,000.

In June, 1905, the American National Bank liquidated, and E. J. Gannon became officially connected with the bank. The name was then changed to the American Exchange National Bank, with a capital of $1,000,000 and surplus of $500,000.

When the consolidation of the National Exchange and American National Banks took place in 1905 it was regarded as the most important transaction in the financial history of Dallas. Prior to the consolidation, the National Exchange Bank was referred to as the most powerful financial institution in the Southwest.

One of the principal reasons for the increase of the capital from $500,000 to $1,000,000 at that time was to be able to furnish stock to the patrons of the institution as well as others in the city and state who desired to become identified with the bank. The necessity had existed for some time for a large bank in Dallas in order to meet the growing trade conditions of Texas, thereby enabling Dallas to compete with the large trade centers of other states.

Since the consolidation in 1905 the bank has made remarkable gains in its resources, notwithstanding the general setback to financial institutions caused by the 1907 panic. When the call of February 5, 1909, was issued, the American Exchange National Bank showed deposits of $9,000,000 and total resources amounting to $11,811,767.92.

The American Exchange National Bank furnishes a striking example of conservative banking. The officers of the institution are up-to-date, liberal-minded citizens of Dallas, alive to the needs of their community and potent factors in its upbuilding. But they keep ever before them the safety of their bank's condition as a primary consideration in all of their transactions. They are jealous of the good name of their bank and are careful to conserve or preserve its assets from al danger of loss or even diminution; in other words they see that their loans are safe and their total not too great.

The officers and directors of the National Exchange Bank are among the most prominent citizens of Texas; they are as follows: L. Blaylock, publisher; Sam. P. Cochran, of Trezevant & Cochran, general insurance; Henry C. Coke, of Coke, Miller & Coke, attorneys at law, Dallas; W. C. Connor, president Dallas Terminal Railway Company; O. E. Dunlap, president Citizens National Bank, Waxahachie, Texas; E. H. R. Green, president Texas Midland Railway Company, Terrell; A. A. Jackson, of A. A. Jackson & Company, wholesale produce; E. M. Kahn, of E. M. Kahn & Company; T. S. Miller, of Coke, Miller & Coke, attorneys at law, Dallas; G. W. Owens, lumber; H. J. Pettengill, president Southwestern Telegraph & Telephone Company; Simon Philp, president Huey & Philp Hardware Company; W. H. Thomas, Dallas; L. S. Thorne, vice-president and general manager T. & P. Railway Company; Paul Waples, of Waples-Platter Grocery Company; W. B. Worsham, banker and cattle raiser, Henrietta; B. F. Yoakum, chairman of the Executive Committee "Frisco" and Rock Island Railway companies.

The officers are as follows: Royal A. Ferris, president; C. C. Slaughter, vice-president; E. M. Reardon, vice-president; E. J. Gannon, vice-president; John N. Simpson, vice-president; A. V. Lane, vice-president; Nathan Adams, cashier, and G. H. Pitman, H. H. Smith and R. E. Gahagan, assistant cashiers.

Mr. Ferris has been with the bank since its organization, having been its first cashier. Mr. Reardon has been a banker for over forty years and came to the bank when it acquired the National Bank of Dallas. He was connected with important banking institutions in Pennsylvania before going to Texas. Mr. Gannon has been in the banking business in Dallas since its incipiency and is very well known throughout the state. Mr. Simpson was vice-president of the Exchange Bank and afterwards president of the National Exchange, from which he retired on account of ill health. In January of this year he was elected vice-president. Mr. Lane is well known to the bankers of the country, having been president of the Texas Bankers Association and member of the executive council of the American Bankers Association. Mr. Slaughter is a very prominent cattle owner and one of the wealthiest men in Texas. Nathan Adams, cashier, has been with the bank for several years and is regarded as one of the most capable young bankers in the state.

The growth of the bank has been very gratifying and is attributable to the friendship of its patrons, the loyalty and faithfulness of its officers, directors and employes, many of whom have grown up with the bank. It is no undeserved credit to the officers of the bank to state that the American Exchange National Bank has been a potent factor in the development of Dallas and in fact the territory known as the Southwest. There are hundreds of successful business men in that territory who owe their present satisfactory financial conditions to the aid and encouragement given them in the beginning of their business careers by the officials of this bank. Worthy and ambitious young men have always found the officials willing to consider their requests for accommodations, and the various instances where assistance has been given have been the means of building up a host of friends for the institution.

Texas has enacted a bank guarantee law, and its application will create considerable interest in banking circles during the next year or two.

No guarantee law can create a greater degree of confidence than can be found among the patrons of several well-known Texas banking institutions today. Banks that have weathered every money storm during the past twenty-five years, and which have become towers of financial strength in their respective localities, do not need the application of a guarantee law to create a spirit of confidence in their institutions. They have withstood the test of time with all of its varying conditions; and such a bank is the Fort Worth National.

I am not unmindful of the fact that there are other time-tried banking institutions in Texas; but few can point to a history so successful and worthy of imitation as this leading bank of Fort Worth. The history of the Fort Worth National Bank forms a potent part of the history of the development of that great section of the country known as Northern Texas. Its officers and directors did not appear on the scene when others had established a successful community; they were pioneers, and assisted in blazing paths that thousands have followed to business success.

It was in the early seventies when two young men named Tidball and Wilson went to Fort Worth from Lexington, Missouri, and established a private banking institution. In 1874 Mr. Wilson sold his interests, and at that time the bank was reorganized as Tidball, Van Zandt & Company, K. M. Van Zandt, J. P. Smith and J. J. Jarvis being the new members of the firm.

In 1884 the bank was reorganized as the Fort Worth National Bank with a capital of $125,000, which was afterwards increased to $300,000. K. M. Van Zandt was elected the first president of the bank, and the institution has known no other official head. N. Harding was the first cashier, and has been actively identified with the bank since the reorganization. Mr. R. L. Ellison has also been one of the directors of the bank since the reorganization.

The steady growth of the Fort Worth National Bank has created much interest in Texas banking circles. It has been a growth which has been justly earned; its gain in deposits has not been created by consolidation, but by an ever-increasing degree of confidence, which has followed efficient and careful management.

It is no undeserved credit to state that Major K. M. Van Zandt is one of the best-known and most highly respected bankers in the South. When he first set foot upon the soil where the beautiful and busy city of Fort Worth is located, the place was an insignificant hamlet with less than 150 people. This was at the close of the Civil War. Major Van Zandt began the work of creating one of the best cities in Texas. He realized the region had great possibilities, and his first effort was to induce railroad men to build to the town. During the past forty years Mr. Van Zandt has made large contributions toward railroad building. At one time he and four other citizens donated to the Texas Pacific Railroad 320 acres of land, now worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and upon which is located the busy railway section of the city. He has always been among the most enthusiastic workers for Fort Worth, and to his energy and ability may be traced much of the remarkable growth the city has made during the last quarter of the century.

The Fort Worth National Bank has always been liberal in its treatment of its customers. Its officers have time and again come to the rescue of honest, but struggling young men, whose capital was limited and who in stringent money periods faced serious financial troubles. Many men in Fort Worth today can look back to the aid secured from this financial institution when every dollar they possessed was at stake. They were enabled to weather the gale and today are independent.

The call of April the 28th showed that the Bank had loans and overdrafts of $2,162,983.21; banking house, $150,000; United States Bond, $300,000, and the cash and exchange, $2,762,964. Total resources, $5,375,947.22.

The officers of the bank are as follows: K. M. Van Zandt, president; N. Harding, vice-president; R. L. Ellison, vice-president; Elmo Sledd, cashier; R. E. Harding, assistant cashier; E. B. Van Zandt, assistant cashier; W. M. Massie, assistant cashier.

N. Harding, vice-president of the bank, has been with the institution for many years. Mr. Harding is one of the most progressive, yet conservative, bankers in Texas, and to his untiring energy may much of the success which the bank has experienced be attributed.

Political Situation in Great Britain

By S. T. COOKE

IT is proving a particularly interesting and instructive study to stand at a distance from the scene of British parliamentary action and watch the strange but happy intermingling of personal interest on the part of private members for the various political leaders which is at present taking place. Distance here most certainly lends enchantment to the view. Hardly ever before has there developed such a manner in the British legislature of leaders seeing that members of all parties delight in listening to their speeches, or sometimes yield to their being specially influenced by them. Even among the leaders themselves is this manner in operation. Mr. Balfour, the leader of the opposition, rarely loses an opportunity to be present to hear an important speech of Mr. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, so charmed is he by the personality of the latter. Mr. Lloyd George shows equal pleasure in listening to Mr. Redmond, the leader of the Irish party, and there is no doubt whatever that the alertness and virility of the Chancellor have much to do with the presence in Mr. Redmond's speeches of that respectful tone which characterises his references to the Chancellor. Of course, leaders are too astute to show openly how much they are influenced by one another in opinion, but when they freely cross the floor to converse with front bench party opponents, it may be taken that influence is finding its way somewhere. The following extract shows how these statements as to the practically general fusion of legislature processes is in operation can be corroborated: "They [the Government] have been treated with remarkable patience in relation to the constitutional conference [*re* the Lords and the Commons]. The House begins to take pride in Mr. Asquith's adroit management, and is amused, instead of offended, by his brevity and reserve, but those feelings would certainly not be entertained by Liberals if they did not regard the Prime Minister with confidence. Probably he relies to a considerable extent on the disinclination of any section of the majority, or, indeed, of the minority, to turn him out of office. This was proved when a Conservative moved the reduction of the tea duty. This reduction was greatly desired by Nationalist and Labour members, but rather than allow the Government to be defeated, Mr. Redmond's followers went, at the bidding of their whip, into the Lobby against the amendment, and there they were followed by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and several of his colleagues." Indisputably, the new parliament, composed as it is so largely of members who were not schooled on the old strict party lines, is making of itself a body of Independents. Such a fact is to be welcomed with the greatest pleasure, for with the coming forward of a great nation as an example of political independence, there must be given an impetus to other nations to have confidence in the development of that national liberty which the prerogative of independence in the human unit argues is a nation's birthright, especially when that development is proceeding, as it now is, through the educative influence of the modern international intercourse, in a non-polemic manner.

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UNIVERSALLY in civilization the genius of the hour is the following after the things which make for peace, and nowhere is this fact so much exemplified than in the present political state of Great Britain, as also nowhere is it likely to be more appreciated regarding Great Britain than in the United States of America, simply because the solicitude of the latter for joining issue with the former in an undisturbed prosecution of the peaceful arts of humane progress is becoming more and more pronounced. Since the reassembling of Parliament, the tone of all business, while it has not always indicated a readiness for concession, has been markedly in favor of speedy compromise.

Foremost in this matter stands the contest between the Lords and the Commons.

Though parliamentary etiquette concerning the new king has required a delay of the open conflict, the desire of King George that peace should be assured before that conflict was resumed and the decision for a conference between the front benches with a view to settling the constitutional quarrel have been having a pacificatory effect. It was natural that the awful prospect of civil war should be in men's minds, but that will be obviated. There is not now the declamatory language of a few months ago; the talk about rights and privileges has given place to a psychological treatment of the question of a Second Chamber in which, especially, it is or is not necessarry to the existence of civilized government for it to have control over finance or general legislation. The American mind cannot but see in this a gradual approach to its own form of government and it will assent to the idea that a peaceful tendency is in operation, owing to its knowledge that anything like a logical connection between representatives and senators must result in a logical relationship of the understanding of public needs on the part of both assemblies. It must not think, however, that the discussion of the elective principle for a Second Chamber will result in its adoption; there are no signs of concession from the Lords whatever. It will be extremely interesting to watch the change in the history of this matter as the years bring to the front the Anglo-American heirs of the nobility. Who shall say that the sentiments of the present emphatic Labor Party, which sees only "The People," shall not be the characteristic marks of the cause for maintaining a Second Chamber in those times?

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THE next subject in importance is the experience of the Home Rule movement. The question is being asked, "Has the case for Home Rule gone?" It is seriously wondered whether or not the Ireland of to-day really needs it. Figures tend to show that people have practically ceased to subscribe for the Irish party in the Commons. There is, indeed, no doubt that Home Rule is not nearly the pressing requirement it used to be claimed to be. The reason is a welcome one. Conciliation, undoubtedly, has been in progress, until it has come to be seen that to discontinue to be an integral part of a political system which finally serves only the interests of the people for which it acts is to do that for which there is no logical demand. Patience, truly, had been tried, and the English government will have to come more quickly to its decisions in such cases as have been put forward by Ireland, but the fact remains that those cases have been soberly and pacifically remedied—and soberly and pacifically believed in Ireland to be so remedied. Nothing but a good effect has been said to be in operation from the Land Purchase Acts. Landlordism no longer tyranises; holdings by annual instalments are bringing about quite a new aspect of things in the people knowing no landlord save themselves. The recent Budget has had its share in making peace as well, for the poorer classes will have less taxation to meet than the wealthier ones. This last-named factor in removing Irish grievances, be it said, was set into activity by one whose heart beats with an ardent yearning for all kinds of amelioration, and it can safely be asserted that the influence of the personality of Mr. Lloyd George has much to do with the passing into the shadow of the agitation for self-government for Ireland; a friend in need is a friend indeed and the good-hearted Irish know it. With the Catholic University, too, what, they say, do they want that is of any importance? This state of things will be received by Americans as curious, seeing that they are so sympathetic towards aiming for independence, but they will be shrewd enough to see that, after all, the United Kingdom is one family and that the call of the blood will be answered, thus showing that there is no true independence outside that of a composed state of inter-related elements.

In the direction of tariff legislation the same desire for peace is showing itself, and the end of the matter will most surely be compromise. The people have tired of unconvincing statistics of foreign countries; they have reflected that places alter cases; politicians, consequently, have had to come to the question from the standpoint of the *disposition* of the people regarding the remedy for the present depression in trade. This disposition is a willingness generally to sample a tariff law of a protective nature, which means that Tariff Reformers and Free Traders will, together, agree on Colonial Preference, to which Mr. Balfour has always secretly adhered and towards which his midway position has of late acted as a factor for a golden mean in one of the greatest controversies of British politics. America can appreciate this resultant attitude of the British people, inasmuch as there is a tendency in this country to come down to the point up to which those across the sea have indicated they have risen—namely, that of a modicum of revenue from extra-territorial taxation on imported foods.

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A GREAT sense of relief is felt over the condition of affairs in India. Sedition has been put down with determination and a change in the behavior of the educated but inexperienced young men who have been showing a spirit of unrest has begun to take place. Lord Morley's prompt repressive measures which, at the time, were criticised even in his own party, have proved effective and he is to be congratulated. The Indian Councils Act has done much to reconcile those who complained of their being ignored in the administration of Indian matters. With the educated people now quietening down under the various reforms conceded, the whole country can be said to be at rest, for the vast majority, which composes the agricultural population, shows no desire to remove from under Great Britain's rule. The trouble has, to a large extent, come from the educated unemployed, amongst whom had been spread a spirit of discontent because they could not get government positions. Great Britain has, indeed, at times been inclined to a hasty judgment of the unrest, treating it as a sign of the refractoriness of a stripling nation rather than the final struggle to make complete an emerging of an ancient nation from oriental civilization, inevitable as the outcome of occidental education. Now, however, can be seen a change of opinion which will do much to maintain a peace between the two nations. Mr. Montagu, the under-secretary for India, reflected this change during his making of the annual statement on the Indian Budget in the Commons. "How strange it seems to me," he said, "that a progressive people like the English should be surprised at the existence of unrest. We welcome it in Persia, we commend it enthusiastically in Turkey, we patronise it in China and Japan, but we are impatient of it in India." The science of diplomacy is understood in a full reckoning of the influence of the past as well as a tactful management of current conditions, and it is not mastered unless there is a cautious foresight exercised with regard to the far future.

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THERE are also other matters which, though not of paramount importance, have been engaging much attention, the same pleasing feature of a pacific tendency showing itself amongst these, too. An earnest desire on the part of politicians of all shades of opinion has been evinced for the abolishing of the unhappy differences over the religious aspect of the Education question. A compromise between the Established Church party and the Nonconformist need not now be very distant, and passive resistance will be no more. What the terms of that compromise will be it is not possible to state, for there has been no political matter in England in modern times which has undergone so many changes of construction. The spirit of peace, however, is so strong that the end of the conflict can be said to be in view. That this guaging of educational affairs can have the help of fact to substantiate it may be known by the manner in which Mr. Asquith's measure for the revision of the religious clauses in the King's Accession Declaration passed through both houses. Another affair which has been of an extremely painful nature has now a new aspect which ought to allay trouble; Mr. Asquith's action in bringing forward a Bill for woman suffrage has been received with a great amount of support. There are many members who are in favor of woman suffrage and these, no doubt, will do their utmost to fulfil the urgent requests of the thousands of women who are intent on getting a vote. Curiously enough, a movement in connection with the War Office is on foot on the same peaceful lines. Influential men of all shades of political opinion have been writing in the press, strongly endeavoring to get Lord

Kitchener at the head of the War Office. Now, Lord Kitchener, of all generals, has spoken out mostly of late regarding its being the best policy of nations to do away with war. With the passing of the Resolution for international arbitration by the United States Government, the imitating of American policy by the British Government—an avowed fact—and Lord Kitchener at the head of the Army, bellicose individuals who keep spreading the idea of a prospective war with Germany would meet with less and less encouragement. It is also being urged that Lord Kitchener may be sent to the embassy on the Bosphorus; some think that the Balkan policy should have a revision. The young Turkish Party, not yet thoroughly accustomed to the use of western diplomacy, has been appearing to treat Great Britain with less respect than it deserves, by taking advantage of the latter's part in the past preventing of the union of Crete with Greece in prosecuting the anti-Greek boycott. Lord Kitchener is, however, distinctly an army man; somebody else should be found; still, the supreme desire to promote the friendliest of relations with Turkey, albeit that the military element is in this idea felt to be a helpful influence, is another of the signs of the genius of the hour. When Parliament ends its adjournment on November the 15th, it will approach its work with a great hopefulness as to the absence of conflict respecting national and international policy, as currently desired.

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THESE observations give opportunity for comforting reflection when it is remembered how the last election was conducted. The strong feeling which was then shown—most of all over the Budget introduced by Mr. Lloyd George—has proved to have been possessed of less animus than it was felt at the time to have been. Practically the same Budget has since passed both Houses with only moderate opposition, the Conservative Lords, under the distinguished leadership of Lord Lansdowne, also honorably remembering that they caused the Dissolution to take place for discovering the will of the people concerning the Budget. The way in which the wealthy classes used their automobiles to bring in the electors to the polling booths to vote Conservative if possible was a thing always to be remembered. On the other hand, the vehement epithets of Liberals concerning the possible taxing of the people's bread by the Tariff Reformers was suggestive of feud. The psychological view of that occasion must pronounce it as having an excitement very unindicative of the true condition of feeling when the past months have shown so exceptional a fraternisation in public matters in Parliament, the ordinary respect which the constant assembling together produces being incapable of being responsible for it. Times have changed; elections are not the mediums of lasting influence which they used to be. This fact is, no doubt, due to the free use of newspapers distributing the peoples' thoughts over the course of time and thus preventing their keeping them for one great concentration of them at the polls. The greater amount of political business to transact in these days is, of course, better made to gain sympathy and support by the former condition of things; the polling day, however, standing as it does in its old-fashioned character, is somewhat of an anomaly and has to be given an artificial excitement which, when it has died away, gives occasion for the feeling that a day should come when the natural method for the times should be adopted. Is not that method the commission form of government now growing so popular in America?

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AS in the United States one man is making himself more and more known as the representative leader of an independent movement, even though his loyalty to the platform of his old party rightly draws from him emphatic declarations of support for it—such man being Mr. Theodore Roosevelt—there is likewise one man in Great Britain who, unquestionably, is following after an ideal to be the same thing. That man is the Right Honorable A. J. Balfour, M. P. Sincerely applying his subtle philosophy to all great matters of state, irrespective of whether he upholds the principle of the liberty of the Commons as opposed to the interference of the Lords with its constitutional privileges, or points out the necessity for the modification of a

Land Clause, like that in Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, where farmers who had struggled with their land for many years to secure a profitable return were to be taxed in a manner which would preclude their reaping much benefit, he makes it felt from time to time that he privately studies how best he can champion the cause of freedom of political thought. Leader of the Opposition though he may be nominally, the way in which he emerges from the influence of pronounced Conservatives now and again—as when sublimely revealing that he is not, after all, truly converted to Protection—bringing also the Unionist party with him, for the most part—as in their cry of Colonial Preference instead of Protection as the apparent motto for the next election—makes the conviction borne in upon the one who stands and watches at a distance that his intention is to exemplify the spirit of the golden mean between parties. Most earnestly has he announced the idea that time brings about the banishing of the bad acts and the permanent establishing of the good acts of any Government, and his fascination for listening to the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, his occasional paying of a cultured compliment in public to men of other parties, and his sympathetic interest for the *personnel* of the Labor Party would seem to point to his keeping an open mind for discovering the signs of the impartial current of public reason. As if to indicate that they feel that the impulse for ultimate obliteration of party lines is being led by him, the members regard him as the one who will give them, however embryonically, the psychological bearings of the case before the House. He is the cynosure of all eyes. His every phrase—in the making of which he is a past master—his every tone, his every look, his every gesture, all are noted with absorbing interest. In spite of the fact that he is sometimes strongly criticised, the air of psychic statesmanship about him draws all to the admission that he is fast becoming definitely named the greatest man in Parliament and the man with whom in some subtle way they will have to make some mutual political agreement.

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TO American readers, comparison of the British tendency to political independence, or gradual obliteration of strict party lines, and the growth of the Insurgent movement in the United States must have been made in passing. Truly, the laws of both nations are in a sure way to being made by the process of finding the golden mean—not the middle course, which is merely a mechanical combination of the moderate opinions of all parties, but that fusion of relational elements, be they ever so immoderate, which demonstrates the fact that only by the subtle discrimination of the intrinsic worth of the thought of fellow legislators can there be any vital progress of the spirit of political liberty. Whatever food for thought this state of affairs yields as to the favorable or unfavorable treatment which private political interests are likely to receive must, of course, be settled by the readers themselves; one great, general issue, however, like this in the two great nations of the amicable regard for one another's capacity for logic concerning some personal, even idiosyncratic political standpoint, must be reckoned as a sign of the times which is destined to be a mighty influence in the maturing of the experimental enjoyment of the principle of the brotherhood of man in the family of free, unlimited, interrelated Truth.

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